

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sin of Murther;

EXPRESSED
In thirty severall Tragickall Histories, (digested into
Six Books) which contain great variety of mournfull and
memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Book I

Written by **JOHN KEYNOLDS.**
T. G. 11 May 1657 1/4



LONDON:

Printed by *Sarah Griffin* for *William Lee*, and are to be sold at his shop in
Fleet-street, at the sign of the *Turks-Head*, near the *Miter-Tavern*. 1656.

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TO MY
Sacred Sovereign

CHARLES

KING of Great Britain, France, and Ireland,
Defendor of the Faith, &c.

SIR,



S Rivers though in their passing they fall into many Neighbour Currents, yet finally empty themselves into the Sea, so let these my poor Labours (though formerly Dedicated to divers Illustrious Peers of this your Realm be suffered at last to terminate in the Ocean of your Princely Greatness and Goodness, whereinto all vertuous indeavours (as so many lines in their Centre) desire to be united.

What privat respects might challenge of me towards their Honours, the same towards your Majesty, will claim the Publike Bond of common Allegiance, whereby I am more eminently, and more universally obliged, I am not so overweening of my weak Endeavours as to think them worthy of your Majesties view, much less able to add any thing to your Royall Vertues; Rivers add nothing to the Main yet thither they naturally send the Tribute of their Streams, and if my loyalty teach me to do the like, it will not (I hope) be conceived as don out of an opinion of Merit, but only out of a desire to discharge the duty of a Subject to your Majesty.

And I am the rather imboldened to this Confidence, because I have formerly adventured the like, when to your Princely View, being then the Second Hope of this Kingdom, I (about eleven years since) presented a Tran-
A
station

The Epistle Dedicatory:

flation of a work of Monsieur de Refuges, intituled A Treatise of the Court; the Gracious and Undeserved Acceptance whereof, if it hath inspired me with farther courage, to present You (now advanced to a greater State) with a greater Increase of mine own labour, your Majesty will not (I hope) condemn me of groundless Presumption.

The former three Books had the Honour and Happiness to be perused by the Judicious Eye of King James, your renowned Father (of happy Memory) In whose incomparable Judgement they failed not of Approbation, though dedicated to Inferiour Names; the more am I now encouraged to Inscribe and Intitle the whole Six to your Sacred Majesty as being no less Heir of His Vertues, then of His Crown and Dignity.

And one thing more (arising from the Consideration of the Subject it self) made me think it a Present not altogether unworthy of your Regall Estate; for the Contents of it being the Execution of Justice, upon the unnaturall sin of Murther, where can it be more fitly addressed, then to the Great Patron of Iustice among us (God's immediat Vice-gerent) by whose Sword (as the Minister of Heaven) such odious Crimes are to be chastised, and Innocent Bloud justly expiated with Guilty.

And it may more fitly sute with your Majesty, who as you excell in the carefull administration of Justice upon all Offenders, so especially upon those (most hainous of all others) the violaters of Gods sacred Image, in the perpetration of wilfull Murther, towards whom Clemency even changeth her nature, and becomes Cruelty to the Weal-publick. Never had any Land lesse cause to complain of too much Indulgency this way, then ours, as may well appear, both by the rareness of such Occurrences in your Kingdom, and the severe vindication of them, whensoever they happen, or by whom, or howsoever performed.

These Histories therefore, which may serve as a Looking-glasse to all Nations, shall to these of Yours be a speciall Ornament and Mirrour of their felicity, and set forth and publish Your Praise, in the peaceable and quiet Government of your People, whose Climat (seldom or never) affords such Tragedies; nor will do, whiles Your Christian resolution shall continue to prevent them in the Spring, and to punish the lighter degrees of Bloudiness with due relation. The great Author of Justice (who is Goodness and Iustice it self) long preserve your Majesty to Vs, and the Happiness we enjoy in your Sacred Person, so neer resembling Him whose Authority and Image You bear. So prayeth

Your Majesties most humbly devoted

in all Dutifull Allegiance.

JOHN REYNOLDS.



THE AUTHOR

HIS

PREFACE to the READER:



Christian Reader, we cannot sufficiently bewail the iniquity of these last and worst days of the world, in which the crying and scarlet sin of Murther makes so ample, and so bloody a progression: for we now scarce turn our ear or eye any where, but we shall be enforced, either to hear with pity the mournful effects, or to see with grief the lamentable Tragedies thereof: as if we now so much degenerated from our selves, or our hearts from our souls, to think that *Christ weree no longer our shepherd: or we the sheep of his Pasture:* or as if we were become such wretched and execrable Athielts, to believe, *There were no heaven, toward the righteous: or hell, to punish the ungodly.* But, if we will divert our hearts from earth to heaven, and raise and erect our souls from Satan to God, we shall then not onely see what engendereth this diabolical passion in us, but also finde the means to detest and root it out from amongst us. Psal. 23. 1.
Psal. 100. 3.
Mat. 25. 33. 41

To which end it is requisite, we first consider, thar our enemies, who oppose our tranquillity in this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither so few in number, nor so weak in power, that we should think our selves able to vanquish, ere we fight with them, for we have to fight with the bewitching world, the alluring Flesh, and the inticing Devil: not with three simple Soldiers or poor Pigmies, but with three valiant and puissant Chief-tains, subtil to incamp, dangerous to assail, and powerful to fight.

The world, that it may bewitch us to its will, assails us with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honors, Preferments, Sumptuous houses, perfumed Beds, Vessels of gold and silver, pompous apparel, delicious fare, variety of sweet Musick, Dancing, Maskes, and Stage-plays, delicate Horses, rich Coaches, and infinite Attendants, with a thousand other inticements and allurements.

The Flesh presents us with Youth, Beauty, *The lust of the eye, and the pride of life, with inordinate affection and lascivious desires,* with a piercing eye, a vermillion cheek, golden hair, and a slender waste: and although it discover us not all these perfections of nature in one personage: yet, he shews us most of them in divers, and then if any thing want to captivate our affections, we shall hear them marry their *Siren* voyce, to their own Lutes and Vials, or their dancing feet to those of others: or if this will not suffice, then Perfuming, Powdering, Crisping, Painting, Amorous kisses, Sweet smiles, Sugared speches, Wanton embracings and Lascivious dalliance, will undertake to play a world in love. On the other side, Strength, Nimbleness, Agility of body, Sloth, 1 Joh. 2. 16.
Col. 3. 5.

The Preface.

Luxury, Gluttony, Intemperancy, Drunkenness, Voluptuousness and Sensuality will cast us out so fair (I mean so treacherous) a lure, as if we stoop thereto, we shall buy our pleasure with repentance, and our delight therein, will prove our ruine and destruction.

1 Pet. 5. 8.

Rev. 12. 9.

Joh. 12. 31

Eph. 6. 12.

2 Cor. 11. 14.

Luk. 4. 6, 7

And now, if neither the world, nor the flesh can intangle, or insnare our hearts, *Then comes the Devil, that roaring Lyon, who walks about, seeking whom he may devour, that mortal enemy, and arch-traytor to our souls, that Prince of darkness, whose subtilty is the more dangerous, and malice the more fatal, in that he transforms himself into an Angel of light, thereby to make us heirs and slaves of his obscure kingdom:* yea, he will proffer us more, then either our tongues can demand, or our hearts desire, for all the pomp, treasure and pleasures of the world, yea all that is in the world, and the world it self, he will prostrate and give us, if we will consent to obey him, and promise to fall down and adore him; and for a pledge of his infernal bounty and liberality, he will puff us up with Pride, Arrogancy, Ambition, Vain-glory, Ostentation, Disdain, Covetousness, Singularity, Affectation, Confidence, Security; and if all these allurements will not prevail to subdue us, he hath yet reserved Troops and Forces, and another string to his Bow: for then exchanging his smiles into frowns, and his calmes to storms, he will give us Pensiveness, Grief of minde and body, affliction, sorrow, discontent, cholar; envy, indignation, despair, revenge, and the like.

Yea, he will watch us at every turn, and wait on us at every occasion: for are we bent to revenge, he will blow the coals to our cholar: are we given to sorrow and discontent, he will thrust and hale us on to despair; are we inclined to wantonness, and lasciviousness, he will fit us with means and opportunity to accomplish our carnal desires; or are we addicted to covetousness and honors, he will either cause us to break our hearts, or our necks, to obtain it: for it is indifferent to him, either how or in what manner we enlarge and fill up the empty rooms of his vast and internal Kingdom.

Thus we see how powerful our three capital enemies are, yea, what a cloud, nay, what a world of subordinate means and instruments they have, not onely to insnare, but to destroy us: yea, not onely to conquer our hearts, but which is worse, to make shipwreck of our souls: and from hence comes our misery: yea, from these three fatal trees, we gather the bitter fruit of our perdition.

But against all these temptations and dangers, against all these our professed enemies in general, and each of them in particular: We may swim in the Ocean of the world without drowning, and pilgrimage upon the face of the earth without terror or destruction, if we will consider, and in considering remember, that *God is our Creator, Christ our Saviour, and the Holy Ghost our Sanctifier and Comforter:* that we are honored with the resemblance of God, whose stamp and character we bear, and enriched with immortal and living souls: which sacred priviledges and divine prerogatives lift us up by many degrees of excellency above the rest of all his creatures, whom he hath made for our service, and we onely to serve and glorifie him: That he hath made the world for a thorowfare, and us as passengers, that we have no abiding City here, but must seek one in the world to come: That the world is ours but for a season, and heaven our patrimony and inheritance for ever: That the pomp and pleasures thereof are but transitory and temporary, and that the vanity thereof passeth away as dust or smoak before the winde, whereas those of heaven are both immortal and eternal: *That our flesh is but like flowers that fade, and grass that withereth,* but a mass of corruption, a tabernacle of clay, and a coffin of dust and ashes, that the best of its beauty is but vanity and deformity, and the end of its Bravery, but rottenness and putrification: If I say, we spurn at the vanity of the world, contemn the pleasures of the flesh, and scoff at the temptations of Satan, using the first,

Gen. 1. 27.

Psal. 11. 5, 6.

Joh. 10. 21, 22.

25.

Gen. 2. 7.

Gen. 1. 28.

Isa. 43. 21.

Heb. 13. 14.

Psal. 132. 3.

Isa. 40. 7.

Psal. 39. 5.

1 Cor. 6. 15.

to the Christian Reader.

as if we used it not, making the second the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and not the members of a harlot, and that we are so far from fearing, as we defie the third, Setting our affections on things that are above, and not on things of the earth: for if we will be heirs of the Church Triumphant, we must be first souldiers of the Mili- Col. 3. 2. tant, and so following the advice and direction of the Apostle, stand against all these our enemies, Having the whole spiritual Armour girt about us, as the girdle of Ephes. 6: Truth, the Brest-plate of Righteousness, the Sheild of Faith, the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the spirit, not to catch at these allurements, or to be caught by them; not to strike sail, or stoop to these afflictions, or to hang down our heads, as if we gave way to them, or were contented that our weakness should yield to their strength, or our joys to their afflictions: rather to stand up courageously, and to expel and resist manfully, considering that we are not onely heirs, but coheirs with Jesus Christ, in the participation and felicity of that heavenly Hierusalem, whose joys are infinite, and glory eternal.

I deny not but afflictions, & temptations may befall us, yea, I acknowledg they are subject and incident to the best and dearest of Gods children, whom he will try in the fire, to see whether they will prove silver, or dross: yea, he will come with his fan and winnow them, to see whether they are Wheat or Chaff, Corn or Darnel: But the children of God should *rejoyce in tribulation*, and account it Rom. 5. 3. exceeding joy, when they are tempted: yea, they must consider, that God tempteth James 12. no man with evil: but it is our own concupiscence that draws and inticeth us Iam. 1. 13, 14. to it. In which respect, we may justly say, it is a folly to hearken to temptation, but a misery and madness to follow and embrace it.

For why should discontent cast us into despair, except we will resemble the foolish Sailor, who abandoneth the Helm in a storm, when he hath most need to use it? or the the simple fish, that leaps from the pan to fire; Or those ignorant fools, who, to shelter themselves from the rain, run into the river? For are we tempted? *The Lord will hold us up by his right hand*, yea, *he will not fail those that seek him*: For he is our rock and our fortress, our shield and our refuge, yea, Psal. 73. 25. although Psal. 9. 10. he hath wounded us, he will bind up our wounds. And that we may yet see a farther Psal. 18. 2. benefit, that accrueth to those that are tempted, let us read with joy, and re- Hof. 6. 1. tain with comfort, that *Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, he shall receive James 1. 12:* the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to those that love him: yea, they that Psal. 125. 1. trust in the Lord, shall be as Mount Sion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever

When therefore (amongst other temptations) cholar so far prev aileth with us (or rather the Devil with our cholar) that we imagine mischief in our hearts, or lift up our hands against our Christian brother; let us then consider what the Apostle tels us from God: *He that hates his brother, walketh in darkness, and know- 1 Joh. 2. 11.* eth not whither he goeth: yea, *He that loves not his brother, is not of God.* Hath any 1 Joh. 4. 10. one therefore offended thee? why, consider he is a man, and no Angel, and as subject to infirmities as thy self: as also, that he is thy brother by Creation and Adoption, by Nature and by Grace, and that he bears the same image and re- semblance of God, as thy self dost: in which regard thou art counselled, Ephes. 4. 26. *Not to 1 Pet. 3. 9.* let the Sun go down on thy wrath: That thou seek after peace and follow it: That we for- Colos. 3. 13. bear and forgive one another, as Christ forgives us, and that if we live in peace, the God of Peace will be with us.

But some there are (yea alas, too too many) who are so hardned in their hearts and sins, and so resolute in their wilfulness, as in stead of relishing, they distaste, and in stead of embracing, reject and disdain this Christian advice and counsel, opening their thoughts and hearts to all vanities, or rather drawing up the Sluces and Flood-hatches to let in all impiety to their souls, they give way to the treacherous baits of the world, to the alluring pleasures of the Flesh, and to the dangerous and fatal temptations of the Devil,

The Preface.

and so cruelly imbrue their hands in the innocent blood of their Christian brethren; and although the murthers of *Abel* by *Cain* out of *Envy*, of *Uriah* by *David* for Adultery, of *Abner* by *Joab* for Ambition, of *Naboth* by *Iezabel* for malice, and of *Iehu* his sons by *Athaliah* for Revenge (with their several punishments which God inflicted on them for these their hainous and horrible crimes) are presidents enough fearful and bloody, to make any Christian heart dissolve into pity, and regenerate soul melt into tears, yet sith new examples ingender and produce fresh effects of sorrow and compassion, and as it were, leave and imprint a sensible memory thereof in our hearts and understandings, therefore I thought it a work as worthy of my labor (as that labour of a Christian) to collect thirty several Tragical Histories, which for thy more ease and perfect memory, I have digested into six several Books; that observing, and seeing herein, as in a Chrystal mirror, the variety of the Devils temptations, and the allurements of sin, wherewith these weak Christians (the Authors and Actors hereof) suffered themselves to be carried away and seduced: Considering, I say, the foulness of their facts in procuring the deaths of their Christian brethren, some through blood, others through poyson, as also Gods miraculous detection and severe punishment thereof, in revenging blood for blood, and death for death: yea many times repaying it home with interest, and rewarding one death with many, that the consideration of these bloody and mournful Tragedies, may by their examples, strike astonishment to our thoughts, and amazement to our senses, that the horror and terror thereof may hereafter retain and keep us within the lists of Charity toward men, and the bounds of filial and religious obedience towards God, who tels us by his Royal Prophet, that *Whosoever maketh a pit for others, shall fall into it himself: for his mischief will return upon his own head, and his cruelty fall upon his own pate.* Which we shall see verified in these, who seduced partly by sin, but chiefly by Satan, who is the author thereof, forgot the counsel of the Apostle, *If any one be afflicted, let him pray; and grieved, to pour forth their hearts before God:* not considering the efficacy thereof, nor how *Moses made the bitter waters of Marah sweet thereby:* yea they builded not their faiths on God, and his promises, on Christ and his Church, on his Gospel and his Sacrament, but spurned at all these Divine comforts, and spiritual blessings yea, and trampled that sweet smelling Sacrifice of prayer under their feet, which is the antidote and preservative of the soul against sin, and the Bulwark to expel all the fiery and bloody darts of Satans temptations: yea, the very ladder whereby both aspirations and ejaculations of our souls mount unto God, and his benefits and mercies descend unto us: and this, and onely this, was both the Prologue to their destruction, and their destruction it self: the which I present unto the view, not onely of thine eyes, but of thy heart and soul, because it is a vertue in us to look on other mens vices with hatred and detestation, imitating herein the wise and skilful Pilot, who mourns to see the Rocks, whereon his neighbors have suffered shipwrack: and yet again rejoyceth, that by the sight thereof he may avoid his own; which indeed is the true way, both to secure our safety, and to prevent our destruction, as well of the Temporal life of our bodies in this World, as the Spiritual of our souls in that to come.

I must farther advertise thee, that I have purposely fetced these Tragical Histories from foreign parts, because it grieves me to report and relate those that are too frequently committed in our own Countrey, in respect the misfortune of the dead may perchance either afflict, or scandalize their living friends; who rather want matter of new consolation, then cause of reviving old sorrows, or because the iniquity of the times is such, that it is as easie to procure many enemies, as difficult to purchase one true friend: In which respect

Gen. 4. 8.
2 Sam. 11. 17.
and 3. 27.
1 King. 21. 13.
and 21. 1.

Psal. 7. 14, 15.

James 5. 13.
Psal. 61. 8.
Exod. 15. 15.

spect, I know that divers, both in matters of this, and of other natures; have been so cautious to disguise and mask [their Actors, under the vails of other names; and sometimes been inforced to lay their Scenes in strange and unknown Countreys.

For mine own part, I have illustrated and polished these Histories, yet not framed them according to the model of mine own fancies, but of their passions, who have represented and personated them: and therefore if in some places they seem too amorous, or in other too bloody, I must justly retort the imperfection thereof on them, and not thy self on me; sith I onely represent what they have acted, and give that to the publike, which they obscurely perpetrated in private.

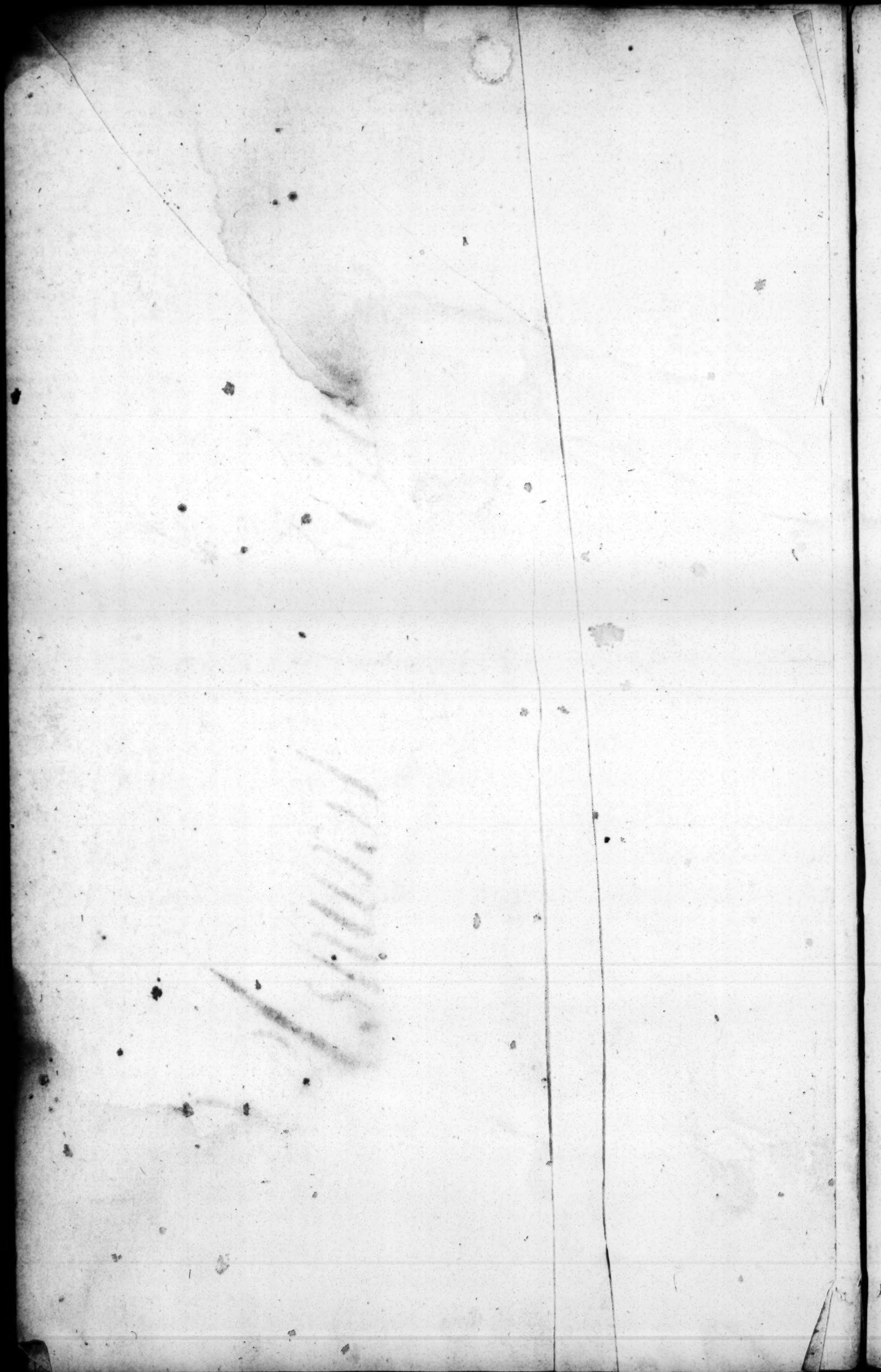
My intent, desire, and prayer is, that if thou art strong in Christ, perusing and reading of these Histories may confirm thy faith, and thy defiance of all sins in general, and of murther in particular; or if thou art but weak in the rules of Christian fortitude and piety, that hereby it may encourage and arm thee against the allurements of the World and the Flesh; but especially against the snares and enticements of the Devil, which may stir thee up either to Wrath, Despair, Revenge, or Murther: that by the contemplation thereof, thou maist resemble the Bee, and not the Spider, and so draw honey from all flowers, but poyson from none.

It shall be the felicity of my thoughts, and the glory of my content and labor, if by the sight of these Histories, thou reap any spiritual comfort or encouragement in this *Christian Warfare* against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, our three professed and fatal enemies: or if thou wilt be so willfully negligent of thine own good, as to ride post by other mens sins and vices, yet with leisure take a curious and exact survey of thine own, and in seeing them, not onely endeavour, but strive to reform them.

If this first Book of my Tragical Histories work any good effect in thee, in causing thee to assume and take on a resolution to hate these sins in thy self, and to detest them in others; then the five other parts which I owe to my promise, and the frontispiece to thee, shall not be kept back, or withheld thee, but in due time succeed this their elder sister: having purposely enlarged thee this my Preface, because this one shall serve for all ~~five~~ books, at least, if the rest be so happy to see the world, or I so fortunate, that the world may see them. In the mean time, hoping that thy courtesie and charity will wink at some defects and imperfections, which may herein have slipt either from my Pen, or the Press, and whereof the malice of some, or peradventure the ignorance of others may accuse themselves, by condemning me; I recommend these my labors, Deut. 30. 20. from their passion, to thy friendship; from their censure, to thy judgement: Psal. 104. 31. and us all to the protection of God, *Who is our life, and the strength of our days.* To whom be glory far evermore.

Thy Christian Friend,

JOHN REYNOLDS.





THE
AUTHOR
HIS
READVERTISEMENT
TO THE
Iudicious Christian Reader.

THat my promise owed six of these Books of *Gods Revenge against Murther* to the World, the Title, and my Epistle (to the Reader) of the first Book doth apparently testifie: It is now some ten years since that I published the third thereof, since when, my time and leisure hath been still so interrupted, and (as it were) cut asunder by many different intervening accidents, that I along time both doubted and feared that the three last Books would have absolutely dyed upon the Design: But I praise and bless God (he hath been so favorable to my desires, and so propitious to my intentions and resolutions) that I have cleared that doubt, and secured this fear; for now (by his sacred Assistance and Providence) I have fully and compleatly finished them, & do here present all six Books to thee in one intire Volume. I am not so vain or presumptuous, to think that they deserve to be seen and read of more Iudicious; for my thoughts aspire to nothing unproportionable to my mean abilities. I knew it was a singular great and excellent point of wisdom in *Socrates*, who by the Oracle of *Apollo* was doomed the wisest of Men, to confess and acknowledg to the world, *That he knew but one thing, which was, that he knew nothing.*

But here, before I proceed farther, I must let the world know, that

The Readvertisement

I understand there are a generation of people, who have been so strangely ignorant, as to give out that these my *Histories* are not *Originals*, but *Translations*, either from *Italian* or *French*; all which with equal Truth and Modesty) I firmly contradict and deny, whether they regard *Matter*, *Manner*, or *Method*, or *Phrase*, *Place*, or *Persons*, for contrariwise I found out the grounds of them in my Travels, and (at mine own leisure) composed and penned them, according to the rule of my weak Fancy and Capacity, they being so far from *Translations*, that as I have hitherto refused to imitate any therein, but my self, so had I been so ambitious or vain-glorious to have given way, or consent to it, some friends of mine in *Paris*, had so long since done the three first Books into *French*, from my first *Original* thereof: But knowing Humility to be the fairest Ornament of a Writer, and Modesty best to become Vertuous Mindes, I have hitherto prevented it, and do still resolve so to do.

Now because as *Idleness* makes some too curious, and *Curiosity* makes others too idle, so it hath likewise pleased some (not so discreet as forward) to condemn and tax some of my *Histories* for being too long, and others for being too short, as if I were bound to observe and please their fancy, more then the truth, or mine own judgment, or that in the contriving and penning thereof, I were obliged to delight and content them before my self. No, no, as long as I know men are as different in their opinions and censures, as in their countenances and complexions, I shall rather connive, and not regard their (worthy to be pittied) ignorance, and resolve and content my self to contemn and pass by, rather then to esteem or grieve at it. They will first I hope read, before they understand, and let me then request them also, that they will first understand, before they either censure, or tax any part of what they read, and so I doubt not, but they will both see, and finde, that in the penning and publishing of these *Histories* (if I am not worthy of their *Love*, yet (at least) their unjust *Envy* and *Detraction* is every way unworthy of me, and that although many Books of these our time are not particularly approved and liked of for the present, yet it is not impossible for the future both to respect and honor them; and so I leave these uncharitable *Zoylists* to sleep, standing in the simplicity of their ignorance, if they will not be rectified and reformed by warning. And I will now divert my pen to the wise and religious Christian Readers, who will know what singular good effects it worketh in their hearts, first to read with understanding, and then to apply with charity and prudence,

for

for whose sakes solely I have now added these my three last Books of *Gods Revenge against the Crying Sin of wilful Murther* to the three former; for I send them to the publick good, whereunto all our Endeavors should tend, to the Propagation of *Christian Love* and *Charity* among men, whereat all our Enterprizes should aim, and to the flourishing advancement of *Gods honor and glory*, to which all the thoughts of our Hearts, and Faculties of our Souls should chiefly aspire and level.

And because *Scaliger* affirms, *That nothing so soon allures or draws a Reader to peruse and read, as a strange Theam and Argument*, Therefore this Path being seldom (if ever) troden or beaten by any other, I am so far from despairing as I am confident, at least, of thy Acceptance; if not of thy approbation of these my labours, and the sooner, because as thou hast heretofore disburthened my *Stationer* of the three first of these Books, so he (in contemplation thereof) hath now drawn the three last of them from me to the *Press*, with a more then common and usual importunity; and I shall bear this content to my grave, and I hope from thence to Heaven, that in penning of them all, I shall leave no pernicious Heir behind me, to infect Youth with Scurillity, or corrupt their Manners and Inclinations with Incentives to Lewdness and Vanity; which as it is the shame of this our Age, so it ought to be the care of every good Man, to shun that which so many of our lewd and lascivious Pamphlets do not. In writing hereof, I have consecrated my Pen rather to Instruction then Eloquence, and to Charity rather than Curiosity, and have made it my chiefest Care, Ambition, and Conscience, to profit thy Soul, rather then to please thine Ear, and to favour more of Heaven than Earth; Yea, I will affirm with equall Truth and Boldness) that I have written it with so innocent a Pen, that the purest and most unstained Virgin shall not need to make her beautifull Cheeks guilty of the least Blush in perusing it all over.

It is with no small Cost and Labour, that I first procured, then penned these *Histories*, and have now polished and prepared them to the *Press*, as well for the extirpating of that *Execrable Sin of Murther* (which cries so loud to Heaven for Vengeance) as also to shew thee *Gods sacred Justice*, and righteous Judgements in the Vindication of the inhumane Authors thereof; to the end, that (by the knowledge and reading of them) thou maist become more charitable, and more hate cruelty, by their wretched and lamentable examples, having herein endeavored (as much as in me lies) to make my Reader

to the Christian Reader.

a Spectator, first of these their foul and bloody Crimes, and then of their condign and exemplary Punishments, which (as a dismal storm and terrible tempest from heaven) fell on them on Earth, when they least dreamt or thought thereof.

And here to conclude this my *Readvertisement* to thee, I religiously from my heart intreat thee to respect the Matter, not the Words, and the Importance and Consequence, more then the Dressing of these Thirty several *Tragical Histories*, whiles, I will account and esteem it a far greater Happiness for my self, to learn true Charity, and the true fear of God in writing them, then to presume of my Ability to instruct and teach others by reading them, because I may justly and truly say with *Lipsius* That my aim and desire in publishing of them, *Is not that I might be made greater, but better thereby, and (if it please God) others by me.*

W^{at} Spiritual Fortitude, or Benefit, thou reapest by their knowledge and contemplation, I exhort thee, in stead of giving me any Thanks, to reserve and give them wholly to God, who is the giver of all good things, yea, the Father of Mercy, and the God of all Comfort and Consolation, to whose Grace I commit thee, desiring thee to assist me with thy favorable opinion, and daily prayers to his Throne of grace, as I shall ever be ready to requite thee with mine.

Thy Christian Friend,

John Reynolds.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE
LORD MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM, &c.

Right Honourable,



Bout some two years since, I (from beyond the Seas) presumed to send your Honor two several pregnant testimonies, as well of my affection to your service, as of my zeal to your prosperity; not that I performed those then, or remember them now, in regard of your fortunes, but of your vertues; for I know, that to flatter, is to betray Greatness: a vice most ignoble in it self, and therefore most improper for your

Honours receipt, or acceptance, sith your actions still make it apparent to our Sacred Sovereign, and his most Excellent Majestie to all the World, that you are truly Honorable, truly Noble: And now to second my two former acknowledgements of zeal and duty to your Honor, with this third, I, though in a less serious, yet more publick maner) presume to make you the Worthy and Noble Patron of the first Book of my Tragical Histories, (some of the mean observations and collections of my slender Travels) wherein The Triumphs of Gods Revenge against the crying and execrable sin of Murther, are so eminent and conspicuous, that (except my hopes betray my judgement) they are made obvious to the sight, and consequently profitable to the soul of a Christian; and not to prophane either your Honors ears, or my pen, with the least spark or shadow of an untruth, my presumption had not been so ambitious, to have committed these Histories to the Press, except
(a) *with*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

with a desire, that in some sort they might thereby repress that bellish sin, against which they solely contest and fight, and which in these our days (with as much pity as grief) makes so bloody, and so lamentable a progression, thereby to serve as stops and preventions, in our England, in imitation of the Catarracts of Nylus, which kept Egypt from being submerg'd with her Inundation: Nor had I aspired to shelter them under the wings of your Honours Patronage and Protection, but that thereby they might finde the surer passage, in conversing with the different opinions, and the safer, in meeting with the self-pleasing Censures of the world; and if your Honor please, select some few honrers from your more serious and weighty affairs, and vouchsafe imploy them on the different Accidents these Histories report and relate, I (with as much humility as confidence) presume, that you will esteem them, if not profitably lent, yet not prodigally, nor viciously cast away, in the perusal and contemplation thereof. Howsoever, they proceed from his Pen, whose heart not onely admires and honours your Vertues, but rejoyceth in the Reward thereof, your Footunes; for I live not, if in the sincerity and candor of my soul, I wish not that your Honor may still remain firm to these, and these eternally fixed and constant to you; and from your Honor, successively to your Posterity, transcendently to your Name.

Your Honors

in all duty and Service,

JOHN REYNOLDS.



THE
STATIONER
TO THE
READER.



Having been so often importuned for a third Edition of this Book, I may seem to owe little further satisfaction to the world, but to procure what is desired, and answer a publike expectation. Yet seeing that those that have done well in their former actions, have made themselves debtors to the world, and must for their future render a severer account upon the score of their old merit: I shall not excuse myself from giving the reasons of this new Edition in folio, because the two first were received with universal approbation. The which when they first came out, the sparkling vein which ran through them, the sublimeness of some parts, where suitable passions were to be expressed, joyned with the rareness of the narrations, and perhaps the compassion of some persons, which made them wish they might not be true, began to create suspicion in some as if they wanted truth, the soul of History: Upon which the Lord Abbot, formerly Archbishop of *Canterbury*, not willing so great a part of Gods Government in the world should be sustained upon painted pillars, knowing the Auxiliaries, falsehood supplies truth with, are dangerous, and always call'd back in her greatest occasions, did very diligently enquire of the Author concerning most of the particulars, and was by him so amply satisfied, that that excellent person, who was then so great a part of the publike conscience, did judge the Gentlemans travels most profitably undertaken, and his pains plac'd for the best advantage; which he did declare to the world by his license and approbation. Besides, as a further proof of their truth, I have spoken with several Gentlemen, who have had acquaintance with some of the chiefest Actors: So that those Ladies whose perfect goodness delights to

The Stationer to the Reader.

share in the sufferings of Cassandra, and pay their ceremonies of grief to empty tombs, may let fall that celestial dew upon those sweet flowers & lillies, w^{ch} here grow about the graves sometimes of unfortunate faith, and clear innocence. That all this may appear more lively, I have added the several Brazen Cuts, which represent the most considerable actions, and offer a varietie, which I question not but will be agreeable: for that which is more slowly deduced through the course of a larger narration, will at once be presented to the view, and make the impression strike the deeper: For as Naturalists observe, that the blood of that beast which dies the purple, does then give the truest stain, when he is killed at one blow: so tragical stories put into such order, that they may at once touch the sense, doe most passionately move the affections, which being the main end of this new Edition, and the truest benefit the publique can receive, to create a horror in men of a sin which is pursued by God by those punishments, which are visible, and not adjourned to the great day I shall rest assured of the acceptation of the candid Reader, and remain,
Yours to serve you,

W. L.

*As here by trade is shown
the hander's well in the
world*

Stationer

A T A B L E

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where to finde them.

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A T A B L E

Of the Contents of all the Histories contained in
the whole six Books.

The Contents of the First Book.

HISTORY I.

Hautefelia causeth LaFresnay an Apothecary to poyson her Brother Grand Pre and his Wife Mermanda, and is likewise the cause that her said Brother kills de Malleray her own Husband in a Duel. La Fresnay condemned to be hanged for a Rape, on the ladder confesseth his two former Murthers, and says that Hautefelia seduced and hired him to perform them: Hautefelia is likewise apprehended. And so for these cruel murthers they are both put to severe and cruel deaths.

page 1.

HIST. II.

Pisani betrayeth Gasperino of his Mistress Christeneta. Gasperino challengeth Pisani for this disgrace, and kills him in the field: He after continueth his suit to Christineta. She dissembles her malice for Pisani his death. She appoints Gasparino to meet her in a Garden; and there causeth Bianco and Brindoli to murther him. They are all three taken and executed for the same.

P. 12.

HIST. III.

Mortaigne, under the promise of Marriage, gets Josselina with childe, and after converting his love into hatred, causeth his Lackey La Verdure and La Palma to murther both her and her yound son. The jealousy of Isabel to her Husband La Palma is the cause of the Discovery hereof. They are all three taken and executed for the same.

P. 23.

HIST. IV.

Beatrice-Joana, to marry Alsemero, causeth de Flores to murther Alonso Piracquo, who was a suiter to her. Alsemero marries her, and finding de Flores and her in Adultery, kills them both. Tomaso Piracquo challengeth Alsemero for his Brothers death. Alsemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, vnd his body thrown into the sea: At his execution he confesseth, that his Wife and de Flores murthered Alonso Piracquo: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes thrown into the ayre.

P. 34
HIST.

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HIST. V.

Alibius murthereth his Wife Merilla: he is discovered, first, by Bernardo, then by Emelia his own Daughter: so he is apprehended and hanged for the fact. P.47.

The Contents of the second Book.

HIST. VI.

Victoryna causeth Sypontus to stab and murther her first husband Souranza, and she her self poysoneth Fassino her second: so they both being miraculously detected, and convicted of these their cruel murthers, he is beheaded, and she hanged and burnt for the same. P.61.

HIST. VII.

Catalina causeth her waiting-maid Ansilva, two several times to attempt to poyson her own sister Berinthia. wherein failing, she afterwards makes an Emperick, termed Sarmiata, poyson her said maid Ansilva, Catalina is killed with a Thunder bolt, and Sarmiata hanged for poysoning Ansilva. Antonio steals Berinthia away by her own consent: whereupon her Brother Sebastiano fights with Antonio, and kills him in a Duel: Berinthia, in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her brother Sebastiano: she is adjudged to be immured 'twixt two walls, and there languisheth and dyes. P.75.

HIST. VIII.

Belvile treacherously murthereth Poligny in the street. Laurieta, Polygny's Mystris, betrayeth Belvile to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistol, when assisted by her waiting-maid Lucilla, they likewise give him many wounds with a Poniard, and so murther him. Lucilla flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and Laurieta is taken and hanged, and burnt for the same.

HIST. IX.

Jacomo de Castelnovo, lustfully falls in love with his daughter in Law Perina, his own son Francisco de Castelnovo's wife: whom to enjoy, he causeth Jerantha first to poyson his own Lady Fidelia. and then his said son Francisco de Castelnovo; in revenge whereof, Perina treacherously murthereth him in his bed. Jerantha ready to dye in travel of childe, confesseth her two murthers, for the which she is hanged and burnt. Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is cendemed to perpetual imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dies. P.107.

HIST. X.

Bertolini seeks Paulina in marriage, but she loves Sturio, and not himself: he prays her Brother Brellati his dear friend, to sollicit for him, which he doth, but cannot prevail: whereupon Bertolini lets fall some disgraceful speeches, both against her honor and his reputation, for which Brellati challengeth the field of him, where Bertolini kills him, and he flies for the same. Sturio seeks to marry her, but his Father will not consent therunto, and conveys him away secretly: for which two disasters, Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio findes out Bertolina, and sends him a challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kills Sturio with a Petronel in the street from a window: he is taken for this second murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River. P.122.

The Contents of the Third Book.

HIST. XI.

DE Salez killeth Vaumartin in a Duel; La Hay causeth Michaelle to poyson La Frange; De Salez loves La Hay, and because his Father Argentier will not consent

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consent that he marry her, stifles him in his bed, and then takes her to Wife; she turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuseth her of this bloody fact and himself for murdering his Father Argentier: so his dead body is hanged to the Gallows, then burnt. La Hay confesseth this murder, and likewise that she caused Michaelle, to poyson La Frange: she hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive, Michaelle is broken on the wheel, and his dead body thrown into the River. 141

HIST. XII.

Albemare causeth Pedro and Leonardo to murder Baretano, and he after marrieth Clara, whom Baretano first sought to marry: He causeth his man Valerio to poyson Pedro in prison, and by a Letter which Leonardo sent him, Clara perceives that her husband Albemare had hired and caused Pedro and Leonardo to murder her first love Baretano: which Letter she reveals to the Judge; so he is hanged, and likewise Valerio and Leonardo for these their bloody crimes. 161

HIST. XIII.

La Vasselay poysoneth her waiting-maid Gratiana, because she is jealous that her husband De Merson is dishonest with her; whereupon he lives from her: in revenge whereof, she causeth his man La Villete to murder him in a wood, and then marries him in requital. The said La Villete a year after riding thorow the same Wood, his horse falls with him, and almost kills him; when he confesseth the murder of his Master De Merson, and accuseth his Wife La Vasselay to be the cause thereof: so for these their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and she burnt alive. 178

HIST. XIV.

Fidelia and Cælestina cause Carpi and Monteleone, with their two Lackies, Lorenzo and Anselmo, to murder their father Captain Benevente, which they perform. Monteleone and his Lacky Anselmo are drowned. Fidelia hangs her self, Lorenzo is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallows confesseth the murdering of Benevente; Carpi hath his right hand, then his head cut off; Cælestina is beheaded, and her body burnt. 194

HIST. XV.

Maurice like a bloody villain, and damnable son, throws his Mother Christina into a well, and drowns her: the same hand and arm of his wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being discredited of his wits in prison, he there confesseth this foul and inhumane murder, for the which he is hanged. 208

The Contents of the fourth Book.

HIST. XVI.

Ideaques causeth his son Don Ivan to marry Marsillia, then commits Adultery and Incest with her; she makes her father in law Ideaques to poyson his old wife Honoria, and likewise makes her own Brother de Perez to kill her Chamber-maid Mathurina; Don Ivan afterwards kills de Perez in a Duel; Marsillia hath her brains dashed out by a horse, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt; Ideaques is beheaded, his body consumed to ashes, and thrown into the air. 225

HIST. XVII.

Harcourt steals away his Brother Vimorves wife, Mafferina, and keeps her in Adultery: she hireth Tivoly (an Italian Mountebank) to poyson La Precoverte, who was Harcourts Wife: Harcourt kills his brother Vimory, and then marries his Widow Mafferina: Tivoly is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuseth Mafferina for hiring him to poyson La Precoverte, for the which she is likewise hanged: Noel (who was Harcourts man) on his death-bed suspecteth and accuseth his said Master, for killing of his Brother Vimory, whereof Harcourt being found guilty, he is broken alive on a wheel for the same. 241

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HIST. XVIII.

Romero (*the Lacky of Borlary*) kills Radegonda, the Chamber-maid of the Lady Felisanna in the street, and is hanged for the same; Borlary afterwards hireth Castruchio (*an Apothecary*) to poyson her husband Seignior Planeze, for the which Castruchio is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and Borlary is beheaded, and then burnt. 260

HIST. XIX.

Beaumarays, and his Brother Montaigne, kill Champigny, and Marin (*his second*) in a Duel; Blancheville (*the Widow of Champigny*) in revenge thereof hireth Le Valley (*who was servant to Beaumarays*) to murther his said Master with a Pistol, the which he doth, for the which Le Valley is broken on a Wheel, and Blancheville hanged for the same, 277

HIST. XX.

Lorenzo murthereth his wife Fermia; he some twenty years after (*as altogether unknown*) robbeth his (*and her*) son Thomaso, who likewise (*not knowing Lorenzo to be his Father*) doth accuse him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged. 291

The Contents of the Fifth Book.

HIST. XXI.

Babtistyna and Amarantha poyson their eldest sister Jaquinta, after which Amarantha causeth her servants, Bernardo and Pierya to stifle her elder sister Babtistyna in her bed, Bernardo flying away, breaks his neck with a fall off his Horse, Pierya is hanged for the same, so likewise is Amarantha, and her body after burnt: Bernardo being buried, his body is again taken up, and hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his ashes thrown in the River. 309

HIST. XXII.

Martino poysoneth his Brother Pedro, and murthereth Monfredo in the street: He afterwards grows mad, and in his confession reveals both these murders to Father Thomas his Ghostly Father, who afterwards dying, reveals it by his Letter to Cecilia, who was widow to Monfredo, and sister to Pedro and Martino. Martina hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same. 327

HIST. XXIII.

Alphonso poysoneth his own Mother Sophia, and after shoots and kills Cassino (*as he was walking in his Garden*) with a short Musket (*or Carabine*) from a window. He is beheaded for those two murders, then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River. 346

HIST. XXIV.

Pont Chaufey kills La Roche in a Duel. Quatbriffon causeth Moncallier (*an Apothecary*) to poyson his own Brother Valfontaine, Moncallier after falls, and breaks his neck from a pair of stairs. Quatbriffon likewise causeth his Fathers Miller Pierot to murther, and strangle Marieta in her bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond. Pierot the Miller is broken alive on a wheel, and Quatbriffon first beheaded, then burnt for the same. 375

HIST. XXV.

Vasti first murthereth his Son George, and next poysoneth his own wife Hester, and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth these his two murders, for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt. 377

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The Contents of the fixth Book.

HIST. XXVI.

Imperia for the love she bears to young Morosini, seduceth and causeth him (with his two consorts, Astonicus and Donato) to stifle to death her old husband Palmerius in his bed: Morosini misfortunately letting fall his gloves in Palmerius his chamber that night which he did it; They are found by Richardo the Nephew of Palmerius, who knows them to be Morosinies, and doth thereupon accuse him and his Aunt Imperia, for the murther of his Uncle. So they, together with their accessaries Astonicus and Donato, are a'l four of them apprehended and hanged for the same. p.395

HIST. XXVII.

Father Justinian a Priest, and Adrian an Inn-keeper, poyson de Laurier, who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father Justinian and Adrian understanding, they flie upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.

418

HIST. XXVIII.

Hippolito murthereth Garcia in the street by night, for the which he is hanged. Dominica and her Chambermaid Denisa poysoneth her husband Roderigo; Denisa afterwards stranglenth her own new born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged; on the Ladder she confessed that she was accessary, with her Lady Dominica, in the poysoning of her husband Roderigo; for the which Dominica is apprehended, and likewise hanged.

433

HIST. XXIX.

Sanctifiore (upon promise of marriage) gets Ursina with childe, and then afterwards very ingratelly and treacherously rejecteth her, and marries Bertranna: Ursina being sensible of this her disgrace, disguiseth her self in a Friars habit, and with a case of Pistols kills Sanctifiore as he is walking in the fields, for the which she is hanged,

445

HIST. XXX.

De Mora treacherously kills Palura in a Duel with two Pistols: His Lady Bellinda, with the aid of her Gentleman Usher Ferallo, poysoneth her husband De Mora, and afterwards she marrieth and murthereth her said husband Ferallo in his bed; so she is burnt alive for this her last murther, and her ashes thrown into the air for the first.

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Asbury a. 24

Asbury a. 24

Asbury a. 24

and powdering of his hair, quarrelling with his Taylor for the fashion of his Cloaths, dancing in Velvet pumps, and tracing the Streets in a neat perfumed Boots with jangling Spurs; yea, he resembleth not young spruce Courtiers, who think no Heaven to brave Apparell, nor Paradise to that of their Mistris beauty: for he only practiseth riding of great Horses, Tilting, running at Ring, displaying the Colours, tossing the Pike, handling the Musket, ordering of Rank and File, thereby to make himself capable to conduct and embattail an Army, and to environ, fortifie, or besiege a City or Castle, or the like; yea, he spurns at the Lute and Viall, and vows there is no Musick to the ratling of the Drum and Trumpet, and to the thundring of the Musket and Cannons; but this warlike and Marshall humour of his shall not last long. Wherein we may observe the vanity of our thoughts, the inconstancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our resolutions; for now we shall shortly see *Grand Pre* hate that he loved, and love that he hated; yea, we shall see him so plunge and drown himself in the beauty of a fair and sweet Gentlewoman, as he shall leave *Holland* for *Burgundy*, Warre for Peace, Arms for Love, and Enemies for a Mistris: but time must work this alteration and metamorphosis.

The old Gentleman his Father, seeing *Grand Pre's* martiall disposition, fears lest this ambitious and generous humour of his will induce him to seek Wars abroad, sith he finds none at home; and therefore, desirous of his company and presence, in that it will sweeten his former afflictions, and give life to his future hopes and content, he proffers him the choice of many a rich and fair young Gentlewoman for his Wife, of the best and most ancient Families in and neer *Auxone*: but *Grand Pre* is deaf to these requests and motions, and thinks it a disparagement and blemish to his valour, if he should any way listen, or give ear thereto; the which his Father perceiving and understanding, he bethinks himself of a further invention, and so resolves at Winter to leave the Country, and to reside in the City of *Dijon*, (famous for the ancient Seat of the Dukes of *Burgundy*, and for the present Court of Parliament) hoping that there amongst the multitude of sweet Ladies and Gentlewomen, wherewith that City is adorned, his Son *Grand Pre* might at last espye some Paragon of Nature, whose beauty might have power to subdue and captivate his affections; and indeed (as the sequel will shew) the event answereth his expectation.

For on a Sunday morning in Lent, as *Grand Pre* went to the Royall Chapell to hear Father *Justinian* (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, he opposite to him espies a most delicate and beautifull young Lady, slender of body, tall of stature, fair of taint and complexion, having a quick and gracious eye, with pure and delicate hair of a flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in Apparell, yet farre richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfect beauty; in a word, she was so amiable and so lovely, so sweet, and so pleasing to his eyes, as at her very first sight *Grand Pre* could not refrain from blushing, as being ravished with the sweetness of so fair an object, so as his heart panted and beat within him, as being not accustomed to encounter with such beauties, or with such sudden passions and alterations.

Now by this time this young Gentlewoman (whose name we shall anon know) could not but perceive with what earnestness and delight *Grand Pre* beheld her, and seeing him to be a proper young Gallant, and richly apparelled and followed, shee could not refrain from dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermilion blush, which gave such grace to her beauty, and so inflamed our poor *Grand Pre*, as he could no longer resist the influence of such amorous assaults; and now it is that his thoughts strike sail to affection, and his heart doth homage to beauty, so as he revokes his former opinion conceived against the power and dignity of Love, which he now holds erroneous, and in his heart vows that there is no such felicity in the world, as to enjoy the Lady of his desires, whom his eyes and soul chiefly honour and adore: But if he be insnared and imprisoned in the fetters of her beauty, no lesse is she in those of his personage, onely she is more coy and precise in the exterior demonstration thereof; for as he cannot keep his eyes from gazing on her; so she seems but to look on him by stealth, or if she transgresse that Decorum, she immediately, in outward appearance, checks her eyes from ranging beyond the lists of modesty and discretion.

But by this time, to the grief of our new Lovers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart, so their eyes with much discontent and unwillingness, for that time take leave each of other; and here *Grand Pre* making a turn or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, first with grief, that he is deprived of his Mistris sight, and then with sorrow, that he neither knows her, nor her name: But as Love refines our wits, and gives an edge to our intentions, so he shews her to his Page, and sends him to make secret enquiry what she is. His Page speedily returns, and informs him, that she is *Madamoyseil Mermanda*, eldest daughter to *Monsieur de Cressonville*, one of the chiefest Presidents of the Court of Parliament. *Grand Pre* extremely rejoiceth to know what she was, and farre the more, in respect he sees it no disparagement either to himself or his House to marry her; and therefore omitting all other designs and resolutions (and bidding farewell to the Warres) he resolves to seek her in marriage; to which end, the next day, he of set purpose, with a Gentleman

or two of his intimate and familiar friends, insinuates himself into her Fathers House, who being absent, whiles they entertain the Mother, he (under colour of other conference) courts the Daughter: yea, now his affection is to her by many degrees redoubled, because he sees the excellency of her mind is answerable to that of her person; and now she comming likewise to know him, is as it were wrapt up in the contemplation of a thousand sweet contents, which so work on her affection, (or rather on her heart) as if he thinks himself happy in seeking such a Mistress, she esteems her self blest in finding such a Servant.

Grand Pre finds his first entertainment from *Mermanda* to be respective and pleasing; and so authorized by her courtesie and advice, he taking time at advantage, goes to the old President her Father, and bewrayes him his affection to his Daughter, and the desire he hath to obtain her for his Wife: so having begun his sute, he leaves his Father *Grandmont* to finish it, and continually frequents the company of his beautifull Mistress *Mermanda*.

Her Father *Cressonville* dislikes not this Match, but deems it both agreeable and honourable; only he knows that *Grandmont* hath likewise one onely Daughter, and himself one onely Son; so he infinitely desires to make this a double Match, thereby to contract a more firm and stricter league betwixt their two Houses: this is proposed and debated, as well between the younger folks, as the old Parents, and at last it takes effect; so as purposely omitting, first the conference, then the Letters sent from *Grand Pre* to *Mermanda*, and from *Mermanda* to *Grand Pre*; from *De Malleray* (*Cressonvilles* Son) to *Hauteselia*, and from *Hauteselia* to *De Malleray*; because the inserting thereof would make this brief History swell into an ample volume; These marriages, to the joy of the Parents, and the sweet content of their Sons and Daughters, are pompously solemnized in *Dijon*, with all variety of Feasting, Dancing, and Masking, answerable to their degrees and dignities. But these Marriages shall not prove so fortunate as is hoped, and expected, neither was *Hymeneus* invited thereunto, or if he were, he refused to come; and therefore *Lucina* will likewise save her labour, because she knows that neither of these two young married Gentlewomen shall live to make use of her assistance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wish the event of this History could give the lye to this ensuing position, That there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I have more reason to fear, than hope to beleve the contrary; for no sooner have our two young couples reaped the fruits of Marriage, and the felicity of their desires, but we shall see the Sun-shine of their joy overtaken with a dismall storm of grief, sorrow, and misfortune; whereby we may observe and learn, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity under the Sun, but that all things in this world, yea, the world it self is subject to revolution and change. The manner is thus:

Hauteselia envies her Sister in Law *Mermanda's* advancement, and contemnes her own; she likes not to give the hand to her, whom she knows is by descent her inferiour, and to speak true, prefers a Scarlet Cloak before a Black, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man; these ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from Hell, will breed bad blood, and produce mournfull effects; yea, peradventure strangle her, who imbraceth and practiseth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and milde nature, *Hauteselia* of an imperious and revengefull; never any married couple live more contented, nor pass more pleasant dayes, than did *Grand Pre* and his fair *Mermanda* for the space of one whole year; wherein she bore her self so loving and courteous towards him, and he so kind and pleasant to her, as their sweet carriage, and honourable and virtuous behaviour, was of all the world (*Hauteselia* only excepted) highly praised and applauded. But *Hauteselia* envying *Mermanda's* prosperity and glory, because she could neither parallel the one, nor equall the other, and seeing with no other eyes than those of ambition and envy, bethinks her self how she might act her disgrace, and eclipse the splendor of her vertues and glory. When remembering that the Baron of *Betanford* (dwelling not farre from *Auxone*) sometimes visited her Brother *Grand Pre*, as also that he very lately had done her two unkind offices; the one, by buying a Jewell from her, which she was in price with, of a Gold-smith at *Dijon* Fair; and the other, for retaining a little fine white *Frizeland* Dog, which his Page had stole from her: she thinks to give two strokes with one stone, and at one time to be revenged both of the Baron and of her Sister in Law *Mermanda*.

Judge, Christian Reader, what simple reasons and trivial motives this inconsiderate Gentlewoman hath for her malice, but she is resolute therein, and as she hath laid the foundation, so she will perfect the edifice of her malice and revenge; which to effect, she sends a Servant of hers purposely neer *Auxone*, to her Brother *Grand Pre*, and writes him a Letter to this effect: She intreats him to come ride over to her, for she hath a secret of importance to reveal him, which she holds not fit to commit to pen, and withall adviseth him to frame some other excuse towards her Husband for his sudden comming.

Grand Pre arrived at *Dijon*, and is welcomed of his Brother and Sister, but he discovers her to be more sorrowfull than accustomed; he is ignorant what these clouds of her discontent import, or from whence they arise; but he shall know too soon, and his curiositie shall pay dear to understand it.

it. Supper ended, they fetch a walk in the Garden, and so he is conducted to his Chamber, where his Brother in Law *De Malleray* giving him the good night, his Sister *Hauteselia* with tears in her eyes informs him, that she knows for certain, the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his Wife *Mermanda*, yea, beyond the bounds of honesty, the which she must needs reveal him, because his honor is hers, which, as she is bound by nature, she will cherish and preserve as her own life.

Grand Pre amazed at this strange and unlooked-for news, is like one lunatick, or rather stark mad, he stamps with his foot, throws away his hat, now casting himself on the bed, then on the floor; yea, and had not his Sister prevented him, he had killed himself with his own Sword: these are the wretched passions of jealousy, which transport our selves beyond our selves, and our reasons beyond the limits of reason: and now this vile and malicious Sister of his, (more out of policy than charity) useth many prayers and persuasions, brings him again to himself, and they conclude to keep it secret from all the world, but withall *Grand Pre* vows sharply to be revenged both of his Wife, and the Baron of *Betanford*.

Hauteselia having thus broached her inveterate and implacable malice (laughing hereat like a Gypsie) betakes her self to her rest, leaving her Brother not to sleep, but to drive out the night in watchfulness and jealousy: who the next morn (sooner than his accustomed hour) riseth, takes his leave of his Brother and Sister, and so very pensive and sorrowfull rides home.

Mermanda finds her Husband sad, and enquires the cause thereof; she prays him, that if any grief or misfortune have befallen him, she may participate and bear the one half thereof, as she doth of his joy and prosperity: and as she was wont to do, profereth to kiss him; but he sleights her, and with much unkindness and disdain puts her off; whereat she is amazed, as not acquainted with such discourtesie. After Supper (jealousie being his chiefest dish; and grief, hers) he makes three or four solitary turns in the Court, and then sends his Page for his Wife, who betwixt comfort and grief, hope and despair, presently comes to him. He demands of her whether she will walk with him; she answereth, that his pleasure shall ever be hers; and that she will most joyfully and willingly wait on him where he pleaseth: he brings her to a solitary Grove, and there having choler in his looks, and fire in his tongue, he chargeth her of dishonesty with the Baron of *Betanford*.

Poor *Mermanda*, as it were pierced to the heart with the thunder-bolt of this news, falls to the ground in a fainting swoon: yea, *Grand Pre* her Husband hath much ado to recover her, when, coming again to her self, she with many volleys of sighs, and rivolets of tears, purgeth her self of that imputation and scandall; she blames his credulity and jealousy, terms her accusers devills and witches, invokes heaven and earth to bear witness of her innocency; and withall clears the Baron of *Betanford*, vowing and protesting by her part and hope of heaven, that he never attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the least shadow of so unchaste a motion.

Grand Pre weighing her words, and seeing her bitter and sorrowfull tears, believes his Wife, and so frees both her self and the Baron; prays her to pardon him, and vows that he will love her dearer than before, and for ever forget & bury the memory thereof in perpetual oblivion and forgetfulness.

But his Wife *Mermanda*, notwithstanding this submission and reconciliation of her Husband, is still vexed in mind, as finding it easie to admit grief, but difficult to expell it: she knows not what to do, nor of whom to take advice how she should bear her self in this streight and perplexity; for well she knows, that if the Baron of *Betanford* should come to visit her Husband, as formerly he was accustomed to do, it would revive and confirm his jealousy, although they were both as innocent as innocency it self. Now she resolves to write the Baron a Letter to refrain her house: but then shee thinks it too much indiscretion and presumption to attempt it, or that the Letter might be intercepted, or her Husband have news thereof; but again, fearing his coming, and encouraged through her innocency, she resolves to write unto him: which she doth to this effect.

IT is not with blushes, but tears, that I presume to write unto you; for indeed it grieves me to publish my Husbands folly, which by duty I know I am bound to conceal; neither had I attempted it, but that grief and necessity throws me on this exigent: for so it is, that my unspotted chastity is not capable to defend him from jealousy, which makes me as much triumph in mine own loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude: and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his frensie hath reflection on you, whom he takes to be both the object and cause thereof: but as your innocency can justly warrant and defend mine honour, and your honour my innocency from the least shadow of that crime; so that we may both indeavour, rather to quench than enflame this his irregular passion; I most humbly beseech you to refrain our house, and neither to visit me, nor be familiar with him, and so peradventure, time may wear away from his thoughts, that which at present truth and reason cannot. Your reluctant vertues and true generosity assure me of this curtesie, the which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your dayes may be as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.

MERMANDA.

The Baron receives this Letter, praiseth *Mermanda's* discretion, and laughs at *Grand Pre's* folly, extolleth her innocency, and condemns his jealousy: he will be carefull to preserve a Ladies honor, especially one so truly chaste and honourable as *Mermanda*: he before had a purpose to see *Paris*, so now this occasion doth both crown and confirm his resolution; he makes ready his preparatives and baggage, and so takes Coach for that great City, which abounds with the greatest part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdom; but before his departure, he returns *Mermanda* this Answer.

Your vertues and my conscience, make us as unworthy of your Husbands jealousy, as he of so chaste a Wife as *Mermanda*, and so true a friend as *Betanford*: but as your affection to him hath still shined in your loyalty, so it must now in your patience; sith he in this base-passion of his seeking his own shame, will at last assuredly find out your glory. Had his folly revealed me so much as your discreet Letter, I would have exchanged my Pen to a Sword, and with the hazard of my life, and losse of my dearest blood, made known as well to him as to the whole world, the truth, both of your chastity and honour, and of mine honour and innocency: in the mean time I will both imbrace and obey your request, and will manage it with such observance to your Husband, such respect to your vertues, and such regard to mine own reputation, as I hope he shall rest satisfied of your chastity towards himself, and of mine to you; otherwise I prize Ladies of your perfections at so high a rate, and set Cavaliers of his humour and inclination at so low an esteem, that I well know how to answer him choler with contempt, and to requite your discretion both with admiration and praise.

BETANFORD.

Mermanda very joyfully receives this Letter: but hers to the Baron produceth effects contrary to her hopes; for *Grand Pre* understanding of the Baron of *Betanford's* sudden departure for *Paris* (as jealousy is full of eyes) he fears a Plot betwixt him and his Wife, and so confirms his former suspicion of her disloyalty; he therefore converts his love into hatred towards her, and now (to shew the fruits and effects of his jealousy) refuseth her his Bed, than which, to a chaste and vertuous Wife nothing can be more distastefull.

At this ingratefull discourtesie, poor *Mermanda* tears her hair, sigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in such pittifull sort, that it seems nothing in the world is capable to comfort her: but she conceals her grief as secretly as she may; only her pale cheeks and discontented looks, as the outward heralds of her inward affection, do silently discover and bewray it.

Her Husbands Father and Mother, *Grandmont*, and *de Carnye*, all this while know nothing of this discontent between *Grand Pre* and *Mermanda*; but their malicious and wretched Daughter *Hauteselia* (whose malice never sleeps) hath spies in every corner of her Fathers House, who advertise her thereof; whereat she infinitely triumpheth and rejoiceth. But this joy of hers shall be but as a breath on steel, or as smoke before the wind.

Grand Pre this mean time boyles with inveterate rage, and his jealousy carries him to such extremes, as he vows to be revenged, first of *Betanford*, then of his Wife, to which effect he pretends business to *Chalons* (as what will malice leaye unpretended?) and taking a choice Horse, a Page and two Lackeies with him, he passeth a contrary way, and comes first to *Troy*, then to *Brie-count Robert* (a dayes journey from *Paris*) where being very private in his Inn, he writes a Challenge, and taking aside his Page, delivers it him, and commands him, at break of day to post with all expedition for *Paris*; where being arrived, to go to the Crown of *France* in *Saint Honories Street*, and secretly to deliver it to the Baron of *Betanford*, to take his answer, and to return the same night.

The Page to obey his Masters command, seems rather to flie, than post; he fitly finds out the Baron, and very fairly delivers him the Letter, who breaking up the Seal, therein finds these words:

GRAND PRE, to the Baron of BETANFORD.

You need no other witnesse than your self to inform you in how high a nature you have wronged me, and herein your false glory hath made my true shame so apparent, as I had rather dye than live to digest it: for not to dissemble you my malice, as you have done me your friendship, I can sooner forget all other offences, than pardon this: therefore find it not strange that I request you to meet me on Thursday morning next, at five or six, either with your Sword or Rapier on Horse-back, or a foot at *Carency*, half a league from *Brie-count Robert*, where the Bearer hereof shall expect you, to conduct you safely to a fair Medow, where without Seconds I will attend you. It is impossible for me to receive any other satisfaction; for to write you the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.

GRAND PRE.

At

At the reading hereof, the Baron is so farre from the least shew or apprehension of fear, as he is pleasant and jocund; yea, he causeth *Grand Pre's* Page to dine with him, and after dinner, takes him aside, and speaks to him thus: *Tell thy Master, that I will not fail to meet him on Horse-back without a Second, at the hour and place appointed.* The next morn he dispeeds away a choice Horse, which his Lackey leads, and about ten of the clock, only with his Chirurgion, and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to *Carency*, where he lodgeth.

The next morning being Thursday (the day appointed to fight) *Grand Pre*, pretending to go to the Church, sends away his Page to *Carency*, to await and attend the Baron, and so only with his Chirurgion hies himself to the field; which he first entered, and immediately (before he had fully made four turns) in comes *Betanford*, whom *Grand Pre's* Page had met at *Carency*, and now conducted thither, having only his Chirurgion with him, and having left his Coach, Page, and Lackey, a furlong off, with command not to stirre, till they heard from him.

The Chirurgions (in stead of two Gentlemen for their Seconds) dispose themselves according to the Order and Ceremonies of Duels) to search the Combatants for Coats of Mail, or the like: but they might have eased themselves of this labour and curiosity; for both the Gentlemen were too honourable, to have their valours tainted with this base point of cowardize or treachery; yea, in meer contempt thereof, they both of purpose had left their Dublets behind them. And now begins a Combat, as memorable as bloody, yea performed with such valour, dexterity, and resolution, that as these times infinitely admire it, so succeeding ages will very difficultly believe it.

They come into the Field with a soft trot, and each having his Enemy in front, and being near six score paces distant, they give spurres to their Horses, and part like two flashes of lightning. At their first meeting, *Grand Pre* runs *Betanford* thorow the left shoulder, and *Betanford* onely wounds *Grand Pre* in the right cheek, close under the eye; and being excellent Horse-men, they turn short, and so again fall to it with bravery and courage: in which encounter *Betanford* receives a wide wound upon the brawn of his right arm, and *Grand Pre* another thorow his left side, which undoubtedly had proved mortall, and so ended the Combat with his life, had not his Sword glanced on a rib, and so ran outwards; and now they both retire to take breath, resolving to advance with more fury: they part again, *Betanford* runs *Grand Pre* thorow the neck, and he *Betanford* thorow the small of the arm, where meeting with the finewes and arteries, it causeth the Sword to fall out of his hand, whereat he is extremely perplexed and amazed.

Here perchance some base Fellow (who had never been trained up in the Schoole of Honour, and therefore not deserved the title of a Gentleman) would have wrought upon the misfortune of this accident, and desired no better advantage to dispatch his Adversary: But *Grand Pre*, whose generosity in this I commend, as much as I detest his jealousy, doth highly disdain to stain his honour and courage with this infamy, and so puts *Betanford* out of his apprehension and fear with these words; Baron, be courageous and chearfull, for I will rather dye, than disgrace my self so much, to fight with an unarmed man, and so commands his Chirurgion to deliver him his Sword again. *Betanford* is thankfull to him for this courtesie, and vows he will never forget it.

Now although their wounds do rather ingrain, than imbroder their Shirts with blood, yet their youth is so vigorous, their courage so inflamed, and their hearts so resolute and magnanimous, as they neither can, nor yet will rest satisfied: in a word, they mannage their Horses bravely, and act wonders with their Swords; for by this time they having run four severall Careres: *Betanford* hath received seven wounds, and given *Grand Pre* ten: but the losse of all this blood, (which now issued from their bodies rather by spowts than drops) is not capable to cool their courages: and so although with dust, sweat, blood, and wounds, they rather look like Furies than men, yet they will not refrain fighting.

And now their Chirurgions grieving and pitting to see them, as it were drowned in their blood, and well knowing that they had performed more than they thought possible for men, they both agree, and so running with their Hats in their hands, humbly pray them to desist and rest satisfied, by shewing them that their Swords and Courages had already acted wonders beyond belief, and that it was pitty that Parents, Prince, and Country, should be deprived of such resolute and valorous Cavaliers, than whom, the world (upon so unfortunate an accident) hath seldome seen braver: but they speak to the wind, and receive no other thanks, but this check from them both, that they are base Fellows, and know not what belongs to their function and duty; and so rating and commanding them away, they once more divide themselves, and with fresh resolution and courage, again set spurres to their Horses; but this encounter proves more happy to *Betanford*, and more dangerous to *Grand Pre*: for as he makes a thrust to *Betanford*, which mist and past under his right arm, without doing any other harm than piercing and cutting thorow his Shirt, *Betanford* (with all the courage and dexterity he had) run *Grand Pre* thorow the belly into the reynes, with which unfortunate wound,

wound, as also with a false pace, his horse then mad, he fell from the saddle to the ground speechless, sprawling and struggling, as if he were upon the point to take his last farewell of the world: but he was not so happy, for he shall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter dye a more mournfull and lamentable end.

Betanford seeing *Grand Pre* fall, doubted that his wounds were mortall, and so alights: whereat his Chirurgion with a loud voice, cryed out, *Dispatch him, Dispatch him*; but he calls him villain for his labour, when remembering the former courtesie he had received of *Grand Pre*, in regiving him his Sword, he like a true noble Gentleman vows now to requite it, and so throwing it and his hat away, he with out-spread arms ran to imbrace and assist him; yea, he prefers *Grand Pre's* life before his own, and with all possible speed commands his Chirurgion to bring and hast thither his Coach, and to his best power doth assist *Grand Pre*, in setting him up, in ordering and binding up his wounds; his Coach being come, he causeth him to be laid in softly, and so he in one Boot, and the two Chirurgions in the other, their Pages and Lackeyes attending them, they drive away to the very next Country-House, where they hush themselves up privately, and here *Betanford* resembling himself, conjureth both the Chirurgions to use their best art and chiefest skill upon *Grand Pre*, and before he would have his own wounds looked unto, he causeth his to be opened; they do it, and both concur in opinion, that his last wound is mortall; he sees them dresse him, and vows he will not forsake him in this extremity, but will be more carefull of him than of himself. Reciprocall and singular demonstrations of courtesie and honour in these two Cavaliers, which will make their memories famous to Posterity.

Betanford seeing *Grand Pre* committed to sleep, causeth his own wounds to be speedily searched and dressed, which are not found dangerous, and then takes order in the house, that *Grand Pre* be furnished with all things necessary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like; yea, he ordereth matters so, that all things might be done with great secrecie and silence, not permitting any of his own, or *Grand Pre's* Servants to be seen forth the house, to the end that the news of these their accidents might not be bruted or vented.

About noon, *Grand Pre's* speech by little and little comes to him, and likewise his memory, when *Betanford* absenting all from his Chamber, with his Hat in his hand, came to his bed-side, and having courteously saluted and comforted him, prays and conjures him, as he is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore he fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth *Grand Pre*) first swear to me on this Honour, thou wilt deliver me the truth of a question I will demand of thee, and then I will shew thee. By my honour and fidelity, replies *Betanford*, and as I hope for Heaven, I will. Then Baron (quoth he) diddest thou never wrong me and mine Honour, in being too familiar with my Wife *Mermenda*? The Baron with many solemn protestations and religious oaths, clears both himself and *Mermenda*, and vows that his heart never thought it, much lesse his tongue ever attempted it. Whereat *Grand Pre* very humbly intreats him to excuse and pardon him, sith he understood and beleaved the contrary, which was the only cause of his discontent and challenge: adding withall, that he will, till death, esteem him as his most honourable friend, and as long as he lives, will affect and love his Wife dearer than ever he had before. It is as great a happinesse to repair and reform errours, as a misery to commit them.

The Baron of *Betanford* stayes very secretly ten dayes with *Grand Pre* at the Country-house, when seeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they resolve to depart. *Grand Pre* kindly thanks *Betanford* for his life, and all other courtesies he hath received of him, and he as courteously doth the like to *Grand Pre*, for giving him his Sword wherewith he preserved his own, and so like honourable and intimate friends, they take leave each of other: the Baron taking horse for *Paris*, and freely lending *Grand Pre* his Coach to return to *Auxone*. Thus we see courtesie alwayes returneth with interest.

Grand Pre at his coming home, kisseth and sawneth on his Wife *Mermenda*, acquaints her with the occasion and event of the Combat, condemneth his own folly, and extolleth her chastity, prays her to forgive him again this once for all, and vows, that there lives not a braver Noble man in the world than the Baron of *Betanford*: and to speak truth, she deserves this submission and reconciliation, and he that praise.

At the knowledge hereof, I know not whether *Mermenda* (like a gracious and courteous Wife) do more grieve at her Husbands wounds, than rejoyce at his recovery and life: and now he repenting and detesting his former error, renews his love, affection, and friendship to her, the which he confirmeth and uniteth with a perpetuall and indissoluble Gordian knot: neverthelesse the variety of her afflictions, and the excesse of her grief and discontent, breeds her much weaknesse and sickness, which withereth the Roses and Lillies of her beauty.

But come we from *Mermenda's* heavenly vertues to *Hauteselia's* devillish vices, which cannot be paralleled or compared, except by *Antithesis*: for as *Mermenda* reposeseth her self under the shadow of her

her own innocency, and lives in perfect love and charity with the whole world, so her wretched Sister-in-Law *Hauteselia*, seeing her hopes and purposes prevented, will not sleep in her malice, but sets her wits and revenge upon the Tenter-hooks, to find out another expedient, to be rid of *Mermanda*, who (in her wicked conceit) she thought was Enemy to her content, and an eye-fore to her ambition and greatnesse.

We no sooner flye from God, but the Devill follows us; and it proves alwayes a miserable folly to be wise in wickednesse and sin. *Hauteselia* is resolute in her rage, and cannot or rather will not see heaven for hell, she bethinks her self of another invention to send *Mermanda* into another world, and so strikes a bargain with *La Fresnay* an Apothecary for two hundred crowns to poyson her, who like a limb of the Devill doth undertake and promise it, the which (Ah grief to think thereon) he in lesse than two moneths performeth, and so this vertuous and harmlesse young Gentlewoman is most unnaturally and treacherously bereaved of her life, and brought to a mournfull and lamentable end. Which inhumane murther, we shall see, God in his due time will miraculously detect, and severely revenge and punish.

Her Husband *Grand Pre* exceedingly bewailes her death, as also her parents and friends; yea, so infinite were her vertues, and so sweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew *Mermanda* lamented her deceale, yet no way suspecting or knowing the violent and extraordinary cause thereof.

Now, whiles others mourn, *Hauteselia* exceedingly triumphs and rejoyces hereat: but this bloody victory shall cost her dear. In the mean time *Mermanda*'s single death can neither quench her revenge, nor satisfie her ambition; for as she liked not the Sister, so she (as before we have partly understood) never loved the Brother, her own Husband *de Malleray*; whom she hath observed, very bitterly wept and grieved at his Sister *Mermanda*'s death; she therefore, resolute to add sin to sin, resolves to cast the apple of discord between *Grand Pre* her Brother, and *de Malleray* her Husband, knowing that if the first were slain, she were sole Heir to her Father; if the second, she would have a Noble Husband; a policy, whose invention is as diabolicall, as the execution thereof dangerous.

To which effect she informs her Husband, that her Brother *Grand Pre* had killed his Wife *Mermanda* with his jealousie, that he held her to be the Baron of *Betanford*'s strumpet, with whom for the same cause he had fought at *Brie-count Robert*, and which was more, it was shrewdly suspected he had poysoned her, the which she once thought for ever to have concealed, but that she knew her Husband was, and ought to be neerer to her than her Brother. Good God, how far will the malice of this wretched Woman extend, or to what a monstrous height will it grow?

De Malleray grieved to the heart for this heart-killing news, because he ever loved his Sister as dearly as his own life, without considering & weighing whether his Wives words were dross or gold, believes her; and so resolves very secretly to acquaint the President his Father herewith, thereby thinking and presuming that he would by Order of Law call *Grand Pre* in question for the fact.

But old *Cressonville* (having as well his head in eyes, as his eyes in his head:) seeing that this suspicion and accusation had no firm grounds, that it was an intricate businesse to find out, that it would breed a scandall to his Family, and especially to his deceased Daughters reputation, sith it is the nature of calumny to aim at the most vertuous persons, as *Cantharides* do at the fairest flowers; that it would take up the dust of her tombe, and withall breed him an infinite number of potent and powerfull Enemies: Therefore grounding his judgement upon these reasons, and his resolutions upon this his judgment, he holds it best to smother it in silence, and so to brook his Daughters death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray seeing his Father so cold in this businesse, began to be all in fire himself, vowing that he would maintain the honour, and revenge the death of his only Sister *Mermanda*; and his Wife *Hauteselia*, with her impetuous and implacable malice, blows the coals, and sets an edge to this his resolution: when that very instant understanding his Brother *Grand Pre* was that Evening arrived at *Dijon*, he (consulting with Nature, but not with Grace) by a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance, sends him this Challenge.

DE MALLERAY to GRAND PRE.

I Should degenerate both from my honour and bloud, if I were not sensible of those wrongs and disgraces you have offered your Wife and my Sister; they are of that nature, that I know not whether her innocency deserve more pity, or your jealousie contempt and revenge: her death and your conscience make me justly challenge you, as you have unjustly done the Baron of *Betanford*: Therefore to morrow at five o'clock after dinner, at the foot of *Talon-fort*, in the meadow ranked with Walnut-Trees, bring either a single Rapier, or Rapier and Ponyard, and I will meet you without Seconds; the equity of my cause, and the justice of yours, make me confident in this hope, that as you lost your blood neer *Brie-count Robert*, you shall now leave your life in the sight of *Dijon*; Judge how earnestly I desire to try the temper of your heart and sword, sith already I not only count hours, by minutes.

DE MALLERAY.

Grand

Grand Pre, though newly recovered of his late wounds accepts this Challenge, but not without extreme wonder to see *De Malleray* so passionate and resolute; he makes choice of single Rapier, and and so they meet, where, without any other ceremony they throw off their doublets, and gave them to their Chirurgions, whom they command to stay without the next hedge, and not stir from thence, till the death of the one proclame the other victor.

The Sun (that great and glorious Lamp of Heaven) swiftly passes away from our Horizon to the *Antipodes*, of purpose not to see, or be accessary to this bloody Tragedie, when our Champions unsheath their Swords, and dispose themselves to fight, both with judgment and resolution; *De Malleray* comes up fairly, proffers the first thrust, and gives *Grand Pre* a wound in his left thigh, and in exchange receives another from him in the neck, which he aimed fully at the brest, but that he bore it up with his Rapier. *Grand Pre* at the first gives back, but seeing *de Malleray* insult and press on him, he resolutely advanceth, and runs him thorow the side: but the wound was so favourable, as though it caused much blood, yet it brought no danger. They make a stand and take breath, and so they very resolutely to it again: *De Malleray* having hitherto the worst, doth now resolve to manage his business with lesse violence and more judgment; when *Grand Pre* driving home to him, he wards bravely, and taking time at advantage, thrusts him in the left shoulder with a wide and deep wound, but himself is hurt in the left arm with a wound, which ran from his wrist to him elbow.

By this time their shirts are deeply besprinkled and gored with their blood; but this will not appease their courages, they will try again; for they never think enough as long as they can stand, and this encounter proves as fortunate for *Grand Pre*, as fatall for *De Malleray*: for he receives a deep wound under his left pap, which carries his life and soul from this world to another; so as without speaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand Pre seeing *De Malleray* dead, gives thanks to God for his victory, and so mounts on horseback, and with his Chirurgion passes towards *Dole*, a Parliament City of the free County, belonging to the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, leaving *De Malleray's* Chirurgion, not to cure, but to bury his Master, or at least to convey his dead body to *Dijon*, for President *Cressonville* his Father to perform that office.

Who is no sooner advertised of his Son's death, but with tears he gives the Parliament to understand thereof, and craves justice for the Murderer. The Parliament decrees a power to apprehend *Grand Pre*; but he is not desirous to lose his head on a Scaffold: for by this time he hath recovered *Dole*, where having stayed some three moneths, his parents and friends (by the favour of that generous and true-noble Gallant, *Monsieur le Grand*, his Majesties Lieutenant of the Province of *Burgundy*) procured and sent him his Pardon.

But in this mean time come we to his Sister *Hauteselia* (the disgrace of her Sex, and the fire-brand of Hell) who no sooner understood the death of her Husband, and the flight of her Brother, she having hardly the patience to see him laid in his grave, and resolving rather to break her neck with malice, than her heart with sorrow, being sure of her Dowry, packs up her Jewells, Plat, and chiefest Baggage, and so leaves *Dijon*, and goes home to her Father neer *Auxone*, where during the age of her Father and Mother, and the absence of her Brother, she most imperiously swayed and commands all.

But this her authority lasts not long; for now home comes *Grand Pre* from *Dole*, at whose return she finds matters altered, and her greatness and power diminished, and to her grief sees that she cannot so absolutely domineer as before; and which was far worse, her Brother in his absence at *Dole*, having smelt and understood her malice and inveterate hatred, both to *Mermenda*, the Baron of *Betanford*, *De Malleray* her Husband, and likewise to himself (though nothing suspecting or dreaming of her poisoning humour) he is so farre from acknowledging or respecting her for his Sister, as he will neither indure her company or sight; which she making no shew to perceive, but like a Fury of Hell, as she is, dissembling her malice and revenge, she is still constant, and perseveres in her humor of blood and murder, and hath again recourse to her execrable Apothecary *La Fresnay*, and to the Devil her Doctor likewise, to make away her Brother *Grand Pre* with poyson, as he had already *Mermenda* his Wife, and gives him three hundred Crowns to effect it. This damnable Apothecary loving money well, and (as it seems) the Devil better, doth ingage himself speedily to perform it, and wretched villain as he is, within two moneths he accomplisheth and finisheth it: and so as *Mermenda* ran equall fortune with him in life, he doth the like with her in death; for one deadly Drug, one bloody Sister, and one devilish Apothecary gives a miserable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his blood-thirsty Sister *Hauteselia* (the Author of these cruell Murthers and Tragedies) thinking her self freed of all her Enemies, and of all those who stood in the way of her advancement and preferment, she (neither thinking either of her conscience or soul, of heaven or hell) domineers far more than before; yea, builds Castles in the ayre, and flatters her self with this false ambition, that she now must be a Dutchesse, or at least a Countesse; but she reckons without God.

We have seen, may we have here glatted our eyes with severall Murthers, whereof we have beheld this wretched Gentlewoman *Hauteselia*, to be the horrible and cruell Author, and this execrable *La Fresnay*

Fresnay to be the bloody Actor: these crimes of theirs, and the smoke of these their impious and displeasing sacrifices, have peirced the clouds, and ascended the presence of God, to sue and draw down vengeance and confusion on their heads; for although Murther be for a time concealed, yet the finger of God will in due time detect and discover it; for he will make inquisition for blood, and will severely and sharply revenge the death of his children.

But Gods Providence and Justice in the discovery thereof, is as different as miraculous; for sometimes he protracts and defers it of purpose, either to mollifie or to harden our hearts, as seems best to his inscrutable will, and divine pleasure; or as may chiefly serve and tend to his glory: yea, sometimes he makes the Murtherer himself as well an instrument to discover, as hee hath been an actor to commit murther; yea, and many times he punisheth one sin by and in another, and when the Murtherer sits most secure, and thinks least of it, then he heaps coals of fire on his head, and suddenly cuts him off with the revenging sword of his fierce wrath and indignation.

And now that great and soveraign Judge of the world, who rides on the Winds in triumph, and hath Heaven for his Throne, and Earth for his Foot-stool, will no longer permit *Hauteselia* and *La Fresnay* to go unpunished for these their execrable Murthers: for the innocent and dead bodies of *Mermenda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*, out of their Graves cry to him for revenge, which like an impetuous storm, or a terrible thunder-clap, doth in this manner suddenly befall and overtake them.

Some six weeks after *Grand Pre*'s Funeralls were solemnized, whereat his Sister *Hauteselia* (the better to cloak her villany) wept bitterly, and was observed to be the chiefeft Mourner, this hellish Apothecary *La Fresnay*, having gotten his money so easily, thought to spend it as prodigally; and so on a time, being in his cups at a Tavern at *Dijon*, and his brains swelling and swimming with strong Wine (as Drunkenesse is the Bawd and Usher to other sins) he stealing from the rest of his company, committed a Rape upon one *Margaret Pivot*, a Girl of twelve years old, being the Vintners Daughter of the Tavern wherein he sat tippling.

This young Girl, with millions of tears, throws her self to the feet of her Parents, and accuseth *La Fresnay* for the fact, who do the like to those fatuous Senators of the Court of Parliament; so he is apprehended, and being examined, with many vehement and bitter asseverations denyeth it: he is adjudged to the Rack, and at the second torment confesseth it, and so is condemned to be hanged.

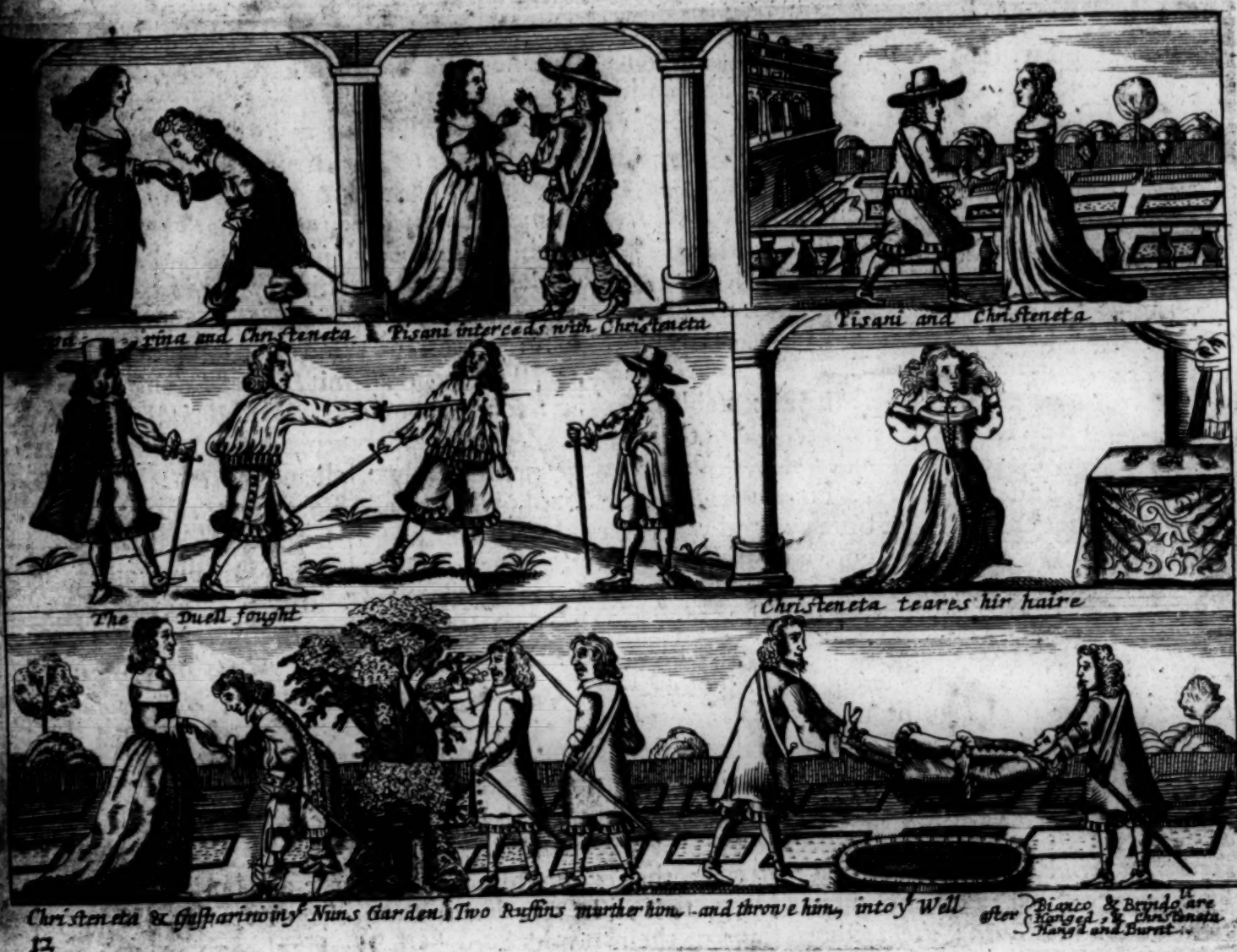
Two *Capuchin* Fryers prepare him for his end; they exhort him not to charge and burthen his soul with concealing any other crimes, adding, that if he reveal and repent them on earth, God will remit them in heaven: these exhortations of theirs produce good effects; for though he have formerly lived like a Devill, he will now dye like a Christian; and so with many tears revealeth, that at the instigation of *Hauteselia*, and for the lucre of five hundred Crowns (which at two severall times he gave him) he had poysoned *Mermenda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*.

All the world is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their first Sentence, and so for his triple villanies condemn *La Fresnay* to be broken alive upon the Wheel, and there to languish and dye, without being strangled; which in *Dijon* is accordingly executed to the full satisfaction of Justice.

A Provost likewise is forthwith dispatched from *Dijon* to *Grandmont*'s House, to apprehend his Daughter *Hauteselia*, and God would have it that she was ignorant of *La Fresnay*'s apprehension, and more, of his death. The Provost finds her dancing in her Fathers Garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies; he sets hands on her, and so exchangeth her mirth into mourning, and her songs into tears: she is brought to *Dijon*, and examined by a President, and two Counsellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denies both Murthers; saith *La Fresnay* is her mortall and professed Enemy, and therefore not to be believed. But the Devill, who hath so long bewitched and deluded her, either will not, or rather now cannot save her with this poor evasion; she is adjudged to the Rack, and at the first torment confesseth it.

The Criminall Judges of this great and illustrious Parliament, in detestation of these her execrable and bloody crimes of Murther, pronounce sentence on her: so, after she had repented her sins, and prepared her self to dye, her paps are seared, and torn off with red hot Pincers, then she is hanged, her body burnt, and her ashes thrown into the air.

Now to gather some profit by reading this History, or indeed, rather by the memory of the History it self, let us observe, nay let us imprint in our hearts and souls how busie the devill was by ambition, covetousnesse, malice, and revenge, to seduce and perswade *Hauteselia* and *La Fresnay* to commit these Murthers; and also how just God was in the detection and punishment thereof, that the fear of the one may terrifie us from imbracing and attempting the other; to the end, that as they lived in sin, and dyed in shame; so we may live in righteousness, and dye in peace, thereby to live in eternall felicity and glory.



Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY II.

Pisani betrayeth Gasparino of his *Mistrisse* Christeneta. Gasparino challengeth Pisani for this disgr and kills him in the Field: he after continueth his sute to Christeneta; she dissembles her malice Pisani his death; she appoints Gasparino to meet her in a Garden, and there causeth Bianco and B. doli to murder him; they are all three taken and executed for the same.

Where affection hath reason for guide, and vertue for object, it is approved of Earth, applauded of Heaven; but where it exceeds the bounds of Charity, and the lifts of Religion, Men pittie it, Angels lament it, and God himself contemns it; for if we are crossed in our way, why should discontent make us desperate? or to what end should we fly Reason to follow Rage, except we desire to ride coast to Hell, and to end our dayes on a shamefull and infamous Scaffold on earth? It is an excellent felicity to grow from Vertue to Vertue, and a fatall misery to run from Vice to Vice; Love and Charity are alwayes the true marks of a Christian, and Malice and Revenge those of an Infidell, or rather of a Devill; but to imbrue our hands in innocent blood, and to the death of others, is to deprive our selves of our own life, as the sequell of this History will declare, which I relate with pittie and compassion, sith I see the Stage whereon these Tragedies are acted and represented, not only sprinkled, but goared with great variety and effusion of blood.

In Pavia (the second City of the Dutchy of Millan) the very last year that Count Fuentes (under the King of Spain) was Vice-roy of that State, Signior Thomaso Vituri, a noble Gentleman of that City, had one onely Child, a Daughter of the age of fifteen years, named Dona Christeneta, who

was exceeding fair and beautifull, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, requisite in a Gentlewoman of her rank: she was sought in marriage by many Gallants of the City; but a Cavalier of *Cremona* must bear her a way, or at least her affection: The History is thus.

Signieur Emanuel Gasparino, a noble young Gentleman of *Cremona*, hearing of *Vituri* his wealth, and of his Daughter *Christeneta*'s Beauty and Vertues (the Adamants and Load-stones to draw mens affections) resolveth with himself to seek her for his Wife: he acquaints none herewith, but an intimate dear freind of his, a young Gentleman of the same City, named *Signior Ludovicus Pisani*, by descent a *Venetian*, whom he prays to assist and accompany him to *Pavia*, in seeking and courting the fair *Christeneta* his Mistrresse. *Pisani* terms himself much honoured and obliged to *Gasparino*, and very willingly grants his request; and so they prepare for their journey.

They come to *Pavia*: *Vituri* bids *Gasparino* welcome, and entertains him respectfully and courteously, as also *Pisani*; he thanks *Gasparino* for the honour he doth him in seeking his Daughter, and like a carefull Father takes time to consult hereon: but for *Christeneta*, she looks not so pleasing nor pleasantly on him as he expecteth. He is deeply in love both with her beauty and other perfections, but he finds her cold in her discourse and answers, and very melancholy and pensive: he courts her often (and after the *Italian* fashion, with variety of Musick, Ditties, and Ayrs) but still he finds her averse, and contrary to his desires, as if her thoughts were otherwise fixed. *Gasparino* knows not how to win her affection, nor how to bear himself herein; he consults with *Pisani*, and prays him to conferre with *Christeneta*, and to sound her affection: But it proves often dangerous, still indiscretion, to trust a Friend in this case.

Pisani promiseth to perform the Office of a Friend, and to conferre effectually with *Christeneta*; he seeks opportunity and place, and finds both; he sets out to her *Gasparino*'s merits, and paints forth his praises, and in a word, leaves nothing untouched, which he thinks may any way advance his Friends content and affection: but he finds *Christeneta*'s mind perplexed and troubled; for she often changeth colours, now red, then pale, and then pale, now red again; yet he observes that her eyes are still stedfastly fixed on him; he prays her that she will return a pleasing answer for him to carry to his friend, and her Lover *Gasparino*.

Christeneta would willingly speak, but cannot, for her heart and paps beat and paine, and her sighs very confusedly interrupt her words; but at last, dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermillion blush, she tells him that she is not ignorant of *Gasparino*'s merits, who deserves farre her better, but that she cannot consent to love him, in respect she hath fix'd, but not ingaged her affection on another. *Pisani* still extolleth his Friend *Gasparino* to the sky, and for all honourable parts prefers him before any Gentleman of *Lombardy*; and withall, with much industry and insinuation, endeavours to request and draw *Christeneta* to name him her Servant, which she once thought to have done, had not Modesty (the sweetest and most precious ornament of a Virgin) for that time withheld her, when after two or three deep sighs (the outward Heralds of her inward passions) she told him thus.

Pisani, It is a dear and neer friend of yours, who is the first that I have, and the last that I will affect; but I will not at present name him, only if you please to meet me secretly to morrow, at eight of the clock in the morn, in the Nunnes Garden at *Saint Clare*, I will there inform you who it is; but in the mean time, and ever, forbear to sollicite me any more for *Gasparino*, sith he shall not be my Servant, nor will I be his mistrresse: and so for that time they part, and he confidently promiseth to meet her.

Gasparino demands *Pisani* how he finds his Mistrresse *Christeneta*; He answers faithfully according as she told him; but conceals their appointed meeting in the Nunnes Garden: and now because he seeth it labour lost to research *Christeneta*, he will not be obstinate in his sute, but will give a Law to his passions and affections, rather than they shall prescribe any to him, and so resolves to take leave of her, because as well by her self, as by her Father and Mother, and now chiefly by *Pisani*, he sees she is otherwise bent and affected, to which end he leaves *Pavia*, and returns to *Cremona*. Leave we therefore *Gasparino* to his thoughts, and come we to those of *Pisani* and *Christeneta*, to see what their Garden conference will bring forth.

Pisani cannot imagine what Friend of his it should be that *Christeneta* loveth, but she knows enough for them both; and it may be, too much for her self: she knows it at least an immodest, if not a bold part for her to court *Pisani*, who ought rather to court her: but she thinks it both wisdom and duty to give way to that which she cannot avoid and prevent, and so prefers the zeal of her affection before the respect of her modesty, but that which makes her so resolute in the execution of this her amorous attempt is, to see that *Gasparino* hath found *Pisani* to sollicite for him to her, and she can find none but her self to sollicite for her self to *Pisani*: therefore bold in this her resolution, she bears so deep and so dear an affection to *Pisani*, that she thinks every moment an hour, and every hour an age, before she see *Pisani*, that one person of the World, whom she loves more

dear than all the world. Thus wishing night day, her House the Nunnery, and her Chamber the Garden; she with much impatient patience awaits the hour of eight, which she knows will bring her her joy or her torment, her felicity or her misery, her life or her death.

The clock strikes eight; *Christeneta* takes her Prayer-Book, and her Waiting-Maid, and so trips away to the Nunnery; but she doth now dispense with her devotion, to give content to her eyes, or rather to her heart, in seeing and injoying the desired company of *Pisani*, whom she esteems the life of her content, and the content of her life, and so forsakes the Church, to go to the Garden: *Pisani*, who never failed of his hour and promise to men, doth now disdain to misse thereof to a Lady: for *Christeneta* hath scarce made three paces in the Walks of the Garden, but ere the fourth be finished, she sees *Pisani* enter; she blushes at his sight, and he grows pale at her blushes; he finds her in a Bower of Sycamors, Cypresses, and Vines, decked within with Roses, Lillyes, and Gilly-flowers, he gives her the good-morrow and the salute, the which, with a modest and sweet courtesie, she receives and returns; he tells her he is come to perform his promise, and if it please her, to receive hers. She would fain answer him, but her cheeks give blushes, where her tongue should words; but at last, darting a sweet look on him (which was the Embassadour and Herald of her heart) she discovereth her self to him thus.

The person (*Pisani*) to whom I have fixed and settled my affection, doth exceedingly resemble you, is of your own blood, & of your nearest and dearest acquaintance. *Pisani* presseth her to know his name; when after many glances, sighs, and blushes, she tells him, his name is *Pisani*, and himself the man, prays him to pardon her boldness, and to give an honourable interpretation and construction to her affection, adding withall, that when she first saw him, she loved him; and now prays him to be pleased, that *Christeneta* may be a Solicitor for her self to *Pisani*, and not *Pisani* to *Christeneta* for *Gasparino*; yea, she confirms her words with many sighs, and again her sighs with many tears, which trickle down her beautiful cheeks, like pearled drops of dew upon blushing damask roses.

Pisani wonders at this unexpected news, and knows not how to bear himself in a business of this nature; he sees that her beauty deserves love, and her descent and virtues respect: but withall, he is not so dishonourable to betray his Friend. He wonders at her affection, and is not ignorant that she deserves a more noble Husband than himself; but seeing her languish for an answer, he returns her this: *Although I acknowledge my self infinitely bound to you for that affection of yours, wherewith you please to honour me, yet as honour is to be preferred before affection, so Christeneta must excuse Pisani, sith he cannot be a Servant to her, but he must be a Traitor to Gasparino; and that respect excepted, in requitall of your favour, I will esteem my self happy if I may lose my life for your service.*

Yet he is not so unkind, but gives her a kisse or two at farewell, which as much delights *Christeneta*, as his refusall doth afflict her: so they part. The rest, time must bring forth.

Now although *Gasparino* have left *Pavia*, yet he cannot forsake his affection to *Christeneta*, but cheriseth her memory, & in heart adoreth her *Idza*; yea he loves her deeply & dearly, and indeed her perfections & beauty deserve love: but such is *Christeneta's* affection to *Pisani*, as she can take no truce of her thoughts, but despite of discretion and modesty (which perswade and counsell her to the contrary) she within ten dayes after purposely sends a confident Messenger to him, to *Cremona*, with this Letter.

CHRISTENETA to PISANI.

Find it not strange, that I second my last speech with this my first Letter, and think, that were not my affection intire and constant, I should not thus attempt to reveal it to you in lines, which blush not, as my cheeks do, when I write them. I should offer too palpable violence and injury to the truth, if I tell you not that it is impossible for *Christeneta* to love any but *Pisani*, whom I no sooner saw, but deeply admired and dearly affected. Now sith my zeal to you is begun in vertue, and shall be continued in honour, it makes me flatter my self with hope, that you will not enforce me to despair: for if I am not so happy to be yours, I must be so unfortunate never to be mine own. Judge what your absence is to me, sith your presence is my chiefest felicity: which makes me both desire and wish, that you were either in *Pavia* or I in *Cremona*. I can perfix and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection. Hate not her, who loves you dearly, otherwise, whatsoever you think, I know, your unkindness to me will be meer cruelty.

CHRISTENETA.

Pisani receiveth this Letter; he wonders at her affection, and now consults betwixt *Christeneta's* love to him, and his respect to *Gasparino*; he at first holds it in civility not to answer her Letter, and yet is very unwilling, in doing her right to wrong his Friend: but at last perusing her Letter again, he finds it so kind, as he deems it not onely ingratitude, but a degree of inhumanity for him not to return her an answer, and therefore taking Pen and Paper, he writes to her thus.

PISANI

PISANI to CHRISTENETA.

You discover me as much affection as I should treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it; and were it not for that consideration, which must tend as well to mine own honour, as to your content, I would not stick to say, that Pisani loves Christeneta, because she deserves to be beloved; only give me leave to inform you, that as you are too fair to be refused, so I am too honest to betray my friend, especially such a one who is as confident of my fidelity, as I assured of his. Could time reconcile these difficulties, with my reputation, my heart would instantly command my pen to signify you, that I desire to give you hope, and take away your despair; and withall, that Pavia, is more pleasing to me than Cremona, sith Christeneta lives in it, and Pisani in her. I was never heretofore cruell to any, neither do I resolve to be unkind to you: for how can I, sith I as truly vow to honour you, as you professe to love me? live you in this assurance, and I will dye in the same.

PISANI.

Time with a swift foot vanisheth and passeth away, but Christeneta's affection to Pisani cannot; she in his Letter perceives a glimmering light of hope break forth thorow the obscure clouds of her despair; but fear doth as soon eclipse and strangle, as propagate and produce it; onely, despite all apprehension and opposition, her thoughts do still gaze and look on Pisani, as the needle of the compass doth to the North; so as she can rest in no true tranquillity of mind, before she writes to him again; the which, some fifteen dayes after, she doth to this effect.

CHRISTENETA to PISANI.

I May passe the bounds of discretion, but will not exceed those of honour; I have ever learn'd to retain this Maxim, that affection which receives end had never beginning: If then I live, I must breathe the air of your love, as well as this of my life, sith it is the prime and sole cause thereof, as the Sun is of the Light. Your Letter I find so full of doubts and ambiguities, as I know not wherefore to hope, or why not to despair; could you dive as deeply into my heart, as I have into your merits, if nature do not, pitty would inform you, that you ought to preserve the love of a Lady before the respect of a Gentleman, especially sith he may carry his heart from you, and I desire to bring and present mine to you: and how can your absence either rejoyce or comfort me, sith your presence will not? Think what you please, either of me, or of your self; only give me leave to tell you, that I find doubt a step and degree to despair, as despair is to death: I write rather with tears than Inke. If you will not live my Saint, I must dye your Martyr.

CHRISTENETA.

At the receipt of this second Letter (which was so sweetly pleasing, and pleasingly sweet to his thoughts) he found the Bulwarks and defences of his respect to Gasparino razed and beaten down, and a fair breach made and laid open for Christeneta to enter and take possession of the Castle of his heart: so now at one instant he performs two severall attempts; for the farther he flies from his friend Gasparino, the nearer he approacheth to his Mistress Christeneta; and therefore now wholly imparadising his thoughts in the Garden of her pure beauty, and taking the chiefest light of his content and felicity from the relucient lustre of her eyes, he thinks it high time, no longer to bear out his Flag of Defiance, but to strike sail, and do homage to the sovereign of his thoughts; the which he doth in this Letter, that he purposely sends her in answer of hers by his Page.

PISANI to CHRISTENETA.

Your vertue and beauty is enough powerfull to prevail with me; but your affection, which adds grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget my respect to Gasparino, to remember my love to Christeneta; but that which gives life to this my resolution, is, that it is impossible for him to hate me as much as you love me; and in this hope I both rejoyce and triumph, that you shall not be my Martyr, but my Mistress, and I will be both your Saint and your Servant: for as you desire to live in my favour, so my chiefest ambition and zeal is to dye in your affection: that which heaven makes me affirm, earth shall not enforce me deny. I will shortly follow, and second this my Letter; till when, you can never so much lament my absence, as I desire your presence. Let this be your true consolation, sith it is my sole delight and chiefest felicity.

PISANI.

If Pisani his first Letter overthrew Christeneta's despair, this his second revives and confirms her hope;

hopes ; so that whereas heretofore she condemned her presumption in writing to *Pisani*, she now not only applauds her resolution therein, but also blesteth the hour that she attempted it ; yea, she buildeth such Castles of delight and content in her heart, and her heart in her soul, to think that she should be his Wife, and he her Husband, that she anticipateth the hours, and blames the dayes for not presenting her with the sight and presence of her sweet *Pisani*, whom, above all earthly contents, she chiefly desireth.

Now if *Christeneta* were thus perplexed with the absence of her *Pisani*, no lesse is he with that of his *Christeneta* : for remembering the freshnesse of her youth, and the sweetnesse of her beauty, he in conceipt hateth *Cremona*, which before he loved, and now loveth *Pavia*, which before he hated : it is as great a grief to him to be with his other affairs without her, as it would rejoyce him to be with her without them ; yea, she runs so deeply in his thoughts, and they on her beauty, as (if it were not immodesty) he either wisheth himself impaled in her arms, or she incloystered in his. And now to perform as much as his Letter hath promised, he, without thinking or respecting of his old friend *Gasparino*, prepares all things ready to go see his new Mistresse *Christeneta*.

He comes to *Pavia*, accompanied with three or four of his neerest and dearest friends, visiteth *Christeneta*, whom he saluteth and courteth with all kind, honourable and amorous complements. She is joyfull, yea ravished with his arrivall ; he doth assure her of his perpetuall affection, and reciprocally himself of hers ; yea, she so infinitely delights in his presence, and he so extremely in hers, that she now freely gives her self to *Pisani*, and he in exchange, as absolutely takes himself from *Gasparino*, to give himself to *Christeneta* ; so as she rejoycing in her purchase, and he triumphing in his victory, they attend the time, wherein heaven and earth hath ordained of two bodies to make them one.

But it is not enough for *Pisani* to be possessed of *Christeneta*'s favour ; for he must likewise obtain that of her parents, before either he can enjoy his wilhes, or she her desires, and so he goes honourably and secretly to work with them : but he finds them not so tractable as *Christeneta* hoped, or himself desired ; for old *Vituri* her Father preferring wealth before honour, and riches before vertues, dislikes this motion, alleging that *Pisani*'s Father dyed exceedingly in debt ; that his chiefeft Lands were ingaged and morgaged ; that he had many great Legacies to pay to his Sisters ; but which was worst of all, that *Pisani* himself loved the Court better than the Country, and that in his expences and apparell he was extremely prodigall, and frugall in neither ; which considerations so swayed the judgement and opinion of *Vituri*, that knowing he might every day provide and procure a better Match for his Daughter, he gives *Pisani* to understand, that as yet he hath no intent to marry his Daughter, alleging her few years, and the like triviall reasons and excuses, whereby *Pisani* might plainly perceiveth, that he had no intent to give him his Daughter.

This refusall of *Vituri* doth wonderfully grieve *Pisani*, and afflict *Christeneta*, so as they see their hopes nipt in their blossoms, and their desires not in the way to reap such effects as they expected. *Pisani* distrusting his own power, sets his Parents and chiefeft Friends to draw *Vituri* to hearken unto reason : but his age cannot be deceived in that, which his judgment, and not his passion, suggesteth him : they have diverse conferences, but every day, in stead of bringing hopes, produceth more difficulties and despair ; and now that *Pisani* may see that his sute and research is displeasing to *Vituri*, he looks not on him with so courteous an eye as accustomed ; and which is worse, *Christeneta* is forbidden his company, and he her Fathers House.

This goes to the hearts of our two Lovers, but they brook it as patiently as they may, and hope that time will give end to these their discontents and afflictions. In the mean while, as fire suppressed doth often flame forth with more violence, so sith they cannot personally visit one the other, they entertain their affections by their Letters, who are so many in number, as I hold it fit rather to suppress than divulge them. Thus whiles *Pisani* comforts himself, that there are no roses without prickles, and that hopes long expected are best welcome, but chiefly relying upon the affection and constancy of his Mistresse ; he will not stain his valour with this point of Cowardize, to be put off with the first repulse of *Vituri*, but resolveth to continue as constant in his affection, as he doth in his refusall ; and so after he had stayed a moneth or two in *Cremona*, he bethinks himself of an invention whereby it is not impossible for him to obtain his Mistresse of her Father.

Pisani being enriched with the treasure of *Christeneta*'s favour and affection, writes to her, that if she can obtain her Mothers consent, she peradventure may easily procure that of her Husband ; who hearkening and relishing this advice with much zeal, puts it a foot ; and as in few dayes she gained her Mother, so a moneth was not fully past, before she had likewise drawn her Husband to approve and consent to this Match. So now our Lovers are again revived and comforted ; for the rubs being taken away, the difficulties removed, and the Parents of both sides fully satisfied, all things now seem in so fair a forwardnesse and preparation, as if our two Lovers were shortly to injoy each other in marriage, or to injoy the fruits of marriage, which so earnestly and infinitely both affected and desired.

To which end, that their Nuptials might bee solemnized with the greater pomp and glory, they provide themselves of variety of rich and sumptuous Apparell, the day is appointed, and all the Nobility of *Pavia* and *Cremona* (as well their Kinsfolks as others) are invited to the Wedding: But their Parents shall come short of their Designs, and these our two Lovers of their hopes; for this Marriage being not begun in Heaven, shall never be finished nor consummated in earth.

We have here so much spoken of *Pisani*, that it seems we have quite forgotten *Gasparino*, as if he had no farther part to act in this History; but he is not so fortunate: for this proceeding of *Pisani* to *Christeneta* is not so secretly managed, but he hath news thereof, who knowing there can be no greater Treason, after that of a Subject to his Sovereign, than for a Friend to betray his Friend, he grieves, and is extremely incensed at *Pisani*, to see he hath betrayed him of his Mistress; the which he takes so bitterly and passionately, that he vows he will make him repent it. Jealousie and Revenge are alwayes bad Counsellors, and therefore can never prove good Judges: But such is his love to *Christeneta*, and so deeply is her beauty imprinted and engraven in his heart, as shutting his judgement to Charity, and opening it to Revenge, he is resolved, at what price soever, to call *Pisani* to a strict account for this affront and disgrace, and is resolved rather to dye, than live to see himself thus abused, by one whom God and Nature hath made his inferiour. Were wee as apt to doe good as evill, wee should be Angels, not Men; but resembling our selves (or rather harkening too much to the Prince of Darkness) wee flye reason to follow rage, and many times procure our own destruction, in seeking that of others.

Gasparino having thus his eyes and senses o're-clouded and veiled with the mist of Revenge, is transported with such bloody passions and resolutions, as he is sometimes resolved to pistoll *Pisani*, either in the Street, or in his Bed, and other times to hire two or three Ruffians to murder him the next time he rides into the Countrey: but at last casting his eyes from Hell to Heaven, and from Satan to God, he trampleth those execrable resolutions under his feet, and banisheth them from his heart and thoughts, esteeming them as unworthy of him, as he were of the World, if he should commit them; and so for that time enters into a resolution with himself, no more to think on *Christeneta*, and lesse to be revenged of *Pisani*, for betraying her from him.

Had *Gasparino* continued in this peaceable and Christian-like mind, he had not exposed himself to so many dangers and mis-fortunes, nor given himself as a prey to feed the malice and revenge of his bloody Enemies: but now understanding that all *Cremona* and *Pavia* prattled and laughed at his disgrace, in seeing him thus baffled and abused by *Pisani*, he thinks that not only himself, but his honour is disparaged, and wronged herein, and that he shall be extremely condemned of Cowardize, if in a Duell he call not *Pisani* to right him, and give him satisfaction: yea, the only consideration of this point of honour (which many times is bought and sold at so dear a price, as the perill and losse both of body and soul) did so violently perswade and prevail with him, that as revenge admits of no opposition, nor hearkens to any advice, so enquiring for *Pisani*, and understanding him to be in *Pavia*, he the more incouraged and inflamed hereat, taking with him a resolute and confident Gentleman, and one onely Lackey, sets Spurres to his Horse, and so hys thither, resolving with himself to gain his honour in the same City, where he had received his disgrace.

Being arrived at *Pavia*, he is assured that *Pisani* is in the City, and inquiring more curiously after him, he understands, that, that very instant he is with his Mistress *Christeneta*, which so galled his thoughts, and inflamed his heart, as he was once resolved that very instant to send him a Challenge, and the sooner, because *Christeneta* might be an eye-witnesse of the delivery thereof: but to speak truth, Passion could not find a better opportunity, nor Judgment a worse, for him to draw his malicious contemplation into bloody and impious action; and therefore respecting *Christeneta*, although she had refused to respect him, and fearing if she had the least notice or inkling thereof, she loved her *Pisani* so dearly, as she would hinder and prevent him from running into so imminent a danger, he all that day hush'd himself up privately in his Inne, deferring the sending thereof till the morning, when delivering it to his Cousin *Sebastiano* (the Gentleman that came with him from *Cremona*) he prayes him instantly to find out *Pisani*, and to deliver it to him as secretly and as fairly as he could.

Sebastiano being no novice in these occasions and accidents, repairs to *Pisani* his Lodging, and finds him as he was issuing forth his Chamber, whom he salutes, and delivers *Gasparino's* Challenge fast sealed. *Pisani* with a constant carriage, and firm countenance, receives it, and breaking off the Seals, steps aside and reads these Lines.

GASPARINO to PISANI.

You have given the first breach to our friendship: for sith you have treacherously bereaved me of my Mistris, you must now both in honour and justice, either take my life, or yeeld me yours in requitall. If you consider your own ingratitude, you cannot tax, much lesse condemn this my resolution: the Place, the West end of the Park; the hour, four or five after Dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if you please, two single Rapiers, whereof bring you one, and I the other, and I will be content to take the refusal, to give you the choyce. If your courage answer your infidelity, you will not refuse to meet me.

GASPARINO.

Pisani having received and perused this Challenge (like an Italianated Gallant, preferring his honour before his life) very cheerfully, without any motion or shew of alteration, either in his speeches or countenance, turns to *Sebastiano*, and speaks to him thus, Sir, I pray tell *Gasparino* from me, that my self and Second will with Single Rapiers meet him and his, at the hour and place appointed.

Sebastiano returns: and *Pisani* having accepted the Challenge, bears it so secretly, as *Christeneta* (the other half of his heart) understands not hereof; he finds out his dear and intimate friend *Sfondrato*, a valiant young Gentleman, issued of a very noble Family of *Millan*, who accompanied him from *Cremona*, to whom he relates the whole effect of this business, shewing him *Gasparino's* Challenge, and requesting him to honour him so much as to second him in this quarrell. *Sfondrato* very cheerfully and freely offereth, and engageth himself; and so about noon *Sebastiano* and himself, like honourable friendly enemies, meet to provide and match the Rapiers; but bear it so secretly and discreetly, as none whatsoever could once perceive their intents, or gather their resolutions. The hour approaching, they all take Horse, and that day *Pisani*, because he would be no way prevented and hindered, doth purposely refrain to visit his Mistris *Christeneta*. They poast to the Park as to a Wedding, being the place of Rendezvous of their meeting (so famous for the Defeat of the French, and taking Prisoner of their King *Francis* the Second, by the Forces of the Emperor *Charls* the Fifth.)

Gasparino and *Sebastiano* are first in the Field; but *Pisani* and *Sfondrato* are not long after; so they all tie up their Horses to the hedge, pull off their Spurres, and cut away the timber-heels of their Boots, that they might not trip, but stand firm in their play: But ere they begin, the Seconds search the Principalls, and they the Seconds, so they throw off their Dublets, and appear all in their shirts, not as if they feared death, but rather as if they were resolved to make death fear them:

By this time *Gasparino* and *Pisani* draw; they make their approaches, and at the first incounter *Pisani* is hurt in the out-side of the left arm, and *Gasparino* in the right flank, the blood whereof appeared not, but fell into his hose; they again separate themselves, and now try their fortunes a fresh; here *Pisani* receives two wounds, the one glancing on his ribs, the other in the brawn of his right arm, and *Gasparino* one deep one in his left shoulder; but these slight hurts they only esteem as scarres, not as wounds, and therefore seeing their shirts but sprinkled, not dyed with their bloods, they couragiously come on again; but the bout proves favourable to them both, for *Gasparino* wards *Pisani's* thrusts from him, and only runs *Pisani* thorow the hose, without doing him any other harm: and so they close, which *Pisani* doth purposely to exchange ground, thereby to have the Sun in his back, which was before in his eyes, and now they conclude to take breath.

Their Seconds withdraw not from their stations, neither can they yet imagine to whose side fortune will incline, they being well-near as equall in wounds as courage; and now *Pisani* and *Gasparino* dressing their Rapiers, and wiping off the blood from them, begin again to make tryall on whom Victory is resolved to smile, but they alter the manner of the Fight; for now *Gasparino* fights with judgment, and not with fury, and *Pisani* with fury, and not with judgment, whereas heretofore they both did the contrary. They traverse their grounds, *Pisani* is so violent, as he hath almost put himself out of breath; but *Gasparino* is so wary and cautelous, as he contents himself to break his thrusts, and resolves not to make any but to the purpose, and upon manifest advantage; the issue answereth his hopes and expectation: for at the very next incounter, as *Pisani* runs *Gasparino* in the neck, he runs *Pisani* thorow the body, a little below the left pap; and his Sword meeting with *Cava Vena* (which leads directly to the heart) makes a perpetuall divorce betwixt his body and his soul, and so he falls stark dead to the ground. *Gasparino* knowing him dispatched, sheaths up his Rapier; But *Sfondrato* and his Chirurgeon run to his assistance; but the affection of the one, and the art of the other were in vain; for *Pisani* his life had forsaken his body, and his soul was already fled from this world to another.

Whilst *Sfondrato* and the Chirurgeon were stretching out the dead body of *Pisani*, and covering it up

up with their Cloak, *Sebastiano* runs to *Gasparino* and congratulates with him for his victory, extolling his valour to the sky; But *Gasparino* tells him, that these praises appertain not to him, but to a higher providence, and withall prays him to be carefull, and to mannage his life both with courage and discretion; and for himself, finding his wounds no way desperate nor dangerous, he is resolved not to suffer his Chirurgion to bind them up, till he see the issue of the Combat betwixt his faithful friend *Sebastiano* and *Sfondrato*.

By this time *Sfondrato* thinks it high time to begin, and being no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his friend *Pisani*, but rather encouraged and resolved to sell it dearly on the life of *Sebastiano*, he draws, and with his Rapier in his hand comes towards him. *Sebastiano* meets him half way with a very fresh and cheerful countenance, and so they approach one to the other; at their first incounter, *Sebastiano* gives *Sfondrato* a large and wide wound on his right side, but receives another from him thorow the left arm, a little below the elbow; but that of *Sfondrato* poured forth more blood; and to be brief, they both give and take divers wounds, and perform the part of valorous Gentlemen.

But in the end, God, who would not give all the victory to one side, but will make both parties losers, to shew that he is displeased with these their bloody actions, and uncharitable resolutions, which though Honour seem to excuse, yet Religion cannot; after they had three severall times taken breath, *Sebastiano* advancing a fair thrust to *Sfondrato's* brest, which only peirced his shirt, and ravelled his skin; *Sfondrato* requited him with a mournfull interest, for he ran him thorow at the small of the belly, and so nailed him to the ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier.

Thus our four Combatants, being now reduced to the number of two, *Sfondrato* expected that *Gasparino* would have exchanged a thrust or two with him; the which certainly he had performed: But *Gasparino* finding that the losse of so much blood made him then weak, and that it was now more than time for him to have his wounds bound up, they having taken order for the decent transporting of their dead friends that night to *Pavia*; they, without speaking word one to the other, commit themselves to their Chirurgions, and so their wounds being bound up, they take them with them, and to save themselves from the danger of the Law, they take Horse, and poast away, *Gasparino* to *Parma*, and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*, from whence they resolve not to stir, before their friends have procured and sent them their Pardons.

Leave we them there; and to follow the stream of this History, come we to *Cremona* and *Pavia*, which rings with the news of the issues of these lamentable and tragicall Combates; *Pisani* and *Sebastiano* are infinitely bewailed of their Parents, and lamented of their Friends, yea of their very enemies themselves, and generally of all the world, who either knew them, or heard of their untimely and unfortunate ends.

But all these tears are nothing, in comparison of those which our fair *Christeneta* sheds for the death of her sweet *Pisani*; for her griefs are so infinitely bitter, as she tears her hair, disfigureth her face, weeps, mourns, howls, and cries so extremely, that sorrow her self would grieve to see her sorrow; yea, she forsakes and abandoneth all company, throws off all her rich and glittering Garments, and takes on mournfull and sad Apparrell; so as all the perswasions of the world are not capable to give her the least shadow of consolation; for as she affirms, she neither will, nor can be comforted; only amidst her tears, if she admit, or permit any passion to take place in her heart or thoughts, it is choler and revenge against *Gasparino*, who had bereaved her of her only joy, of her dear and sweet *Pisani*, whom she loved a thousand times more dear and tenderly than her self, and of him she vows to be revenged in the highest degree: Whereby we may here in *Christeneta* see the old phrase made good, and verified; That there is no affection nor hatred to that of a Woman; for where they love, they love dearly; and where they hate, hate deadly: But leave we her to her sorrows, and come we again to *Gasparino*, who in short time, having obtained his Pardon, returns from *Parma* to *Cremona*, where he is joyfully received of his Parents and Friends.

He is no sooner arrived, but the remembrance of *Christeneta's* beauty doth flourish and revive in his heart; for although she had loved another, yet he could affect none but her self; when letting passe some six or eight moneths, and hoping that time, (which is subject to nothing, and all things to it) might wipe off her tears, and blow away her sighs for the death of *Pisani*; he resolves to renew his old sute to her, to which end he visits her first by friends, next by letters, and then in person. *Christeneta* (like a counterfeit Fury) dissembles her love to *Pisani*, and her hatred to him, and withall triumpheth and taketh a pride to see how discreetly and closely she bears her malice. But our wisdom in sin proves meer folly in the eyes of God, which though she will not now acknowledge, yet she shall hereafter be inforced to do it with repentance, and peradventure when it is too late. So being resolute in her inveterate indignation, her malice doth so out-brave her charity, and her revenge her Religion, as she cannot find any rest in her thoughts, or tranquillity in her mind, before she see the death of *Gasparino* make amends and satisfaction for that of *Pisani*.

Gasparino

Gasparino having the eyes of his judgement hood-winked, and not fore-seeing how dangerous it is to repose and relye on the favour of an incensed Enemy (as our judgements are never clearest when we approach our ruine) is very importunate with *Christeneta*, that he may meet and conferre privately with her, which indeed is the onely opportunity that in heart she hath so long desired; and now it is that she conspires his ruine, and plots his destruction, wherein (perchance) seeking his death, she may procure her own.

Dissembling Wretch as she is, she seems to be vanquished with his importunity; and therefore to shew her self courteous and kind to him, she appoints him to meet her in the Nunnes Garden at six of the clock in the morning. But what courtesie, what kindnesse is this, to have honey in the tongue, and poyson in the heart? For she presently agrees with two wretched Ruffians, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, for twice fifty Duckets to murder him. See here the implacable and damnable malice of this young Gentlewoman, who forgetting her Soul and her God, becomes the Author of so execrable and lamentable a Murther.

Gasparino, drowning his senses and understanding in the contemplation of the content he should receive in injoying his Mistresse *Christeneta's* Company, thinks the night long ere the day appear, and although the evening were fair and clear, yet in the morn, *Aurora* had no sooner leapt from the watry bed of *Neptune*, but the Skies were over-cast and veiled with obscure clouds, which imprison the Sun and his golden beams, purposely not to behold so bloody a Tragedie, as was then to be acted.

Christeneta (who could not sleep for revenge) is stirring in the morn betimes, and so is *Bianco* and *Brindoli*. They all meet in the Nunnes Garden, she walking in the Alleyes, and they hiding themselves out of sight: At last the clock strikes six, and immediately in comes *Gasparino*, with his Hat in his hand, and his Rapier by his side; he courts and salutes *Christeneta* with many amorous speeches, and sweet complements; she prepares to receive him: but in stead of courteous entertainment, gives him a bloody welcome; her words (or rather her watch-words) are these; *Gasparino* (quoth she:) *this Garden is the place where I had my first conference with Pisani, and where I purpose to have my last with you.* At which words, *Bianco* and *Brindoli* rush forth of a Bower, and with many wounds kill him dead at their feet; but he had first the leisure to draw, and for a while very valiantly defended himself, giving each of them severall wounds. *Christeneta* seeing *Gasparino* felled to the ground, fearing that he was not fully dead, and to prevent his crying, she runs to him, thrusts her Handkercher into his mouth, and to shew her self more like a Tyger than a Woman, and a Devill than a Christian, she with a small Ponyard, or Stelleto, stabs him many times thorow the body, and spurning him with her feet, utters this revengeful and bloody speech; *This I sacrifice to the memory of my dear Love Pisani.* And so *Bianco* and *Brindoli* take this murdered body of *Gasparino*, and tying a great stone to it, threw it into the Well of the Garden; and the better to conceal this damnable act, they flye by a Postern-door; and *Christeneta* thinking to cover and shrowd her sin, under the cloak of piety and devotion, forsakes the Garden; and so, unseen of any earthly eye, betakes her to the Nunnes Church, where she falls on her knees; but with so prophane a devotion, as she did no way repent, but rather triumph at this Murther; But this her hypoerisie shall cost her dear.

We have here seen this horrible and cruell Murther committed and acted, and the Murtherers themselves by this time all fled, and gotten to their homes; yea, *Christeneta* gloryeth in her revenge, and *Bianco* and *Brindoli* in their money; so as they now think themselves free, and past all danger: but they shall be deceived in their hopes, for Divine providence hath decreed otherwise. And here we come to the detection and punishment of this Murther; wherein Gods mercy and justice, his providence and his glory, do most miraculously shine and appear.

The Nunnes being in their Cells at their Oraisons, hear the clyinking of Swords, and so they advertise their Abbess or Governesse thereof, who gives the Alarum in the House. They descend to the Garden, to see what this rumour might be; they find the Postern open, and the Alleyes very much sprinkled and gored with blood; they suspect Murther, but neither find nor see any, either living or dead; they send to acquaint the Prefect and Provost of the City herewith, who repair to the Garden, and (as before) find much blood, but see no body; they make strict inquiry and search in the ditches, hedges, thickets, and vaults of the Garden, but find nothing, only they forgot to search the Well: Then to find what those Fighters were, they think of a Policie, as worthy of them, as they of their office, they give a secret charge to all the Chirurgions of the City to reveal them, if any having new wounds, came that night, or the next morning to them, to be cured; whereupon *Rhanutio*, one of the chiefeest Chirurgions, informs them, that he, about an hour since had dressed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* (two Souldiers of the City) of nine severall wounds, which they newly received. The Prefect and Provost advertised thereof, cause them to be brought before them, whom they found both together, where (no doubt) they had consulted. They enquire who wounded them; They answer, They had a quarrell betwixt themselves, and so they fought it out. Being demanded again, where,

where, and when they fought, they looked each on other, and knowing that *Christeneta* was safe at home, and *Gasparino* close in the Well, they instantly replied, it was in the Nunnes Garden at *Saint Clayre*, and at six of the clock in the morning, which agreeing to the Nunnes relation, gave end to this businesse, for that time especially. But though they delude and blind the eyes of men, yet they cannot, nor shall not those of God; And now, although these Murtherers have thus escaped, yet they prepare to forsake and leave *Pavia*, for fear to be afterwards discovered. But they shall be prevented in their subtleties, for the hand of God will speedily arrest them.

Now we must observe, that *Gasparino* being found wanting two whole nights from his Lodging, and his Lackey gathering no news of him at *Vituri's* House, where he usually frequented to visit and court his Mistress *Christeneta*, he informs the Host of the house thereof; and he like an honest man, doubting the worst (after the custome of *Italy*) acquainted the Prefect and Provost thereof, who, like judicious and wise Magistrates, examined *Gasparino's* Lackey when he last saw his Master, and where. The Lackey answers, He parted from his Chamber yesterday morning betwixt five and six, with his Prayer-Book in his hand, as if he were going to Church, but commanded him not to follow him; and since (he saith) he saw him not. And now, by the providence of God, the Lackeys relation gives a little glimpse and glimmering light to the discovery of this Murther; for the Magistrates see, that the hour of *Gasparino's* departure from his Chamber, and that of *Bianco* and *Brindoli's* fighting do agree, as also his Book and the Nunnes Church bear some shew of coherence and probability.

Whereupon they (guided as it were by the very immediate finger of God) resolve and determine to apprehend, and forthwith to imprison both *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, who the very next day had thought to have slipt down the River to *Ferrara*, and so to *Venice*.

They are examined concerning *Gasparino*; they vow he is a Gentleman they have neither known nor seen. The Magistrates hold it fit they should be put to the Rack; which is as speedily performed: but these stout Villains firmly and constantly maintain their first speech; and although they make sute to be freed and released, yet the Prefect holds it necessary to continue them in prison; and withall, to make a more narrow and exacter search in the Nunnes Garden.

Christeneta, being at the first advertised that *Bianco* and *Brindoli* were dead, is thereat astonished and amazed, and so resolves to flye, but being advertised they had already suffered torments, and revealed nothing, she again resolves to stay, which indeed she doth; but it is the Justice and Mercy of God that keeps this bloody Bird within her Nest.

The Prefect and Provost (as being inspired from Heaven) continue constant in their resolutions, to make a second search in the Garden for Murther; which they do, and very curiously, leaving no place unsearched: at last it pleased the Lord to put into the Provosts mind to search the Well, which the day before they had omitted. He acquaints the Prefect herewith, who with much alacrity approves hereof, and so causing it to be searched, they at last in their hooks bring up some pieces of wrought black Taffeta, which by the Lackey was affirmed, and known to be the same that his Master *Gasparino* wore the last time he saw him: whereat they were more eagerly encouraged to search again most exactly; which they do, and at last bring up the dead body of *Gasparino*, when stripping off his cloaths, they find his body peirced with thirteen severall wounds: at the mournfull sight whereof, the whole Assembly, but especially his Lackey, cannot refrain from tears, and yet all glorifie God for finding his body, as also for the discovery of the Murtherers, who now they confidently believe are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*.

But see the farther mercies of God; for *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are but the hands which executed this Murther, and not the head which plotted it: therefore the Magistrates being sure of them, do now resolve how to hye to prison, and to give them double torment, thereby to discover out of what Quiver the first Arrow of this Murther came. But behold the mercy and justice of God! they are eased of this labour, and the name of the Malefactor brought them by a most miraculous and unheard of accident; for when the Magistrates and whole Company had often visited *Gasparino's* naked body, and seen nothing but wounds, a little Boy standing by (of some ten years of age) espied a linnen cloth in his mouth, which he shewed the Company, which the Prefect causing to be pulled out, found it to be a Cambrick Handkercher, and withall, a name in red silk Letters in one corner, which was the very true name of *Christeneta*.

See, see, the goodnesse, Oh let us stand amazed and wonder at the mercies of God, to see what means and instruments he ordaineth for the discovery of Murthers.

The Prefect and Provost send away speedily to apprehend her; she is taken in the midst of her pleasures and pastimes, yea, from the arm of her Mother, and feet of her Father, to whom she fled for safety, but in vain; for she is instantly committed close Prisoner, from whence we shall not see her come forth, till she come to her condign punishment, on a shamefull Scaffold, for this her horrible offence of Murther.

And

And now the Prefect and Provost go themselves to the Prison, where *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are; they accuse them peremptorily for the Murther of *Gasparino*, whose body, they inform them, they have taken out of the Well; but they again deny it. They give them double torment, and conjure them to reveal this their Murther; but they are so strong of courage, or rather the Devill is so strong in them, as they deny all, and neither accuse themselves, nor any other.

The Prefect and Provost, although they saw all circumstances concur, that undoubtedly *Christeneta* had a deep hand in this Murther, yet they examine her fairly, and promise her much favour, and their best friendship and assistance, if she will reveal it; but she, as her two Confederates, denies all. They adjudge her to the Rack, whereunto she very patiently permits her self to be fastened; but her dainty body and delicate limbs cannot indure the cruelty of this torment; and so she confesseth all, that in revenge of *Pisani's* death, she had caused *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murder him in the Nunnes Garden, as we have formerly understood.

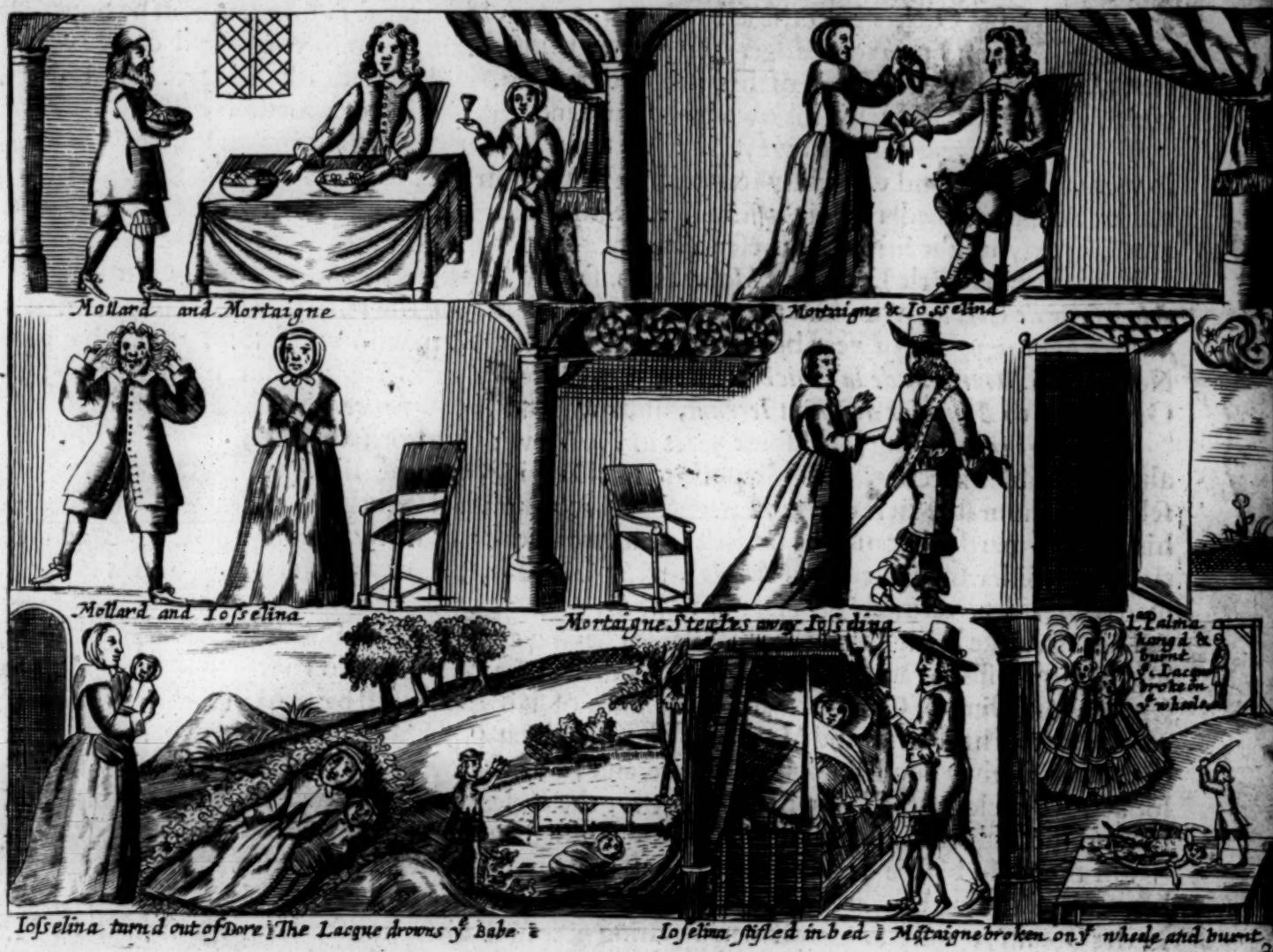
And now comes Gods sentence from Heaven, pronounced against these Murtherers, by the mouth of his Magistrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of Murther, committed on *Gasparino*, adjudge *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to have their right hands cut off, then to be hanged, and their bodies thrown into the River *Po*; And *Christeneta* (notwithstanding all the solicitation which her Father and Friends made for her) to be first hanged, then burned, and her ashes thrown into the air: Which to the full satisfaction of Justice, before an infinite number of Spectators (who assisted at their mournfull ends) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refrain from tears, but as much approved and applauded *Christeneta's* affection to *Pisani*, as they detested and abhorred her inhumane and bloody revenge to *Gasparino*.

Bianco and *Brindoli*, as they lived unrighteously, so they dyed desperately, and could not be drawn to repent themselves of this their bloody fact: But as I have understood, *Christeneta* was extremely sorrowfull for her sins, but especially for this Murther, whereof at her last breath she infinitely and exceedingly repented her self: yea, I have been informed, that she delivered a godly and religious speech upon the Ladder, but I was not so fortunate to recover it.

May all true Christians read this History with profit, and profit in reading it, that so God may receive the glory, and their souls the eternall comfort and consolation. *Amen.*

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY III.

Mortaign, under promise of Marriage, gets Iosselina with Child, and after, converting his love into hatred, causeth his Lackey La Verduce, and La Palma, to murther both her and her young Son; the jealousy of Isabella to her Husband La Palma is the cause of the discovery hereof: they are all three taken and executed for the same.

IT is a just reward for the vanity of our thoughts, and a true recompence for the errours of our youth, that we buy pleasure with repentance, and the sweetnesse of sin with the bitternesse of affliction: but if we violate the Laws of Christianity, and abandon our selves to lust and fornication, then we shall see with shame, that men will not pittie us, and find with grief, that God will punish us. It is an excellent vertue in Maidens, not to listen to the lewd temptations of men; and in men not to hearken to the sugred charms of the Devil; for commonly that folly gives the one shame, and this madnesse brings the other destruction: but if we first forget our selves, and then our God, by adding and heaping sin upon sin, as first, to perpetrate Fornication, and after Murther, then assuredly our estate is so miserably wretched, and so wretchedly miserable, as we have no hope left for better fortunes, nor place for worse. And because Example is both pleasing to our memory, and profitable to our judgement, this mournfull ensuing History shall make good, and confirm it to us: therefore let us shut the door of our thoughts against the power of sin, and that of our hearts against the malice of Hell, and we shall not only make our fortunes immoveable in this World; but our felicity eternall in that to come.

In the South-east part of France, within a dayes journey of the famous City of Lyons, at the foot of the Mountain of Tarara, upon the border and bosome of that sweet River Lignon, so famous by the Minion of Honour, and the Darling of the Muses, the Marquesse of Vrse, in his beautifull and Divine Altea, neer Durency (a certain small Village) there dwelt a poor Countrey Farmer named

named *Andrew Mollard*, who of late burying his Wife, had one only Child left him by her, being a very fair young Girl, about the age of twelve years old, named *Ioffelina*, whom he hoped should prove the staff and prop of his age, and resolved when she grew up in years, and came to womans estate, to marry her to some of his neighbours Sons, and at his death, to give her all that little which either his Parents, or his own labour and industry had left or procured him.

Two or three years sliding away, in which time *Mollard* increasing in wealth, and his Daughter in years, she was, and was justly reported to be the fairest Nymph of those parts, and by all the rustick Swains termed the fair *Ioffelina*, esteeming themselves happy, if they might see her, much more, if they might enjoy her presence.

Now within a little League of *Mollards* house, dwelt an ancient and wealthy Gentleman, named *Mounfieur de Coucie*, who had many Children: but among the rest, his eldest Son, termed *Mounfieur de Mortaign*, was a very hopefull and brave Gentleman, who was first a Page to that generous Noble-man *Mounfieur de la Guiche*, sometimes Governour of *Lyons*, and since his death, a chief Gentleman to *Mounfieur de Saint Ierrant*, now a Marshall of *France*.

This *Mortaign* having lived some years in *Paris*, with his Lord the Marshall, where he followed all honourable exercises, as Riding, Fencing, Dancing, and the like (whereby he purchased himself the honourable title of a most perfect and accomplished Gentleman) was at last desirous to see his Father, partly, because he understood he was weak and sickly; but especially to be at the Nuptials of a Sister of his, termed *Madamoyelle de la Hay*, who was then to be married to a Gentleman of *Avergne*, termed *Mounfieur de Cassalis*.

This Marriage being solemnized, *Mortaign* having conducted his Sister into *Avergne*, and now seeing his Father strong and lusty, he begins to dislike the Country, and to wish himself again in *Paris*, where the rattling of Coaches, and the infinity of fair Ladies did better delight and please him: he craves leave of his Father and Mother to return, which (because he is the chiefest stay and comfort of their age) they unwillingly grant him, and so he prepares for his return to *Paris*. But an unlooked-for accident shall stop his Journey for the present, and another, but farre more fatall, seconding and succeeding that, shall stop and hinder him from ever seeing it.

For the night before the morning he was to depart, *de Coucie* his Father is most dangerously taken with a burning Feaver, and so neither he nor his Mother will permit him to depart. Living thus in the Country, and few Gentlemen dwelling neer his Fathers house, he gives himself to Hunting and Hawking, Pastimes and Exercises, which though before he loved not, yet now he exceedingly delights in: Now amongst other times, he one day hunting in his Fathers Woods (hollowing for his Dog which he had lost in a Thicket) by chance sprung a Pheasant, who flying to the next Woods, he sends for his Hawk, with an intent to flye at him; and so being not so happy as again to set sight of him, he ranged so farre, and withall so fast, that he was very thirsty, but saw no house neer him, that he might call for Wine; till at last he happened on that of *Andrew Mollard*, of whom we have formerly made mention. *Mortaign*, seeing a man walking in the next Vineyard, demanded if he were the man of the house, and prayed him to afford him a draught of Wine, alleging that he was very thirsty; *Mollard* knowing this young Gentleman by the Modell of his face, presumed to demand him if he were not one of *Mounfieur de Coucie*'s Sons: He answered, Yes, and that his name was *Mortaign*. *Mollard* presently calling to mind that he was his Fathers Heir, very courteously (in his fashion) prayes him to enter his House, and so being set down, he sends his Daughter *Ioffelina* for Wine, which she fetched, and they both drinke; where honest *Mollard* thinking his house blessed with so great (and as he thought, so good) a Gentleman, very chearfully proffers him Pears, Grapes, Walnuts, and such homely dainties as his poor Cottage could afford. But we shall see *Mortaign* requite this courtesie of *Mollard*, with an extreme ingratitude.

Mortaign, whose eye was seldom on *Mollard*, and never from his Daughter, admires to see so sweet a beauty in so obscure a place; he cannot refrain from blushing, to behold the delicacy of her pure complexion: for though she were poor in cloaths, yet he saw her rich in beauty, which made not only his eyes, but his heart conclude, that she was wonderfull fair; sith it is ever the sign of a true and perfect beauty, where the face graceth the apparell, and not the apparell the face. And now comparing *Ioffelina*'s taynt, to that of the gallant Ladies of *Paris*, he finds that the truth of nature exceeds the falshood of their Art: for thorow the Alabaster of her Front, Neck, and Paps, he might perceive the azure of her veins, which like the windings of *Meander*'s streams, swiftly range, and sweetly presents it self to his eye. And for her eyes, or rather the Diamonds and Stars of her face, their splendor was so clear, and their influence so peircing, as they not only captivate his thoughts with love, but wounded his heart with affection and admiration. But if *Mortaign* gaze on the freshnesse and sweetnesse of *Ioffelina*'s beauty, no lesse doth she on the propernesse and perfection of his youth, only his eyes tilt at her with more liberty, and hers on him with modesty, respect, and secrecy; which *Mortaign* well espying, he vows to obtain her favour, or to lose his life in research there-

thereof: but the end of such lascivious resolutions seldom prosper.

But see how all things favour *Mortaign's* affection, or rather his lust to *Ioffelina*! for *Mollard* tells him, he holds a small Tenement neer adjoyning to his Father, who hath now put him in Sute of Law for two Herriots; and therefore beseecheth him for his good word, and favour to his Father in his behalf. *Mortaign*, glad of this occasion to serve for a pretext and cloak for him to have access to his House and Daughter, promiseth him to deal effectually with his Father for him, and the next time he passeth that way, to acquaint him what he hath done therein: and so stealing a kisse or two from *Ioffelina*, as her Father went into the Court, and withall swearing to her, that he loved her dearly, and would come often to see her; he thanking *Mollard* for his good chear, for that time departed.

But the further he goes from *Mollard's* house, the neerer his heart approacheth his Daughter *Ioffelina*. So his thoughts being stedfastly and continually fixed on her, he begins to distaste his Fathers house, yea, forsakes all company, and many times pretending to walk in the Park and Woods, he steals away privately to see his new Mistress. He visits her often, but especially when her Father is at Market, and gives her Gloves, Lawn, and Silk-Girdles, yea, he never comes to her, but brings her some gift and present, thinking thereby the sooner to obtain his desire; but as yet he is still deceived: for although she be humble and simple, yet she is chaste, and will not hearken to his allurements and inticements. Had *Ioffelina* continued constant in this resolution, her life would have proved more happy, and her death lesse mournfull.

Mortaign perceiving *Ioffelina's* coynesse and obstinacy, is thereat no way the lesse, but rather farre the more insnared and inflamed with her beauty; and now perceiving, that all his Visits, Gifts, Speeches, and Prayers, work no desired effect, he hath recourse to that old fallacy and subtil invention, whereby so many silly Maids are abused and deceived; he vows, that if she will permit him to enjoy his desire, he will marry her, notwithstanding that their Birth and Quality were so unequall and different: and this, and onely this battery and allurement, was that which vanquished *Ioffelina's* Chastitie, who, poor Girl, caught with this snare, in hope to bee a Gentle-woman, shook hands with her Maiden-head, which shee should have prized and esteemed farre more precious than her life: but shee shall pay dear for this her folly; for shee shall live *Mortaign's* Strumpet, and never dye his Wife.

Mortaign hath now his desire of *Ioffelina*; and for the fruit of this their unchaste pleasure, in short time her belly swells. *Mollard* her Father discovers the Pad in the straw; he grieves hereat, tears his white hairs, and vows his Daughters infamy will shorten his dayes. Hee torments her with reproachings and threatenings, so as shee can finde no rest, or tranquillity in his House; shee advertiseth *Mortaign* hereof, and requests his assistance, in this her affliction; *Mortaign* by night steals her away, and sends her ten Leagues off from *Durency*, placing her in a poor Kinsmans house of his, where shee is delivered of a young Son: But shee shall shortly see (with repentance) what it is to have a Childe ere a Husband. In the mean time shee feeds her self with hope, that *Mortaign* will shortly marry her; but he resolves nothing lesse: for the Gallants of these times (who build their triumphs upon the shipwrack and ruines of Maidens honour) will promise any thing, ere they enjoy their desire, but perform nothing, when they have obtained it, but rather spurn at those pleasures, as at Nose-gayes which they delight in in the morn, and throw away ere night.

Catintha, (*Mortaign's* Mother) all this while knows nothing of these occurrences betwix her Son and *Ioffelina*, and desires to see him married, that she might have the felicity to see her self a Grand-mother: to which end, she resolves to seek a Wife for him; and makes a motion to *Monsieur de Vassy*, the Seneshall of *la Palisse*, to match her Son with *Mademoyselle la Varina* his only Daughter. *De Vassy* dislikes not this motion, the young folks see and love: so as in all humane sence, and outward appearance, it seems a short time will finish and conclude this Match; But it was otherwise determined in Heaven.

This news doth amaze and terrifie *Ioffelina*; but as misfortune seldom comes alone, shee likewise that very instant understands that *Mollard* her Father (for very grief of her foul fact) is dead, and hath disinherited her, leaving her nothing but the memory of her shame, for her Portion and Dowry, and onely repentance to comfort her. And this indeed is the fore-runner of her future misery; Wherefore now, if ever, it is for her to look to her self

and welfare, to which end she resolves to write *Mortaign* a Letter, to put him in mind of his promise, and to take compassion of her povetry, being already reduced to this misery, that she hath not wherewithall to maintain her self and Child: her said Letter (word for word) I thought good to insert here, because the substance and perusall thereof deserve both pitty and compassion.

IO SSELINA to MORTAIGN.

YOU have bereaved me of mine honour, the which (had I as much grace as vanity) I should have esteemed farre dearer and precious than my life. Your promise to make me your Wife, was the only lure which drew me to consent to that error and folly, at the remembrance whereof I grieve with shame, and shame with repentance, especially sith I see you are so far from performing it, as you hate me, instead of loving me; let the sweetness of my youth, and the freshness of my beauty (which with many oathes you protested you both admired and adored) judge whether I have deserved this discourtesie of you: but it is a just punishment for my sin, and now I find too late, though formerly I would not believe, that the fruits of pleasure are bitter, resembling those Pils that seem sweet to the Palat, but prove poyson to the Stomack; and may all Maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet seek not to make shipwrack of my life, as you have done of my chastity. You know, my Father is dead, and with him all the means which in this World I can either hope or expect, as well for the maintenance of my self, as of your Son, except from your self, the which with millions of sighs and tears, I begge and beseech you afford us, and if not for love to me, at least for pitty to him; if you will not grant me the honour to be a peece of your self, yet in nature, you cannot deny but your little Son is not only your Picture, but your Image: therefore if you will not affect me for his sake, at least do him for mine, and think, that as it will be an extreme ingratitude in you, not to give her mainenance, who hath given you a Son, so it will be extreme cruelty, not to allow that poor Babe wherewithall to live, sith he hath received both his being and life of you. But I hope you will prove more naturall to him, and more charitable to my self: otherwise rest assured, that such disrespect and unkindness will never go long, either unpittied of men, or unpunished of God.

IO SSELINA.

Iosselina having penned this Letter to *Mortaign*, she desirous to draw hope and assistance from all parts, thinks it fit likewise to write another to *Calintha* his Mother, to the same effect: the which she doth, and sends it by a confident Messenger, with expresse charge to deliver them severally; the tenor thereof is thus.

IO SSELINA to CALINTHA.

I Know not in what terms either to relate you my misfortune, or reveal you my misery, especially sith my own folly and indiscretion gave life to the first, as your Son *Mortaign*'s ingratitude doth to the second; had I been as wise, as now sorrowfull, or as chaste, as now repentant, or which is more, had I not then loved him, as much as he now hates me, I need not blush as I do, to write to you, that his promise to make me his Wife, hath made me the unfortunate Mother of a young son, whereof he is the unkind Father: I may well term my self unfortunate, sith I no sooner lost mine honour, but my Father, for his displeasure of my shame and folly, gave all his means from me, which before right and nature had promised me; and I may justly term your son *Mortaign* unkind, sith he not onely refuseth to marry me, but also to allow maintenance, either for my self or his child.

Child. It is therefore to you, wanting and despairing of all other means, friends, and hopes, that with many blushes and tears, I presume to acquaint you with the poverty of my fortune, and the richness of my misery, the which I humbly request you both to pity and relieve; at least if you will not, that your Son may, who is the cause thereof. My love to him hath not deserved your hatred to me: and therefore in excusing my folly, or rather if you please, my youth, I hope you will be so charitable to the poor Babe my Son, that I shall not want for his sake, nor he for his Fathers; or if you will frown, and not smile on me, but rather triumph to see me languish and faint under the burthen of my poverty, yet vouchsafe to excuse his innocency, though you condemn mine error: and so, if I must dye miserably, at least let me carry this one content to my grave, that I may be sure he shall live happy. Nature cannot deny this Charity, and Grace will not excuse that Cruelty.

IO SSELINA.

Whiles Ioffelina flatters her self with hope, that these Letters will procure her her desire and comfort, Mortaign and Calintha his Mother receive them. As for Mortaign, he like a base Gentleman (whose courtesie was now turned into inhumanity) as much triumphs in his own sin, as rejoyceth in Ioffelina's foolish ambition and poverty. It is a felicity to him to think, that he hath abused her youth, and betrayed her chastity: and therefore he now respecteth her so little, or rather dis-respecteth her so much, as her shame is his glory, her misery his happiness, and her affliction his content; yea he no more thinks of her, but with disdain and envy; for the beauty of Varina hath quite defaced and blotted out that of Ioffelina. Neither doth this cruelty of Mortaign end in her, but it begins in the pretty Babe his Son: for he so farre degenerateth from the Laws and Principles of Nature, as he not only hates the Mother for the Childs sake, but the Child for his Mothers sake; yea he is so farre from giving either of them maintenance, or both content, as he scorns the Mother, and will no way either own or relieve the Child; and so burning his Letter, and forgetting the contents thereof, he very ingratelously and cruelly resolves to answer it with silence, and this is the best comfort which Ioffelina and the poor young Babe her Son receive from Mortaign. But I fear the worst is to come.

If Ioffelina and her Babe receive such dis-respect, and inhumanity from Mortaign, it is to be feared and doubted, that they will meet with little better from his Mother Calintha, who no sooner received and read her Letter, but full of wrath and indignation, she in disdain throws it away from her: yea, her discontent and malice is so inflamed against Ioffelina and her Child, as fearing it may prove a blurre and block to Mortaign's marriage with Varina, she not onely refuseth to relieve them, but is so cruell and inhumane, as she wisheth them both in another world, as unworthy to live in this. But her choler is too passionate, and her passions too unnatural and cruell; for if she would not relieve Ioffelina whom her Son Mortaign had abused, yet in pity, yea in nature, she should have taken order for the maintenance of the Child whom her Son had begotten: for if the Mother had deserved her hatred, yet this poor Babe was innocent thereof, and rather merited her compassion than her envy; or at least, if there had been any spark of humanity, grace, or good nature in her, if she would not have been seen courteous and harborous to them her self, yet she might dispence with her Son, and wink if he had performed it. But nothing lesse, for her malice is so great, and her rage so outrageous and unreasonable, as she refuseth it her self, and commands him to the contrary: so as being once resolute, not to cast away so much time to return Ioffelina an answer, she at last in a humour, wherein disdain triumphed over pity, and humanity over charity, calls for Pen and Paper, and returns her this bitter and cruell answer.

CALINTHA to IOSSELINA.

HAVING been so gracelesse to abuse my Son, I wonder how thou dar'st be so impudent, as to offend me with thy Letter, the which I had oncethought rather to have burnt than read: but I find it not strange, that being defective of thy body, thou art so of thy judgement, to think, that sith thine own father gave all from thee, that I, who am

a meer stranger to thee (as I wish thou hadst been to my Son) should afford or give thee any thing. Neither doth this resolution of mine proceed from contempt, but charity: for as thou art a woman, I pitty thee, but as a strumpet, hold it no pitty to relieve thee. Now then, despairing of any hope for thy self, thou pleadest for thy Brat; but sith he is the object of thy shame, as thou art that of my Son, and withall the cause, why should I look on the Child with compassion, sith I neither can, nor will see the Mother but with disdain and envy? Thou complaineest of thy misfortune and misery, without considering that the stars and Horoscope of thy base birth never pointed thee out for so high an estate, as of a Clowns Daughter, to become a Gentlemans Wife: but thou must adde ambition to thy dishonesty, as if one of these two Vices were not enough powerfull to make thee miserable. Thou doest likewise tax my son of unkindnesse towards thee, without considering that his love to thee, hath been cruelty to himself: for as thou art like to buy his familiarity with tears, so for ought I know, may be thine with repentance. If thou expect any comfort, thou must hope for no other than this, that as my son disdains to marry thee, so do I, that either my self or he relieve thee: look then on thy self with shame, on thy Child with repentance, whiles my son and I will remember ye both with contempt, but neither with pitty.

CALINTHA.

Poor *Ioffelina* having received and perused *Calintha's* Letter, and seeing withall *Mortaign* so inhuman, as he disdains to write to her, for meer grief, and sorrow, she, with her Babe at her breast, falls to the ground in a swoon, and had not the noise thereof advertised those in the next room to come to her assistance, she had then and there ended her misery with her life, and not afterwards lived to see and indure so many sharp afflictions, and lamentable wants and misfortunes.

Alas, alas! she hath now no power to speak, but to weep; yea, if her tears are not words, I am sure her words are sighs; for being abandoned of *Mortaign*, and hated of his Mother, she is so peirced to the heart with the consideration of that cruelty, and the remembrance of this disdain, as she tears her hair, repents her self of her former folly, and curseth the hour that *Mortaign* first saw her Fathers House, or she him: but this is but one part of her sorrows and afflictions. Lo, here comes another, that is capable to turn her discontent into despair, her despair into rage, and her rage into madnesse.

For by this time *Calintha* understanding by her Son, where *Ioffelina* resided and sojourned, she so ordered the matter, as when *Ioffelina* least thought thereof, she and her Babe in a dark and cold night is most inhumanly turned out of the House where she was; yea, with so great barbarism and cruelty, as she was not suffered to rest, either in the Hay-loft, Barn or Stable, or any other place within door; but inforced to lye in the open Field, where the bare ground was her Bed, a Mole-hill her Pillow, the cold air her Coverlet, and the Firmament her Curtains and Canopic. And now it is, and never before, that her eyes gush forth whole Rivers of tears, and her heart and breast sends forth many volleys of deep-fetched sighs; yea, having no other Tapers but the Starres of Heaven to light her, she looks on her poor Babe for comfort, whose sight, God knows, doth but redouble her sorrows and afflictions, because it lyes crying at her breast for want of Milk, which (poor woman) she had not to give it; when, being in this miserable case, and accompanied with none but the Beasts of the Field, and the Birds of the Air, who yet were farre happier than her self, because they were gone to their rest, and she could receive none, she after many bitter sighs, groans, and tears, uttered these speeches to her self.

Alas, alas, poor *Ioffelina*! It is thy folly, and not thy fortune, that hath brought thee to this misery; for hadst thou the grace to use, and not to abuse thy beauty, thou mightest have seen thy self as happy, as now thou art wretched and miserable: but see what a double losse thou receivest for thy single pleasure; for the losse of thy chastity to *Mortaign*, was that of thy Father to thee; and now being deprived of both, what wilt thou do, or whither canst thou flye for comfort? But alas, this is not all the misery; for as thy losse is double, so is thy grief: for now thou must as well sorrow for thy Child, as for thy self; yea *Ioffelina*, for get'to grieve for thy self, and

and remember to do it for thy Babe, sith thou hast brought it into the world, and hast not wherewith to maintain it. And then not able to proceed farther, she takes it up and kisses it, and rains tears on its cheeks, though she cannot stream milk in its mouth; when again recovering her speech, she continues thus:

Ay me, *Ioffelina*, thou art both the Author and the cause of thine own misery, and therefore thou must not blame Heaven, but thank thy self for it; for thy afflictions are so great, as wheresoever thou turnest thy thoughts or eyes, thou findest nothing but grief, nothing but sorrow: for if thou think on *Mortaign*, he looks on thee with disdain, if on his Mother *Calintha*, she with envy; yea, thou canst not behold the world without shame, thy poor Infant without sorrow, nor thy self without repentance. Nay, consider further with thy self, what thou hast gotten by casting (or rather by casting away) thy affection on *Mortaign*; he found thee a Maid, and hath left thee a Strumpet; thou hast a Child, and yet no Husband; then thou wert so happy as to have a Father, and now thy Son is so miserable, as he can find none; yea, then thou wert a friend to many, but now thou findest not one that will be so to thee: and which is worse, thou hast not wherewithall to be so to thy self. Alas, alas, thou hast no house to go to, no friend to trust to, no meat for thy self, nor milk for thy Child: therefore poor *Ioffelina* (quoth she) how happy should we both be, if thou wert buried, and he unborn!

She would have finished her speech, but that tears interrupted her words, and sighs cut her tears in pieces.

By this time her Babe falls asleep, but her griefs are so great, and her sorrows so infinite, as she cannot close her eyes, nor yet be so much beholding either to *Morpheus* or *Death* to do it for her; which perceiving, as also that the Moon was enveloped in a cloud, and that the Starres begin to deny her the comfort and lustre of their sight, she fearing to be overtaken with rain, and perceiving a thick Wood a pretty way off from her, she takes her Babe, and as fast as her weak and wearied legs could perform (bitterly weeping and sighing) hies thither for shelter; but Heaven proves more kind to her than Earth; for loe, both the Moon and Starres assist and comfort her in this her sorrowfull Journey. Being come to the Wood (which indeed was farther off than she thought) she began to be weary, and there making a bed of leaves (which at that season of the year fell abundantly from the Trees) she thereon for a while rested her self, but sleep she could not: and now if any thing in the world afforded her comfort, it was to see that her Infant slept prettily, though not soundly: but here if her eyes craved rest, so her stomach craved meat; for it was now mid-night, and she had eaten nothing since noon: so pulling off her upper coat, she wraps and covers her Child as hot as she could, who being fast asleep, and laying it on the Bed of Leaves, she goes from Tree to Hedge, and gathers Black-berries, Slows, and wilde Cheffnuts, wherewith instead of better Viands, she satisfied her hunger; and now she sees her self on the top of a Hill, at whose foot she perceived a River, and a great stony Bridge over it, the which she knew, as also that there was a little Village neer about a mile beyond it, which indeed in the midst of her miseries afforded her some comfort. So back she hies to her Child, which she finds out by its crying, it wanting not onely his nipple but his Nurse, and so with many kisses takes it up in her arms, and hies towards the Bridge, and from thence to the Village, which shee now remembers is termed *Villepont*, where shee arrives at five of the Clock in the morning, and lodged her self in a verry poor Inne, being extremely glad, and infinitely joyfull that she had recovered so good a harbour.

But money she hath none to pay her expences, and to lye in Innes upon credit, is to be ill attended, and worse look'd on: so she is inforced, yea, fain to sell away her Quaves, her Bands, and her Upper-Coat, to discharge her present occasions. Poor *Ioffelina*, how happy hadst thou been, if thou hadst had as much wit and chastity, as beauty, or rather more chastity, and lesse beauty! But it is now too late to remedy it, though never to repent it.

Ioffelina knowing *Villepont* to be but seven Leagues from *Durency* (the Parish where she was born) is irresolute whether to stay here, or to go thither. Want of means perswades her to the first: but knowing that *Mortaign's* love was turned to hatred, and that it was dangerous for her to be near his incensed Mother, she resolves to stay in *Villepont*, and to write to her Kinsfolks and Friends to assist her in this her misery and necessity. In the mean time she is inforced to content her self with a poor little out-Chamber, where there is neither Chimney nor Window, but only a small loop, whereinto the Sun scarce ever entred, and yet she is extremely well contented and glad hereof.

But wealth finds many friends, and poverty none : and yet, fith diversity of fortunes is the true Touch-stone of friendship, we may therefore more properly and truly term those our friends, who assist us in our necessity, and not who seem to pleasure us in our prosperity : for those are reall friends, but these verball ; those will perform more than they promise, and these promise much, and perform nothing.

But *Ioffelina* is so wretched and unfortunate, as she finds neither the one nor the other to assist her in this misery ; yea so far she is to receive either means or promises, as nothing is sent her, nor none will see her ; so as miserable necessity inforceth her to report and divulge the misfortune of her fortune, and to complain to all the world of *Mortaign's* treachery, and of his Mother *Calimtha's* cruelty ; yea she threatens to send him his Son, fith he will not afford her wherewith to maintain it.

This is not so secretly carried in *Villepont*, but *De Vassye* and *Varina* his Daughter have news hereof in *La Palisse*, which occasioned her to grow cold in her affection, and he in his respect to *Mortaign*, so as all things decline, and there is little hope or appearance, that this Match shall go forward. *Mortaign* is too clear-sighted, to be blind herein, yea he presently knows, from what point of the Compasse this wind commeth, and is fully possessed, that *Ioffelina* is the cause of these alterations and storms : he is exceedingly enraged and inflamed hereat, and gives such way to his passion and choler, as these obstacles must be removed, and he vows to destroy both *Ioffelina* and her Son. A bloody resolution, not becomming either a Christian, or a Gentleman : for was it not enough for him to rob *Ioffelina* of her honour, and to put a rape on her Chastity and Vertue, but he must likewise bereave her of her life, and so adde Murther to his lust ? Alas, what a base Gentleman is this ? yea, how farre degenerates he from true Gentility, to be so cruell to her that hath been so kind to him ? But the Devill suggesteth to his thoughts, and they to his heart, that *Varina* is fair, and that there is no way nor hope left to obtain her, before *Ioffelina* and her Brat be dispatched. Now if grace could not perswade him from being so cruell to *Ioffelina*, (yet me thinks) nature should have withheld him from being so inhuman to his own Son : But his faith is so weak towards God, and the Devill is so strong with him, that he cannot be removed or withdrawn from his bloody resolution, only he altereth the manner thereof : for whereas he resolved first to destroy the Mother, then the Child, now he will first dispatch the Child, then the Mother. O Heavens, why should earth produce so bloody and prodigious a Monster !

Now the better to dissemble his malice, he thinks to reclaim and pacifie *Ioffelina*, and so gives order that she and her Child be lodged in a better Inne in the same Village of *Villepont*, and signifies her that he hath gotten a Nurse, and hath provided maintenance for his Son, and that shortly he will send his Lackey for him, but withall, that she must keep this very secret, because he will not have his Mother *Calimtha* acquainted therewith. *Ioffelina* rejoyceth, and seems to be revived at this pleasing news ; yea, she begins to forget her former misery, and flatters he self with this hope, that fortune will again smile on her. So within three dayes, *Mortaign* sends his Lackey *La Verdure*, to her for the Babe ; the which with many kisses and tears she delivereth him, hoping that *Mortaign* his Father would be carefull of his maintenance, and not so much as once dreaming, or conceiving that he had any intent to murther it. But she shall find the contrary ; for henceforth she shall never see her Babe, nor her Babe her.

La Verdure (the Lackey) following his Masters command, is not four Leagues from *Villepont*, before, like a damnable Miscreant, he strangles it, and wrapping it in a Linnen Cloth (which he had purposely brought with him) throws it into the River *Lignon* ; but he shall pay dear for murthering of this sweet and innocent Babe.

But it is not enough ; for *Mortaign's* devillish malice and revenge will not be quenched or satisfied, till he see the Mother follow the fortune of the Son : to which end he agrees with her Host *La Palma*, and hisafore said Lackey *La Verdure*, to stifle her in her bed. The which, for two hundred Franks they perform, and bury her in his Garden, she being soundly sleeping, and poor soul, not so much as once dreaming of this her mournfull and lamentable end. What Tygers or Monsters of nature are these, to commit so damnable a Murther, as if there were no God in Heaven to detect them, nor earth or hell to punish them ?

But we shall see the contrary ; yea, we shall see both the Murther, and the Murtherers revealed and discovered by an extraordinary means ; wherein Gods Providence and glory will most miraculously resplend and shine.

As soon as *La Verdure* and *La Palma* had murthred our harmlesse *Ioffelina*, they both poast away

away to *Durency*, as well to acquaint *Mortaign* herewith, as also to receive their money (whereof the one half was paid them, and the other due.) This news is so pleasing to him, as he cheerfully layes down his promise: and so they both frolike it in the Village, *La Verdure* making no hast home to his Master *Mortaign*, nor *La Palma* to his old Wife *Isabella*.

In the mean time (a moneth being past away) *Mortaign*, hoping the way clear, and all the rubs removed, that hindred him from obtaining his fair Mistris *Varina*, he procures his Father *De Coucy*, and other of his friends to ride to *La Palisse*, hoping to finish the match betwixt *La Varina* and himself: But he and they are inforced to see themselves deceived of their hopes. For *De Vassy* and his Daughter having heard that *Ioffelina* and her Son were conveyed away, and could not be heard of, they (suspecting, and fearing that which indeed was faine out) in plain terms, give *Mortaign* the refusal, who galled to the heart herewith, doth now hang down his head, and see his former bloody errours and crimes; but it is too late, for the Lord hath bent his bow, and his arrow is ready to revenge them.

La Palma understanding of *Mortaign's* arrivall from *La Palisse*, thinks it high time for him to leave *Durency*, and so returning home to *Villepont* to his Wife *Isabella*, who being an old woman and he a young man, was not onely impatient, but jealous of his long stay (which was well neer five weeks) and the rather, for that he departed, as she thought, in the company of *Ioffelina*: who beca use she was young and fair, she vehemently suspected, he had since entertained and stayed with. But this jealousie of hers, God makes his instrument to discover this execrable murther.

For *La Palma* comming home, his Wife *Isabella* (as we have heard) being incensed with anger, and inflamed with jealousie, gives him this bitter intertainment and welcome: *La Palma* (quoth she) you were very unkind, so soon to forsake your Whore *Ioffelina*. *La Palma* being peirced to the quick with this bitter speech of his Wife, like a lewd fellow, gave her first the lye, and then termed her Whore in speaking it. She hath fire in her looks, and he thunder in his speeches. So after many bitter and scandalous injuries banded one to the other, she addes rage to her words, and he a box on the ear to his choler, wherewith he fell'd her as dead to the ground; yea, the Servants, and all that beheld it, cry out amain, as if her soul had already taken her last farewell of her body. At this tumult the neighbours assemble, and deeming *Isabella* dead, they lay hands on *La Palma* her Husband, and carry him before the Procurer *Fiscall* of *La Palisse*, who was then in their Village of *Villepont*, who without further examination commits him to prison, and so goes in person to visit *Isabella*, who by this time is a little recovered, but not freed from the danger of death: She relates him all that had past betwixt her Husband and her self; as also of his departure with *Ioffelina*, and of his long stay in *Durency*; adding withall, that he hath heretofore many times beaten her, and now she hopes, that this blow will not go unpunished: yea, her rage or rather Gods providence carries her so farre, as she constantly averres to the Magistrate, that if *Ioffelina* be not her Husbands Strumpet, she constantly believes he is her Murtherer; & to conclude, faith, that her servant-maid *Iaqueta* can say more.

Iaqueta examined, saith, that the night before her Masters departure for *Durency*, he was at mid-night in *Ioffelina's* Chamber, together with one *La Verdure* a Lackey, and that since *Ioffelina* was neither seen nor heard of; and being farther demanded if she knew whose Lackey *La Verdure* was, she answered, he was *Mounseieur Mortaign's* Lackey, who was Son to *Mounseieur De Coucy*. The Procurer *Fiscall*, considering their severall depositions, doth shrewdly suspect there was more in the wind than is yet discovered; he leaves *Isabella*, and goes to her Husband in prison, and after he had sharply checked him for beating his Wife, he inquires and chargeth him with these two points; First, why he and *La Verdure* were in *Ioffelina's* Chamber at mid-night; and secondly, what was become of her, sith since that time she hath neither been seen nor heard of.

La Palma is terrifyed and amazed with these demands (and farre the more, because hee least expected them) the which apparently appeared in the alteration of his colour and complexion, which commonly bewrayes an inward perturbation of the minde and heart. Hee answereth not punctually to those points demanded of him: but runs on with many bitter invectives against the rage and jealousie of his Wife; and then being by the Procurer, bid answer to those two points he formerly demanded of him: he, after many frivolous and extravagant speeches, denies that either he or *La Verdure* were in *Ioffelina's* Chamber, and that he neither saw her departure, nor knew what was become of her, and withall prayes the Procurer *Fiscall* to free and release him of his imprisonment: but he shall not escape at so cheap a rate.

For

For the Procurer, being very familiar with *Monsieur de Vassie* his Colleague and fellow-Judge of *La Palisse*, remembered that hee had formerly heard him speak of this *Monsieur Mortaign*, who lately fought his Daughter *La Varina* in Marriage; as also of his entertaining and rejecting this *Ioffelina*, a Farmers Daughter of *Durency*, by whom hee had a base Son: and now considering that at such an-unreasonable hour his Lackey *La Verdure* should be in her Chamber in *La Palma's* House, and *La Palma* himself in his Company, and she never since seen or heard of, he thinks there is some fire hid and covered in these embers, and there is some deeper mystery in this businesse, which as yet was now revealed.

Wherefore, like a wise Magistrate, he holds it fit, the same night to send *La Palma* privately to *La Palisse*, as also his Wife *Isabella* and *Iaqueta* for Witnesses, and rides thither himself, to sit upon his Proceffe, with whom the Lieutenant of that Jurisdiction joyned; but for *Monsieur de Vassie* the Seneschall, he (for the regard he bore to *Mortaign*, because he vehemently suspected he had a deep and chief hand in this businesse) would not be present, but purposely absented himself at a House of his in the Countrey: the next morning *La Palma* is examined, as also the two Witnesses, and *Iaqueta* is confronted with him, who stands firm to her former disposition: But hee flatly denies all. The Procurer and the Lieutenant adjudged him to the Rack. He endureth the first torment, but at the second he confesseth that he and *La Verdure* had stifled, and murdered *Ioffelina* in her Bed, in his own House, and had buried her in his Garden, and that they were set a work and hired to do it by *Monsieur Mortaign*, who gave them two hundred Franks to effect it.

Loe here by the Mercy and Providence of God, *La Palma's* malice to his Wife *Isabella*, and her jealousy to him, hath discovered and brought to light this cruell and bloody Murther, which was so secretly contrived, and so cunningly and devillishly acted upon the body of *Ioffelina*: But hers being discovered, let us likewise see how that of her harmlesse and innocent Babe is likewise brought to light. The two Judges themselves ride all night to *Villepont*, they search the Garden, and find the dead body of *Ioffelina*, having no other Winding-sheet but her own smock. They send away the Provost to apprehend *Mortaign* and his Lackey for this murther, who meets *La Verdure* by the way, and seizes *Mortaign* in his Bed.

They are severally brought to *La Palisse*, and first *La Verdure* is confronted with *La Palma*, who denies all: but they present his feet to the fire, and then he confesseth not only the Murther of *Ioffelina*, but likewise that of her Infant Son, whom he first strangled, and then threw into the River *Lignon*; and this, said he, he did at the request of his Master *Mortaign*, of whom for his part and labour, he received one hundred Franks.

We have here found two of these Murtherers; and now what resteth there, but that the third, who is the Author, and as it were the capitall great Wheel of these bloody Tragedies, be produced and brought to this Arraignment? The Procurer and Lieutenant repair again to the prison, and charge *Mortaign* with these two bloody murders: he knows it is in vain to deny it, sith he is sure his two execrable Agents have already revealed it; therefore he ashamed at the remembrance of his cruell and unnaturall crimes, doth with many tears very sorrowfully and penitently confesse all.

It is a happinesse for him to repent these Murthers; but it had been a farre greater, if he had never contrived and committed them: yea, the Judges are amazed to hear the cruelty hereof, and the people to know it, and both send their praises and thankfulness to God, that he hath thus detected and brought them to light on earth.

And now comes the Catastrophe of their own Tragedies, wherein every one of these Malefactors receives condign punishment for their severall offences.

La Palma is condemned to be hanged and burnt; *La Verdure* to be broken on the Wheel, and his body to be thrown into the River *Lignon*; and *Mortaign*, though the last in rank, yet first in offence, to be broken on the Wheel, his body burnt, and his ashes thrown into the air: which Sentence, in the sight of a great multitude of Spectators, was on a Market day accordingly executed and performed in *La Palis*.

And this was the bloody end of *Mortaign*, and his two Hellish Instruments, for murdering innocent *Ioffelina*, and her filly and tender Infant: May all Maidens learn by her example to preserve their Chastities; and men, by *La Verdur's* and *La Palma's*, not to be drawn to shed innocent blood for the lucre of wealth and money; and by *Mortaign's*, to

to bee lesse lascivious, inhuman, and bloody; thereby to prevent so execreable a life and so infamous a death.

One thing I may not omit; *La Palma* on the Ladder extremely cursed the malice of his Wife *Isabella*, who (he said) was the Author of his death; and no lesse did *La Verdure* on the Wheel by his Master *Mortaign*: but both of them were so desperately irreligious, as neither of them considered that it was their former sins, and the malice of the Devill, to whom they gave too much ear, that was the cause thereof.

And for *Mortaign*, after he had informed the World, that he was extremely grieved that his Judges had not given him the Death of a Gentle-man, which was to have been Beheaded, hee with many tears bewailed his infinite ingratitude, cruelty, and unnaturalnesse, both towards *Ioffelina*, as also his and her young Son; yet he prayed the world in generall to pray that God would forgive it him; and likewise requested the Executioner to dispatch him quickly out of this life; because he confessed he was unworthy to live longer.

Now let us glorifie our Creator and Redeemer, who continually makes a strict inquiry for blood, and a curious and miraculous inquiry for Murther: yea, let us both fear him with love, and love him with fear, sith he is as impartiall in his Justice, as in distributing his mercies.

Gods





The Triumphs of Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY IV.

Beatrice-Joana, to marry Alsemero, causeth de Flores to murder Alonso Piracquo, who was a Suter to her. Alsemero marries her, and finding de Flores and her in adultery, kills them both. Thomas Piracquo challengeth Alsemero for his Brothers death. Alsemero kills him treacherously in the field, and is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea. At his execution he confesseth, that his Wife and de Flores murdered Alonso Piracquo: their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their ashes thrown into the air.

Sith in the day of Judgement we shall answer at Gods great Tribunall, for every lewd thought our hearts conceive, and idle word our tongues utter, how then shall we dare appear (much lesse think to scape) when we defile our bodies with the pollution of Adultery, and taint our souls with the innocent blood of our Christian Brethren? when, I say, with beastly lust and adultery, we unsanctifie our sanctified bodies, who are the receptacles and Temples of the Holy Ghost, and with high and presumptuous hands, stabbe at the Majesty of God, by murdering man, who is his image? This is not the ladder to scale Heaven, but the shortest way to ride poast to hell: for how can we give our selves to God, when in the heat of lust and fume of revenge we sell our hearts to the Devil? But did we either love God for his Mercy, or fear him for his Justice, we would then not onely hate these sins in our selves, but detest them in others; for these are crying and capitall offences, seen in Heaven, and by the Sword of his Magistrates brought forth and punished here on earth. A lamentable and mournfull example whereof I here produce to your view, but not to your imitation: may we all read it to the reformation of our lives, to the comfort of our souls, and to the eternall glory of that most Sacred and Individuall Trinity.

In Valentia (an ancient and famous City of Spain) there dwelt one Don Pedro de Alsemero, a noble young

young Cavalier, whose Father (*Don Iuan Alfemero*) being slain by the *Hollanders* in the Sea-Fight at *Gibraltar*, he resolved to addict himself to Navall and Sea Actions, whereby to make himself capable to revenge his Fathers death: a brave resolution, worthy the affection of a Son, and the Generosity of a Gentleman!

To which end, he makes two Voyages to the *West-Indies*, from whence he returns flourishing and rich, which so spread the sails of his Ambition, and hoisted his fame from top to top gallant, that his courage growing with his years, he thought no attempt dangerous enough, if honourable, nor no honour enough glorious, except atchieved and purchased by danger. In the Actions of *Alarache* and *Mamora*, he shewed many noble proofs and testimonies of his valour and prowess, the which he confirmed and made good by the receipt of eleven severall wounds, which as marks and Trophies of Honour made him famous in *Castile*. Boiling thus in the heat of his youthfull bloud, and contemplating often on the death of his Father, he resolves to go to *Validolyd*, and to imply some Grand either to the King, or the Duke of *Lerma*, his great Favourite, to procure him a Captains place, and a Company under the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, who at that time made bloody Warres against the *Netherlanders*, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as he began this sute, a generall truce of both sides laid aside Arms, which (by the mediation of *England* and *France*) was shortly followed by a Peace, as a Mother by the Daughter; which was concluded at the *Hage*, by His Excellency of *Nassaw*, and Marqueesse *Spinola*, being chief Commissioners of either party. *Alfemero* seeing his hopes frustrated, that the Keyes of Peace had now shut up the Temple of Warre, and that Muskets, Pikes, and Corsets, that were wont to grace the Fields, were now rusting by the Walls, he is irresolute what course to take, resembling those Fishes who delight to live in cataracts and troubled waters, but dye in those that are still and quiet; For he spurns at the pleasures of the Court, and refuseth to haunt and frequent the companies of Ladies: And so not affecting, but rather disdainng the pomp, bravery and vanitie of Courtiers, he withdraws himself from *Validolyd* to *Valentia*, with a noble and generous intent to seek Warres abroad, sith he could find none at home; where being arrived, although he were often invited into the companies of the most noble and honourable Ladies both of the City and Country; Yet his thoughts ran still on the Warres, in which Heroick and illustrious profession, he conceived his chiefest delight and felicity: and so taking order for his Lands and Affairs, he resolves to see *Malta*, that inexpugnable Rampier of *Mars*, the glory of *Christendome*, and the terroure of *Turkey*, to see if he could gain any place of command and honour either in that Island, or in their Gallies; or if not, he would from thence into *Transilvania*, *Hungary*, and *Germany*, to enrich his judgement and experience, by remarking the strength of their Castles and Cities, their Orders and Discipline in Warre, the Potency of their Princes, the Nature of their Laws and Customs, and all other matters worthy the observation both of a Traveller and a Soldier: and so building many Castles in the air, he comes to *Alicant*, hoping to find passage there for *Napels*, and from thence to ship himself upon the *Neapolitan* Gallies for *Malta*.

There is nothing so vain as our thought, nor so uncertain as our hopes, for commonly they deceive us, or rather wee our selves in relying on them; not that God is any way unjust (for to think so, were impiety) but that our hopes take false objects, and have no true foundation; and to imagine the contrary, were folly: the which *Alfemero* findes true: for here the winde doth oppose him, his thoughts fight and vanquish themselves; yea, the Providence of God doth crosse him in his intended purposes, and gives way to that he least intendeth.

For comming one morning to our Ladies Church at *Masse*, and being on his knees, in his Devotion, he espies a young Gentle-woman likewise on hers next to him, who being young, tender, and fair, hee thorow her thin veil discovered all the perfections of a delicate and sweet Beauty, she espies him feasting on the dainties of her pure and fresh cheeks; and tilting with the invisable lances of his eyes, to hers, he is instantly ravished and vanquished with the pleasing object of this Angelicall Countenance, and now he can no more resist either the power or passion of Love.

This Gentle-woman (whose name as yet we know not) is young and fair, and cannot refrain from blushing, admiring to see him admire and blush at her. *Alfemero* dyes in conceit with impatency, that he cannot enjoy the happiness and means to speak with her; but he sees it is in vain to attempt it, because she is ingaged in the company of many Ladies, and he of many Cavaliers: But *Masse* being ended, he enquires of a good fellow Priest, who walked by, what she was, and whether she frequented that Church, and at what hour. The Priest informs him, that she is *Don Diego de Vermandero's* Daughter; he being Captain of the Castle of that City, that her name was *Dona Beatrice-Joana*, and that she is every morning in that Church and Place, and neer about the same hour.

Alfemero

Alfemero hath the sweetnesse of her beauty so deeply ingraven in his thoughts, and imprinted in his heart, that he vows *Beatrice-Joana* is his Mistress, and he her Servant: yea, here his warlike resolutions have end, and strike sail. And now he leaves *Bellona*, to adore *Venus*, and forsakes *Mars*, to follow *Cupid*: yea, so fervent is his flame, and so violent is his passion, as he can neither give nor take truce of his thoughts, till he be again made happy with her sight, and blessed with his presence.

The next morn (as Love love not much rest) *Alfemero* is stirring very timely, and hoping to find his Mistress, no other Church will please him but our Ladies, nor place, but where he first and last saw her; but she is more zealous than himself; for she is first in the Church, and on her knees at her Devotion, whom *Alfemero* gladly espying, he kneels next to her, and having hardly the patience to let passe one poor quarter of an hour (he resolving as yet to conceal his name) like a fond Lover, whose greatest glory is in complements and courting his Mistris, he boards her thus:

Fair Lady, it seems, that these two mornings my devotions have been more powerfull and acceptable than heretofore, sith I have had the felicity to be placed next so fair and so sweet a Nymph as your self, whose excellent beauty hath so suddainly captivated mine eyes, and so secretly ravished my heart, that he which heretofore rejected, cannot now resist the power of love; and therefore, having ended my devotion, I beseech you excuse me, if I begin to pray you to take pitty of me, sith my flame is so fervent, and my affection is so passionate, as either I must live yours, or not dye mine own.

Beatrice-Joana could not refrain from blushing under her veil, to see an unknown Cavalier board her in these terms in the Church; and as she gave attentive ear to his speech, so she could not for a while refrain from glancing her eye upon the sprucenesse of his person, and the sumptuousnesse of his Apparell: but at last, accusing her own silence, because she would give him no cause to condemn it, she with a modest grace, and a gracefull modesty, returns him this answer:

Sir, as your devotions can neither be pleasing to God, nor profitable to your soul, if in this place you account it a felicity to enjoy the sight of so mean a Gentlewoman as my self, so I cannot repute it to affection but flattery, that this poor beauty of mine (which you unjustly paint forth in rich praises) should have power either to captivate the eyes, or which is more, to ravish the heart of so noble a Cavalier as your self. Such Victories are reserved for those Ladies, who are as much your equall, as I your inferiour: and therefore directing your zeal to them, if they find your affection such as you professe to me, no doubt, regarding your many vertues and merits, they will in honour grant you that favour, which I in modesty am constrained to deny you.

Alfemero (though a Novice in the Art of Love) was not so ignorant and cowardly to be put off with her first repulse and refusall, but rather seeing that the perfections of her mind corresponded with those of her beauty, he resolves now to make a triall of his wit and tongue, as heretofore he had done of his courage and sword; and so joyns with her thus:

It is a pretty Ambition in you, sweet Lady, to disparage your beauty, that thereby it may seem the fairer; as the Sun, who appears brighter by reason of the nights obscurity; and all things are best, and more perfectly discerned by their contraries: but I cannot commend, and therefore not excuse your policy, or rather your disrespect, to slight and poast me over from your self, whom I love, to those Ladies I neither know nor desire, which in effect is to give me a cloud for *Juno*. No, no, it is only to you and to no other that I present and dedicate my service; and therefore it will be an ingratitude as unworthy my receiving, as your giving, that I should be the object of your discourtesie; sith you are that of my affection.

To these speeches of *Alfemero*, *Beatrice-Joana* returns this reply:

It is not for poor Genele-women of my rank and complexion, either to be ambitious, or polittick, except it be to keep themselves from the snares of such Cavaliers as your self, who (for the most part) under colour of affection, aim to erect the trophées of your desires upon the tombs of our dishonours; only I so much hate ingratitude, as you being to me a stranger, charity and common courtesie commands me to thank you for the profer of your service, the which I can no way either deserve or requite, except in my devotions and prayers to God for your glory and prosperity on earth.

As she had ended this her speech, the Priest ends his Masse; when *Alfemero* arising, advanced to lift her up from kneeling, and so with his Hat in his hand (Requestring her from the crowd of people, who now began to depart the Church) he speaks to her to this effect:

Fair Lady, as I know you to be the Lady *Beatrice-Joana*, Daughter to the noble Knight *Don Diego de Vermanderos*, Captain of the Castle of this City; so I being a stranger to you, I admire that

that you offer so voluntary an injury to your judgement and my intents, as to pervert my affection and speeches to a contrary sense: but my innocency hath this consolation, that my heart is pledge for my tongue, and my deeds shall make my words real. In the mean time, sith you will give me no place in your heart, I beseech you lend me one in your Coach, and be at least so courteous, as to honour me, in accepting my company to conduct you home to your fathers Castle.

Beatrice-Joana, calling to mind the freeness of her speeches, and the sharpness of his answer, not blushing for joy, but now looking pale for sorrow, repents her self of her error, the which she salves up the best he could in this Reply.

Noble Sir, when I am acquainted as well with your heart as with your speeches, I shall then not onely repent, but recant mine error, in judging your self by others; in the mean time, if I have any way wronged your merits and virtues, o give you some part of satisfaction, if you please to grace me with your company to the Castle (although it be not the custom of *Alicant*) I do most kindly and thankfully accept thereof: when *Alfemero* giving her many thanks, and kissing his hand, he takes her by the arm, and so conducts her from the Church to her Coach.

It is both a grief and a scandal to any true Christians heart, that the Church, ordained for thanksgiving and prayer unto God, should be made a Stews, or at least, a place for men to meet and Court Ladies; but in all parts of the Christian world, where the Roman Religion reigneth, this sinful custome is frequently practised, especially in *Italy*, and *Spain*, whete, for the most part, men love their Courtizans better than their God; and it were a happiness for *France*, if her Popish Churches were freed of this abomination, and her people of this impiety. But again to our History.

We will purposely omit the conference which *Alfemero* and *Beatrice-Joana* had in the Coach, and allow them by this time arrived to the Castle; where first her self, then the Captain her Father, thank him for his honour and courtesie; in requital whereof, he shewed him the rarities and strength of his Castle; and after some speeches and complements between them, he was so happy as to kisse *Beatrice-Joana*, but had not the felicity to entertain her; and so he departs, his Lackey attending him with his Gennet to the Counter-scarfe. So home he rides to his lodging, where, while the wind holds contrary, we will a little leave him to his thoughts, and they to resolve in what sort he might contrive his sute for the obtaining of his new and fair Mistress *Beatrice-Joana*; and likewise her self, to muse upon the speeches and extraordinary courtesies, which this unknown Cavalier afforded her, and begin to speak of *Don Alonso Piracquo*, a rich Cavalier of the City, who unknown to *Alfemero*, was his rival and competitor, in likewise seeking and courting *Beatrice-Joana* for his Mistress and Wife.

This *Piracquo* being rich both in Lands and Money, and descended of one of the chiefest and noblest Families of *Alicant*, by Profession a Courtier, and indeed (to give him his due) a Cavalier indued with many rare qualities and perfections, was so highly beloved, respected, and esteemed in that City, as the very fairest and noblest young Ladies, were, with much respect and affection, profered him in Mariage by their Parents; but there was none either so precious or pleasing to his eye, as was our *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he observed for beauty to excel others, and for Majesty and grace to surpass her self: and indeed he could not refrain from loving her; nor be perswaded, or drawn to affect any other; so as he settled his resolution either to have her to his wife, or not to be the husband of any. Yea, he is so earnest in his sute, as scarce any one day passeth, but he is at the Castle.

Vermadero thinks himself much honoured of him, in seeking his Daughter; yea, he receives him lovingly, and entertains him courteously; as knowing it greatly for her preferment, and advancement; and so gives *Piracquo* many testimonies of his favour, and many hopes that he shall prevail and obtain his Mistress. But *Beatrice-Joana* stands not so affected to him, rather she receives him coldly; and when he begins his sute to her, she turns her deaf ear, and never answereth him, but in general terms; onely not peremptrorily to disobey her Parents, she seems to be pleased with his company, and yet secretly in her heart wisheth him farther from her.

But *Piracquo* flattering himself in his hope, and as much doting on *Beatrice-Joana*'s beauty, as he relies on her fathers constant affection to him, he is so far from giving over his sute to her, as he continueth it with more earnestness and importunity, and vows that he will forsake his life ere his Mistress: But sometimes we speak true, when we think we jest; yet he finds her one and the same; for although she were not yet acquainted with *Alfemero*, yet she made it the thirteenth Article of her Creed, that the supreme power had ordained her another husband, and not *Piracquo*; yea, at that very instant the remembrance of *Alfemero* quite defaced that of *Piracquo*, so that she wholly refus'd her heart to the last, of purpose to reserve and give it to the first, as the sequel will shew.

Now by this time *Vermandero* had notice, and was secretly informed of *Alsemero's* affection to his daughter, and withall, that she liked him far better than *Piracquo*; which news was indeed very distastful, and displeasing to him, because he perfectly knew that *Piracquo's* means far exceeded that of *Alsemero*. Whereupon, considering that he had given his consent, and in a manner ingaged his promise to *Piracquo*; he, to prevent the hopes, and to frustrate the attempts of *Alsemero*, leaves his Castle to the command of *Don Hugo de Valmarino*, his Son, and taking his Daughter *Beatrice-Joana* with him, he in his Coach very suddenly and secretly goes to *Briamata*, a fair house of his, ten leagues from *Alicant*, where he means to sojourn, until he had concluded and solemnized the Match betwixt them: But he shall never be so happy, as to see it effected.

At the news of *Beatrice-Joana's* departure, *Alsemero* is extremely perplexed and sorrowful, knowing not whether it proceeded from her self, her father, or both; yea, this his grief is augmented, when he thinks on the suddenness thereof, which he fears may be performed for his respect and consideration: the small acquaintance and familiarity he hath had with her, makes him that he cannot condemn her of unkindness; yet fith he was not thought worthy to have notice of her departure, he again hath no reason to hope, much less to assure himself of her affection towards him. He knows not how to resolve these doubts, nor what to think or doe in a matter of this nature and importance; for thus he reasoneth with himself; if he ride to *Briamata*, he may perchance offend the Father; if he stay at *Alicant*, displease the Daughter; and although he be rather willing to run the hazzard of his envy than of her affection, yet he holds it safer to be authorized by her pleasure, and to steer his course by the compass of her commands: He therefore be-thinks himself of a means to avoyd these extremes, and so findes out a Channel to pass free betwixt that *Sylla* and this *Carybdis*; which is, to visite her by Letters: he sees more reason to embrace, than to reject this invention, and so providing himself of a confident Messenger, his heart commands his pen to signifie her these few lines.

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA.

As long as you were in *Alicant*, I deemed it a heaven upon earth, and being bound for Malta, a thousand times blessed that contrary wind which kept me from imbarquing and sailing from you; yea, so sweetly did I affect, and so dearly honour your beauty, as I entred into a resolution with my self, to end my voyage ere I began it, and to begin another, which I fear will end me. If you demand, or desire to know what this second voyage is, know, fair Mistress, that my thoughts are so honourable, and my affection so religious, that it is the seeking of your favour, and the obtaining of your self to my Wife, whereon not only my fortunes, but my life depends. But how shall I hope for this honour, or flatter my self with the obtaining of so great a felicity, when I see you have not only left me, but which is worse, as I understand, the City for my sake? Fair *Beatrice-Joana*, if your cruelty will make me thus miserable, I have no other consolation left me, to sweeten the bitterness of my grief and misfortune, but a confident hope, that death will as speedily deprive me of my daies, as you have of my joyes.

ALSEMERO.

I know not whether it more grieved *Beatrice-Joana* to leave *Alicant*, without taking her leave of *Alsemero*, than she doth now rejoyce to receive this his Letter; for as that plunged her thoughts in the hell of discontent, so this raiseth them to the heaven of joy; and as then she had cause to doubt of his affection, so now she hath not onely reason to flatter, but to assure her self thereof; and therefore, though she will not seem at first to grant him his desire, yet she is resolved to return him an answer, that may give as well life to his hopes, as praise to her modesty. Her Letter is thus.

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

As I have many reasons to be incredulous, and not one to induce me to believe, that so poor a beauty as mine should have power to stop so brave a Cavalier (as your self) from ending so honourable a Voyage, as your first, or to perswade you to one so simple as your second; so I cannot but admire, that you in your Letter seek me for your Wife, when in your heart, I presume, you least desire it; and whereat you allege your life and fortunes depend on my favour, I think you write purposely, either to make trial of your own wit, or of my indiscretion; by endeavouring to see whether I believe that which exceeds all belief. Now as it is true, that I have left *Alicant*, so it is as true, that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my father: for this I pray believe, that although I cannot be kind, yet I will never be cruel to you. Live therefore your own friend, and I will never dye your enemy.

BEATRICE-JOANA.

This

This Letter of *Beatrice-Joana* gives *Alfemero* much despair, and little hope; yet though he have reason to condemn her unkindness, hee cannot but approve her modesty and discretion, which doth as much comfort as that afflict him: so his thoughts are irresolute, and withall so variable, as he knows not whether he should advance his hand, or withdraw his pen again, to write to his Mistress. But at last, knowing that the excellencie of her Beauty, and the dignity of her Virtues deserve a second Letter; he hoping it may obtain and effect that which his first could not, calls for Paper, and thereon traceth these few lines:

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA.

You have as much reason to assure your self of my affection, as I to doubt of yours: and if Words and Letters, Tears and Vows, are not capable to make you beleve the sincerity of my zeal, and the honour of my affection; what resteth, but that I wish you could dive as deeply into my heart, as my heart hath into your beauty, to the end you might be both Witness and Judge, if under heaven I desire any thing so much on earth as to be crowned with the felicity to see Beatrice-Joana my Wife, and Alfemero her Husband? But why should I strive to perswade that, which you resolve not to beleve, or flatter my self with any hope, sith I see I must be so unfortunate to despair? I will therefore henceforth cease to write, but never to love: and sith it is impossible for me to live, I will prepare my self to die, that the World may know, I have lost a most fair Mistress in you, and you a most faithfull and constant Servant in me.

ALSEMERO.

Beatrice-Joana seeing *Alfemero's* constant affection, holds it now rather discretion, than immodesty to accept both his service and self, yea, her heart so delights in the greeableness of his person, and triumphs in the contemplation of his virtues, that she either wilheth her self in *Alicant* with him, or he in *Briamata* with her: but considering her affection to *Alfemero* by her Fathers hatred, and her hatred to *Piracquo*, by his affection; she thinks it high time to inform *Alfemero* with what impatiencie they both endeavour to obtain her favour and consent, hoping that his discretion will interpose, and find means to stop the progress of these their importunities, and to withdraw her Fathers inclination from *Piracquo*, to bestow it on himself: But all this while she thinks her silence is an injury to *Alfemero*, and therefore no longer to be uncourteous to him, who is so kind to her, she very secretly conveighs him this Letter.

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

*AS it is not for Earth to resist Heaven, nor for our wills to contradict Gods providence, so I cannot deny, but now acknowledge, that if ever I affected any man, it is your self; for your Letters, protestations, and vows, but chiefly your merits, and the hope, or rather the assurance of your fidelity, hath wonne my heart, from my self to give it you: but there are some important considerations and reasons, that inforce me to crave your secrecie herein, and to request you, as soon as conveniently you may, to come privately hither to me; for I shall never give content to my thoughts, nor satisfaction to my mind, till I am made joyfull with your sight, and happy with your presence. In the mean time, manage this affection of mine with care and discretion; and whiles you resolve to make *Alicant* your Malta, I will expect and attend your coming with much longing and impatiency to *Briamata*.*

BEATRICE-JOANA.

It is for no others but Lovers to judge how welcome this Letter was to *Alfemero*, who a thousand times kissed it, and as often blest the hand that wrote it. He had, as we have formerly understood, been twice in the *Indies*; but now, in his conceit, he hath found a far richer treasure in *Spain*, I mean his *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he esteems the joy of his life, and the life of his joy; but she will not prove so. He is so inamoured of her beauty, and so desirous to have the felicity of her presence, as the Wind comming good, the Ship sets sayl for *Malta*, and he (to give a colour for his stay) feigns himself sick, fetcheth back his Trunks, and remaineth in *Alicant*; and so burning with desire to see his sweetly dear, and dearly sweet Mistress, he dispatcheth away his confident Messenger to *Briamata* in the morning, to advertise her, that he will not fail to be with her that night at eleven of the clock.

Beatrice-Joana is ravished with the joy of this news, and so provides for his coming. *Alfemero* takes the benefit of the night, and she gives him the advantage of a Postern-door, which answers to a Garden, where *Diaphanta* her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends his arrival. He comes, she

conducts him secretly thorow a private Gallery, into *Beatrice-Joana's* Chamber; where (richly apparelled) she very courteously and respectfully receives him. At the beginning of their meeting they want no kisses; which they second with complements, and many loving conferences, wherein she relates him *Piracquo's* importunate sute to her, and her Fathers earnestness; yea, in a manner, his constraint, to see the Match concluded betwixt them; hee being for that purpose there, in her Fathers house. Again, after she had alleged, and shewn him the intireness of her affection to himself, with whom she is resolved to live and dye, she lets fall some dark and ambiguous speeches, tending to this effect, that before *Piracquo* be in another world, there is no hope for *Alsemero* to enjoy her for his Wife in this. Lo here the first plot and design of a lamentable and execrable Murther; which we shall shortly see acted and committed.

There needs but half a word to a sharp and quick understanding. *Alsemero* knows it is the violence of her affection to him, that leads her to this disrespect and hatred to *Piracquo*, and because her content is his, yea, rather it is for his sake, that she will forsake *Piracquo*, to live and dye with him, Passion and Affection blinding his judgement, and beauty triumphing and giving a law to his Conscience, He freely profereth himself to his Mistris, vowing, that he will shortly send him a Challenge, and fight with him; yea, had he a thousand lives, as he hath but one, hee is ready, if she please, to expose and sacrifice them all at her command and service. *Beatrice-Joana* thanks him kindly for his affection and zeal, the which she saith she holds redoubled by the freeness of his profer; but being loath that he should hazard his own life, in seeking that of another, she conjures him by all the love he bears her, neither directly, nor indirectly to intermeddle with *Piracquo*, but that he repose and build upon her affection and constancy; not doubting, but she will so prevail with her Father, that he shall shortly change his opinion, and no more perswade her to affect *Piracquo*, whom she resolutely affirms, neither life nor death shall enforce her to marry. And to conclude, although she affirm, that his presence is dearer to her than her life, yet the better, and sooner to compass their desires, she prays him to leave *Alicant*, and for a while to return to *Valentia*, not doubting but time may work that, which perchance haste, or importunity may never. Thus passing over their kisses, and the rest of their amorous conference, he assured of her love, and she of his affection, he returns for *Alicant*, packs up his baggage, which he sends before, and within less than four daies, takes his journey for *Valentia*; where we will leave him a while, to relate other accidents and occurrences; which (like Rivers into the Ocean) fall within the compass of this History.

This meeting, and part of *Alsemero's* and *Beatrice-Joana's* conference at her Fathers house of *Briamata*, was not so secretly carried and concealed, but some curious, or treacherous person near him, or her, over-hear and reveal it; which makes her Father *Vermandero* fume, and bite the lip; but he conceals it from *Piracquo*: and they still continue their intelligence and familiarity; *Vermandero* telling him plainly, that a little more time shall work and finish his desire; and that such his request cannot prevail with his Daughter, his commands shall. But he shall miss of his aim.

There is not so great distance from *Briamata* to *Alicant*, but some of the noblest of the City are advertised thereof; and one among the rest, in great zeal and affection to *Piracquo*, secretly acquaints *Don Thomaso Piracquo* his younger Brother therewith, being then in the City of *Alicant*; who hearing of this news, whereof he imagined his brother was ignorant, loath that he should any longer persevere in his present error, and to prevent his future disgrace, he like a faithful and honest Brother, takes occasion from *Alicant* to write him this ensuing letter to *Briamata*.

THOMASO to ALONSO PIRACQUO.

BEing more jealous of your prosperity than of mine own; and knowing it many times falls out, that Lovers lose the clearness and solidity of their judgement, in gazing and contemplating on the Roses and Lillies of their Mistresses beauties, I desirous to prevent your disgrace, thought my self bound to signify you, that I here understand by the report of those, whose speeches bear their persuasions with them, that your sute to *Beatrice-Joana* is in vain, and she unworthy of your affection, because she hath already contracted her self to *Alsemero* your Rival: I am as sorry to be the Herald of this news, as glad and confident, that as she hath matched your inferiour, so you are reserved for her better. Wherefore, Sir, recall your thoughts, tempt not impossibilities, but consider, that the shortest errors are best; and though you love her well, yet think that at your pleasure you may find varietie of Beauties, wherunto hers deserves not the honour to doe homage. I could give no truce to my thoughts, till I had advertised you hereof, and I hope either the name of a Brother, or your own generositie, will easily procure pardon for my presumption.

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Piracquo,

Piracquo, notwithstanding this his Brothers Letter of counsel and advice, is so far from retiring in his fate, as he rather advanceth with more violence and zeal; and as many mens judgements are dazled and obscured a little before their danger, and misfortune, when indeed they have most need to have them sound and clear; so he is not capable to be dissuaded from re-searching his Mother, but rather resembleth those Saylor, who are resolute to endure a storm, in hope of fair weather; but he had found more security, and less danger, if he had embraced and followed the counsel that his Brother gave him: For, *Beatrice-Joana* seeing she could not obtain her desire in marrying *Alfemero's Piracquo* were removed, doth now confirm that which formerly she had resolved on, to make him away, in what manner, or at what rate soever. And now, after she had ruminated, and run over many bloody designs, the Devil, who never flies from those that follow him, proffers her an invention as execrable as damnable. There is a gallant young Gentleman, of the Garrison of the Castle, who follows her Father, that to her knowledge doth deeply honour, and dearly affect her: yea, she knows, that at her request, he will not stick to murder *Piracquo*: his name is *Signiour Antonio de Flores*: she is resolute in her rage, and approves him to be a fit instrument to execute her will.

Now as soon as *Vermandero* understands of *Alfemero's* departure to *Valencia*, he with his daughter and *Piracquo*, returns from *Briamata* to *Alicant*: where, within three dayes of their arrival, *Beatrice-Joana*, boyling still in her revenge to *Piracquo*, which neither the air of the Country nor City could quench or wipe off, she sends for *de Flores*, and with many flattering smiles, and sugred speeches, acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindness and courtesies, if he will perform it.

De Flores having a long time loved *Beatrice-Joana*, is exceeding glad of this news; yea, feeding his hopes with the air of her promises, he is so caught and intangled in the snares of her beauty, that he freely promises to dispatch *Piracquo*; and so they first consult, and then agree upon the manner how, which forthwith we shall see performed: to which end, *de Flores* insinuates himself fairly into *Piracquo's* company and familiarity as he comes to the Castle; where watching his hellish opportunity, he one day hearing *Piracquo* commend the thickness and strength of the Walls, told him, that the strength of that Castle consisted not in the Walls, but in the *Casemates*, that were stored with good Ordnance to scour the ditches. *Piracquo* very courteously prays *De Flores* to be a means that he may goe down and see the *Casemates*. *De Flores* like a bloody Faulkner, seeing *Piracquo* already come to his lure, tels him it is now dinner time, and the Bell upon ringing; but if he please, he himself will after dinner accompany him, and shew him all the strength and rarities of the Castle. He thanks *De Flores* for this courtesie, and accepts hereof, with promise to go. So he hies in to dinner, and *De Flores* pretending some business, walks in the Court.

Whiles *Piracquo* is at dinner with *Vermandero*, *de Flores* is providing of a bloody banquet in the East *Casemate*, where, of purpose he goes, and hides a naked sword and Ponyard behind the door. Now dinner being ended, *Piracquo* finds out *de Flores*, and summons him of his promise; who tels him he is ready to wait on him: so away they goe from the Walls to the Ravelins, Sconces, and Bulwarks, and from thence by a Postern to the Ditches; and so in again to the *Casemates*, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the Theater, whereon wee shall presently see acted, a mournful and bloody Tragedy. At the descent hereof, *De Flores* puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behinde him, treacherously informing *Piracquo*, that the descent is narrow and craggy. See here the policy and villany of this devillish and treacherous miscreant.

Piracquo, not doubting, nor dreaming of any Treason, follows his example, and so casts off his Rapier: *De Flores* leads the way, and he follows him; but, alas, poor Gentleman, he shall never return with his life. They enter the Vault of the *Casemate*; *De Flores* opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his Sword and Ponyard: He stoopes and looks thorow a Port-hole, and tels him, that that Peece doth thorowly scour the Ditch. *Piracquo* stoopes likewise down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) *De Flores* steps for his Weapons, and with his Ponyard stabs him thorow the back, and swiftly redoubling blow upon blow, kills him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that *Casemate* was built. Lo here the first part of this mournful and bloody Tragedy.

De Flores (like a graceless villain) having dispatched this sorrowful business, speedily acquaints *Beatrice-Joana* herewith, who (miserable wretch) doth hereat infinitely rejoyce, and thanks him with many kisses; and the better to conceal this their vild and bloody Murther, as also to cast a mist before peoples conceit and judgements, she bids him, by some secret means to cause reports to be spread, first, that *Piracquo* was seen gone forth the Castle-gate; then, that in the City he was seen take Boat, and went (as it was thought) to take the air of the Sea. But this wilt of theirs shall prove

tolly : for though men as yet see not this Murther, yet God in his due time will both detect and punish it.

By this time *Piracquo* is found wanting, both in the City and Castle : so these aforesaid reports run for current, all tongues prattle hereof, *Vermandero* knows not what to say, nor *Piracquo*'s Brother and Friends what to do hereins, they every hour and minute expect news of him, but their hopes bring them no comfort, and amongst the rest, our devillish *Beatrice-Joana* seems exceedingly to grieve and mourn hereat. *Don Thomas Piracquo*, with the rest of his friends, search every corner of the City, and send Scouts both by Land and Sea, to have news of him. *Vermandero* the Captain of the Castle doth the like, and vows, that next his own Son, he loved *Piracquo* before any man of the world : yea, not onely his friends, but generally all those who knew him, exceedingly weep and bewail the absence and loss of this Cavalier ; for they think he is drowned in the Sea.

Now in the midst of this sorrow, and of these teares, *Beatrice-Joana* doth secretly advertise her Lover *Alsemero* hereof, but in such palliating terms, that thereby she may delude and carry away his judgement from imagining that she had the least shadow or finger herein ; and withall prays him to make no longer stay in *Valencia*, but to come away to her to *Alicant*. *Alsemero* wonders at this news, and to please his fair Mistress, believes part thereof, but will never believe all : but hee is so inflamed with her beauty, as her remembrance wipes away that of *Piracquo* ; when letting passe a little time, he makes his preparation for *Alicant* ; but first he sends the chiefeft of his Kindred to *Vermandero*, to demand his daughter *Beatrice-Joana* in Mariage for him, and then comes himself in person, and in discreet and honourable manner courts her Parents privately, and makes shew to seek her publickly.

In fine, after many conferences, meetings, and complements, as *Alsemero* hath heretofore wonne the affection of *Beatrice-Joana*, so now at last he obtains likewise the favour and consent of *Vermandero* her Father. And here our two Lovers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite joy, are united, and by the bond of Mariage, of two persons made one ; their Nuptials being solemnized in the Castle of *Alicant*, with much Pomp, State, and Bravery.

Having heretofore heard the conference that past betwixt *Alsemero* and *Beatrice-Joana* in the Church ; having likewise seen the amorous Letters that past betwixt them, from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, and from *Briamata* to *Alicant* ; and now considering the pomp and glory of their Nuptials, who would imagine that any adverse accident could alter the sweetness and tranquillity of their affections, or that the Sun-shine of their joyes should so soon be eclipsed, and overtaken with a storm ? But God is as just as secret in his decrees.

For this married couple had scarce lived three moneths in the pleasures of Wedlock (which if virtuously observed, is the chiefeft earthly joy) but *Alsemero*, like a fond Husband, becomes jealous of his Wife ; so as he curbs and restrains her of her liberty, and would hardly permit her to confer or converse with, yee, far less, to see any man : But this is not the way to teach a woman chastity ; for, if fair words, good examples, and sweet admonitions, cannot prevail, threatnings and imprisoning in a chamber will never ; yea, the experience thereof is daily seen, both in *England*, *France*, and *Germany*, where generally the Women use (but not abuse) their liberty and freedom, granted them by their husbands, with much civility, affection, and respect.

Beatrice-Joana bites the lip at this her husbands discourtesie ; she vows she is as much deceived in his love, as he in his jealousy, and that she is as unworthy of his suspicion, as he of her affection : he watcheth her every where, and sets spies over her in every corner ; yea, his jealousy is become so violent, as he deems her unchast with many, yet knows not with whom : But this Tree of Jealousie never brings forth good fruit. She complains hereof to her Father, and prays him to be a means to appease and calm this tempest, which threatens the Shipwrack, not onely of her content, but (it may be) of her life. *Vermandero* bears himself discreetly herein ; but he may as soon place another Sunne in the Firmament, as root out this fearful frenzie out of *Alsemero*'s head ; for this his paternal admonition is so far from drawing him to hearken to reason, as it produceth contrary effects ; for now *Alsemero*, to prevent his shame, and secure his fear, suddenly provides a Coach, and so carries home his wife from *Alicant* to *Valencia*. This sudden departure grieves *Vermandero*, and galls *Beatrice-Joana* to the heart, who now looks no longer on her husband with affection, but with disdain and envy. Many daies are not past, but her Father resolves to send to *Valencia*, to know how matters stand betwixt his daughter and her husband : he makes choice of *De Flores* to ride thither, and sends letters to them both.

De Flores is extremely joyful of this occasion, to see his old Mistress, *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he loves dearer than his life : he comes to *Valencia*, and finding *Alsemero* abroad, and she at home, delivers her her Fathers Letter, and salutes and kisseth her, with many amorous embracings and dalliances (which modesty holds unworthy of relation) She acquaints him with her husbands ingratitude : he

rather

rather rejoyces than grieves hereat, and now revives his old sute, and redoubleth his new kisses: she considering what he hath done for her service, and joyning therewith her husbands jealousy, not only ingageth her self to him for the time present, but for the future, and bids him visit her often. But they both shall pay dear for their familiarity and pleasure.

Alfemero comes home, receives his Fathers Letter, sets a pleasing face on his discontented heart, and bids him welcome: And so the next day writes back to his Father *Vermandero*, and dispatcheth *De Flores*; who for that time takes his leave of both, and returns for *Alicant*.

He is no sooner departed, but *Alfemero* is by one of his Spies, a Waiting-gentlewoman of his Wifes, whom he had corrupted with money, advertised that there past many amorous kisses, and dalliances between her Mistresse and *De Flores*: yea, she reveals all that ever she saw or heard; for, she past not to be false to her Lady, so she were true to her Lord and Master. And indeed this Waiting-gentlewoman was that *Diaphanta*, of whom we have formerly made mention, for conducting of *Alfemero* to her Ladies chamber at *Briamata*. *Alfemero* is all fire at this news, he consults not with judgment, but with passion; and so rather like a devil than a man, flies to his Wifes chamber, wherein furiously rushing, he with his sword drawn in his hand, to her great terrour and amazement, delivers her these words.

Minion (quoth he) upon thy life tel me what familiarity there hath now past betwixt *De Flores* and thy self? whereat she, fetching many sighs, and shedding many tears, answers him, that by her part of heaven, her thoughts, speeches, and actions have no way exceeded the bounds of honour and chastity towards him; and that *De Flores* never attempted any cartellie, but such as a brother may shew to his own natural sister. Then, quoth he, whence proceeds this your familiarity? Whereat she grows pale, and withall silent. Which her husband espying, Dispatch, quoth he, and tell me the truth, or else this sword of mine shall instantly find a passage to thy heart. When lo, the providence of God so ordained it, that she is reduced to this exigent and extremity, as she must be a witness against her self, and in seeking to conceal her Whordom, must discover her Murther; the which she doth in these words; Know, *Alfemero*, that sith thou wilt inforce me to shew thee the true cause of my chaste familiarity with *De Flores*, that I am much bound to him, and thy self more; for he it was, that at my request, dispatched *Piracquo*, without which (as thou well knowest) I could never have enjoyed thee for my husband, nor thou me for thy wife: And so she reveals him the whole circumstance of that cruel Murther, as we have formerly understood; the which she conjures, and prays him to conceal, sith no lesse than *De Flores* and her own life depended thereon, and that she will dye a thousand deaths before consent to defile his bed, or to violate her oath and promise given him in Mariage.

Alfemero both wondering and grieving at this lamentable news, sayes little, but thinks the more; and though he had reason and apparence to believe, that she who commits Murther, will not stick to commit Adultery, yet upon his Wifes solemn oaths and protestations, he forgets what is past; only he strictly chargeth her, no more to see, or admit *De Flores* into her company; or if the contrary, he vows he will so sharply be revenged of her, as he will make her an example to all posterity.

But *Beatrice-Joana*, notwithstanding her husbands speeches, continueth her intelligence with *De Flores*; yea, her husband no sooner rides abroad, but he is at *Valentia* with her; and they are become so impudent, as what they did before secretly, they now in a manner doe publickly, or at least, with Chamber-doors open. *Diaphanta* knowing this to be a great scandal, as well to her Masters honour, as house, again informs him thereof; who vows to take a sharp revenge of this their infamy and indignity; as indeed he doth; for he bethinks himself (thereby to effect it) of an invention, as worthy of his jealousy, as of their first crime of Murther, and of their second of Adultery: He injoyneth *Diaphanta* to lay wait for the very hour that *De Flores* arrives from *Alicant* to *Valentia*, which she doth; when instantly pretending to his Wife a journey in the Country, hee very secretly, and silently, having his Rapier and Ponyard, and a Case of Pistols ready charged in his pocket (seeming to take Horse) husheth himself up privatly in his study, which was next adjoyning, and within his bed-chamber.

Beatrice-Joana, thinking her Husband two or three Leagues off, sends away for *De Flores*, who comes instantly to her: they fall to their kissings and embracings; she rejoycing extreemly for his arrival, and he for her husband *Alfemero's* departure: she relates him the cruelty and indignity her husband hath shewed and offered her, the which *De Flores* understands with much contempt and choller, as also with many threats. *Alfemero* hears all, but doth neither speak, cough, neeze, nor spit. So from words they fall to their beastly pleasures, when *Alfemero* no longer able to contain himself, much less to be accessory to his shame, and their villany, throwvs off the door, and violently rusheth forth; when finding them on his Bed, in the midst of their Adultery, he first dischargeth his Pistols on them, and then with his Sword and Ponyard rannes them thorow, and stabs them with so many deep and wide wounds, that they have not so much power or time to speak

a word, but there lye weltring and wallowing in their blood, whiles their souls fly to another world; to relate what horrible and beastly crimes their bodies have committed in this. Thus by the providence of God, in the second Tragedy of our History, we see our two Murtherers murdered, and *Piracquo's* innocent blood revenged in the guiltiness of theirs.

Alsemero, having finished this bloody business, leaves his Pistols on the Table, as also his Sword and Ponyard all bloody as they were; and without covering or removing the breathless bodies of these two wretched miscreants, he shuts his Chamber door, and is so farre from flying for the fact, as he takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Criminal Judge himself, and reveals what he had done; but conceals the Murther of *Piracquo*. The Judge is astonish'd and amazed at the report of this mournful and pittiful accident; he takes *Alsemero* with him, returns to his house, and finds those two dead bodies fresh smoaking, and reeking in their blood. The news hereof is spread in all the City. The whole people of *Valentia* flock thither to be eye-witnesses of these two murdered persons; where some behold them with pittie, others with joy, but all with astonishment and admiration; and no lesse do those of *Alicant*, where this news is speedily posted; but all their griefs is nothing to those of *Don Diego de Vermandero's* (*Beatrice-Joana's* father) who infinitely and extreemly grieves, partly for the death, but especially for the crime of his daughter.

The Judge presently commits *Alsemero* prisoner in another of his own Chambers, and so examining *Diaphanta*, upon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt *de Flores* and *Beatrice-Joana*; she affirms constantly, that now, and many times before, she saw them commit Adultery; and that she it was that first advertised *Alsemero* her Master hereof. Whereupon, after a second examination of *Alsemero*, they, upon mature deliberation, acquit him of this fact; so he is freed, and the dead bodies carried away and buried.

But although this earthly Judge have acquitted *Alsemero* of this fact, yet the Judge of Judges, the great God of heaven, who seeth not onely our heart, but our thoughts, not onely our actions, but our intents, hath this, and something else to lay to his charge; for he (in his sacred providence, and divine Justice) doth both remember and observe, first how ready and willing *Alsemero* was to engage himself to *Beatrice-Joana* to kill *Piracquo*; then, though he consented not to the Murther, yet how he concealed it, and brought it not to publick arraignment and punishment, whereby the dead body of *Piracquo* might receive a more honourable, and Christian-like Sepulchre: and if these crimes of his be not capable to deserve revenge and chastisement, Lo, he is entering into a new, wilfull, and premeditated Murther, and doth so dishonourably and treacherously perform it, as we shall shortly see him lose his life upon an infamous Scaffold, where he shall find no heart to pittie him, nor eye to bewail him.

If we would be so ignorant, we cannot be so malicious, to forget that loving and courteous Letter, which *Don Thomaso Piracquo* wrote his Brother *Alonso Piracquo* from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, to withdraw himself from his sute to *Beatrice-Joana*; and although his affection and jealousie to prevent his Brothers disgrace, was then the chief occasion of that his Letter, yet sith he was since disastrously and misfortunatly bereaved of him, of that dear and sweet Brother of his, whom he ever held and esteemed far dearer than his life, his thoughts, like so many lines, concur in this Centre, from whence he cannot be otherwise conceited or drawn, but that *Beatrice-Joana* and *Alsemero* had a hand, and were at least accessaries, if not authors of his loss: upon the foundation of which belief he raiseth this resolution, that he is not worthy to be a Gentleman, nor of the degree and title of a Brother, if he crave not satisfaction for that irreparable loss which he sustaineth in that of his Brother; and the sooner is he drawn thereunto, because he believes, that as *Alsemero* was ordained of old to chastize *Beatrice-Joana*, so he was by the same Power reserved to be revenged of *Alsemero*. Whereupon, although it be not the custom of *Spain* to fight Duels (as desiring rather the death of their enemies than of their friends) he resolves to fight with him; and to that end, understanding *Alsemero* to be then in *Alicant*, sends him this Challenge.

THOMASO PIRACQUO to ALSEMERO.

IT is with too much assurance, that I fear *Beatrice-Joana's* vanity, and your rashness, hath bereaved me of a Brother, whom I ever esteemed and prized far dearer than my self: I were unworthy to converse with the world, much less to bear the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I should not seek satisfaction for his death, with the hazard of mine own life: for if a friend be bound to perform the like courtesie and duty to his friend, how much more a Brother to his Brother? Your Sword hath chastised *Beatrice-Joana's* error, and I must see whether mine be reserved to correct yours. As you are your self, meet me at the foot of *Glisseran* hill to morrow, at five in the morning, without Seconds, and it shall be at your choice, either to use your Sword on Horse-back, or your Rapier on foot.

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Alsemero

Alfemero accepts this Challenge, and promiseth that he and his Rapier will not fail to meet him: yet as he one way wondereth at *Piracquo's* valour and resolution, so another way he considereth the great loss he hath received in that of his Brother, and the justness of his quarrel against him; who although he were not accessory to his Murther, yet he is, in concealing the cruelty thereof; and indeed this villany makes him lose his accustomed courage, and think of a most base cowardize, and treacherous stratagem: But this dishonourable resolution and design of his shall receive an infamous recompence, and a reward and punishment as bitter as just.

They meet at the hour and place appointed; *Piracquo* is first in the field, and *Alfemero* staves not long after; but he hath two small Pistols charged in his pockets, which in killing his Enemy shall ruin himself. They draw, and as they approach, *Alfemero* throws away his Rapier, and with his hat in his hand, prays *Piracquo* to hear him in his just defence, and that he is ready to joyn with him to revenge his Brothers Murtherers. *Piracquo* being as courteous as courageous, and as honourable as valiant, likewise throws away his Rapier, and with his Hat in his hand comes to meet him; but it is a folly to unarm our selves in our Enemies presence; for it is better and fitter that he stand to our curtesie, than we to his: When *Piracquo* fearing nothing less than Treason, *Alfemero* draws out his Pistols, and dischargeth them; the first thorow his head, the second thorow his breast; of which two wounds, he speaking onely thus, *O Villain! O Traitor!* falls down dead at his feet. Lo here the third bloody part of this History.

It is a lamentable part for any one to commit Murther; but for a Gentleman to destroy another in this base and cruel manner, this exceeds all baseness and cruelty it self: yea, it makes him as unworthy of his honour, as worthy of a halter.

The news of this bloody fact rattles in the streets of *Alicant*, as Thunder in the firmament: *Piracquo's* Chirurgion being an eye-witness hereof, reports the death of his Master, and the treachery of *Alfemero*; All *Alicant* is amazed hereat, they extol *Thomaso Piracquo's* valour, and his singular affection to his dead Brother, and both detest and curse the treachery and memory of *Alfemero*. The criminal Judges are advertised hereof, who speedily send post after him: but he is mounted on a swift Gennet, and like *Bellerophon* on his winged *Pegasus*, doth rather flie than gallop: but his haste is in vain; for the justice of the Lord will both stop his Horse, and arrest him. He is not recovered half way from *Alicant* towards *Valentia*, but his Horse stumbles, and breaks his fore-leg, and *Alfemero* his right arm; he is amazed, perplexed, and enraged hereat, and knows not what to do, or whither to fly for safety; for he sees no bush nor hedg to hide him, nor lane to save him; and now he repents himself of his fact, but it is too late. His Horse failing him, he trusteth to his legs, and so throwing off his cloak, runs as speedily as he may: but the foulness of his fact doth still so affright him, and terrifie his conscience, as he is afraid of his own shadow; looks still back, imagining that every stone he sees is a Sergeant come to arrest him; yea, his thoughts, like so many Bloodhounds, pursue and follow him, sweating exceedingly, partly through his labour, but especially through the affliction and perturbation of his mind; yea, every point of a minute, he expecteth and fears his apprehension.

Neither is his fear or expectation vain: for lo, he at last perceives four come galloping after him, as fast as their Horses can drive. So they finding first his poor horse, and now espying his miserable self, he sees he is invironed of all sides, and thinks the earth hath brought forth *Cadmean* men to apprehend him; yet remembering himself a Gentleman, and withall a Souldier, he resolves rather to sell his life dearly in that place, than to be made a Spectacle upon an infamous Scaffold: but this courage and resolution shall neither prevail or rescue him.

He to this effect draws his Rapier, the which the four Sergeants will him to yeeld, and render up to the Kings Laws and Justice; but he is resolute to defend himself. They threaten him with their Pistols; but their sight doe as little amaze him, as their report, and bullets: so they alight from their Horses, and environ him with their Swords, and having hurt two of them, and performed the part of a desperate Gladiator, the third joyning with him, they breake his Rapier within a foot of the Hilt, whereat he yeelds himself. *Alfemero* thus taken, is the same night brought back to *Alicant*, in whose Gates and Streets a wonderfull concourse of people assembled to see him pass, who as much pittie his person, as execrate and condemn his fact.

The Senate is assembled, and *Alfemero* brought to appear, who considering the hainousness of his treacherous and bloody fact, which the Devil had caused him to commit, he staves for no witness, but accuseth himself of this Murther, the which from point to point hee confesseth; and so they adjudge him to lose his head: but this is too honourable a death for a Gentleman who hath so treacherously and basely dishonoured and blemished his Gentility. As he is on the Scaffold, preparing himself to dye, and seeing no farther hope of life, but the image of death before his eyes, knowing it no time now either to dissemble with God, or to fear the Law, he

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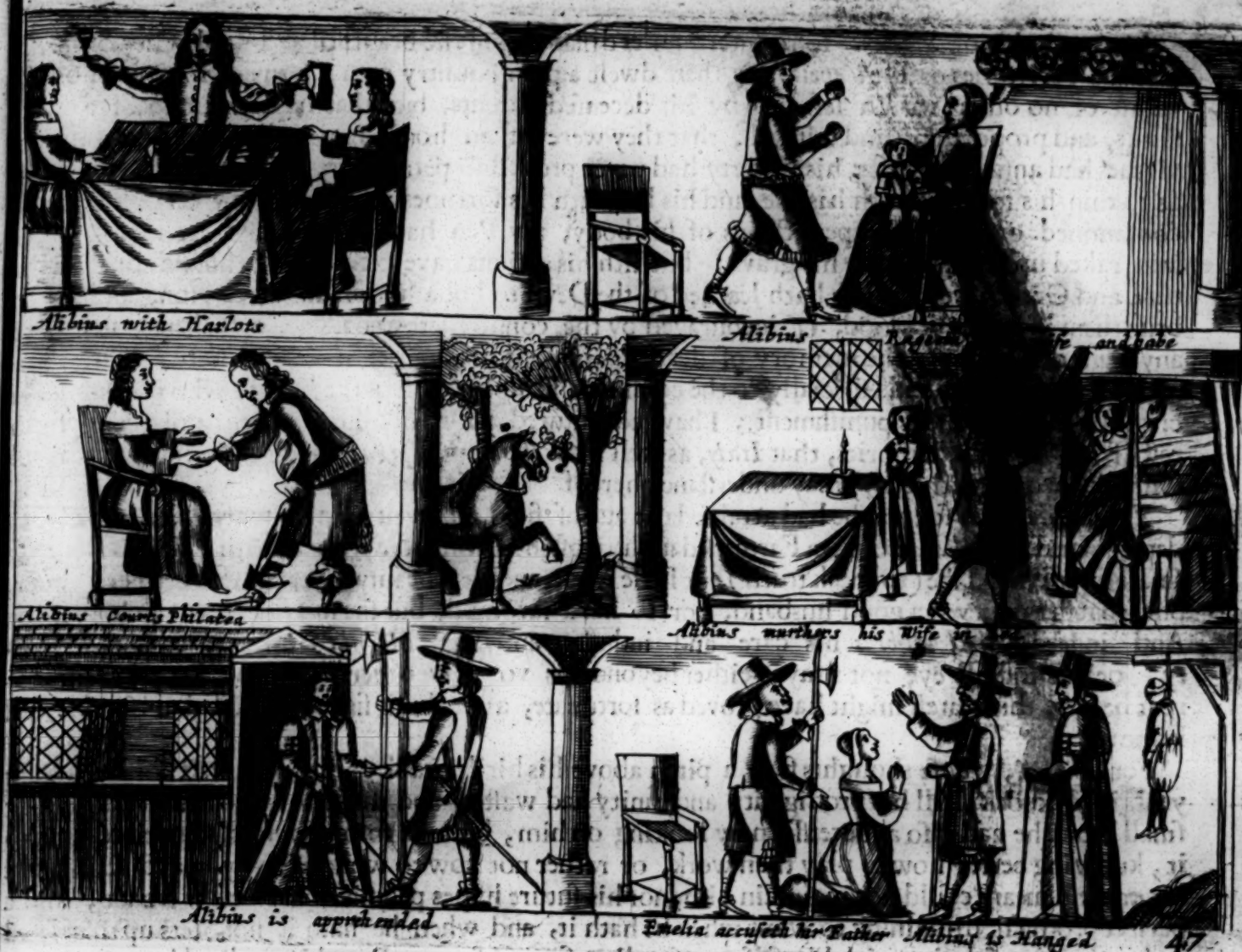
to the amazement of all the world, tells the people, that though he killed *Don Thomaso Piracquo*, yet he had no hand in the Murther of his Brother *Don Alonso*, whom (he said) *De Flores*, at the instigation of his wicked and wretched Wife *Beatrice-Joana*, had Murthered, and buried in the East Casemate of the Castle: and withall affirmed, that if he were guilty in any thing concerning that Murther, it was only in concealing it, which he had done till then, and whereof (he said) he now most heartily repented himself, as being unwilling any longer to charge his soul with it, sith he was ready to leave this world, and to goe to another; and so besought them all to pray unto God to forgive him, whose sacred Majesty he confessed he had highly and infinitely offended; and wished them all to beware, and flie the temptations of the Devil, and to become better Christians by his example.

The Judges advertised hereof, cause his head to be stricken off for Murthering of *Don Thomaso Piracquo*, and his body to be thrown into the sea, for concealing that of *Don Alonso*; which was accordingly executed: and from the place of Execution they immediatly goe to the Castle, and so to the East Casemate, where causing the stones to be removed, they find the mournful murdered body of *Don Alonso Piracquo*, which they give to his Kinsfolks, to receive a more honourable Burial, according to his rank and degree; and from thence they return to the Churches, where the bodies of *De Flores*, and *Beatrice-Joana* were interred (after they were brought back from *Valentia*) the which for their horrible Murther, they at the common place of Execution cause to be burned, and their Ashes to be thrown into the Air, as unworthy to have any resting place on Earth, which they had so cruelly stained and polluted with innocent blood.

Lo here the just punishment of God against these devillish and bloody Murtherers! at the sight of whose Executions, all that infinite number of people that were Spectators, universally laud and praise the Majesty of God for purging the earth of such unnatural and bloody Monsters.

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY V.

Alibius murdereth his wife Merilla: he is discovered, first by Bernardo, then by Emelia his own Daughter: so he is apprehended, and hanged for the fact.

HOW far are they from having peace with God, and all his creatures, when they lay violent hands on their own Wives: yea, when they murder them in their beds, instead of reposing their secrets and affections in their bosoms! These are hellish resolutions, and infernal stratagems, that Nature neither allows, nor Grace approves. For, besides the Union betwixt God and his Church, there is none so perfect and absolute on Earth, as is that of Man and Wife: For, as this world hath made them two persons, so God hath conjoynd, and made them one; and therefore, what madness, nay, what cruelty is it to be so cruel to those, who (if not our selves) are at least our second selves? Charity (the daughter of Heaven) teacheth us to love all the world, but especially those who are our Kinsfolks or Friends: Religion (the mother of Charity) steps a degree farther, and enjoineth us to love those who hate us; yea, these likewise are not only the rules of Nature, but the Precepts of Grace: therefore, to kill those who love us, and to deprive those of life, who (did occasion present) are ready to sacrifice theirs for the preservation of ours, it must needs proceed rather from a monster than a man, or rather from a devil than a monster; but such devils, and such monsters are but too rife and common in these our sinfull times. And amongst others, I here produce one for example, who for that cruel, and inhumane fact of his by the justice of God, was justly rewarded with a Halter. And may all those, who perpetrate the like crimes, participate of the same, or of a worse punishment.

In the Parish of *Sprear*, some fifteen miles distant from the beautiful and noble City of *Brescia* (in the Territories of the *Venetians*) there dwelt a poor country man; termed *Alibius*, who could vaunt of no other wealth left him by his deceased Parents, but that he was a man of a comely stature and proportion, and withall, that they were of an honest fame and reputation: so if his virtues had answered theirs, his poverty had never proved so pernicious, and fatal an enemy to him, as to ruin his fortunes with his life, and his life with his fortunes; or, had the vices of his soul not contaminated or stained the perfections of his body, my Pen had slept in silence, and his History lain raked up in the dust of his grave: but sith his actions have exceeded the bounds both of Nature and Grace; yea, sith he hath learned of the Devil to imbath his hands in poyson, and to imbrue them in innocent blood, I (incouraged by the connivencie and silence of others) not out of any want of charity to the memory of dead *Alibius*, but in detestation of his bloody resolution and actions, and chiefly, and especially to the comfort and instruction of the living, who may abhor his crime by the sight of his punishment, I have adventured and resolved to give this a place among the rest of my Tragical Histories, that *Italy*, as well as *Brescia* and *Sprear* (and peradventure the whole Christian world with *Italy*) may understand thereof.

This *Alibius*, as soon as he had attained the age of five and twenty years, married an honest maiden, termed *Merilla*, being a Farmers daughter of the Parish of *Sprear*, with whom he had but small means, and she (to speak truth) but little wit, and less beauty; yet she was neither so poor, but that she deserved a good husband, nor so hard-favoured, but she might content an honest one. And indeed, had *Alibius* his care and industry answered *Merilla's* providence and frugality, or his lustfull eye not strayed either beyond his vow given her in Mariage, or her indifferent beauty, this match might have proved as fortunate, as it hath since succeeded miserable and ruinous.

For *Alibius*, whose thoughts flew a pitch above his birth, rank, and means, had not lived many years in Wedlock, till his prodigality and vanity had wasted and dissipated the greatest part of that small Estate he had, so as necessarily now looking on him, because formerly he disdained to look on it, knowing better how to play than work, or rather not how to work but play; and seeing that his present means could not maintain him, nor his future hopes promise it, he as a truant, and a perfect prodigal, disdaining to want when he hath it, and when he hath it not, sets up this lewd and unthrifty resolution with himself, to set all at six and seven. But this prodigal humour of his doth as much grieve his Wife, as delight him: for, now she sees, that her spinning at home could neither serve, nor satisfie his expences abroad, and that all her care and labour was by farre too little to maintain his vanity; which she (poor good woman) perceiving, yea, more than so, contrary to her hopes, now feeling, she with fair words, and secret and sweet perswasions, endeavoureth to reclaim him from it: but this course of hers works a contrary effect; for if before he played the prodigal in her absence, now he playes the Tyrant in her presence; for he not only rejoyceth, and stops his ears against her counsel, but rates and reviles her with vile and contemptuous speeches, such as indeed are infinitely unfit either for a Husband to give, or a Wife to receive. And this, as I have been informed, was the first distast betwixt *Alibius* and *Merilla*.

But we need not goe far for a Second. There is no pestilent Infection, nor infectious Pestilence to that of haunting and frequenting bad company; for it is a Rock wherein many have suffered Shipwrack; it is a Fountain that sends forth many poysoned streams to those that taste or drink thereof; yea, it is a Tree, whose fruit is by so much bitterer to the stomach, as it seems pleasing to the palate, like Pils of poyson candy'd in Sugar: and as that which most delights, most confounds the sense; so use breeding an habit, and habit a Second nature; vicious company, whom we take to be our dearest friends, do in fine prove our most dangerous enemies, and so much the more dangerous, sith when we would forsake them, we cannot; which our *Alibius* will at last find true in himself; yea, we shall see him enforced to acknowledge it, as having bought and purchased it with a woful and lamentable experience; for now he begins to love Swearing, Whordom, and Drunkenness, that before he hated; and to hate the Gospel of Christ, and the professors thereof, that before he loved. A most wretched exchange, where we take from our souls to give our senses, and a woful bargain, where we sell God to buy the Devil.

Poor *Merilla* grieving to see that she could not unsee, these ungodly courses, as also that it not onely consumed the small remainder of his meanes, but likewise lost his friends, and darkned and eclipsed his reputation, thinks it not onely a part of her duty, but of her affection to him, to request some virtuous friend, or godly neighbour of theirs to deal with him herein, thereby to endeavour to perswade him from these his irregular and prophane courses: But, as those who are sick, are so deprived of their taste, as they cannot discern between sweet and bitter,

bitter; So *Alibius*, sick of the Lethargie of these his enormous and dissolute vices, was so far from relishing this wholesome counsell, as he not only rejected it, but scoffed and reviled the party who gave it him: and it being not so secretly (or peradventure not so wisely) managed, but he coming to understand it proceeded from his Wife *Merilla*, he took it so passionately and outrageously, to see his follies revealed by her, who was bound to conceal them, as most uncivilly and unhumanly checking her, he in the heat of his displeasure and revenge, some moneths forsakes her company, and many her bed; whereat, such was her tender affection to him, and his disrespect to her, as I know not whether she more grieved, or he rejoiced.

The motives of his third distaste to his Wife, were grounded upon her barrennesse and sterility; as if it were in her power to give him a Child, when Gods pleasure and providence was to give none to her, without considering that the barrennesse and fruitfulness of a woman comes all from the Lord, or without remembering that some Children are born for a curse, as others for a blessing to their parents: or as if his earthly vanity could teach Gods secret Divinity; what were fittest for him, and yet these reasons cannot prevail against his unreasonable self, and therefore this, amongst the rest of his distastes, he, or rather the devill for him, throws in against his Wife: *That if he had a Child, he should be a good husband, and not before*: as if he desired and sought some pretext and colour, though never so unjustly and ungodly, to cover his vices and prodigality; or in the eyes of the world to bolster out and apologize his jarring and squaring with his Wife: yea, his impudency was grown to the height of this impiety, that he often affirmed, his Wife was the cause of his poverty; for if she would give him no Child, God would give him no prosperity.

Now, as all women by nature generally desire Children; so it is a great affliction (I will not say a curse) to them, if they have none. But these unjust speeches of *Alibius*, do justly and infinitely afflict his Wife *Merilla*, who (that no farther discord might trouble the harmony of their Wedlock) sends her tears to earth, and her prayers to Heaven, that her blessed Saviour would be pleased to blesse her with a Child; when God, seeing his prophane hypocrisie, which he will revenge, and understanding her religious zeal, which he will reward, out of the inestimable treasure of his Mercy and Providence, grant her her request, and him his desire; so as in short time she sees her self the Mother, and him the Father of a young Daughter, termed *Emelia*.

The fourth reason of his distaste of his Wife, was, that seeing time run on in his swift carriere, and his prodigality stil remaining, as also that his mask of his Wifes sterility was taken away; he that was heretofore so desirous of a Child, now thinks this one to be one too many, because (saith he) he can no way indure the crying and trouble thereof. But is there any thing so unnaturall or ridiculous as this? Now, if he murmure at this his Child, during her infancy, he will much more storm at her, when she comes to riper years: and observing that her Mother doth subtract from his prodigality, to adde to her maintenance, this doth again extremely vex and afflict him; so that his Child, whom he pretended should be the cause of his joy and prosperity, is now that of his grief; and as he thinks, of his farther poverty and misery: the which, poor *Merilla* his Wife, to her unspeakable and ineffable grief, palpably perceiveth, as well in his uncharitable and malicious speeches, banded to her for her Daughter *Emelia*'s sake, as to *Emelia* for her sake: But what know we, whether God hath purposely sent his Daughter, to revenge the injuries and wrongs that her Father intended to her Mother?

His fifth, and (as yet) his last distaste against his Wife, proceeds from his observing that her beauty is withered and decayed; not that heretofore he knew her fair; but that she is not so fair now, as when he first married her; as if time and age had not power to wither the blossoms of our youth, as the Sun hath to daver the freshest Roses and Lillies. But as all his former distastes towards his Wife, bewray his inclination to prodigality and prophanenesse: so this last of his doth manifestly discover his addiction to lust, and his affection to Whoredome: for it is impossible for our Wives to seem foul in our eyes, except there be some others seems fairer; as blacknesse seems blacker when it is compared and paralleld with whiteneffe; and this indeed is the Vulture and Viper that sticks so close to his breast, and so neer to his heart, yea, this is his darling and bosome sin that will strangle him, when it makes greatest shew to kisse and imbrace him.

Alibius, powerfully solicited by these five severall distastes conceived against his Wife *Merilla*, who poor woman rides at an Anchor in the tranquillity of her innocency, whiles he (in the heat and height of his youth) floated in the Ocean of his voluptuousnesse and sensualitie, but especially provoked by his own poverty and penury; who now began to appear to him in a lean and miserable shape: he leaves his Wife and Family, and betakes himself to the service of Gentlemen, thinking thereby to stop the current of his prodigality, and to find out the invention and means, futurely to get that which formerly he had expended: which resolution of his had been indeed commendable, if the integrity of his heart had been answerable to the sweetness of his tongue: but we shall see the contrary, and find by his example, that Snakes alwayes lurk under the fairest and greenest leaves.

During which time, he serves some Gentleman of Worth and Quality, but one of especial account and reputation, not distant above three small miles from the City of *Brescia*, who being an excellent House-keeper, and a good Member of the Common-Weal; there *Alibius* (had he had as much Grace as Vanity, or as much Religion as Impiety) might have forgotten his old Vices, and have learned new Vertues: but if he delighted to become excellent in any thing, it was first to be a perfect Carver and Wayter, then to be decent in his Apparell; and last of all, to be smooth in his speeches, and affable and pleasing in his Complements, without any regard at all, either to reform the vanity of his thoughts, or to controul his dissolute and dangerous actions.

Having thus past away many years abroad in service, and very seldome or never either seen *Sprear*, or visited his *Merilla* and *Emelia*, he at last seeing of the one side, that age began to snow on his head; and that the greatest wealth of a Serving-man, was, to have onely a new Liverry, and a full belly; to have many verball, but no reall Friends, resolved to leave his service, as also his Wife and Daughter in *Sprear*, and so to travell to *Venice*, hoping there in some honest place, and imployment, to serve the Seigniorie, or at least some one of the *Magnificoes* or *Clarissimoes*: but then considering the charge of the Journey, the weaknesse of his purse, and the uncertainty of his advancement and preferment, he resolves for a time to sojourn in *Brescia*; and to watch if any occasion or accident presented, whereby hee might repair and raise his fortunes.

He had not long lived in this City (which for antiquity, beauty, situation, wealth and fidelity (after *Venice* it self) gives not the hand to any of her Sister Cities of that State;) but his eyes (as the lustfull sentinells of his heart) espy so many beauties, as he began to loath his own Wife *Merilla*, and to wish her in another world, that he might have another Wife in this. Lo, here the Devill begins with him anew to perswade him to hate his Wife.

Abiding thus in *Brescia*, it fell out that he, who bore the silver rod in token of Honour, and Justice (or rather of Honour to Justice) before the Podestate or chief Magistrate of this City, dyed; and to this Office *Alibius* (because he knew himself a grave and personall man) aspired, and what through the respect of his gravity, through his smooth tongue, and fair speeches, but especially by making many friends to the Podestate and Senators, he at last obtained it: a place indeed, more honourable than profitable, and yet worth at least one hundred Zechines, *per annum*, besides his diet. This preferment makes *Alibius* look a loft, and so he scorns his poor Wife *Merilla*, as if there were no parity and sympathy betwixt her rags and his robes: yea, he would not see *Sprear*, nor suffer her to see *Brescia*, and the Devill was so busie with him, or he with the Devill, that in hope of a richer and fairer Wife, he resolves to poyson her, according as he heretofore had many times thought and premeditated; and that which egged and threw him on, with more violence and precipitation, was a proud conceit of himself, and of his much dignity and preferment. But as povertie many times befalls us for our good, so sometimes, wealth and prosperity brings us misfortune and misery.

Not long after, another accident falls out, which doth likewise rejoyce him, An honest Citizen of *Brescia*, of his own name, though no way his Kinsman, dyes (and as since it hath been shrewdly imagined, not without vehement suspicion of poyson) leaving a rich Widdow, named *Philatea*: and for the familiarity and good conceit he had of our *Alibius*, as also induced thereunto through his hypocritical shew of honesty and piety, makes him sole Over-seer of his Will; so neatly and smoothly did our *Alibius* work and insinuate himself in his favour: But the mask of this his hypocrisie shall be soon puld off.

Alibius seeing *Philatea* young, rich and fair, he looks on her more often than on her Husbands Testament; and so wishing his Wife *Merilla* in his adopted Kinsmans Grave, and himself in *Philatea*'s Bed, he bends his purposes and intents that way, as so many lines that run to their Center: yea, so strongly hath the Devill possessed him with these hellish designs and bloody resolutions, as his love to *Philatea*, defacing his respect to *Merilla*, he sees her a block in his way, and a stop to his preferment, and so concludes that she must be removed and dispatched: to which effect, to draw his sinfull contemplation into bloody action, he rides over to *Sprear* to her, and under colour of tender love and affection, he in Milk, Wine, and rosted Apples, gives her poyson; when seeing it would not work his desired effect, he after takes an occasion, purposely to quarrell with her, and so very lamentably (in presence of their Daughter *Emelia*) reviles and beats her, and returns to *Brescia*, still hoping that the poyson yet might operate, and disperse it self in her veins, and that shortly he should hear news of her death. Lo here *Alibius* his first attempt in seeking to murder his Wife.

In this mean time he layes close siege to *Philatea*'s Chastity, who not so honest as fair, is soon drawn to sin, and prostitutes her self to his beastly pleasure, and having no regard to her reputati-

on, conscience, or soul, consents to this bitter-sweet sin of Adultery; the which lascivious familiarity is so long continued betwixt them, till at last *Philatea's* straight Bodies become too small, & her Apron too short for her; when seeing it high time to provide for her fame, she acquaints *Alibius* herewith, and asks his advice, whether she shall marry with one of her Servants: *Alibius* meaning to keep the Farm for himself, whereof he had already taken possession, bids her not to take care for a Husband, but to be of good comfort, and that farre within her time, he would provide a place for her to lay down her great belly; yea, so secret, as her own heart could either wish or desire.

But if our miserable *Alibius* were before resolved to murder his poor harmlesse Wife *Merilla*, this news, and these speeches of *Philatea*, set him all on fire; and so (having consulted with that Devill) he vows she shall not live: to which end, he provides himself of stronger poison, and in a dark night (when as he flatters himself with hope, that the Heavens were so unjust and inhumane to conspire with him in the Murder of his Wife) he takes Horse in the East-Suburb of *Brescia*, and so rides towards *Sprear*.

But see the Justice, and withall the Providence and mercy of our indulgent God! who vouchsafed, and yet resolved to restrain and divert him from this his bloody enterprise, by an accident as strange as true: for a mile out of *Brescia*, as *Alibius* rides by the common place of Execution, his Horse stumbles, and falls under him right against it, with which fall his shoulder is out of joynt. Oh what a Caveat was this for *Alibius*, if he had had the least spark of grace to have made good use hereof! But the Devill had bewitched his understanding and judgement; for he could see by no other eyes, but by those of revenge and blood.

Arriving at his House at *Sprear*, he, contrary to his hopes, finds his Daughter *Emelia* with her Mother (who by this time was married likewise to a poor Country-man of *Sprear*) whose sight and presence was, for that time, a stop to the execution of her Fathers poysoning design on her Mother; for he feared that she had formerly discovered and suspected this his purpose and resolution, as indeed she had: wherefore he forbore to administer it; only because he would not lose all his labour, hee again quarrells with his Wife, and after hee had reviled her with many scandalous and contumelious speeches, hee in the presence of his (mournfull) Daughter, doth exceedingly beat her; who (weeping to see her Mother weep) infinitely grieved to bee an eye-witnesse of this inhumane and barbarous cruelty of her Father: And so for that time *Alibius* again permitted his Wife to live; But this will prove no pardon, but onely a short reprivall for her.

Returning again to *Brescia*, it is not long before *Philatea* doth again importune him to provide for the concealing and salving of her shame, alleging that her time drew on, and that it was more than time to provide her a Husband. *Alibius*, at these her second summons, begins to look about, and resolves, at what rate, or in what manner soever, now to send his Wife into another World; yet (as I think, or ever understood) conceals his purpose from *Philatea*. Miserable Wretch! had he not participated more of the nature of a Tyger, than a man, or of a Devil, than a Tyger, he would never have laid violent hands on his own Wife, whom earth and heaven had made flesh of his flesh, and of two bodies one; yea, or had he had so much grace to have considered, that the Silver Wand he bore before the *Podestate*, was for the scourging and punishing of sin, Methinks it should have made him more charitable, and not so bloody to attempt it. But what will not lust enterprize, and revenge execute, if we neither fear God with our hearts, nor love him with our souls?

Preseverance in Grace and Vertue is excellent, but in sin lamentable. *Alibius* hath had years and time enough to wipe away his cruelty towards his Wife: but the longer he lives, the deeper root it takes in him, yea, he will neither give the flower of his youth, nor the bran of his age to God, but that to pleasure, this to Revenge and Murder, and both to the Devill: for now he is resolute to finish this mournfull and bloody Tragedy, that he hath so long desired, and so often attempted: and now indeed the fatall time approacheth, wherein innocent *Merilla*, by the Murderous hand of her Husband, must be sent out of this World to see a better.

Alibius having waited on the *Podestate* to Supper, takes Horse, a little before the Gates of the City were shut; and having his former poyson in his pocket, away he rides to *Sprear*: but to act his villany with the greater secrecy, he masketh and disguiseth himself; approaching his House, he in the next Meddow ties up his Horse to a tree, and so knocks at door. Poor *Merilla* his Wife was in bed and a sleep with (a little Girl) her Grand-child, named *Pomerea*, the Daughter of her Daughter *Emelia*, whom, without a Candle, she sends down to open the door, assuring her self (as indeed it proved too true for her) that it was her Husband *Alibius*. *Pomerea* opening the door, lets one in, but whom, she knows not; and then for fear retires to the Kitchen, which she shut fast on her: So *Alibius* mounts to his Wifes Chamber, and after some words gives her a potion (some say of milk)

milk) bitterly sugred with poyson, and forceth it down her: who poor soul is amazed hereat, and with her weak strength cryes out for help, but in vain. He being devillishly resolved, now to make sure work, takes a Billet out of the Chimney, and so dispatcheth and kills her in her bed (without giving her any time to commend her soul unto God) and so very hastily rusheth forth the door.

Pomerea, fearing that which was happened, lights a Candle, and ascends up the Chamber, where she sees the lamentable spectacle of her murthred Grand-Mother, hot, reeking and smoaking in her bed; whereat she is amazed, and makes most wofull cryes and mournfull lamentations: when wringing her hands, and bitterly sighing and weeping, she knows not what to do, or what not to do in this her bitter and wretched perplexity, in which mean time *Alibius* going for his Horse, finds only the Halter, for his Horse is grazing in the Meddow; he diligently seeks him, but cannot a long time set sight of him; which indeed doth much astonish and amaze him: but at last he finds him, and so gallops away to *Brescia*; where the better to delude the World, and to cast a mist before their eyes, he is again by six of the Clock in the morning waiting upon the *Podestate*, and conducting him to the *Domo*, or Cathedrall Church of that City. But this policy of his shall not prevent his detection and punishment.

In this mean time, *Pomerea* runs to the neereft neighbours, and divulgeth the Murther of her Grand-Mother. Many of the neighbours flock thither, to see this bloody and wofull spectacle: the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* are acquainted herewith; they send for Chirurgions, who visit the dead body, and report she is both poysoned and beaten to death; they examine poor *Pomerea*, who relates what she sees and knows; they send every where to search for the Murtherer. By this time the news hereof comes to *Brescia*. *Alibius* (like a counterfeit miscreant) is all in tears, yea, he sheweth such living affection to the memory of his dead Wife, as he sends every where to find out the Murtherer; But God will not have him escape, for in due time we shall see him brought forth and appear to the World in his colours.

Alibius, notwithstanding his tears in his eyes, having still a hell in his conscience, is afraid, lest *Emelia* his Daughter (measuring the subsequent by the antecedent) hold him to be her Mothers Murtherer; and because the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* (suspecting her) have taken sureties for her appearance, he, the better to insinuate with her, useth her with more than wonted courtesie and affability, imagining, that if her mouth were stopped, he needed not fear any others tongue: But this politick sleight of his shall not prevail.

Now by little and little, Time, (the consumer of all things) begins to were away the crying rumour of this murther; and so *Alibius* thinking himself secure, ere three moneths be fully expired, forgetting *Merilla*, takes *Philatea* to his second Wife; which being known in *Brescia*, many curious heads of that City (though not upon any substantiall ground, but only out of presumptive circumstances) vehemently suspect that *Alibius* had a deep hand in the murther of his late Wife *Merilla*: but they dare not speak it aloud, because he was well beloved both of the *Podestate* himself (for that year being) and generally of all the Senators.

But as Murther peirceth the Clouds, and cryes for revenge from Heaven, so we shall see this of *Alibius*, miraculously discovered, and ere long severely punished: for when he thought the storm past, and saw the Skyes clear, when, I say, he imagined that all rumours and tongues were hushed up in silence, and that he thought on nothing else, but to passe his time sweetly and voluptuously with his new and fair Wife *Philatea*, then, when all other means and instruments wanted, to bring this his obscure and bloody fact to light; Lo, by the Divine Providence of God, we shall see *Alibius* himself be the cause, and instrument of his own discovery.

For after he had married *Philatea* (which I take to be the first light of suspecting him of his wife *Merilla*'s Murther) (if my information be true, as I confidently beleeve it is) this is the second: *Alibius* under the pretext of other businesse, sends for one *Bernardo*, of the Parish of *Sprear*, to come to him to *Brescia*. Now, for our better light and information herein, as also for the more orderly contriving of this History, we must understand, that this *Bernardo* was an old associate and dissolute companion of *Alibius*: whom (as it is well known by those who knew them) he had many times used and made his stickler and agent in many of his former lewd courses and enterprizes; not that I any way think he had any hand in the present Murther of *Merilla*, for then (I know) such is the Candour and Wisdome of the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear*, and such is the clear judgment and zeal of the Senators of *Brescia* to Justice, that he had never escaped, but had been apprehended and brought to his tryall.

We must farther understand, that this *Bernardo* was likewise a companion of *Emelia*'s Husband: yea, scarce any one day past, but they were known and seen together in Tippling-houses, and other such lewd and vicious places, whereas drink was still a most treacherous and unsecret Secretary.

It may be that what *Merilla* told her Husband privately, he discovered it publickly to *Bernardo*: who comming (as we have formerly heard) to *Brescia*, after his conference with *Alibius*, he fell to his old vain of tippling and carowling, and there without the North-gate of *Brescia* (which looks towards *Bergamo*) having more money than wit, and more wine than money, in the midst of his cups, told he was a Contadyne, or Countrey-man of *Sprear*: that he knew *Alibius* as great as now he bore himself, and that he murdered his poor Wife in the Countrey, to have this fine one in the City. Which speeches of his he reiterated and repeated often; yea, so often, as they fell not to the ground, but some of his lewd companions took notice thereof: and one amongst the rest, being inwardly acquainted with *Alibius* went and secretly advised him hereof; who (underhand) sends away for *Bernardo*, where he was, and wrought so with him, as since that time he was never seen in *Brescia*: But this report of his remained behind him.

A second light which *Alibius* gave to the discovery of this his Murther, was, that thinking the way clear, and all suspicion vanished, he converted his affection into contempt, and his courtesie to disrespect and unkindnesse towards his Daughter *Emelia*, by taking away the greatest part of that small means he gave her towards her maintenance; which uncharitable and unnaturall part of his, threw this poor Woman into so bitter a perplexity, as knowing in her conscience that her Father was her Mothers Murtherer, she exceedingly apprehended and feared, lest he would attempt to dispatch her likewise: the which she farre the more doubted, because her Father had bayled her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear*. But here, as simple as she was, she enters into many considerations with her self; that to accuse her Father, would be as great a disobedience in her, as it was a cruelty in him to murder her Mother. She is a long time irresolute, either to advance or retire in this her purpose and enterprize: and here she consults betwixt Nature and Grace, betwixt the Laws of Earth and Heaven, what she should do, or how she should bear her self in a matter of so unnaturall a nature; it grieves her to be the means of her Fathers death, of whom she had received her being; and yet she sorroweth not to reveal the murtherer of her Mother, of whom she enjoyed her life. But though sense and nature cannot, yet Reason and Religion will reconcile, and clear these doubts: yea, evaporate those mists, and disperse these clouds from our eyes, and make us see clear, that Earth may not conceal Murther, sith God receives glory both in the detection and punishment thereof.

Some will say, this Daughter did ill to accuse her Father. But who will not affirm that he did farre worse, to murder her Mother; neither was it a delight, but a torment to her, to effect it; for she enters into this resolution with tears, and persevereth therein with sighs and lamentations: but if she were at first resolute herein, this resolution of hers is exceedingly confirmed, when she sees her Father so suddenly married, and her Mother-in-Law ready to lay down her great belly, especially when she hears the reports of his suspicion bruited in *Brescia*. So now she can no longer contain her self, but goes to the next *Corrigador*, and reveals him, that her Father *Alibius* was the Murtherer of her Mother *Merilla*.

The *Corrigador* being a wise and grave Gentleman, wondering at this lamentable news, detains *Emelia* in his House, and writes away to the *Podestate* of *Brescia* hereof; who receives this news on a Saturday at night. The Sunday morning he acquaints the Prefect and chief Senators thereof, who repair to his House. The probabilities and circumstances are strong against *Alibius*. So they all conclude to imprison him; he is at the door, ruffling in his garded Gown and velvet Cap, with his Silver Wand in his hand (as if he were fitter to check others, than to be controulled himself) waiting to conduct the *Podestate* to the *Domo*. *Alibius* little dreams how near he is to danger, or danger to him: he is by an Isbier or Serjeant called in to speak with the *Podestate*; and although his conscience inwardly torment him, yet he puts a good (or at least a brazen) countenance on all, and so very chearfully comes before him: at his first arrivall, his Velvet Cap, and Silver Wand (those dignified marks of Honour and Justice) are taken from him, and consequently his Office: (because these are rewards onely proper to Vertue, and not to Vice) he is examined by those worthy Magistrates, who bear gravity in their looks, wisdom in their speeches, and justice in their actions. *Alibius* hath many smooth words, for the defence of his Crime, which with the aid and varnish of his gracefull gesture, he strives to extenuate and palliate, but in vain; for he hath to doe with those Magistrates, who cannot be deluded, or carried away, either with the sugar of a lye, or the charme of an evasion. So they commit him close Prisoner, where he hath both time and leasure to think on the foulnesse of his fact, and the unnaturallnesse and barbarism of his cruelty.

The Monday following, the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* send *Emelia* to *Brescia*, where, the next day the *Podestate*, Prefect and Senators, examined her; they first exhort her to consider, that she speaks before God; and although *Alibius* be her earthly Father, yet he is her heavenly: they con-

jure and swear her to speak the truth, and no more: and because they see her a simple illiterate Woman, they inform her what the vertue and nature of an Oath is. When *Emelia* falling on her knees, wringing her hands, and stedfastly looking up towards Heaven, she (bitterly weeping and sighing) for a pretty while, had not the power to utter a word, The Prefect with milde exhortations and speeches encourageth her to speak; when with many tears and interrupted sighs, she at last uttereth these words, My Father hath often beaten my Mother, and even lain her for dead; and at other times, he hath given her poyson, and he it is, and no other, that hath now murdered her. One of the Senators, (some say it was the Podestate, who as much favoured *Alibius*, as hated his Crime) bade *Emelia* look to her Conscience, and her Conscience to God, and withall to consider, that as *Merilla* was her Mother, so *Alibius* was her Father. Whereat she bitterly weeping, again said, that what she had already spoken was true, as she hoped to enjoy any part of Heaven. So they binding her to give Evidence at the great Court of the Province, which some four moneths after was to be held in the Castle of their City, they dismiss her.

In which mean time *Alibius* is visited in Prison by divers of his acquaintance; yea, some of the chiefeft Senators themselves afforded him that Honour and Charity: they deal with him about his Crime, but in vain, for he takes Heaven and Earth to witnesse, that he is innocent, yea, he seems to be so religious and conscionable in his speeches, as he drew many of inferiour rank and understanding, to believe that his accusation was not true, and his imprisonment unjust and false. But God will shortly unmask his hypocrisie, and to his shame and confusion, lay open and discover to the whole World, his unnatural and bloody cruelty.

And now the time is come, that the Duke and Seigniory of *Venice* are used to depute and send forth Criminall Judges, to descend and passe thorow the Provinces of their Territories and Dominions, to sit upon all capitall Malefactors, and to punish them according to their deserts. A custome indeed held famous, not onely in the Christian, but in the whole Universall World: and whereby the *Venetian* State doth undoubtedly receive both glory, vigour, and life, sith it not onely preserveth their Peace, and propagateth their tranquillity; but also rooteth out and exterminateth all those that (by their lewd and dissolute actions) seek to impugn and infringe it.

Thus these High and Honourable Judges (being in number two for every Division) having dispatcht their businesse (or rather that of the Seigniories) in *Padua*, *Vincenza*, *Verona*, and *Bergamo*, are now arrived in *Brescia*, in the Castle whereof (which is both beautifull and conspicuous to the eye) they keep their *Forum* and Tribunal. And because this City is exempted from the Province, as being particularly indowed with a peculiar Jurisdiction, and honoured with many honourable Privileges and Prerogatives, therefore (*Merilla* being murthred in the Province) *Alibius* is fetched out of his first Prison, and by one of the chiefeft and graveft Senators deputed for that purpose by the Podestate, and Senate, conducted and conveyed to the Castle, there to be arraigned by those two great Judges: and although this aforefaid Senator was so wise and religious, as he seemed to have the art of perswasion in his speeches; yet by the way, using his best oratory and charity to draw *Alibius* from denyall, to confession, and from that to contrition and repentance, his heart was still so perverse and obdurate, as he notwithstanding persevered in his wilfull obstinacy, and peremptorily continued and stood upon the points of his innocency, and justification. So strong was the Devill yet with him.

But while an infinite number of Spectators gze on *Alibius*, as he is in the Castle, and he chearfully and carelessly conversed with some of his acquaintance, as if the innocency of his conscience were such, as his heart felt no grief nor perturbation, Lo, he is called to his Arraignment, whereunto that world of people, who were then in the Castle, flock and concur.

His thoughts are so vain, and his vanity so ambitious, as he comes to the Barre in a black beaten Satin sute, with a fair Gown, and a spruce set Ruff, having both the hair of his head, and his long grey beard neatly combed and cut, yea, with so pleasant a look, and so confident a demeanour, as if he were to receive, not the sentence of his guiltinesse and death, but that of his innocency and enlargement. These Honourable Judges cause his Inditement to be read, wherein his poysoning and murdering of his Wife, is branched and depainted out in all its circumstances; whereat his courage and confidence is yet (notwithstanding) so great, as by his looks he seems no way moved, much lesse astonished or afflicted: the Witnesses are produced; first, his own Daughter *Emelia*, who with tears in her eyes, stands firm to her former deposition, that he had often beat her Mother almost to death, and now had killed and poysoned her; agreeing in every point with her deposition given to the Podestate and Prefect of *Brescia*: which to refell, her Father *Alibius* with many plausible and sugred speeches, tells his Judges, that his Daughter is incensed or lunatick; or else that she purpose-

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ly seeks his life, to enjoy that small means he hath, after his death, and so runs on in a most extravagant and impertinent Apology for himself, with many invective and scandalous speeches against her, and concludes, that he was never owner of any poyson.

His Judges, out of their honourable inclination, and zeal to sacred Justice, permit him to speak without interruption; when having ended, they begin to shew him the foulness of his fact; yea, like heavenly Orators, they paint him out the devillish nature and monstrous Crime, of Murther, the which they say he redoubleth by denying it, notwithstanding that they have evidence as clear as the Sun to convince him thereof: and so they call for two Apothecaries Boyes, who severally affirm, they sold him Rats-bane at two several times.

But the Devil is still so strong with *Alibius*, as though his Conscience doth hereat afflict and torment him, yet, there is no change nor sign thereof, either seen in his countenance, or discerned in his speeches, but still he perseveres in his obstinacy, and in a bravery pretends to wipe off the Apothecaries Boyes evidence, with this poor evasion, that he bought and used it only to poyson Rats: And so again with many smooth words, humble crouches, and hypocritical complements, he useth the prime of his subtilty and invention to make it appear to his Judges, that he had no way imbrued his hands in the blood of his Wife: but this will not avail him, for he is before Lynce-eyed Judges, whose integrity and wisdom can pierce thorow the foggy mists of excuses, and the obscure Clouds of his far-fetched shifts, and cunningly-compacted evasions.

And now to close and wind up this History, after the Jury impannelled had amply heard, as well the Witnesses against *Alibius*, as his defence for himself; and that all the world could testify that his Judges gave him a fair Tryal, they return and report him guilty of murdering his Wife *Merilla*; whereat he is put off the Barre, and so for that time sent back to his Prison: and yet the heat of his obstinacy being hereat no way cooled, the edge of his denial any way rebated, nor the obduracy of his heart, the least thing mollified, he, by the way as he passeth, beating his breast, and sometimes out-spreading his arms, saith, it is not his Crime, but the malice of his devillish daughter that hath cast him away; yea, although many of his compassionate and Christian friends do now again in prison, work and perswade him to Confession, by alleging him, that God is as merciful to the repentant, as severe to the impenitent and obstinate, yet all this will not prevail.

The second morn after his Conviction, he is brought again from his prison, to the Castle, and so to the Barre, to receive his Judgement, where one of the two most honourable Judges shew him,

That it is his hearkning to the Devil, and his forsaking of God, that hath brought him to this misery; paints and points him out his dissolute life, his frequenting of bad company, his prodigality and adultery; but above all, his masked hypocrisie, which he saith, in thinking to deceive God, hath now deceived himself: yea, in heavenly and religious speeches, informs him how merciful and indulgent God is to repentant sinners; that he must now cast off his thoughts from earth, and ascend and mount them to Heaven, and no longer to think of his body, but of his soul; and so after a learned and Christian-like speech, as well for the instruction of the living, as the consolation of *Alibius*, who was now to prepare himself to dye, he pronounceth, that for his execrable Murther committed on his own Wife *Merilla*, he should hang till he were dead: and so befought the Lord to be merciful to his soul.

And now is *Alibius* again returned to his prison, but still remaineth obstinate and perverse, affirming to all the world, that as he hath lived, so he will dye innocently: But God will not suffer him to dye, without confessing and repenting this his bloody and unnaturall Murther.

These his grave and religious Judges, out of an Honourable and Christian Charity, send him Divines, to prepare his body to the death of this world, and his soul to the life of that to come: they deal most effectually, powerfully, and religiously with him in prison; and although they found, that the Devil had strongly insnared and charmed him, yea, and as it were, hardned his heart to his perdition; yet God, out of his infinite and ineffable mercies, addeth both power and grace to their speeches, and exhortations, so as his eyes being opened, and his heart pierced and mollified, they at last so prevail with him, that being terrified with Gods Justice, and encouraged and comforted with his mercies, he with tears, sighs and groans confesseth this Murther of his Wife, and not only bitterly repents it, but also doth thank these Godly Divines, for their charity, care, and zeal for the preservation and saving of his soul, and doth upon his knees beseech them to pray unto the Lord to forgive him.

We have seen *Alibius* murder his Wife *Merilla*; we have seen his apprehension, imprisonment, triall, conviction, and condemnation, for this his execrable and bloody fact: wherein we may observe how the Justice of God still triumpheth o're the temptation and malice of the Devil, and how Murther, though never so secretly acted, and concealed, will at last be detected and punished. What

reflects

resteth there now, but that after we have hereby made good use of this example, we see *Alibius* fetched from his Prison, and conveyed to the place of Execution; (whereat (as we have heard) he formerly stumbled in jest, but now he must in earnest) where, (although it were timely in the morn, (as having the favour to dye alone, and at least three hours before the other condemned Malefactors) an infinite number of the Civizens of *Brescia*, (of all ranks and of both Sexes) assembled to see *Alibius* take his last farewell of this World.

At his ascending up the Ladder, his fair gray beard and comely presence drew pittie from the hearts, and tears from the eyes of the greatest part of the Spectators, to see that the Devill had so strongly enchanted and seduced him to lay violent hands on his Wife, and to see so grave and so proper an aged man thus misfortunately and untimely cast away.

His speech at his end was brief and short; onely he freely confest his Crime, and with infinite sighs and tears besought the World to pray for his soul; he lamented the Vanity of his youth, and the dissoluteness of his age; told them, that his neglect of Prayer to God, and his too much confidence in the Devill, had brought him to this shamefull end; and therefore besought them again and again to beware by his Example: and so having solemnly freed his second wife *Philatea* from being any way acquainted or accessary with the murder of his first wife *Merilla*, he recommending his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, dyed as penitently as he had lived dissolutely and prophanelly.

And thus was the life and death of *Alibius*; the which I was the more willingly induced to publish, partly, because I was an eye-witnesse, both of his arraignment and death, (as I returned from my travels) but more especially, in hope that this Example and History may prove to be as great a consolation to the Godly, as a terrour to the unrighteous.

To God be all Glory and Praise.

F I N I S.





T O T H E
RIGHT HONOURABLE

And truly-Noble, **RICHARD** Lord

*Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, and Lord-Lieutenant
 of His Majesties County of *Sussex*.*

Right Honourable,



*U*t of a resolution, whether more bold or zealous, I know not, I have adventured this second Book of my Tragical Histories to the World, under your Honours Patronage and Protection. Neither need I go farre to yeelde either your Honour, or the World, a reason of this my Presumption and Ambition, sith your Vertues innobling your blood, as much as your Nobility illustrates your Vertues, was the first motive which drew me hereunto: for whiles many others indeavour to be great, your Honour (resembling your self) not only indeavours, but strives to be good; as well knowing, that Goodnesse is the glory and essence, yea the life, and as I may say, the soul of Greatnesse; and that betwixt Greatnesse and Goodnesse there is this difference and disparity; that, makes us famous, this, immortall; that, beloved of men, this, of God; that, accompanieth us only to our Graves, and this, to Heaven. My second prevailling Motive in this my Dedication proceeded from the respect of my particular duty, (as my first was solely derived from the consideration of your own generall and generous Vertues) for having the honour to retain to your Noble Brother, Sir Edward Sackville Knight, to whom, for many singular respects, and (imherited) favours (whiles I am my self) I owe not only my service, but my self; I therein hold me obliged and bound to profer and impart this part of my Labours to your Honour, as the first publick testimony of my zeal and service, eternally devoted and consecrated to the Illustrious Name and Familie of the Sackviles; whereof Gods Divine Providence hath made your Honour chief Heir and Pillar. The drift and scope of these Histories are to inform the
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The Epistle Dedicatory.

World bow Gods Revenge still fights and triumphs against the crying & execrable sin of (wilfull and premeditated) Murther, which in these our (impure and prophane) times, is so fatally and frequently coincident to unregenerate Christians; which scarlet and bloody Crime is infallibly met with, and rewarded by Gods sharp and severe punishments; having purposely published and divulged them to my dear Countrey of England, that they may serve (though not by the way of comparison, yet of application) as the sight of Julius Cæsar's bloody Robe (shewed by Marcus Antonius to the Romans in Campo Martio, when he there pronounced his funerall Oration) thereby to make his Murther and Murtherers in the greater horror and execration with the people. The Histories of themselves are as different, as their effects and accidents: their Scenes being wilfully and sinfully laid in divers parts of Christendom beynd the seas, and the Tragicdies unfortunately perpetrated and personated by those, who more adhearing to impiety, than Grace, and to Satan than God, made shipwreck, if not of their souls with their bodies; I am sure of their lives with their fortunes, and of their fortunes with their lives. They themselves (or rather their sins) first brought the Materials, I, only the collection, illustration, and polishing of these their deplorable Histories, which are pen'd in so low a sphere of speech, and so inelegant a phrase, as they can no way merit the Honour of your perusall, muchless of your judgment, and least of all, of your noble protection & patronage.

Howsoever, my hopes (led and marshalled by the premises) do as it were flatter me, that your protections will wink at my imperfections, and your curiosity at my ignorance & presumption, in daigning permit this my rude Pamphlet, to salute & pilgrimage the World, under the authentickall passe-port of your Honour; who of her self is composed of so poor metall (or rather dross) as without the pure gold of your Honourable Name, it would run a hazard, not to passe currant with the curious wits, & censures of this our (too curious & too censorious age; whereof could I rest assured, I should then not only rejoyce, but triumph in this my happinesse, as so richly exceeding the proportion of my poor labours & Merits, that I could not aspire to a Greater honour, nor desire a sweeter felicity: And so recommending this my imperfect Pamphlet to your favour, my unworthy self to your pardon, and your Honour, your Noble Countesse, and the sweet young Lady your Daughter, to Gods best favours and mercies, I will assume the confidence and constancy to remain,

Your Honours in all humility and service.

JOHN REYNOLDS.



Syrontus Courts Victorina.

Old Souranza and Victorina.

Falsino Courts Victorina.



Souranza is Stab'd

Souranzas body is found by Fishermen

Syrontus is beheaded

Falsino poisoned, Felicia on the ladder

Victorina hang'd and burnt

The Triumphs of Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY VI.

Victorina causeth Syrontus to stab and murther her first husband Souranza, and she her self poysoneth Falsino: so they both being miraculously detected and convicted of these their cruel Murthers, he is beheaded, and she hang'd, and burnt for the same.

V Here Lust takes up our desires, and Revenge and Murther seizeth on our resolutions, it is the true way to make us wretched in this life, and our souls miserable in that to come: for if Chastity and Charity (the two precious virtues and ornaments of a Christian) steer not our actions on Earth, how shall, nay how can, we arrive to the Harbour of Heaven? or if we abandon these celestial virtues, to follow and embrace those infernal vices, what doe we but take our selves from felicity to misery, and consequently give our selves from God to Satan? But did we seriously (and not trivially) consider that there is a Heaven to reward the Righteous, and a Hell to punish the ungodly, we would neither defile our hearts, nor pollute our souls with the thought, much less with the action of such beastly and inhumane crimes. But in this sinful age of ours, the number is but too great of lascivious and impious Christians, who delight in the affection and practice thereof: Among whom I here represent the History of an execrable Gentlewoman, and her wretched and unfortunate Lover, who were both born to honour, and not to infamy; had they had as much grace to secure their lives, as vanity and impiety to ruin them. The History is bloody, and therefore mournful: but if we detest their crimes, we need not fear their punishments; for God is as gracious and propitious to protect the innocent, as just and severe to chastise the guilty.

In *Italy*, the beauty of *Europe*, and in the City of *Venice* (the glory of *Italy*, the Nymph of the Sea, and the pearl and diamond of the world) in the latter years of the reign of noble *Leonardo Donato*, (who, as Duke, sat to the helm of that potent and powerfull Estate) so famous for banishing the *Jesuits*, and for opposing himself against the intrusion and fulminations of *Pope Paulus Quintus*, in the just defence and maintenance of the prerogatives and privileges of the *Seignory*; There was at that time a gentleman, a younger brother, yet of well neer fifty years old, of the noble Family of the *Beraldi*, named *Seignior Iacomo Beraldi*, who dwelt above the *Rialto* Bridge (that famous Master piece of Architecture) upon the *Canalla Grando*, who in the *April* of his youth took to Wife the *Dona Lucia*, daughter to *Seignior Lorenza Burffo*, a Gentleman of *Padua*, by whom he had seven Children, four Sonnes and three Daughters; so as his Wife and he esteeming themselves happy in their Issue, past away their time in much content and felicity: but God (for some secret and sacred reasons to his Divine Majesty best known) converting his smiles into frowns, within the space of seven years, takes away six of their Children, so as their eldest daughter onely remained living, being a young Gentlewoman of some eighteen years old, named *Dona Victorina*.

This young Gentlewoman, being noble, rich, and fair, (three powerfull and attractive Adamants to draw the affections of many Cavaliers) according to her desert, had divers Gallants who sought her in Marriage; but she was of nature proud, cholerick, disdainfull, and malicious; Vices enow to ruine both a beauty and a fortune: but of all her suitors and servants, he whom she best loved and affected, was one *Seignior Syponus*, a Gentleman of the City, who was more noble than rich, and yet more debosht and vicious than noble; but otherwise a very proper young Gallant: but the perfections of the body are nothing to be compared to the excellent qualities and indowments of the mind, for those are but the varnishes and shaddowes of a meer man, but these the perfections and excellencies of a wise man, and therein noble; sith indeed wisdom is one of the truest degrees, and most essentiall parts of Nobility. Now if *Victorina* love *Syponus*, with no lesse recipocall flame and zeal doth *Syponus* affect *Victorina*: for as his eys behold the delicacy of her personage, and the sweetness of her beauty, so his heart loves either, and adores both; yea, so deep an impression hath she ingraven in his thoughts and contemplations, that he is never merry till he see her, nor pleased till he enjoy the felicity of her company; which *Victorina* rejoiceth to see, and observes with infinite content and delectation. *Syponus* thus intangled in the snares of *Victorinas* beauty, and she likewise in those of his perfections, he resolves to court her, and seek her in Marriage, which he performs with much affection, zeal, and constancy, leaving no industry, care, curiosity, or cost unattempted, to enrich and crown his desires with the precious and inestimable treasures of her love. I should make this short discourse swell into an ample History, to particularize, or punctually relate the Letters, Sonnets, Presents, Meetings, Dancings, Musick, and Banquets, which past twixt these two lovers, and wherewith *Syponus* entertained his dear Mistresse *Victorina*: I will therefore purposely omit it, and cover my self with this excuse, which may satisfy my Reader, to consider that *Syponus* (as before) was an *Italian*, whose custome and nature rather exceeds than comes short, in all amorous ceremonies and complements: And therefore again to resume my History, I must briefly declare, that after the protraction and recess of a years time, *Victorina* consenteth to *Syponus*, to be his Wife, so farre forth as he can obtain those of her father and mother: a fit and vertuous answer of a daughter, wherein I know not whether she bewray more modesty and discretion in her self, or respect and obedience to her parents.

Syponus infinitely pleased with this sweet news and delightful melody, is as it were ravished and rapt up into heaven with joy, when flattering himself with this poor hope, that as *Victorina* was courteous, so he should finde her parents kinde to him; he, with much respect and honour, repaires to *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, and in fair and discreet termes acquaints them with his long affection to their daughter *Victorina*; whom (with as much earnestnesse as humility) he praies to bestow her on him for his wife: but this old Couple are as much displeased at *Syponus* his motion, as their Daughter *Victorina* rejoyceth thereat, and so they return him their deniall instead of their consent, only in general terms they thank him for his love and honour, and certifie him that they have otherwise disposed of their daughter. *Syponus* bites the lip, and *Victorina* hangs her head at this their bitter and distastfull answer: but he is so generous and amorous too be put off with this first repulse. Whereupon he imployes his Parents and kinsfolkes (whereof some were of the chiefeft rank of *Senatours* and *Magnificos*) to draw *Beraldi* and *Lucia* to consent to this match; but in vain: for they are deaf to those requests, and resolute in their denial, grounding their refusal upon *Syponus* his poverty: for they see he is become poor; because in the last trans-marine Wars, the *Turks* took from his father and himself most of his Lands and Possessions neer *Scutary* in *Dalmatia*, and therefore they resolve to provide a richer husband for their Daughter. The iniquity of our times is as strange as lamentable: for in matters of Marriage, parents, without due regard either to the natures or affections of their children, stil prefer gold before grace, and many times Riches before vertue and Nobility, which

which concur and meet in one personage; but divers of these marriages, in the end, find either shame, misery, or repentance, and sometimes all.

Syponthus storms as much as *Victorina* grieves at his refusal; but to frustrate that, and provide for this, *Beraldi* deals with *Seignior Johan Baptista Souranza* to marry his Daughter *Victorina*, who is a Gentleman of a good house, but farre richer than *Syponthus*; but withall farre different in age; for *Syponthus* is but twenty eight years old, and *Souranza* neer threescore: So as gold playing the chiefest part in this Contract, *Souranza* is sure of *Victorina* for his Wife, ere he know her, or hardly hath seen her. *Beraldi* advertizeth his Daughter of his will, and pleasure herein: so *Souranza* sees her with affection and joy, and she him with disgrace and grief; and thus this old Lover the first time entertains his young Mistress with kisses, and she him with tears. He is no sooner departed, but *Victorina* very sorrowfully and pensively throws her self to her Parents feet, and with showers of tears very earnestly and passionately beseeches them, that they will not inforce her to marry *Souranza*, whom (she affirms) she cannot love, much lesse obey; prayes them to consider what a misery, nay, what a hell it will be to her thoughts and self, to have him in her bed, and *Syponthus* in her heart. When she could no further proceed, because her sighs cut her words in pieces, and so grief daunting her heart, and her fear to *Souranza*, and affection to *Syponthus*, casting a milk-white veil over her vermillion cheeks, she sinks to the earth in a fainting cold swoon, when her hard-hearted and cruell Parents (more with astonishment than commiseration and pittie) step to her assistance, and again bring her to her senses; who not forgetting where her speeches ended, she remembers to begin and continue them thus: O my dear Parents, name not *Souranza* for my husband, but if you will needs give me one, then by all that blood of yours, which streameth in all the veins of my body, of two let me injoy one, either *Syponthus*, or my Grave; he the beginner of my joys, or this the ender of all my miseries and sorrows; neither is it disobedience in me, but fear of cruelty in your selves, that throws me on the exigent of this request and resolution; whereon, I pray, consider by the bonds of nature, and not by the rules of avarice and inhumanity. But her Father and Mother (without any respect to her youth and tears, or regard to her affection and prayers) love *Souranza*'s wealth so well, as they will hate *Syponthus* his poverty, and in it himself: and therefore checking *Victorina* for her folly, and taxing her of indiscretion, their command and authority gives a law to her obedience and desires: And to conclude, they are so bitter, and withall so cruell to her, that within few dayes they violently inforce her to marry *Souranza*. But this inforced Match will produce repentance and misery of all sides.

As it is a duty in Children to honour and obey their Parents, so it is no lesse in Parents carefully to regard, and tenderly to affect their Children; but in Matches that are concluded with wealth without affection, their Parents ought to proceed with judgement, not with passion, with perswasion, not with force: for can there be any hell upon earth comparable to that of a discontented bed? or is it not a grief to Parents, through their cruelty, to see their Children live in despair in stead of hope, in affliction, in stead of joy; and to dye miserably, whereas they might have lived pleasantly and prosperously? 'Tis true, that young folks affections are not still well grounded, but for want of advice and counsell, many times meet with misery for felicity; yet sith Marriage is a Contract, not for a day, but for ever; not for an hour, but for the term and lease of our lives; therefore Parents, in matching their Children, should be rather charitable than greedy for the world, and rather compassionate than rigid: but enough of this, and again to our History.

We have seen *Victorina*, with an unwilling willingness, inforced to marry *Souranza*; we shall not go farre, before we see what sharp calamities and bitter afflictions and miseries this Match produce: The argument and cause briefly is thus; *Victorina* lies with her Husband *Souranza*, but cannot love him; from whence (as so many lines from their centre) spring forth many mournfull and disastrous accidents; the little Ring of Matrimony incloseth many great and weighty considerations, and among others this is not one of the least: disparity in years makes no true harmony in affections; for there is no affinity 'twixt *January* and *May*, and it is a matter, though not impossible, yet difficult for youth and age to sympathize. *Souranza*'s best performance of the rites and duties of Marriage, is but desire; yea, his age cannot sufficiently estimate, much lesse reward the dainties of *Victorina*'s youth; for he is more superstitious than amorous, as delighting rather to kiss an Image in the Church, than his Wife in his Bed, and not to betray the truth, I must crave leave of modesty, to averre, that she finds little difference 'twixt a Maid and a Wife, so that her lust out-braving her chastity, and sensuality trampling her vertues and honor under foot, whereas her affection should look from *Syponthus* to *Souranza*, both she & it contrarywise look from *Souranza* to *Syponthus*. Dissembling pleasures, which strangle when they seem to imbrace and kisse us, bitter Pills candid in sugar, Cordials to the sense, but corrosives to the soul! Yea, *Victorina* in forgetting her modesty, will not remember her vow in Marriage; for had she been as vertuous as young, or as chaste as fair, it had not onely been her vertue, but her duty, to have smothered the defects, and concealed the imperfections and impotency

of her old Husband; Chastity would have perswaded her to this, but incontinency and lust draw her to a contrary resolution.

Sypontus likewise stornis and grieves at this unwished and unequall Match of old *Souranza* with his young and fair *Victorina*; yea, he hates him so much, and loves her so tenderly and dearly, as he would, but cannot prevent it: for (as before) they are married; and he, instead of the *Laurell*, is forced to wear the *Willow*; but his grief finds this comfort, and her discontent this consolation, that sith *Victorina* is not his Wife, she is his Mistresse; and sith *Sypontus* is not her Husband, he is her Servant, or (to use the *Venetian* phrase) she is his *Courtizana*, and he her *Enamorado*: but such *Leagues* and *Contracts* vicious of affections seldome make happy ends; for as they begin in lust, so commonly they terminate in infamy and misery. *Sypontus* often familiarizeth with *Victorina*, yea, their familiarity is such, as I in modesty will not report, sith in charity I cannot; and although they bear their affections and pleasures secret, yet custome breeding a habit, and that a second Nature, *Souranza* is now no sooner abroad, but *Sypontus* is at home, so as in effect *Souranza* is but the shadow, and *Sypontus* the substance of *Victorina*'s Husband: but these lascivious Lovers shall pay dear for their affections; *Sypontus* for entertaining and keeping another mans Wife, and *Victorina* for breaking her vow in Wedlock to her Husband, in defiling his bed, and contaminating her body with the foul sin of Adultery.

It had been good and safe for them, if they had not begun these their beastly pleasures, but to give no end to them, must needs prove dangerous and ruinous; to commit this sin of Adultery is odious, but to persevere therein is most abominable before God: the reason hereof is as true as pregnant; for if the reward of a single be death, the redoubling thereof must needs be double damnation. But as it is the nature of Adultery to be accompanied and waited on by other sins, so *Victorina* is not only content to love *Sypontus*, but she makes a farther progression in impiety, and will needs hate her Husband *Souranza*; who poor honest Gentleman, sick with the Gout, and a Cough of the Lungs, is now distastfull, and which is worse, odious to her; so that she which should be a cordiall to his age, his age is now a corrosive to her youth, and she so farre forgets both her self and her duty, as she rather contemns than loves him, and as he rejoiceth in her sight, so she delights in nothing so much as in his absence, and *Sypontus* presence; she makes her discontents and malice to her Husband known to *Sypontus*, who doth pity, but will not remedy them; all her speeches tend to wish her self in another world, or her Husband not in this. *Sypontus* is not ignorant whereat she aims; but although he enjoy the Wife, yet he cannot find in his heart, but is too consciencious to murder the husband: had he remained in the constancy of this resolution, he had been happy, and not so miserable and unfortunate to end his dayes with shame and infamy. But now behold, an unexpected accident draws and throws him on head-long to perpetrate this execrable Murther, for (as the Gentry and Nobility of *Venice* are for the most part Merchants) so *Sypontus* receiveth sudden and sorrowfull news of two great losses befall him in the *Levant* Seas, in two severall Ships, the one coming from *Allepo*, taken by the *Turkish* Pyrats of *Rhodes*, the other from *Alexandria*, taken, as is supposed, by one of the Duke of *Offunas* *Neapolitan* Gallies, scowring the Ilands of the *Archipelagus*, in which two Vessels he lost at least seventy thousand *Zeckynes*, it being the two third parts of his whole estate; and now to maintain his greatnesse, and bear up his port and reputation, knowing *Souranza* to be infinitely rich, and his Wife *Victorina* young, amorous, and fair, he agrees with the devill, and so resolves to murder him, and then to marry her, which he knows she above any earthly matter chiefly desires. Lo here the foundation and project of a murder, as lamentable as execrable! Necessity in base spirits may be a powerfull, but in those more vertuous and noble, it should never be a pernicious and prodigious Counsellour; for there is as much generosity and fortitude in supporting poverty with patience, as there is covetousnesse in being ambitious to purchase wealth with infamy.

At the next interview and meeting of *Sypontus* and *Victorina*, she like a bad woman, a wicked wife, and a wretched creature, redoubleth him her complaints and discontents against her husband; and because *Sypontus* knows it wisdom to strike whiles the iron is hot, as also that time must be taken by the fore-lock, he like a wretched Politician layes hold of this occasion and opportunity, and so consenteth to the murder of her husband; when from this bloody resolution, they passe to the manner how to effect it: they consult on this lamentable businesse. *Victorina* (industrious in her malice) proposeth to poyson him, and so to bury him in her little Garden: but *Sypontus* dislikes this project, and profers her to murder him in his *Gondola*, as he comes from *Lucifizzina*; whereon they agree. So some ten dayes after, *Victorina* advertiseth him, that her husband is to go to his house of pleasure in the Countrey near *Padua*, on the bank of the River *Brenta*, where he is only to stay three dayes. *Sypontus* imbraceth this occasion, and continually wantonizing with his wife in his absence, promiseth her to meet her husband at his return, and then to dispatch him; which news with a longing desire this miserable Curtezán *Victorina* attends him with as much impatience as impudencie.

prudencie. Syponthus in the mean time (in favour of twicetwelve Zeckynes) is prepared of two wicked Gondoliers or Watermen, who deeply vow and swear to conceal this Murther. So the precise day of Souranza's departure from his Countrey-house being come, Syponthus, not to fail of his promise to Victorina, in the execution of his bloody and damnable attempt, takes his Gondola, and hovers in the direct passage betwixt Lucifizina and Venice, for Souranza his arrivall, who, poor harmless Gentleman, loved his young wife so tenderly and dearly, as he thought this short time long that he had wandred from her; but he hath seen his last of her, and alas, alas, he shall see an end of himself; for about five of the clock of the evening (it being Summer time) his usuall hour of return, he takes Gondola at Lucifizina, for Venice, and neer midway twixt both, Syponthus espies him, and the sooner, because it being hot weather, and no wind stirring, Souranza had caused his curtains to be withdrawn. Syponthus (inflamed with boyling malice and revenge) with all possible celerity makes toward his Gondola, the which disguised and masked he enters, and there with his Ponyard very devillishly stabs him three severall times at the heart, when falling down to his feet, he most barbarously cut off his beard, and nose (that he might not be known) and so throws him into the Sea; as also his Waterman after him, that they might tell no tales: when having finished these execrable Murthers, he with his Gondola, with all possible speed hies first to Murano, and so lands by the Patriarchy, from thence by the Arsenall, and so to his own house behind Saint Servi's Church, thereby to cast a fairer varnish on this villany, by landing and coming into the City another way, when being arrived at his house, he that night by a confident Servant of his, sends Victorina this Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

Fair and dear Victorina, I have begun, and ended a businesse, which infinitely imports thy good and my content: the party hath drunk his fill of White and Claret, and is now gone to his evernall rest; so a little time, I hope, will wipe off thy old tears, and confirm thy new joyes. Be but as affectionate, as I secret, and as secret, as till death I will be affectionate, and thou needest neither fear my fortunes, nor doubt thine own: Judge what I would do to enjoy thee, and for thy sake, sith I have already undertaken and acted a businesse of this nature. We must for a time refrain each others company, that we may the sooner meet, and embrace, with more content, and lesse danger.

SYPONTUS.

Victorina infinitely rejoyceth at this news, and the better to cloke her malice, under the veil of secrecy, she laments and complains to her Father of her Husbands long absence. Souranza's parents are by Beraldi acquainted herewith, they begin to find the time of his stay very long, and now resolve to send his Nephew, Seignior Andrew Souranza, up the River Brenta, to know the cause thereof: he passeth and repasseth the Sluce of Lucifizina, and brings word that he departed thence for Venice, in a Gondola, four dayes since. Victorina his Wife grieves, and weeps at his absence, so do his own Parents and Friends, who enquire of all sides, but find comfort or news from none what is become of him. And here, Reader, before thy curiosity carry thee further, I conjure thee to stand astonished and wonder, at the inscrutable and wonderfull judgement of God, in the detection of this Murther. For Fishermen some 8 dayes after casting out their nets betwixt the Ilands of La Lazareto and Saint George Majore, bring up this dead body of murthred Souranza, being well apparellled: but chiefly for their own discharge, they bring the dead corps to Venice, and land him at Saint Marks stayres; where they extend and expose his body to be known of passengers. Now behold further Gods miraculous providence, in the discovery and finding out hereof: for amongst the numberlesse number of spectators and walkers, who dayly and almost hourly frequent and adorn that famous Burse and incomparable Palace, it happened that Andrea Souranza cast his eye on this dead and sea-withered body; on whom he looks with as much stedfastnesse, as curiosity, as if nature had made his living body a part of that dead; or as if his hot blood had some sympathy and affinity with that of the dead personage, which long since the coldnesse of the Sea had congealed and frozen: but at last espying a red spot in his neck (under his right ear) that he brought into the world with him, and which all the influence and vertue of the water of the Sea had not power to deface and wash away; as also observing a wart over his left eye-lid, which Nature had given his birth, and his youth his age; he passionately cries out before the world, that it is the body of his Uncle, Seignior Juan Baptista Souranza: so it is visited by his Parents and Friends, and known to be the same: so they carried him to an adjoining house, and there divesting it naked, find that he hath three verall wounds in his body, either of a Sword or Ponyard, which gives matter of talke, and admitteth cause of admiration in all the City. So they bury him honourably according to his rank and degree, and all knowing him to be Murthered, infinitely bewail his untimely, and lament his

his mournfull death: but especially his Wife *Victorina*, who having formerly plaid the Strumpet, then the Murthereffe, now takes on the mask, and assumes the representation of an Hypocrite; outwardly seeming to dye for sorrow, when God, and her foul ulcerated conscience knows, that inwardly her heart leapt for joy, thus to be depriv'd and freed of her old Husband. Yea, and the more to blear the eyes, and eclipse the judgement of the world, for casting the least shadow of suspicion on her for this unnaturall murder, she and her whole Family take on black and mourning Attire, and for her self in two moneths after, never goes forth her house, except to the Church where her Husband was buried: where her Hypocrisie is so infinitely feigned, and dissembling, that she is often observed to bedew and wash his Tombe with tears; but these *Crocodile* tears of hers, and these her false and treacherous sorrows shall not avail her; for although Gods divine and sacred Majesty be mercifull in his Justice, yet he is so just in mercies, as neither the politique secrecie of *Sypontus*, nor the Hypocriticall sorrows of *Victorina*, for this cruell Murder, shall goe either unmasked or unpunished, but in their due appointed time, they shall be brought forth in their colours, and made publick Examples, as well of infamy, as destruction for the same: the manner is thus:

The deceased *Seignior Jouan Souranza* hath a younger Brother, named *Seignior Hieronymo Souranza*; who having carefully and curiously observed, that his Sister-in-Law *Victorina*, never perfectly nor dearly loved his Brother her Husband, and that she was never so familiar, nor dutifull to him, as it behoov'd her, during the term of her Marriage, which partly he attributed to the disparity of their years, in respect of the frozenesse of his age, and the heat and freshnesse of her youth, He began vehemently to suspect her of this Murder, which he often revolv'd and ruminated in his mind, as if the suggestion and perswasion thereof, not only bore probability, but truth with it: to which end, as the affection of a true Friend (much more of a Brother) should passe beyond the Grave, and not remain intomb'd, and buried in the dust thereof, he is resolv'd to put his best wits and invention upon the tenter-hooks, to discover and reveal the same; to which end, he breaks with *Victorina's* Gentlewoman, who waited on her in her Chamber, and who indeed was his own Neece *Felicia*, to know what Gentlemen chiefly frequented her Lady. *Felicia* informs her Uncle, that *Seignior Sypontus* is many nights with her, that there is much affection and familiarity between them, and that he sends her many Letters. Her Uncle glad of this glimmering light, which he hopes will produce a greater and perfecter, conjures her to intercept some of his Letters, for the more effectually discovery of his Brother, and her Uncles death. So *Felicia* promiseth her best care and fidelity herein, and shortly effecteth it: for in few dayes after, being sent by her Lady *Victorina* to a Casket of hers, to fetch her a new pair of *Romish* Gloves, she opening an Ivory Box, therein finds a Letter, which she reads, and seeing it signed by *Sypontus*, she thinks it no sin to be false to her Lady, and true to her Uncle, and so very secretly and safely sends it him; which indeed was the very Letter we have formerly seen and read; and now is his jealousy and suspicion confirm'd. So vowing and sacrificing revenge to his dead and murdered Brother, away he goes to three chief Judges of the fourty, who sit on criminall causes, and very passionatly accuseth *Sypontus* and *Victorina* for the Murder, committed on the person of his Brother *Seignior Jouan Baptista Souranza*, at Sea; whereupon they are both committed prisoners, but sequestred in severall Chambers. *Sypontus* is first examined, then *Victorina*; they both very constantly deny the Murder, and with many sugred words, and subtil evasions, intimate and insinuate, their innocencies therein: so the next day the Judges produce *Sypontus* his own Letter; the sight whereof extremely afflicteth and vexeth him; but he is constant in his denyall, and resolute in that constancy, and so takes on a brazen face, and with many asseverations and imprecations, again and again denies it, averring it is not his hand, but a meer imposture and invention of his enemies, who have counterfeited it, purposely to procure his ruine and destruction; yet inwardly to himself he seareth all is discovered, and that there is no means left him to escape death, whose image and form he now too apparently and fatally sees before his eyes. So he is sent back to his Prison, and his Judges in the interim consult on his Fact; where he is no sooner arrived, but bolting his Chamber privately to himself, he considering that either *Victorina*, or some for her, had betrayed him by his own Letter, he in bitter fury of choler and passion, throws away his hat, now crosseth his arms, and then beats his breast, and stamping with his feet, at last very low to himself bandeth forth these speeches.

And is it possible, that I must now lose my life through *Victorina* her folly and treachery, into whose hands I repos'd both my secrets and it? Have I done what I have done for her sake, and is this the requitall she gives me? And sith there is no other witnesse, must mine own Letter be produced in Justice against me? What will I not do? What have I not done for her sake? Wo is me, that should live to be rewarded with this monstrous and inhumane ingratitude; when for sorrow and indignation, not able to contain himself, he takes Pen and Paper, and writes *Victorina* this accusing Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

IS it possible that thy affection to me hath been all this while feigned, and that thou, whom I trusted with all my secrets, art now become the only woman of the world to betray me? I have hazarded my life for thy sake, and must I now be so unfortunate and wretched, to lose it through thy treachery? When I bore matters with such care and secrecie, that no witnesse whatsoever could be produced against me, must mine own Letter, which was safely delivered thee, be brought forth to convict me of my crime, and so to incur death, which otherwise I had avoided? Is this the reward of my love? Is this thy recompence of my affection? O Victorina, Victorina! Such is my tender esteem of thy sweet youth and beauty, that had I enjoyed a thousand lives, I would have reputed my self happy, to have lost them all for thy sake and service: and having but one, wilt thou be so cruell to deprive me thereof? But that my loyalty and my affection may shine in thy malice, take this for thy comfort, that as I have ever liv'd, so I will now dye thy true Servant and faithfull Lover.

SYPONTUS.

But observe here the error of Syponthus his judgement; for whiles he imputes it to Victorina's treachery, that this his Letter will occasion his death, he is so irreligious and impious, as he looks not up to Heaven, to consider that the detection thereof proceeds from Gods immediate finger and providence. No, No. For the devill yet holds his thoughts so fast captivated and intangled in the snares of Victorina's beauty, as he hath not yet the grace to look from his crime, to his repentance; nor consequently from Earth to Heaven: but like a prophane Libertine and unregenerated person, being within a small point of time neer his end, he yet thinks not of his soul, nor of God, but only dallies away the remainder of his hours, in the miserable contemplation of his fond affection and beastly sensuality.

By this time Victorina hath receiv'd his Letter; at the news and reading whereof, such is the passion of her frenzy, which she (though unjustly) terms love, that she is all in tears, sighs, and lamentable exclamations; she knows it impossible for any other of the world to be the revealer of Syponthus his Letter, but only her Maid Felicia, whom in her uncharitable revenge, she curseth to the pit of hell: but that which adds a greater torment to her torments, and a more sensible degree of affliction to her miserable sorrows, is, to see that her Syponthus (whom by many degrees she loves farre dearer than her life) sinisterly suspecteth her fidelity toward him; yea so farre, as he not only calls her affection but her treachery in question: and this indeed seems to drown her in her tears. But yet notwithstanding so fervent is her love towards him, as the fear of death draws her to a resolution of her own: so if Syponthus dye, she vows she will be her own accuser, and so not live, but dye with him. Strange effects of love, or rather of folly, sith love being irregular, and taking false objects, (in its true character) is not love, but folly: to which end, calling for Ink and Paper, she bitterly weeping, indites and sends him these few lines, in answer of his.

VICTORINA to SYPONTUS.

I Were the most wretched and ingratifullest Lady of the world, yea a Lady who should not then deserve either to see or live in the world, if Victorina should any way prove treacherous to Syponthus, who hath still been so true and kind to her. But beleve me, Dear Syponthus, and I speak in the presence of God, upon perill of my soul, I am as innocent as that witch, that devill, my Maid Felicia is guilty of the producing of thy Letter; which I fear will prove thy death, and rejoyce that in it, it shall likewise prove mine. For to clear my self of ingratitude and treachery, as I have lived, so I will dye with thee; that as we mutually participated the joyes of life, so we may the torments of death: for although thy Letter accuse me not of my husband Souranza's Murther, yet that my affection may shine in my Loyalty, & that in my affection, I will not survive, but dye with thee, for I will accuse my self to my Judges, not only as accessory, but as Author of that Murther: and this resolution of mine I write thee with tears, and will shortly seal it with my blood.

VICTORINA.

Syponthus, in the midst of his perplexities, and sorrows, receives this Letter from Victorina, the sweetness of whose affection and constancy, much revives his joy, and comforteth him. For now her innocency defaceth his suspicion of her ingratitude and treachery: and withall he plainly sees, and truly believes, that it was Felicia, not Victorina, who brought this Letter to Light. But when he descends

descends to the latter part of her Letter, and finds her resolution to dye with him, then he condemns his former error in taxing her, and in requitall, loves her so tenderly and dearly, that he vows he will be so farre from accusing her, as accessary of her Husbands Murther, as both the Rack, and his death shall clear and proclaim her innocency. Had the ground of these fervent and reciprocall affections of *Victorina* and *Sypontus*, been laid in vertue, as they were in vice; or in chastity, and not in lust and adultery, they would have given cause to the whole world, as justly to praise, as now to dispraise them, and then to have been as ambitious of their imitation, as now of their contempt and detestation.

So *Sypontus* (as before) having fully and definitively resolved not to accuse, but to clear *Victorina* of this Murther, as also that he would dye alone, and leave her youth and beauty to the injoying of many more earthly pleasure, he expecting hourly to be sent for before his Judges, to sit upon his torment or death, thinking himself bound both in affection and honour, to signifie *Victorina* his pleasure herein, he craves his Jaylor's absence, and with much affection and passion, writes her this his last Letter:

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

Sweet *Victorina*, thy Letter hath given me so full satisfaction, as I repent me of my rash credulity conceived against thy affection and constancy, and now lay the fault of the discovery of my Letter, where it is, and ought to be, on *Felicia*, not on thy self. It is with a sorrowfull, but true presage, that I fore-see, my life hastens to her period: the Rack is already prepared for my torments, and I hourly expect when I shall be fetch't to receive them, which for thy sake I will imbrace and suffer, with as much constancy as patience: I will deny mine own guiltinesse the first time, but not the second: but in my torments and death I will acquit thee of thine, with as true a resolution, as earth expects to lose me, and I hope to find Heaven. Therefore by all the bonds of love and affection that ever hath been between us, I first pray, then conjure thee to change thy resolution, and to stand on thine innocence. For if thou wilt, or desirest to gratifie me with thy last affection and courtesie at my death, let me bear this one content and joy to my grave, that *Victorina* will live for *Sypontus* his sake, though *Sypontus* die for hers.

SYPONTUS.

He had no sooner sent away this his Letter to *Victorina*, but he himself is sent for to appear before his Judges, who upon his second examination and denyall, adjudged him to the Rack; which he indureth with admirable patience and constancy. Yea, he cannot be drawn to confesse, but stands firm in his denyall, and not only clears himself, but also acquits *Victorina*. *Hieronymo Souranza* doth notwithstanding earnestly follow and solícite the Judges, and God, out of his immense mercy and profound providence, so ordaineth, that their consciences suggest and prompt them, that *Sypontus* is the Actor of this execrable Murther. Wherefore the next day they administer him double torment; when lo, his resolution and strength failing him, he acknowledgeth the Letter his, and confesseth it was himself that had murthred *Seignior Johan Baptista Souranza*; but withall protesteth constantly, that *Victorina* is innocent, and no way accessary hereunto. The Judges rejoyce at *Sypontus* his confession, as much as they grieve at the foulness of his fact: and so, although they were also desirous to hang him, yet considering he was a *Venetian Gentleman*, (and consequently had a great voice in the great Counsell of the *Seigniorie*) they adjudge him the next day to lose his head, betwixt the two Columns at *Saint Marks Place*, and so for that night send him back to his prison, to prepare himself to dye. *Sypontus* is no sooner departed from them, but they consult on *Victorina*, whether she were guilty, or innocent of her Husband *Souranza's* Murther; but they differ in opinion; some would likewise have her racked, but others of them more advised and modest, reply, that *Sypontus* his Letter intimated only his affection to *Victorina*, but no way her malice to her dead husband *Souranza*, nor that she was any way guilty or accessary to his Murther; so they resolve to forbear her, and not to put her to the torment, except *Sypontus* accuse her at his Execution. Now the very night that he was to dye the next morn, he infinitely desires his Jaylor to permit him to conferre with *Victorina*, and to take his last leave of her, which is denied him, as having received command from Authority to the contrary, whereat extremely grieving, he is called away by some Divines, whom the charity of that grave Senate send him, to prepare and direct his soul in her passage and transmigration to Heaven. So passing the night in tears and prayers for the foulness of his crime, the morn being come, and nine of the clock stricken, he is brought to the Scaffold, where a world of people concur and flock from all parts of the City, to see this wretched and unfortunate Gentleman act the last Scen and part of his life upon this infamous Theater. Here *Sypontus* freely confesseth his foul Murther of *Souranza*, but is yet so vain and wretched, as he takes it to his death, that *Victorina* is absolutely innocent

innocency hereof: he seems to be very repentant and sorrowfull for all his sins in generall, and for this Murther in particular.

For expiation and reward hereof, his head is severed from his body; a just recompence and punishment for so vicious and bloody a Gentleman, who adhering to adultery more than chastity, to revenge than charity, and to the Devil than God, forgot himself so farre, as to commit this execrable and lamentable Murther.

Now, the order and *Decorum* of our History, leads us from dead *Sypontus*, to living *Victorina*, who, I know not whether more grieved at his death, or rejoyced, that on the Rack and Scaffold he hath acquitted her of her Husbands Murther. In a word, it is remarkable to behold the vanity and inconstancy of this female Monster; for contrary to her vows, and repugnant to her Letters and tears, *Sypontus* is no sooner dead, but her affection towards him dyes with him: yea, his blood is scarce so soon cold, as her zeal and friendship; for she now holds it a pure folly to cast away her youth and life, if she may preserve the one, and save the other; and therefore resolves to try her best art and wit, to make her innocency passe current with her Judges; yea, so desirous and ambitious is she to live, as her female heart hath drawn on this masculine fortitude and generosity, that if occasion present, she will constantly both out-dare and out-brave the torments of the Rack, thereby to prevent her death.

Some three dayes after *Sypontus* was executed, the Judges again sit and consult on *Victorina*, but finding no evidence nor witnesse to accuse her, they at first are of opinion to discharge and free her; only they deem it requisite to terrifie, but not to torment her with the Rack, before they give her her liberty, whereunto they all agree. So they send for her, and threaten her with the Rack: but she vows, that all the torments of the world shall never inforce her to confesse an untruth, and that she never had the least suspicion that *Sypontus* was guilty of this execrable Murther of her husband: her Judges will not yet beleieve her; so they cause her to be carried to the Rack, whereunto she very cheerfully and patiently permits her self to be fastened, bidding the Executioner do his worst; which constancy of hers, her Judges seeing and hearing, they, in pittie and commiseration, as well of her youth and beauty, as to her descent, and the tears and prayers of venerable old *Beraldi* her Father, cause her to be loosed, and so in open Court acquit and discharge her.

Here we see this wretched Courtizan *Victorina* acquitted of her Judges for her husbands Murther, so as triumphing more in her good fortune, than her innocency, she now thinks the storm of her punishment past and ore-blown, and that no future can possible be reserved for her, or she for it: but her hopes will deceive her: for although she have made her peace with Earth, yet she hath not with Heaven; and although she have deluded the eyes of her Judges, yet she shall not those of God; but when his appointed hour, and her due time is come, then her crimes and sins, her adultery and murther, shall draw down vengeance from Heaven to her confusion. In the mean time we shall see this Monster, and disgrace of her Sex, make such bad use of her former danger, as she will again adde blood to blood, and Murther to Murther: but God will reserve not only the rod of his wrath for her correction, but the full viols of his indignation for her confusion; as the sequell will shew thee.

Six moneths are scarce past, since the Murther of her Husband *Souranza*, and the Execution of her *Enamorado Sypontus*, but she hath already quite forgotten these two mournfull and tragicall accidents; and which is more, she is so frolick and youthfull, as she hath thrown off her mourning attire, and drawn on her rich apparell, and glittering Jewells, whereof the curiosity of the nobler sort of Gentlemen and Ladies of the City take exact observation; and although *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, her Father and Mother, herein tax her of her indiscretion and immodesty, yet she thinks her self exempt of their commands, therefore will do it, out of the ambitious privilege of her own uncontrollable authority and wilfulnesse. Besides, her thoughts are so youthfull, and her carriage so light, as notwithstanding she came (as it were) but now from burying of her first husband, yet she is resolved without delay, to have a second; her Father and Mother check her of levity and uncivility in imbracing this resolution, but in vain; for her impudency returns them this immodest answer, that she will not trifle away her time, but marry. They advise her to be cautious, and to do nothing rashly in this her second match, that the misfortune and scandall of her first may no more reflect on her. But she will make choyce of her self by the eyes of her youth, and not by those of their age; by those of her own fancy, and not by these of their election. Her Husband *Souranza* died rich, both in Lands and Monies, and his Widow *Victorina*, without any opposition, injoyeth all: so she needs not look out for Suters, for there are Gallants enow who sue and seek her; but of them all, he whom she best and chiefly affecteth, is own *Seignior Loudovicus Fassino*, a very neat and proper young Gentleman of the City, rich, and well descended; his parents and kinsmen for the most part being *Clarissimoes* and *Senators*, and all of them Gentlemen of *Venice*; and him *Victorina* desires, and resolves to make her Husband, grounding her chiefest reason and affection on this resolution and foundation.

dation, that as *Souranza* was too old for her, so *Fassino* was young enough, and therefore fit to be her Husband, and she his Wife, measuring him wholly by his exterior personage, and not so much as once prying either into his Vices or Vertues. *Fassino*, who carried a vicious and pernicious heart under a pleasing gesture and tongue, and loving *Victorina*'s wealth more than her beauty, observing her affection and respect to him, seeks, courts, and wins her. Her parents understanding hereof, as also that *Fassino* is a vicious and deboshed Gentleman, with all their possible power and authority, they seek to divert their daughter from him. But she is deaf to their requests, and resolved, that as she followed the stream of their commands in her first Match, so she will now the current of her own pleasures and affections in this her second: and so, to the wonder of *Venice*, and the grief of all her parents and friends, before she had above ten dayes conferred with *Fassino*, she marries him. But this Match shall not succeed according to their desires; for *Victorina* shall shortly repent it, and *Fassino* as soon rue and smart for it; sith it is a *Maxim*, that sudden affections prove seldom prosperous; for if they have not time to settle and take root, they are incident as soon to fade as flourish, especially if they are contracted and grounded more for lust than love, and more for wealth than vertue.

The first moneth of this Marriage, *Fassino* keeps good correspondence and observance with his Wife, but thenceforth he breaks pale, and rangeth; for the truth is, although he were but a young Gentleman, yet (which is lamentable) he was an old Whore-master; which lascivious profession of his, threatens the ruin, not only of his health, but of his fortune and reputation; so now, when he should be at home, he is abroad, yea, not only by day, but by night, that upon the whole, *Victorina* is more a Widdow than a Wife: at which unlook'd and unwish'd for news, she not only bites the lip, but very often puts finger in her eye and weeps; for it gripes and grieves her at heart, to see her self thus slighted, neglected, and abused by *Fassino*, whom, of all the Gallants of the City, she had elected and chosen for her husband; she is infinitely grieved hereat, and yet her grief and sorrow infinitely exceeds her jealousy: and now as gracelesse as she is, she thinks God hath purposely sent her this lascivious *Fassino* for her second husband, as a just plague and punishment, to revenge her adultery committed against *Souranza* her first; so, had she had more grace, and lesse vanity and impiety, she would have made better use of this consideration, and not so soon forgot it, and in it, her self:

Now as it is the Nature of Jealousie, to have more eyes than *Argus*, and so to pry and see every where; *Victorina*, her curiosity, or rather her malice herein, finds out that her Husband *Fassino* familiarly frequenteth and useth the company of many Courtezans, especially of the Lady *Paleriana*, one of the most famous and reputed beauties of *Venice*: and this news indeed strikes her at the very gall with sorrow and vexation; saine she would reform and remedy this vice of her Husband, but how she knows not, for she sees little or no hope to reclaim him, sith he not only tenderly loves *Paleriana*, but which is worse, she apparently sees, that for her sake, he contemns her self and her company; for when he comes home, he hath no delight in her, but only in his Lute, or Books, which is but to pass his melancholy, for his Lady *Paleriana*'s absence, till he again revisit her; so as wholly neglected, and as I may truly say, almost forsaken of her husband, she knows not what to do, nor how to bear her self in those furious storms of her grief, and miserable tempest of her jealousy. But of two different courses to reclaim him from this his sin of Whoredome, she takes the worst; for in stead of counselling and dissuading her husband, she torments him with a thousand scandalous and injurious speeches: but this, in stead of quenching, doth but only bring oyl to the flame of his lust; for if he repaired home to her seldome before, now he scarce at all comes neer her; so as she is a Wife, yet no Wife; and hath a Husband, yet no Husband; but this is not the way to reclaim him, for fair speeches and sweet exhortations may prevail, when choler cannot.

And now it is, that this wretched and execrable Lady again assumes bloody resolutions against her second husband, as she had formerly done against her first, vowing that he shall dye, ere she will live to be thus contemned and abused of him; yea, her hot love to him is so soon grown cold, and her fervent affection already so frozen, that now she thinks on nothing else but how to be revenged, and to be rid of him; and is so impious and gracelesse, as she cares not how, nor in what manner soever she send him from this world to another: for the devill hath drawn a resolution from her, or rather she from the devill, that here he shall not much longer live. Good God! what an impious and wretched fury of hell, will *Victorina* prove her self here on earth? for the blood and life of one husband cannot quench the thirst of her lust and revenge, but she must and will imbrue her hands in that of two; as if it were not enough for her to trot, but that she will needs gallop and ride poast to hell. O what pitty is it, to see a Lady so wretched and execrable! O what an execrable wretchednesse is it, to see a Lady so inhumane, and so devoyd of pitty! But the Devill is strong with her, because her faith is weak with God; therefore she will advance, she will not retire in this her bloody design and resolution. Wherefore we shall shortly see *Fassino* his Adultery punished with death, by his

his wife *Victorina's* revenge ; and this murder of hers justly rewarded and revenged with the punishment of her own : the bloudyer our actions are, the severer Gods judgements , and the sharper his revenge will bee.

Of all sorts and degrees of inhumane and violent deaths , this wretched Lady *Victorina* thinks poyson the surest, and yet the most secret to dispatch her husband. This invention came immediatly from the devill , and is onely practised by his members , of which number she will desperately and damnably make herself one : her lust and revenge , like miserable Advocates, and farall Orators, perswade her to this execrable attempt, wherein by cutting off her husbands life , she shall find that she likewise casts away her own. So neither Grace nor Nature prevailing, she sends for an *Apothecary*, named *Augustino*; and when she hath conjured, and he promised his secrecie, she acquaints him, that her new husband *Fassino* keeps Court to her nose, & daily and hourly offereth her many other insupportable abuses and disgraces ; in requitall and revenge whereof she is resolved to poyson him, and prays him to undertake and perform it , and that she will reward him with three hundred *Zeckines* for his labour.

Of all professions and faculties, there are good and bad; *Augustino* loves God too well, herein to obey the devil ; he hath too much grace, to be so impious and gracelesse, and vows, that he will not buy gold at so dear a rate , as the price of bloud ; so as a good Christian, and true child of God , he not onely refuseth *Victorina's* motion and proffer , but in religious terms seeks to divert and perswade her from this her bloody attempt. But she is resolute in her malice , and wilfull in her revenge , and therefore will perform it her self , sith this *Augustino* will not: so (by a second hand) she procures poyson from a strange *Emperick*, whereof the City of *Venice* , more than others of *Italy* , aboundeth : so she onely waits for an opportunity , which very shortly , though , alas , too to soon , presents it self ; the manner thus.

It is impossible that *Fassino* his dissolute life , and extreme deboshing can keep him long from sickness ; for this punishment is alwayes incident and hereditary to that sinne. He complaines thereof to his wife *Victorina*, who receives this newes rather with gladnesse, than commiseration and pitie ; and so taking his bed , he prays her to make him some comfortable hot broath for his stomack : which newes she hears , and embraceth inwardly with joy , outwardly with disdain. For albeit she layes hold of this opportunity to poyson him, yet she dissembles her malice ; and the better to colour her villany , because she knowes it the smother and shorter way to be revenged in poysoning him , she will not make the broath her self , but commands her maid *Felicia* to doe it , (of whom wee have formerly spoken , in the discovery of *Syponthus* his Letter to her Unkle *Hieronymo Scuranza*) which treacherous office of hers, our malicious and devillish *Victorina* her Lady and mistresse , hath now a plot in her head , to requite with an execrable and hellish recompence : for while *Felicia* is boyling of the broath , her Lady *Victorina* trips to her chamber and closet, and fetcheth out the poyson , inveloped in a paper, whereof she takes two parts and brings down with her , and whiles she had purposely sent *Felicia* from the fire , she runs and throwes it into the broath , which for the present no whit altered the colour thereof : so *Fassino* calling for it, this poor innocent gentlewoman *Felicia* , (not suspecting or dreaming of poison) gives it him , which (as ignorant therof) he sups up ; and this was about nine or ten of the clock in the morning.

Now whiles *Felicia* is acting this mournfull Tragedie in *Fassino* his chamber, her Lady *Victorina* is acting another in hers ; for she takes the other third part of the poyson, and secretly opening *Felicias* trunk, puts it into a painted box which she found therein, and so locks it again, hoping (though indeed with a wretched and hellish hope) that her husband being dead , his body opened , and the poyson found in her trunk, she would give out that *Felicia* had poysoned him with broath that morn, & this found in her chest, would make her guilty of the murder ; for the which she knew she must needs die. See, see, the devillish double malice of this wretched Lady *Victorina*, as wel to her husband *Fassino*, as her mayd *Felicia* ! But as finely as the devil hath taught her to spin the thread of this her malice and revenge, yet though her plot have taken effect and hold of her husband , nevertheless she shall in the end fail of hers to innocent *Felicia* : in the interim , though to the eyes of the world it seem at first to succeed according to her desires by the by , yet it shall not in the main : but that murder , and this treason of *Victorina* shall not go long either undetected, or unpunished.

This poyson working in *Fassino* his stomacke and body , begins by degrees to cut off his vitall spirits, so as his strength failes him , his red cheekes already look pale and earthly , and his body infinitely swells : he calls for his wife *Victorina*, who with all haste and expedition tels her secretly, that he fears , *Felicia* hath poysoned him with the broath she gave him in the morning; and so requesteth her to send for his parents & friends to be present at this death, for live he could not. *Victorina*, like a dissembling she-devil , tears her hayr for anger , and for meer sorrow seems to drown her self in her tears at this newes, kisseth and fawnes on her husband, and in all possible haste sends away of all sides for his kinsfolkes and friends , who hastily repair thither , and finde *Fassino* almost dead : so they,

they, with teares, inquire his sicknesse when with open voice his wife *Victorina* cries out, that her wretched maide *Felicia* had with broath, that morn, poysoned him; which *Fassino* his memory and tongue yet served him to confesse and averre, word for word, as his Wife *Victorina* had related them: whereat they are all sorrowfull, and weep, and then and there cause *Felicia* to be apprehended and shut fast in a Chamber; who (poor harmless young Gentlewoman) is amazed at the terrour and strangenesse of this newes, and cries out and weepes so bitterly, as she seemes to melt her self into tears, only she knowes her self innocent, and yet feares that this malice and revenge proceeds to her from her Lady *Victorina*. Whiles *Felicia* is thus under sure keeping, her Master *Fassino* dyes: which newes is soon disperfed and divulged abroad, to the grief and admiration of the whole City. The next morn the criminall Judges are advertized hereof, who repair to *Fassino* his house, who by this time is dead, and there see his breathlesse carcasfe, which they ordain to be opened: the poyson is apparently found on his stomach, in its naturall pristine colour; when examining first *Fassino*, then *Victorina*'s Parents, they report *Fassino* his own words uttered a little before his death, that *Felicia* had that morn poysoned him with broath: which is averred by *Victorina*, who saith, she saw her give it him. So they send away poor *Felicia* to prison, but yet with a vehement suspition, that this poysoned arrow came out of *Victorina* her own quiver, which they the sooner beleeve, in respect of her former troubles, and suspitions for the murther of her first husband *Souranza*. So the Judges return and betake themselves, that very instant, to their Tribunall of Justice, in the Dukes Palace of Saint Marke, where they send for *Felicia*, who is brought them, unaccompanied of any: for as misfortune would, both her Vnkle *Hieronymo*, and her Cousin *Andrea Souranza*, were then at *Corfu*, imployed in some publick affairs for the Seignory. The Judges examine *Felicia*, concerning the broath and poyson she gave her Master. She bitterly sighing and weeping, confesseth the broath, but denies the poyson; vowing by her part and hope of heaven, she never touched nor knew what poyson was, and desired no favor of them, if it were found or proved against her; withall, she acquaints them, that she feares it is a trick of malice and revenge, clapt on her by her Lady *Victorina*, for the discovery of *Sypontus* his Letter. And to speak truth, the Judges in their hearts partly adhere and concur with her in this opinion: they demand her whether her Lady *Victorina* touched this broath, either by the fire, or the bed? She, according to the truth, answers, that to her knowledge or sight, she touched it not, nor no other but her self. So they send her again to prison, and return speedily to *Fassino* his house; where committing *Victorina* to a sure guard, they ascend her chamber and closet, search all her trunks, caskets and boxes, for poyson, but find none: and the like they do to *Felicia*'s trunks, which they break open, she having the key; and in a box find a quantity of the same poyson, whereby it was apparent she absolutely poysoned her Master *Fassino*. The Judges having thus found out and revealed, as they thought, the true author of this murther, they descend, again examine *Victorina*, and so acquit her. Poor *Felicia* is advertized hereof; whereat she is amazed and astonished, and thinks that some witch or devill cast it there for her destruction. She is again sent for before her Judges, who produce the poyson found in her trunk: she denies both the poyson and the murther, with many sighes and teares: so they adjudge her to the rack, which torment she suffereth with much patience and constancy; notwithstanding, her Judges considering that she made and gave *Fassino* the broath, that none touched it but her self, that he died of it, and that they found the remainder of the poyson in her trunk, they think her the murtherer; so they pronounce sentence, that the next morne she shall be hanged at Saint Markes place. She poor soul is returned to her prison; she bewailes her misfortune thus to die, and be cast away innocently, taxing her Judges of injustice, as her soul is ready to answer it to God.

All *Venice* pratleth of this cruell murther committed by this young Gentlewoman; but for her Lady *Victorina*, shee triumphs and laughs like a Gypsey, to see how with one stone she hath given two strokes, and how one poor drug hath freed her this day of her husband *Fassino*, and will to morrow of *Felicia*, of whom she rejoyceth in her self, that now she hath cryed quittance for the discovery of *Sypontus* his Letter, which procured his death: but her hopes may deceive her, or rather the devill will deceive both her and her hopes too. How true or false, righteous or sinfull our actions bee, God in his due time will make them appear in their naked colours, and reward those with glory, and these with shame.

The next morne, according to the laudable custome of *Venice*, the mourners of the Seignory accompany our sorrowfull *Felicia* to the place of execution, where she modestly ascended the ladder, with much silence, pensivenesse and affliction: at the sight of whose youth and beauty, most of that great infinite of Spectators cannot refraine from teares, and commiserating and pitying, that so sweet a young Gentlewoman should come to so infamous and untimely a death. When *Felicia* lifting up her hands, and erecting her eyes and heart towards heaven, she briefly speakes to this effect: She takes heaven and earth to witnesse, that she is innocent of the poysoning of her Master *Fassino*, and ignorant how that poyson should be brought into her Trunk; that as her knowledge cannot accuse,

so her

so her Conscience will not acquit her Lady *Victorina* of that fact, onely she leaves the detection and judgement thereof to God, that being ready to forsake the world, sith the world is resolved to forsake her, she as much triumphs in her innocency, as grieves at her misfortune: and that she may not only appear in Earth, but be found in Heaven a true Christian, she first forgives her Lady *Victorina*, and her Judges, and then beseecheth God to forgive her all her sinnes, whereunto she humbly and heartily prayes all that are present, to adde their prayers to hers: and so she begins to take off her band, and to prepare her selfe to dye.

Now, *Christian reader*, what humane wisdom, or earthly capacitie would here conceive or think, that there were any sublunary meanes left for this comfortlesse Gentlewoman *Felicia*, either to hope for life, or to flatter her self that she could avoid death? But loe, as the children of God cannot fall, because he is the defender of the innocent, and the protector of the righteous, therefore we shall see to our comforts, and find to Gods glory, that this innocent young Gentlewoman shall be miraculously freed of her dangers, and punishment, and her inveterate arch enemy *Victorina* brought in her stead, to receive this shamefull death, in expiation of the horrible murther of her two husbands, which God will now discover, and make apparent to the eyes of the world: for as the Fryers and Nuns prepare *Felicia*, to take her last farewell of this world, and so to shut up her life in the direfull and mournfull Catastrophe of her death; Behold, by the providence and mercy of God, the Apothecary *Augustino* (of whom this our History hath formerly made an honest and religious mention) arrives from Cape *Istria*, and having left his ship at *Malmocco*, lands in a Gondola at *Saint Markes* stayers; when knowing and seeing an execution towards, he thrust himself in amongst the crowd of people: where beholding so young and so fair a Gentlewoman, ready to dye, he demands of those next by him, what she was, and her crime: when being answered, that her name was *Felicia*, a wayting Gentlewoman to the Lady *Victorina*; who had poysoned her Master *Fassino*; at the very first report of the names of *Victorina*, and her husband *Fassino*, *Augustino* his bloud flasheth up in his face, and his heart began to beat within him, when demanding if no other were accessary to this murther, he was informed, that her Lady *Victorina* was vehemently suspected thereof, but she was cleared, and onely *Felicia*, this young Gentlewoman found guiltie therof; which words were no sooner delivered him, but God putting into his heart and remembrance, that this Lady *Victorina* would have formerly seduced him for three hundred *Zeckines*, to have poysoned her husband *Fassino*, he confidently believing this young Gentlewoman innocent hereof, with all possible speed, as fast as his legges could drive, he rus up to the Southeast part of the corner of the Gallery of the Dukes Palace, where the officers sit to see execution done; the which he requesteth for that time to stop, because he hath something to say concerning the murther of Signiour *Fassino*. Whereupon they call out to the Executioner to forbear: which bred infinit admiration in all the spectators, as wondering at the cause and reason hereof, when in constant and discreet termes, *Augustino* informes the Judges, that he thinks *Felicia* innocent, and her Lady *Victorina* guiltie of this murther, and so relates them the manner, time, and place where *Victorina* her selfe seduced him to poyson her husband *Fassino*, how she profered him three hundred *Zeckines* to perform it, which he refused, and to the utmost of his power sought to dissuade her from this bloody and execrable business. The Judges are astonished at the strangeness of this news, which they begin confidently to believe, and so blesse the hour of *Augustino's* arrivall, that hath withheld them from spilling the innocent bloud of *Felicia*; when commanding her from the place of execution, to her prison, they instantly give order for the Lady *Victorina's* apprehension, who already had built trophees and triumphs of joy in her heart, to see that all her bloody designs so well succeeded. But now is the Lords appointed time come, wherein all her cruell Murthers, whoredome, treachery, and hypocrisie, shall be brought to light and punished: yea, now it shall no longer be in her power, or in that of the devill, her Schoolmaster and Seducer, either to diminish the least part of her punishment, or to adde the least moment or point of time to her life. She is all in teares at her apprehension, but they rather ingender envie, than pittie in her Judges: And so from the delights and pleasures of her house, she is hastily conveyed to prison.

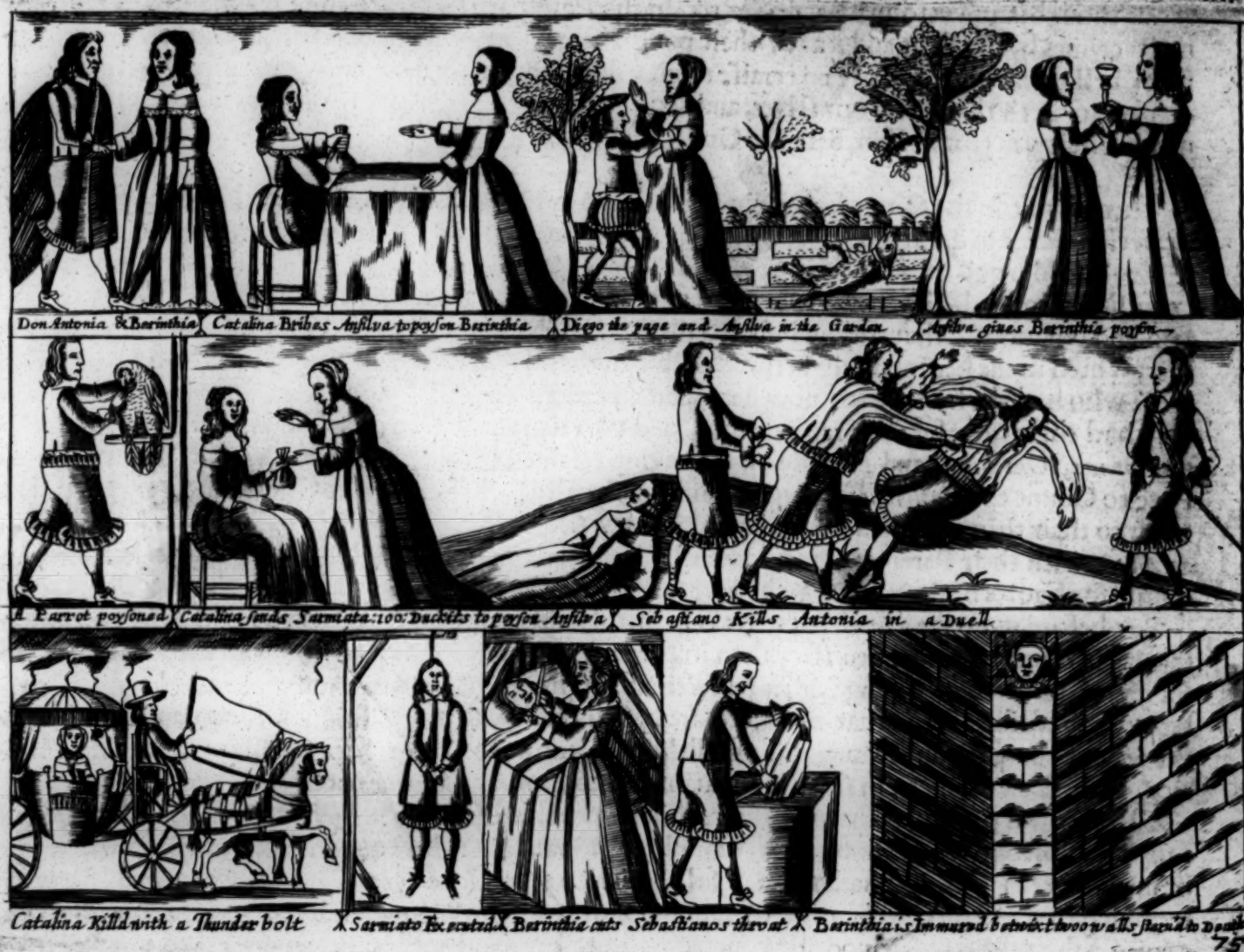
Her Judges, in honour to the sacred dignity of Justice (the Queen of Earth, and the daughter of Heaven) confront her with *Augustino*, who avers his former deposition as constantly in her faec, as she denies it impudently in his. But this will not avail her: for now God hath made the probabilities, or rather the sight of her crime too apparent. So without any regard to her prayers, teares, or exclamations, they adjudge her to the Rack, where the tenderneffe of her limbs, the sharpenesse of her torments, but especially the griefs and pinches of her conscience make her acquit *Felicia*, acknowledge *Augustino's* his evidence, and condemn her self to be the author both of her first husbands stabbing, as also her seconds poysoning: her Judges as much praise God for her confession, as they detest and are astonished at the falseness of these her horrible crimes. So with much joy they first free inno-

gent *Felicia* of her unjust imprisonment; and then knowing it pittie that so wretched a Lady as *Victorina* should live any longer, they, for her abominable cruelties and inhumanities, condemne her the next morne to bee hang'd and burnt on Saint Marks place. At the knowledge and divulging of which news, as her father, mother and kinsfolks extreamely grieve, so all *Venice* blesse and glorifi- God, first, that innocent *Felicia* is saved, and guilty *Victorina* detected and condemned to the shame and punishment of a deserved death.

The same night the Priests and Fryers deale with her about the state of her soul, and its pilgrimage and transmigration to heaven: they find that her youth, lust, and revenge hath taken a strange possession of the devill, and he in them: for she still loves the memory of *Sypontus*, and envies and detests that of her two husbands, *Souranza* and *Fassino*: but they deal effectually with her, and in their speeches depainting her forth the joyes of heaven and the torments of hell, they at last happily prevail, and so make her forsake the vanity and impiety of these her passions, by relishing the sweet shows of Gods mercies: so the next morne she is brought to her execution: wher the world expecting to hear much matter from her, she is very pensive and contemplative, and says little, onely she prays *Felicia* to forgive her; as also all the Parents of her two husbands, *Souranza* and *Fassino*, and likewise of *Sypontus*; but chiefly she invokes God her Saviour and Redeemer, to pardon these her horrible sins of adultery and murder, and beseecheth all that are present to pray for her soul; and so according to her sentence, she is first hang'd and then burnt: whereat all that great affluence and concourse of people praise the providence and justice of god, in cutting off this female monster and shame of her sexe *Victorina*: whose tragicall and mournfull History may we all read and remember, with detestation, that the example hereof be our forewarning and caveat, not to trust in the deceiveable lusts of the flesh, and the treacherous tentations of the devill, but to rely on the mercies and promises of God, which will never fail his elect, but will assuredly make them happy in their lives, blessed in their deaths, and constantly glorious in their resurrections.

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex-
ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY VII.

Catalina causeth her Waiting-Maid Anfilva two several times attempt to poyson her own Sister Berinthia; wherein failing, she afterwards makes an Emperick, termed Sarmiata, poyson her said Maid Anfilva: Catalina is killed with a Thunderbolt, and Sarmiata hang'd for poysoning Anfilva. Antonio steals Berinthia away by her own consent; whereupon her brother Sebastiano fights with Antonio, and kills him in a Duel. Berinthia in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her brother Sebastiano: She is ad- judged to be immured betwixt two walls, and there languisheth and dies.

HOW foolishly and impiously doth our malice betray our selves, or the devil our soules, when we maliciously betray others? for we are as far from Grace as Wisdom, when we permit ei- ther irregular affection, or unlawful passion to hale us on to choller, choller to revenge, and revenge to Murther. Nay, how exempt are we of Religion, and devoyd of all Christian piety and charity, when our thoughts are so eclipsed, and our judgements darkened, when our consciences are so de- filed, and our soules so polluted with revenge, that the eldest Sister seeks to poyson her younger, and this younger afterwards murthereth her own and only Brother, because in a Duel he had former- slain her Lover? Alas, alas, these are bloody accidents, which not onely fight against Grace, but Nature, not onely against Earth, but Heaven, and not only against our Souls, but against God. Nei- ther are these the onely Tragedies that our insuing History reporteth and relateth; for we shall therein farther see a wretched Waiting-gentlewoman poysoned by her more wretched Lady and Mi- stris, together with her execrable Agent, a bloody and graceless Empirick; and all justly revenged, and severely punished by the sword of Gods wrath and indignation. Wherein the Christian Reader may observe, as well to Gods glory, as his own consolation, that never pretended or actual Mur- thers were either contrived more secretly, perpetrated more closely, detected more miraculously, or punished

punished more strangely and severely; so as if the devil have not fully possess our hearts and souls, or if our thoughts and resolutions, do yet retain the least spark of Grace and Christianity, we shall flye their crimes by the sight and fear of their punishments, refetch our wandering and erroneous senses from hell to earth, purposely to erraise them from earth to heaven; and so religiously to give, and consecrate both them, and our selves, and souls from sin to righteousness, and consequently (with as much felicity as glory) from Satan to God.

There dwelt in the City of *Avero* in *Portugal*, an ancient Nobleman, termed *Don Jasper de Vilarezo*, rich either in quality of earthly greatness, as well of blood, as renews, who was nearly allied to the Marquis of *Denia* (in *Spain*) as marrying a Neece of his, named *Dona Alphanta*, a Lady exquisitely endued with the ornaments of Nature, and the perfections of Grace; for she was both fair and virtuous, that adding lustre to these, and these returning and reflecting embellishment to that, which made her infinitely beloved of her husband *Vilarezo*, and exceedingly honoured of all those who had the honour to know her; and to crown the felicity of their affections and marriage, they had three hopeful children, one son, and two daughters: he termed *Don Sebastiano*, and they the *Donas, Catalina*, and *Berinthia*: He having attained his fifteenth year, was by his Father made Page to Count to *Manriques de Lopez*, and continually followed him at Court, and they from their tenth to their thirteenth years, lived sometimes at *Coimbra*, other whiles at *Lisbone*, but commonly at *Avero* with their Parents, who so carefully trained them up in those qualities and perfections, requisite for Ladies of their rank, as they were no sooner seen, but admired of all who saw them.

But before we make a further progression in this History (thereby the better to unfold and anatomize it) I hold it rather necessary than impertinent, that we take a cursory, though not a curious survey of both these young Ladies perfections and imperfections, of their vices and virtues, their beauty and deformity: that as objects are best known by the opposition of their contraries, so by the way of comparison we may distinguish how to know, and know how to distinguish of the disparity of these two Sisters, in their inclinations, affections, and delineations.

Catalina was somewhat short of stature, but corpulent of body: *Berinthia* tall, but slender: *Catalina* was of taint and complexion, more brown than fair: *Berinthia* not brown, but sweetly fair, or fairly sweet: *Catalina* had a disdainful, *Berinthia* a gracious eye: *Catalina* was proud, *Berinthia* humble. In a word, *Catalina* was of humour extremely imperious, ambitious, and revengeful, and revengeful, and *Berinthia* modestly courteous, gracious, and religious. So these two young Ladies growing now to be capable of Mariage, many Cavaliers of *Avero* become Servants and Suiters to them, as well in respect of their Fathers Nobility and Wealth, as for their own Beauties and Virtues: yea, their fame is generally so spread, that from *Lisbone*, and most of the chiefest Cities of *Portugal*, divers Nobles and Knights resort to their Father *Don Vilarezo's* house, to profer up their affections to the dignity and merits of his daughters. But his age finding their youth too young to be acquainted with the secrets and mysteries of Mariage, puts them all off, either in general terms, or honourable excuses, as holding the matching of his daughters of so eminent and important consideration, as he thinks it fit he should advisedly consult, and not rashly conclude them; which affection and care of Parents to their Children, is still as honourable as commendable.

Don Sebastiano their Brother, being often both at *Madrid*, *Vallidolyd*, and *Lisbone*, becomes very intimately and singularly acquainted with *Don Antonio de Rivere*, a noble and rich young Cavalier, by Birth likewise a *Portugal*, of the City of *Elvas*, who was first and chief Gentleman to the Duke of *Bragansa*; and the better to unite and perpetuate their familiarity, he profers him his eldest Sister in Mariage, and prays him at his first conveniencie, to ride over to *Avero* to see her, offering himself to accompany him in his journey, and to second him in that enterprize, as well towards his Father as Sister. *Don Antonio* very kindly and thankfully listeneth to *Don Sebastiano's* courteous and affectionate profer; and knowing it so far from the least disparagement, as it was a great happiness and honour for him to match himself in so noble a Family, they assign a day for that journey, against when, *Don Antonio* makes ready his preparatives and train, in all respects answerable to his rank and generosity. They arrive at *Avero*, where *Don Gasper de Vilarezo*, for his own worth, and his Sons report, receives *Don Antonio* honourably, and entertains him courteously: He visiteth and saluteth, first the Mother, then the two young Ladies her daughters: and although he cannot dislike *Catalina*, yet so precious and amiable is sweet *Berinthia* in his eye, as he no sooner sees, but loves her: yea, her piercing eye, her vermillion cheek, and delicate stature, act such wonders in his heart, as he secretly proclames himself her Servant, and publicly she his Mistress: to which end he takes time and opportunity at advantagn, and so reveales her so much in terms, that intimate the fervencie of his zeal, and endear the zeal of his affection and constancy. *Berinthia* entertains his motion and speeches with many blushes, which now and then cast a rosiat vail o'r the milk-white Lillies of her complexion: and to speak truth, if *Antonio* be enamored of *Berinthia*,

no less is she of him: so as not only their eyes, but their contemplations and hearts seem already to sympathize and burn in the flame of an equal affection. In a word, by stealth he courts her often. And not to detain my Reader in the intricate Labyrinth of the whole passages of their loves, *Antonio* for this time finds *Berinthia* in this resolution, that as she hath not the will to grant, so she hath not the power to deny his suit: the rest, time will produce.

But so powerfully do the beauty and virtues of sweet *Berinthia* work in *Antonio* his affections, that impatient of delays, he finds out her Father and Mother, and in due terms (requisite for him to give, and they receive) demands their daughter *Berinthia* in Marriage. *Vilarezo* thanking *Antonio* for this honour, replies, that of his two Daughters, he thinks *Berinthia*, his younger, as unworthy of him, as *Catalina*, his eldest, worthily bestowed on him. *Antonio* answers, that as he cannot deny but *Catalina* is fair, yet he must confess that *Berinthia* is more beautiful to his eye, and more pleasing to his thoughts. *Vilarezo* lastly replies, that he will first match *Catalina*, e'r *Berinthia*, and that he is as content to give him the first, as not as yet resolved to dispose of the second: and so at this time, they on these terms depart, *Vilarezo* taking *Antonio* and his son *Sebastiano* with him to hunt a Stag, whereof his adjacent Forrest hath plenty. But whiles *Antonio* his body pursues the Stag, his thoughts are flying after the Beauty of his dear and fair *Berinthia*; who as Paragon of Beauty and Nature, sits Empress, and Queen-Regent in the Court of his contemplations and affections. He is wounded at the heart with *Vilarezo* his answer, and *Berinthia* to the gall, when he certified her of her Fathers resolution, only modesty (that sweet companion, and precious ornament of Virgins) to the extremity of her power, endeavoured to keep *Antonio* from perceiving, or suspecting so much. *Antonio* prays his dear friend *Sebastiano*, to persuade his Father to give him his Sister *Berinthia* to Wife: he performs the true part of a true friend, and a Gentleman, but in vain; for his Father *Vilarezo* is resolute, first to marry *Catalina*; when *Antonio*, not of power so soon to leave the sight and presence of his sweet *Berinthia*, must invent some matter for his stay. And indeed, as Love is the whetstone of wit to give an edge to Invention; so *Antonio*, to enjoy the presence of his fair *Berinthia*, is enforced to make shew, that he neglects her, and affecteth *Catalina*; and so converseth often with her, but still in general terms, whereat she builds many castles of hope and content, in the air of her thoughts. For, if *Berinthia* loved *Antonio*, no less doth *Catalina*: strange effects of affection, where two Sisters deeply and dearly love one Gentleman, and when but one, and peradventure neither of them shall enjoy him.

But as *Catalina* is the pretext, so *Berinthia* is both the sole object and cause of *Antonio*'s stay, whom he courts and layeth close siege to, as often as opportunity makes him happy in the desired happiness and felicity of her company: Shee gives him blushes for his sighs, and sometimes (although a man) the fervencie of his affection was such, as he cannot refrain from returning her tears for her blushes; when albeit love persuades him to stay longer in *Avero*, yet discretion calls and commands him away to *Lisbone*; and all the fruit of his journey that he shall carry thither with him, is this, that for enjoying fair *Berinthia* to his wife, he conceives far more reason to hope, than to despair. Next death, there is no second affliction so grievous, or bitter to Lovers, as separation and parting; this *Berinthia* feels, but will not acknowledge; and this *Antonio* acknowledgeth because he feels. After Supper, taking her to a window, he secretly prays her to honour him with the acceptance of a poor Scarf, and plain pair of Gloves (which notwithstanding were infinitely rich, and wonderfully fair) in token of his affection; and she, the morn of his departure, by *Diego* his Page, sends him a Handkerchief curiously wrought with hearts and flames of silk and gold, in sign of her thankfulness. He promiseth *Berinthia* to write, and see her shortly; and *Catalina* entreats him to be no stranger to *Avero*. To *Catalina* he gives many words, but few kisses; to *Berinthia* many kisses, but more tears: His departure makes *Berinthia* sad, as grieving at his absence; and *Catalina* joyful, as hoping of his return: *Catalina* triumphs for joy, hoping that *Antonio* shall be her husband; and *Berinthia* now begins to look pale with sorrow, fearing she shall not be so happy to be his wife. By this time Breakfast is served in, when *Sebastiano* comes, takes *Antonio* and his two Sisters, and carries them to the Parlor, where *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* attend *Antonio*'s coming. They all sit down, & although their fare be curious, yet *Antonio*'s eyes feed and feast upon more curious dainties; as the sparkling eyes, flaxen hair, and vermillion cheeks of *Berinthia*'s incomparable beauty, which is observed of all parts, except of *Berinthia*, who is so secret & cautious in her carriage, as although her affection, yet her discretion will not permit her modesty either to observe or see it. Breakfast ended, *Antonio* taking *Vilarezo* & his wife *Alphanta* apart, first give them infinite thanks for his honorable & courteous entertainment, & then very earnestly again prays them not to reject his suit for their daughter *Berinthia*. *Vilarezo* & his wife pray *Antonio* to excuse his bad reception, which they know comes many waies short of his deserts, & also requests him to embrace their motion for their daughter *Catalina*. Thus after many other complements, he takes his conge of *Vilarezo*, kisseth his wife & two daughters, first *Catalina*, then *Berinthia*, who though last in years, yet is the first Lady in his desires and thoughts, and the only

Queen of his affection. So they are as it were enforced to make a virtue of necessity, and to take a short farewell, instead of a more solemn, which either of them wished, and both desired; but their eyes dictate to their hearts, what their tongues cannot express; and so *Antonio* and *Sebastiano* take Coach, and away for *Lisbone*, *Antonio* as much triumphing in the beauty of his fair *Berinthia*, as his friend *Sebastiano* grieves, that of his two Sisters, *Antonio* would not accept of *Catalina*, nor his Father consent to give him *Berinthia* for wife; notwithstanding they confirm their familiarity and friendship with many interchangeable and reciprocal protestations, that sith they cannot be brothers, they will live and dye dear and intimate friends: but I fear the contrary.

Being arrived at *Lisbone*, *Antonio* feels strange alterations in his thoughts and passions: For now he is so intangled in the Fetters of *Berinthia*'s Beauty and Virtues, that he will see no other object but her *Idea*, nor (almost) speak of any Lady but of her self: and in these his amorous contemplations he both rejoiceth and triumpheth; but again, remembering the assurance of *Vilarezo* his refusal, and the uncertainty of *Berinthia*'s affection and consent, his hopes are nipt in their blossoms, and his joyes as soon fade as flourish; he wisheth that *Avero* were *Lisbone*, and either himself in *Avero* with *Berinthia*, or she in *Lisbone* with him. To attempt the one, he holds it as great a folly, as a vanity to wish the other: But he bethinks himself of a remedy for this his perplexity, and reputes himself obliged in the bonds, as well of respect, as love, to write to his fair *Berinthia*; and then again he fears that it will finde a difficult passage and access to her, because of her Fathers distaste, and Sisters jealousy. But the Sun of his affection doth soon dispel and dissipate these doubts, or rather disperse them as Clouds before the Wind: And now to prevent those who might attempt to intercept his Letters, he bethinks himself of an invention, as worthy, as commendable in a Lover; He writes *Berinthia* a Letter, and accompanying it with a rich Diamond, sends it her by *Diego*, his own Page, to *Avero*, whom purposely, and feignedly he causeth to arm himself with this pretext and colour, that he is in love with *Ansilva*, the Lady *Catalina*'s Waiting-gentlewoman, and hath gotten leave of his Master to come to *Avero* to seek her in Marriage; where after some fifteen daies he arriveth, and very secretly delivers his Masters Ring and Letter to *Berinthia*, who (sweet Lady) was then tost with the wind of fear, and the waves of sorrow, that in all this time she heard not from *Antonio*, doubting indeed lest the change of air, places, and objects, might have power to change his affection, when now blushing for joy, as much as she before looked pale for sorrow, she takes the Ring and Letter, and kissing both, secretly flies to her Chamber, when bolting the door, she with as much affection as impatience, breaking up the seals, therein findes these lines.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

Sweet *Berinthia*, wert thou as courteous as fair, thou wouldest rest as confident of my affections, as I doe of thy beauty, and then as much rejoice in that, as I triumph in this: but as my tongue lately wanted power, so now doth my pen art, to inform thee how dearly I love thy beauty, and honour thy virtues: so as could thy thoughts prie into mine, or my heart be so happy to dictate to thine, those should know, and this see, that *Antonio* is ambitious of no other earthly felicity, than either to live thy husband, or die thy Martyr. Think with thy self, how farre thou undervaluest, and un-requiest my zeal, when I will despair of loving *Catalina*, and yet cannot hope that *Berinthia* will affect me: onely therefore in thee (sweet Lady) it remaines, either to crown my joyes by thy consent, or to immortalize my torments by thy refusal. Be pleased therefore, fair *Berinthia*, to signifie me thy resolution, that I may know my doom, and prepare my self, either to wed thee or my grave.

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having again and again perused and o'r-read this Letter, gives it a thousand kisses for his sake who wrote and sent it her, and so very secretly locks it up in her Casket, as also the Diamond, and now attends opportunity to conferre privately with *Diego*, when he will resolve to return to his Master at *Lisbone*, that she may return him an answer, though not so sweet as he expects, yet not so bitter as he fears. In the mean time *Diego* delivereth her Father *Vilarezo* his Masters Letter, in favour of his (pretended) sute to *Ansilva*, as also in thankfulness of his entertainment, without naming either *Catalina* or *Berinthia*, his daughters, or once mentioning his return to *Avero*, whereat *Vilarezo* grieves, and *Catalina* bites the lip: But *Berinthia* cannot but smile to see *Antonio* his invention for the safe deliverie of his Letters, nor yet refrain from laughing in her self, to see how cunningly his Page *Diego* courts *Ansilva*; for he makes such demonstration of love to her, and she is so enamoured of him, that *Catalina* thinks a short time will finish this Match, but he and her Sister *Berinthia* know the contrary. *Diego* at the end of three daies is desirous to depart, and

and *Berinthia* extremely glad of his resolution to stay no longer : so she takes her self to her chamber, and writes this Letter to her *Antonio*, in answer of his.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

HAd I not been more courteous to thee, than I am fair to my self, thou hadst not tasted so much of my affection, nor I so many of my Fathers frowns ; and although thy tongue and pen have acquainted me with thy rich zeal intended and devoted to my poor merits, yet judge with thy self, whether it be fit for me to requite thee with observance, or him that gave me my being with disobedience. As I desire not to have thee dye my Martyr, so my Father will not permit thee to live my husband ; and yet, as it is out of my power to remedy the first, so it is not impossible for time to effect and compass the last : not that I resolve to give thee too much hope, rather that I aim to take away some of thy despair, to the end I may find thee as constant in thy affection, as thou me sincere in my constancie. My Sisters jealousy of me, and my Fathers distaste of thee, invite thee to manage this favour of mine with as much secrecie as circumspection.

BERINTHIA.

Having folded up, and sealed her Letter, she finds out *Diego*, and beckens him to follow her to the Garden ; where, in one of the Bowers, she delivers him this Letter, together with a Rose of Opales, the which in token of her love, she conjures him with safety and speed to deliver to his Master *Don Antonio*. *Diego* having his dispatch of *Berinthia*, soon gives *Ansilva* hers, promising to return some three weeks after ; at which time he prays her to expect him ; when thanking *Vilarezo* for his kind entertainment, and he bidding him tell his Master, he would be glad to see him in *Avero*, he leaps to horse, and so posts away for *Lisbone*.

I cannot relate with what incredible, and infinite joy, *Antonio* receives this Letter and Ring from *Berinthia* : and, to write the truth, I think the Letter scarce contained so many syllables, as he often read it over and kissed it. He sees *Berinthia*'s modesty resplend and shine in her affection, and her affection in her modesty towards him, wherein he glories in that, rejoiceth in this, and triumphs in both : but although he be sure of her affection, yet he is not of himself ; for he sees her Letter containeth many verbal complements, but all of them not one real promise ; and therefore he cannot repute his tranquillity and felicity compleat, e'r he be crowned with this happiness : besides, he fears that his absence and her Fathers presence, may in tract of time by degrees cool the fervencie of *Berinthia*'s affection ; and yet then, he as soon checks his own timidity, in conceiving the least suspicion of her constancy. Now he thinks to acquaint his intimate friend, and her dear brother, *Sebastiano*, with their affections, but then he condemns that opinion, and revokes it as erroneous and dangerous, and contrary to the rules of love, in failing without the compass of *Berinthia*'s advice and commands, by the which he holds it both safety and discretion to steer his course and actions. Again, he so infinitely and earnestly longs to re-see his dear and sweet Mistress, as he resolves to ride over again to *Avero* ; but the obstinacy of *Vilarezo*, and the jealousy of *Catalina*, make him end that journey e'r he began it. In this perplexity, and contestation of reasons, he is irresolute what, or what not to doe ; but in fine, considering that delays are dangerous in matters of this nature, he packs up his baggage, and taking his farewell of *Sebastiano*, under pretext of his health, leaves *Lisbone*, and the Duke his Lord and Master, and retires to his own home at *Elvas* (where his Father dying some three years before, had left him sole heir to many rich Manors and Possessions) purposely hereby to be near to *Avero*, that he might give order for all things, and let slip no occasion in the process and prosecution of his affection. The second day after his arrival to *Elvas*, it being wel-near a month since he sent his first, and till then his last Letter to *Berinthia*, he now again dispatcheth his Page *Diego* with a second Letter to her, by whom he sends a Chain of rich Pearl, and a pair of Gold Bracelets richly enameled. *Diego*'s arrival is pleasing to *Ansilva*, but extremely joyful to *Berinthia* ; onely it nipt *Catalina*'s hopes, because she could not understand by him any certain resolution or assurance of his Masters coming thither. *Diego* hath no sooner saluted his *Ansilva*, but (as his more important business) he seeks means to speak with *Berinthia*, which she her self profereth him ; he delivers her his Masters tokens and letter, which she very joyfully receiveth, and so trips away to her Chamber, where opening the seals, she therein finds these words.

ANTO.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

It is impossible for my pen to express the joys my heart received at the reading of thy Letter : and as I dispraise not thy obedience to thy Father, so I infinitely both praise and prize thy affection to me. A thousand times I kissed thy lines, and as often blest the hand that wrote them ; and although they gave me hope for despair, yet, not to dissemble, these hopes have brought me doubt, and that doubt, fear ; not that thou lovest me ; for that were to disparage my judgment, in seeking to prophane thy affection ; but that thou wilt not please to accept of my promise, nor to return me thine : wherein, if thou weigh the fervencie of my love, I hope thou wilt not tax the incredulity of my fear ; for till I am so happy, not onely to hope, but to assure my self that Berinthia will be Antonio's, as Antonio is already Berinthia's, I must needs fear, and therefore cannot truly rejoyce. I have left Lisbon, to reside at Elvas ; therefore fair and dear Lady, I beseech thee destinate me, dispose my service, and command both. I long to enjoy the felicity of thy presence ; for I take heaven to witness, thy absence is my hell upon earth.

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having read this Letter, she approves of Antonio's fear, and attributes it to the fervency and sincerity of his affection ; she esteems her self infinitely happy in her good fortune, and choice of so brave a Cavalier for her servant, whom she hopes a little time will make her husband ; to which end she will no longer feed him with delays, but now resolves, by his Page Diego, at his return, to signify him so much ; and in a word, to send him her heart, as she hath already received his. But she knows not what the Interim of this time will bring forth.

Pass we from Berinthia to her Sister Catalina, whose affection is likewise such to Antonio, as by this time she hath perswaded and induced her Father Vilarezo to write him a Letter in her behalf by Diego, thereby to draw his resolution, whether he intend to seek her for his wife or no ; or at least to invite him to Avero. And although his affection to her Sister Berinthia be kept from her, yet she not only suspects, but fears it. Glad she is of the opportunity of Diego his being there, to convey her Fathers Letter to his Master ; and yet that joy of hers is soon dissolved into grief, because all this time he never vouchsafed to write to her : her affection to him flattereth her still with hope, and yet her judgement in her self still suggesteth her despair ; for she hath alwaies the image of this conceit in her imagination, that Antonio loves her Sister Berinthia, and not her self : her suspicion makes her subtil, and so she deals with Ansilva to draw the truth hereof from Diego, who having learned his lesson, acteth his part well ; and I know not, whether with more fidelity or discretion, flatly denies it ; But lo, here betides an accident, which bewraies the whole mystery and History of their affections. On a Sunday morning, when Berinthia was descended to the garden to gather flowers, against her going to Church with her Father and Mother, her Sister Catalina rusheth into her chamber, to seek the History of Cervantez, which the day before she had lent her ; and not finding it either on the Table or the Window, seeks in the pocket of her Gown, that she wore the day before ; and there unwittingly, and unexpectedly finds the last Letter that Antonio had sent her ; whereby she perceived it was in vain to hope to enjoy Antonio, sith she now apparently saw, that he was her Sister Berinthia's, and she his. Catalina is hereat both sorrowful and glad ; sorrowful, that she should lose Antonio, and glad that she had found his Letter. And now to shew her affection to him, and her malice to her Sister, she will try her wits, to see whether she can frustrate Berinthia, and so obtaine Antonio for her self. The passions of men may easily be found out and detected, but the secrets and malice of women difficultly. To which end Catalina shews this Letter to her Father, who exceedingly storms hereat, and with many checks and frowns, curbs Berinthia of her liberty, and resolves in his first Letter to Antonio, to forbid him his house, and her company, except he will leave Berinthia, and take Catalina : and suspecting that his Page Diego's courting of Ansilva, was but onely a policy and colour, thereby to convey Letters betwixt his Daughter Berinthia, and his Master, he once thought to give him his Conge, and prohibit him his house, had not Catalina prayed the contrary, who would no way displease her Waiting-Gentlewoman Ansilva, because she was to use her aid and assistance in a matter of great importance ; the unlocking and dilating whereof is thus.

Catalina her affection to Antonio, and consequently her malice to her Sister Berinthia is so violent, that as her Father hath bereaved her of a great part of her liberty, so she is so bloody and cruel, as she vows to deprive her of her life. A hellish resolution in any woman, but a most unnatural and damnable attempt of one Sister to another : but wanting Faith, which is the foundation and bulwark ; and Religion, which is the preservative and antidote of our souls, she runs so wilfully hood-wink'd from God to the Devil, as she will advance, and disdains to retire, till her malicious and jealous thirst be quenched with her Sisters blood. To which end she perswades and bribes Ansilva with a hundred

hundred Duckets to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*, and promiseth her so much more when she hath effected it: whereunto this wretched and execrable young Waiting-Gentlewoman consenteth, and in brief promiseth to perform it: But God hath otherwise decreed and ordained. To which end she sends into the City for some strong poyson by an unknown Messenger, which is instantly brought her in a small galley-pot. But let us here both admire and wonder at Gods miraculous discovery, and prevention thereof: For, that very night, when *Ansilva* had determinately resolved to have poysoned the Lady *Berinthia*, *Diego* seeks out his Mistis *Ansilva*, and finds her solitarily alone in one of the close over-shadowed Bowers of the Garden, whom he salutes and entertains with many amorous discourses, and more kisses; in the midst whereof his nose fell suddenly on bleeding, whereat he admired, and she grieved, till at last having bloodied all his own handkerchief, *Ansilva* rusheth hastily to her pocket for hers for him, which suddenly drawing forth, her affection to *Diego* having made her quite forget her poyson, she with her handkerchief draws out the galley-pot, which falling on the floor of the Bower (that was paved with square stones) it immediately burst in peeces, when *Diego's* Spaniel licking up the poyson, instantly sweld, and died before them. Whereat *Diego* grew amazed, but far more *Ansilva*, who blushing with shame, and then growing pale for fear, could not invent either what to say or do, at the strangeness or suddenness of this accident. *Diego* presseth her to know for whom this poyson was provided, and of whom she had it. Her answers are variable, and are so far from agreeing, as they contradict each other, which breeds in her the more fear, and in him astonishment. He conjures her by all the bonds of their affection, to discover it, with many millions of protestations professeth it shall dye with him; he addes vows to his requests, oaths to his vows, and kisses to his oaths; so as Mayds can difficultly conceal any thing from their Lovers; but especially fearing that he might peradventure suspect that this poyson was meant and intended him; she at last vanquished with his importunacy, and this consideration, discovereth (as we have formerly understood) that her *Catalina* had won her, therewith to poyson her Sister *Berinthia*, because she suspected she was better beloved of her Master *Don Antonio* than her self. *Diego* is infinitely astonished at the strangeness of this news, and like a true and faithfull Page to his Master, having drawn this worm from *Ansilva's* nose, and this news from her tongue, under a colour to seek a remedy to stop his blood, giving her many kisses, and promising her his speedy return, he leaves her in the Garden, and so very speedily finds out *Berinthia*, to whom (with as much truth as curiosity) he from point to point reveals it, praying her to be carefull not to receive any thing, either from *Catalina* or *Ansilva*, and withall to write, for the next morning he will hie to *Elvas* to reveal it to his Master. *Berinthia* trembles at the report of this strange and unexpected news: so having first thanked God for the discovery of this poyson, and her Sisters malice, she promiseth him a Letter to his Master, and heartily thanks him for his fidelity and affection towards her, the which she voweth to requite; and for a pledge and earnest thereof, draws off a Diamond from her finger, and gives it him for his good office.

No sooner hath *Aurora* leapt from the watery bed of *Thetis*, and *Phæbus* discovered his golden beams in the azured Firmament of Heaven, but *Diego* causeth his horse to be made ready, and tells *Ansilva*, that his Father had sent for him to meet him at *la Secco*, and that he will not fail to be back with her within three daies, being ready to depart.

He, under colour of giving order for his horse, leaves her; and steals into *Berinthia's* Chamber, whom (poor Lady) fear would not permit to take any rest or sleep that night, the which shee had partly worn out and imployed in writing her mind to her dear *Antonio*, and knowing her self not safe in *Avero* with her Father, and Sister, she resolved to commit her honour, and her life into his protection; yea, she had no sooner finished and sealed her Letter to that effect, but *Diego* comes and knocks softly at her chamber-door. *Berinthia* in her Night-gown and attire is ready for him: she admits him, and commends his care, gives him her Letter to his Master, and prays him to use all possible diligence in his return; and so having received all her commands, he secretly descends the stairs; and taking leave of *Vilarezo*, and lastly, kissing his Mistis *Ansilva*, he leaps to horse, rides the first Stage, there leaves his Gennet, and takes Post.

Leave we *Diego* posting towards *Elvas*, and come we to *Catalina*, whose malice finding no rest, nor her revenge remedy, she that very morn, as soon as *Ansilva* came into her chamber, demands whether she be prepared to perform her own promise, and her hopes? She answereth her Lady, that less than three daies shall effect it, and give a period to all her Sister *Berinthia's*. Whereat she is exceeding glad, but all this while ignorant what *Diego* hath seen, and *Berinthia* knows to this effect; *Ansilva* presuming on *Diego* his fidelity, and building on his secrecie; and therefore less suspecting his journey to *Elvas*, remains still so graceless and impious in her bloody resolution, as she now not onely presumes, but assures her self that *Berinthia* is near the ebbe of her daies, and the setting of her life; and therefore like an execrable Agent of the Devil, shee hath now made ready and provided her self of a second poysoned potion, which she no waies doubts but shall send

tend her to her last sleep. But this female Monster, this bloody *she-Emperick* may be deceived in her art.

In the interim of which time, *Diego* arrives at *Elvas*, and finds out his Master, to whom he very hastily delivers *Berinthia's* Letter, the which *Antonio* having kissed, breaks off the seals, and there, contrary to his hopes, but not to his desire, reads these lines.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

MY Sister *Catalina's* malice is so extream to me, sith my affection is such to thee, as she degenerates not only from Grace, but Nature, and seeks to bereave me of my life. This beaver, thy Page, who I pray, love for my sake, sith be under God, hath now preserved me for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So sith there is no safety for me in my Fathers house, into whose arms and protection shall I throw my self, but only into thine, of whose true and sincere affection I am so cristant and confident, as I rest assured thou wilt shew thy self thy self, in preserving my life with honour, and mine honour with my life? It is no point of disobedience in me to my Father, but of dear respect to mine own life, and therefore to thee, for, and by whom I live, that makes me so earnestly desire both thy assistance and fight, sith the first will lead me from despair, the second to hope and joy, and both to content; til when, fear and love, with much impatiency, make me think hours years, and minutes moneths.

BERINTHIA.

Antonio is amazed at this strange and unexpected news, and curiously gathers all the circumstances thereof from his Page, when love, fear, hope, sorrow, and joy act their several parts, as well in his heart as countenance; when prizing *Berinthia's* life and safety a thousand times before his own, he with great expedition dispatcheth away *Diego* the same night to *Avero*, with this ensuing Letter, which he commands him to deliver to his Mistress *Berinthia*, with all possible speed and secrecy.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

AS the Sun, breaking forth of an obscure cloud, shines the clearer, so doth thy true affection to me, in that damnable malice of thy Sister *Catalina* to thy self for my sake, in such sort, as I know not whether I more rejoyce at the one, than detest the other. Having therefore first thanked God for thy happy, and miraculous preservation, I next commend my Page, as the second cause of the discovery thereof; and this fidelity of his shall neither be forgotten or unrequited. Think how tedious time is to me, sith I blame and blame and envy this short Letter of mine, for taking up and usurping any part thereof, till I enjoy the honour to see thee, and the felicity to assist thee. I return it thee Post by *Diego*, who brought me thine; and my Coach-man tells me, I shall rather flie than run towards thee. Let the precise hour, I beseech thee, be on Munday night at twelve of the clock, when I will await thy self, and expect thy commands at the Postern of thy Fathers Arbour; where, let the light of the candle be my signet, and the report of my Pistol shall be thine. I am throwing away my pen, were it not to signify thee, that my sword shall protect thy life, and mine honour preserve thine; as also that *Antonio* thinks himself the most unfortunate man of the world, till *Berinthia* be impaled in his arms, or be encloystered in hers.

ANTONIO.

Whiles *Diego* is posting to *Avero*, *Antonio* his Master is preparing to follow him, taking (the next morn) his Coach with six horses, and three resolute Gentlemen his friends, to assist him, with each his Rapier and case of Pistols. *Diego* first arrives at *Avero*, yea, a day and two nights before him. *Ansilva* checks him for his long stay; and *Berinthia* a thousand times thanks him for his speedy return. He delivers her his Masters Letter, and prays her to prepare her self against the prefixed hour. She reads her *Antonio's* Letter with much joy and comfort, which her looks testify, and her heart proclamech to her thoughts: she will not be slack or backwards in a matter which so deeply imports her well-fare and content; and so with all possible secrecy packs up the chiefeft of her apparel and jewels in a small trunk, or casket, and wisheth the hour come, that she were either in *Antonio's* armes, or he in hers: and for *Diego*, he casteth so subtil a mist and vail before *Ansilva's* eyes, as it is impossible either for her, or her Lady *Catalina* to perceive any thing. But lo, a second treachery is provided to effect that which the first could not; and indeed, which went neer to have performed it, had not God miracuouly and indulgently reached forth his hand to prevent it: for *Catalina* still perseveres in her inveterate and deadly malice towards her Sister *Berinthia*, as if God had

had not yet taught her, or rather, that she would not learn the way from Satan; or Grace instructed and directed her from the impiety of so foul a sin, as the murdering of her own and only sister. For the very night that *Antonio* had promised and assigned to fetch *Berinthia*, as she had by times retired her selfe to her chamber, under colour to go to bed, and ready to put on her night habiliments, in comes *Ansilva*, sent by her good and kind (or rather wicked and cruell) sister, with a sweet Posset, (or rather a deadly poyson in her hand, in a silver covered cup) telling her, that her lady had drunk one half, and sent her the other, it being (as she affirmed) very cold and refreshing for the liver, against the hotness of the weather. But *Berinthia* being forewarned, is armed by her former danger; yet she seems joyfull thereof, and so accepts it, returning her sister *Catalina* thanks, saying, she will drink it ere she go to bed; onely she prayes *Ansilva* first to fetch her prayer book and gloves which in the morne she had left in her sisters chamber. So whiles she is wanting, she privately powres it into a silver bason in her Study, and washing the cup three or four severall tymes, she fills some Almond milk therein; and *Ansilva* being returned, takes the said cup, and prays her to tell her Sister, that she drinks it to her health, and withall, gives her the good night: and so likewise doth *Ansilva* to her. But what a good night thought she in her heart and conscience, when she knew *Berinthia* should never see day more? So away she trips to her Lady *Catalina*, who demands her if the businesse be dispatched, and her sister gon to her rest? Who replies, she hath drunk her last, and is gone to her eternall rest. But they are both deceived in their malicious Arithmetick: For although *Catalina* extremely rejoyce in the confident and assured death of her sister, yet God ordaineth, that their bloody hopes shall deceive them: as mark the sequell, and you shall see how.

About an houre after *Ansilvas* departure, by *Berinthia's* order and appointment, in wonderful secret sort in comes *Diego* to her chamber, to await the houre of his Masters arrivall, and to assist her in her escape and departure. *Berinthia* acquaints him with the potion her Sister *Catalina* had right now sent her by *Ansilva*: he is astonished at this news, as being assured it was poyson, and humbly prayes her to make proof hereof on *Catalina's* Parrot, which that afternoon she had brought with her into her Chamber: and so by her consent *Diego* takes the Parrot; and with a spoon forceth some down its throat: Who poor harmlesse bird, immediately swels and dyes before them. They both wonder hereat, and *Berinthia* at one instant both grieves and rejoyceth, grieves at her Sister *Catalina's* malice and cruelty, and rejoyceth for her happy deliverance: first praying God as the Author, then thanking *Diego* as the instrument thereof: and so they throw the remainder of the poyson out at the window, and lay the dead Parrot on the table. And now *Berinthia* attending and awayting the hour of her happinesse, which is that of her *Antonio's* arrivall, and of her own departure, with as much desire as impatience; *Diego* often looking on the houre glasse, and *Berinthia* a thousand times on her Watch. So at last with a longing, longing desire, the joyfull houre of twelve is come, wherein *Antonio* arrives: he sees the happy light of her candle, and she hears the sweet musick of his Pistol, which reviveth and ravisheth these two Lovers, in the heaven of unexpressible joy and content; when all things being hush'd up in silence, and every person of the house soundly sleeping, *Diego* softly takes up the small trunk, and *Berinthia* as secretly followes him: and so they wonderfull privately slip into the first Court, and from thence to the postern door of the garden, where *Antonio* with a thousand kisses receives her in his arms, having no other light but the lustre of her eyes to light them: for the Moon, that bright *Cynthia*, had conspired and consented to *Berinthia's* escape, and therefore purposely withdrawn her brightness by hiding and enveloping her self in the darkness of an obscure cloud. *Antonio* locking this sweet prize, this his dear and sweet *Berinthia*, in his arms, he with the three Gentlemen his friends, conduct her to the end of the street; and *Diego* following them with the Casket, where they all privatly and silently take Coach, and having opened the City gate with a silver key, away they speed for *Elvas* with all possible celerity; but I write with grief, that as these affections of *Antonio* and *Berinthia* begin in joy, so (I fear) they will end in as much sorrow and misery.

Leave we them now in their journey for *Elvas*, and return we to *Avero* to bloudy *Catalina*, and wretched *Ansilva*, who lying remote from *Berinthia's* Chamber, could not possibly hear so much as the least step of her descent and departure; although their malice were so extreame as to write the truth, they all that night could not sleep for joy that *Berinthia* was dispatched: so they prepare themselves against the morn, to hear some pittifull out-crys in the house for *Berinthia's* death: but seeing it neer ten of the clock, and no rumour nor stir heard, they both (as they were accustomed) went into her Chamber, thinking to feast their eyes upon the lamentable object of this breathlesse Gentlewoman: but contrary to their bloudy hopes, they find the nest, I mean the bed, empty, and *Berinthia* not dead, but escaped and flown away: Onely *Catalina*, in stead of her Sister, finds her own Parrot dead on the table. They are astonished at this news, and look fearefully and desperately each on other. *Ansilva* for her part protests and vowes, that she saw *Berinthia* drink the poyson. But finding *Berinthia's* small trunk wanting, and hearing *Diego* gone, then *Catalina* knows for certain, that

that she was escap'd, and her poysoning plot detected and prevented. So they give the alarm in the house, and she goes directly and acquaints her Father, Mother, and Brother, of her Sister *Berinthia's* flight, but speaks not a word of the poyson, or of the Parrots death. *Vilarezo* grieves to see himselfe robbed of his daughter, and *Sebastiano* of his Sister: but when they understand that *Diego* was gone with her, then they are confidently assured, that *Antonio* hath carried her away, which is confirmed them by the Porter of the City, who told them, that twixt twelve and one, a Coach with a Lady, and four Cavaliers, and a Page (drawn by six horses) past the gate very speedily. *Vilarezo* and his son *Sebastiano* storm at this affront and disgrace: they consult what to doe herein: so first they resolve to send one to *Elvas*, to know yea or no, whether *Berinthia* be there with *Antonio*? The messenger sent, returns, and assures them thereof, as also, that *Antonio* is retired from *Elvas*, to a Castle of his without the walls of the City, where it is reported he keeps the Lady *Berinthia* with much honour and respect. Had old *Vilarezo* had his health and strength, he would himself in person have undertaken this journey, but being sick of the Gout, he sends his son *Sebastiano* to *Elvas*, accompanied with six resolute Gentlemen, his neer allies and friends, to draw reason of *Antonio* for this affront and disgrace; and so either by Law, Force, Policie, or perswasion, to bring back *Berinthia*. *Sebastiano* knowing *Berinthia* to be his Sister, and *Antonio* his former ancient and intimate friend, with a kind of unwilling willingnesse accepts of this journey: he comes to *Elvas*, and findes his former intelligence true, he repaires to *Antonio's* Castle, accompanied with his six associates. *Antonio* admits them all into the first Court, and onely two more of them into the second; where he salutes them kindly, and bids them all welcome to his Castle. *Sebastiano* layes before him the foulness of his fact, in stealing away his Sister in that clandestine and base manner, the scandall which he hath laid upon her, and consequently on all their family and bloud, tells him that his father and himself are resolved to have her again at what price soever; and therefore conjures him by the respect of his own honour, and by the consideration and remembrance of all their former friendship, to deliver him his Sister *Berinthia*. *Antonio* answereth *Sebastiano*, that it was an honourable affection, and no base respect which led him to assist his Sister *Berinthia* in her flight and escape: that he never was nor would be a just scandall either to her, her family, or bloud; that his malicious Sister *Catalina* was the authour and cause thereof, who by her waiting Gentlewoman *Ansilva* had twice sought to poyson her: and therefore, sith he could not deliver her with her own safety, and his honour and conscience, he was resolved to protect her in his Castle, against any whosoever, that should seek either to enforce or offend her.

Sebastiano is perplexed at this strange news, and wondereth at *Antonio's* resolution: so doe the two Gentlemen with him. He desires *Antonio* that he may see and speak with his Sister *Berinthia*; the which he freely and honourably grants: and so taking him by the hand, they enter the Hall, where *Berinthia* having notice hereof (accompanied with two of *Antonio's* Sisters) soon comes, and with chearfull countenance advanceth towards her Brother: hee salutes her, and she first him, then the other two Gentlemen her Cousins. *Sebastiano* prayes *Antonio*, that he may confer apart with his Sister. *Antonio* replies, that his Sister *Berinthia's* pleasure shall ever be his. She willingly consents herunto, when he taking her by the hand, conducts her to the farthest window, & there shewes her her disobedience to her Father, her dishonour to her self, and grief to her friends, for this her unadvised and rash flight, and so perswades her to return: and that if she intend to marry *Antonio*, this is not the way, but rather a course as irregular as shamefull. His Sister *Berinthia* delivers him at full the cause of her departure, and very constantly affirms what *Antonio* had formerly told him of her Sister *Catalina's* two severall attempts to poyson her by her waiting Gentlewoman *Ansilva*, though with more ample circumstance and dilation: and to testifie the truth, *Diego* is produced, who vows and protests the same. *Sebastiano* checkes her of folly and cruelty, shewes her, that in seeking to wrong others, she onely wrongs her self; that in inventing and casting a feigned crime on her Sister *Catalina*, she makes her own conspicuous and true; that she hath no safety but in her return: whereunto with many reasons he seekes to perswade and induce her.

His Sister *Berinthia* again answereth him, that there is no safety for her in *Avero*, and that she cannot expect greater than she finds in *Elvas*: she prayes him to think charitably and honourably of her departure, and if ever her Father will love her, she requests him not to hate, but to love *Antonio*, whose Castle she finds a Sanctuary, both for her honour and life; taking God and his Angels, her conscience and soul to witnesse, that her Sister *Catalina's* crime is true and not feigned. *Sebastiano* seeing *Antonio* resolute, and his Sister wilfull and obstinate, beginnes to take leave, telling her, that he will leave her to her folly, that to her shame, and her shame to her repentance, and so concludes to goe into the City, to resolve on what he hath to doe, for her good and his owne honour. *Antonio* prayes him to dine in his Castle with his Sister: but he refuseth it, saith he hath given the first breach to their friendship, and his own honour, which he shall repent, if not repair, and so departs. Being come into the City, he consults this businesse with the Gentlemen, his associates, and both himself & they

they are of opinion to send one post to acquaint his Father herewith, and so to crave his pleasure and resolution how he shall bear himself herein. It is ever an excellent point both of wisdom and discretion, for a Sonne to steer his actions by the compass of his Fathers commands. His Cousen *Villandras* undertakes this journey to *Avero*. Old *Vilarezo* is perplexed and grieved at this report, and instead of comfort, receives more affliction, his care, curiositie, passion and griefe: severally examineth, first *Catalina*, then *Ansilva*, who (like Theeves in a Fair, or Murtherers in a Forrest) he findes equally constant in their denial, being so devoyd of grace, and repleat of impiety, as they confirm and maintain their innocencies with many bitter oaths and asseverations: So he returns *Villandras* to *Elvas* with this Letter to his Son *Sebastiano*.

VILAREZO to SEBASTIANO.

I Commend thy wisdom, as much as I dispraise Antonio's resolution, and grieve at thy Sister *Berinthia's* folly and disobedience. I have carefully and curiously examined the two parties, whom I finde as innocent as constant in the true denial of their falsely objected crimes. I have consulted with Nature and Honour, how herein I might be directed by them, and consequently, thou by me, so they suggest me this advice, and I advise thee this resolution, either by the Law of the Kingdome, or by that of thy Sword, with expedition to return me my Daughter, thy Sister *Berinthia*; and let not the Oratory either of Antonio's tongue, or her teares perswade thee to the contrary; for then as she is guilty of our dishonours, so we shall be accessory to hers. Let me understand the proceeding herein, and according as occasion shall present, if my sicknesse and weaknesse will not leave me, I notwithstanding will leave *Avero* to see *Elvas*.

VILAREZO.

Whiles *Sebastiano* is consulting how to free his Sister *Berinthia* from the power of *Antonio*, speak we a little of *Catalina*, who (as skilful in subtiltie as malice) seeing her treachery and bloody intents revealed, thinks it now high time to make away and poyson *Ansilva*; grounding her resolution on this maxim, both of policy and estate, That dead folkes doe neither harm nor tell tales. But behold here the justice and providence of God! she who laid snares for others, must now be taken in them her self: a punishment which the sin of this wretched Gentlewoman findes, because deserved. There is no vice nor malice, but have their pretexts and colours; *Catalina* finds fault with two or three red pimples that *Ansilva* hath in her face, which she will have taken away: She sends for an Emperick, one *Pedro Sarmata*, and profereth him one hundred Duckets to poyson her, which like a limb of the devil he undertakes, and infusing poyson in some potions, he administred it her: she the very next day dyes: a fit reward and punishment for so graceless and bloody a Gentlewoman, who (as we have formerly seen) made no religion nor conscience, to attempt two several times to poyson the fair and virtuous *Berinthia*.

Whiles this Tragedy is acting at *Avero*, *Sebastiano* begins to act another in *Elvas*, but a thousand times less impious, and more honourable: For having received his Fathers order by *Villandras*, he now sends him into the Castle, to take Antonio's and *Berinthia's* last resolution: he is admitted to them: *Villandras* directs his speech first to *Berinthia*, than to *Antonio*, to whom he relateth his message, and *Sebastiano's* pleasure. *Berinthia* returns him this answer; Cousen *Villandras*, recommend me courteously to my brother *Sebastiano*, and tell him my first answer and resolution is, and shall be my last. And (quoth *Antonio*) I pray ye likewise inform him from me, that *Berinthia's* will is my law, and her resolution mine, and that I will be as carefull as willing and ready to lose my life in defence and preservation of hers. *Villandras* returns and acquaints *Sebastiano* with this their last resolutions; from which he allegeth it is impossible for them to be dissuaded or diverted. *Sebastiano* is beaten with two contrary and irresolute winds, what to doe in a business of this nature, either to recover his Sister by Law, or by Arms: by Law, he holds it a course both cowardly and prejudicial; by Arms, he sees he must kill himself or his friend; to undertake the first, would be the laughter of *Antonio*; and not to attempt the second, the shame of all *Portugal* and *Spain*: he therefore prefers generosity before reason, and passion above judgement, and so resolves to fight with *Antonio*; to which end he makes choice of his Cousen *Villandras* for his Second, and the next morn sends him to the Castle with this Challenge.

I now send you SEBA-

SEBASTIANO to ANTONIO.

I Must either return my Sister Berinthia to Averro, or lose my life here at Elvas; for I had rather die, than live to see her dishonour, sith hers is mine: neither do I first infringe or violate the bonds of our familiarity, rather thy self, sith thou art both the author and cause thereof: wherefore of two things resolve on one, Either before to morrow morning six of the clock render me my Sister Berinthia, or else at that hour meet me on foot, with thy Second, in the square green Meadow under thine own Castle, where the choice of two single Rapiers shall await or attend thee. If thou art honourable, thou wilt grant my first; if generous, not deny my second request.

SEBASTIANO.

Antonio receives this Challenge, bears it privately from all the world, especially from his sweet Berinthia, who (poor Lady) little imagines or suspects her Brother and Lover are rushing forth for her sake: He returns this answer by Villandras, that he cannot grant Sebastiano his first request, nor will not deny him his second. So he chuseth a Cosen-germane of his, a valiant young Gentleman, tearmed Don Belasco, who willingly and freely engageth himself in this quarrel. So he and Villandras that night (with as much friendship as secrecy) meet in the City, and resolve on the Rapiers, and other ceremonies requisite in Duels. The morn appeares, when our combatants leap from their beds to the field; where, a little before six (being the appointed hour) all parties appear: the Seconds perform their office in visiting the Principals, who cast off their doublets and draw, and so traversing their ground, they, with judgement and generosity, fall to their business; at the first close, Antonio is wounded in the right arm, and Sebastiano in the left side, which glanced on a rib; at the second, Sebastiano wounds Antonio betwixt the breast and shoulder, a little above his right pap, and he him clean thorow the body, of a large and dangerous wound, whence issueth forth abundance of blood: so they divide themselves and take breath: they again fall to it, and at this third close, Sebastiano repaies Antonio with a mournfull and fatal interest; for he runs him thorow the body on the left side a little below the heart; whereof staggering, he falls, and so Sebastiano dispatcheth him, and nailes him to the ground stark dead. Villandras congratulates with him for his victory, which Sebastiano with much modesty ascribes to the power and providence of God, and not to the weakness of his own arm. Belasco is no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his Principal, but rather like a generous Gentleman, and valiant Second, resolves to sell it dearly to Villandras. They are not long unsheathing of their Rapiers; for as soon as Belasco hath covered up Antonio with his cloak, they approach; at their first meeting, Belasco sleightly hurts Villandras in the right shoulder, and Villandras him thorow the body and reins with a fatall wound, wherewith his Sword fell from him, and he to the ground; who fearing and presaging his death, he with a faint language begs his life of Villandras, when at the sight and hearing hereof, throws away his own Rapier, and stoopes to assist him. But in vain; for it is not in his power to give him his life; for by this time he is dead, and his soul departed to another world.

This tragical news is soon known and bruited in Elvas, whereof the Criminal Judges of that City remit Sebastiano with as much ease as Villandras with difficulty (in favour of money and friends) and obtain their pardons. And now the news hereof likewise flies to Antonio's Castle, where his dead body and that of Belasco are speedily conveyehed and brought, to the grief and sorrow of all those of the Castle, who bitterly weep for the disaster of their Lord and Master. But all these teares are nothing to those of Antonio's two Sisters; nor theirs any thing in comparison of these of our sweet Berinthia, who is no sooner advertised hereof, but she falls to the ground with sorrow, and there wrings her hands, beats her breast, and tears off her hair in such mournfull and pittysfull sort, that Cruelty her self could not refrain from teares, to see the numberlesse infinity of hers: Counsel, advice, perswasion cannot perswade her to give a moderation to her mourning, or limits to her sorrows; for they are so violent, as their extremity exceeds all exceffe. She will see the dead body of her dear Antonio; all those of the Castle are not capable to divert her eyes from this wofull and pittiful object; at the sight whereof she falls to the ground on her knees, and gives to his breathless body a thousand kisses: yea, she washeth his sweet cheeks with a whole deluge and inundation of her salt teares; she cannot speak for sighing, nor utter a word for weeping; onely wringing her hands, she at last breathed forth these mournfull and passionate speeches: O my dear Antonio, my sweet and dear An-

tonio

tonio, Antonio, would God my death had ransomed and prevented thine, O my Antonio, my Antonio.

Leave we *Berinbia* to her passionate sorrows, and sorrowful passions, from which her Brother *Sebastiano* will soon awake her; who by this time as Victor and Conquerour, is come to the Castle-gate, and demands her, where he sees himself refused, and the draw-bridges and approaches drawn up and rampiered with Barricadoes: he craves ayd of the Criminal Judges, who send the *Provost* with an armed company of Souldiers; so they force the Castle gate with a Petard, where sorrowfull *Berinbia* is delivered into the hands of her joyfull and rejoycing Brother *Sebastiano*, who with sweet perswasions and advice seeks to exhale and dry up her tears: but her affection is so great, as she is not capable of consolation. In a word, she cannot looke on her Brother with the eye of affection, but of revenge and indignation; yea, she wisheth her self metamorphosed from a Virgin to a man, that she might be revenged of her Brother for the death of her dear Lover *Antonio*. *Sebastiano* leaving the dead bodies of *Antonio* and *Bellasco* to their Graves, takes Coach with his incensed and sorrowfull Sister *Berinbia*; and so leaves *Elvas* and returns towards *Avero*; where his Father *Vilarezo*, and his Mother *Alphanta* welcome him home with praise, and their Daughter *Berinbia* with checks and frowns, who (the best shee may) smothers her discontents; but yet vows to be revenged of her Brother, for killing the life of her joy, and joy of her life, *Antonio*. But all vows of this bloody nature and quality, are better broken than kept, which if *Berinbia* had had the grace to have considered, and made good use of, doubtless her hand had proved more joyfull, and not so fatal and miserable.

Come we now to *Catalina*, who seeing the object of her affection, *Antonio* dead, and her Sister *Berinbia* returned, who, for his sake, was that of her living malice, she secretly confesseth her fault to her Sister, in seeking formerly twice to have poysoned her by *Ansilva*, craves pardon of her, vowing henceforth to convert her malice into affection, and so reconciles her self to her; wherunto her Sister *Berinbia* willingly condescendeth. *Catalina* hath made her peace with her Sister, but she hath not contracted and concluded it with God for *Ansilva's* death. Earth may forget this Murther, but Heaven will not. Gods judgements are as just as secret, and as true as wonderful; for he hath a thousand means to punish us, when we think our selves safest and furthest from punishment: which our wretched *Catalina*, and her execrable Emperick *Sarmiata* shall see verified in themselves. For the smock of this their bloody crime of Murther, hath pierced the Vaults and Windows of Heaven, and is ascended to the Nostrils of the Lord, who hath now bent his Bow, and made ready his Arrows to revenge and punish them. The manner is thus.

A Sister of *Ansilva's*, named *Isabella*, is to be married in *Avero*, who invites the Ladies *Catalina* and *Berinbia* to her Wedding. *Berinbia* is too sorrowful to bee so merry, as desirous rather to goe to her own Grave, than to any others Nuptials: so she staves at home, only her Sister *Catalina* takes Coach, with an intent to accompany the Bride-woman to Church: but see the Providence and Justice of God, how it surpriseth and overtakes this wretched Gentlewoman *Catalina*! for as she was in her way, the Sun is instantly eclipsed, and the Skies overcast, and so a terrible and fearful Thunder-bolt pierceth her thorow the breast, and layes her near dead in her Coach; her Waiting-maids and Coach-man having no hurt, are yet amazed at this strange and dismal accident; so they think it fit to return. *Catalina* is for a time speechless, her Parents are as it were dead with grief and sorrow hereat, she is committed to her bed, and searched, and all her body above her waste is found cole-black: the best Physicians and Chirurgians are sent for, they see her death-stricken with that Planet, and therefore adjudge their skill but vain: her strength and senses fall from her, which *Catalina* having the happiness to perceive, and grace to feel, will no longer be seduced with the Devils temptations. The Divines prepare her soul for Heaven, and now she will no longer dissemble with man or God; she will not charge her conscience with so foul a Crime as Murther, the which shee knows will prove a stop to the fruition of her felicity. She confesseth, shee twice procured her Waiting-gentlewoman *Ansilva* to poyson her Sister *Berinbia*; and since that, she hath given *Sarmiata* one hundred Duckets to poyson the said *Ansilva*, which he performed, and whereof she humbly begs pardon of all the world, and religiously of God, whom she beseecheth to be merciful to her soul: and so, though she lived prophanely and impiously, yet she died repentantly and religiously. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta*, her old Parents, grieve and storme at her death, but more extreemly at the manner thereof, and especially at the confession of her bloody crimes, as well towards living *Berinbia*, as dead *Ansilva*, onely their Daughter *Berinbia* is silent hereat; glad that she is freed of an enemy, sorrowful, to have lost a Sister: they are infinitely vexed to publish their Daughter *Catalina's* crimes, yet they are inforced to it, that thereby this *Sarmiata*, this Agent of Hell may receive condigne punishment for his bloody offence here on earth.

So they acquaint the Criminal Judges hereof, who decree order and power for his apprehension. *Sarmiata* is revelling and feasting at *Isabella's* Wedding, to which he is appointed and requested to furnish the Sweet-meats for the Banquets; but he little thinks what sowre sauce there is providing for him. We are never nearest dangers, than when we think our selves furthest from it: and although his sinfull security was such, as the Devill had made him forget his Murther of *Ansilva*, yet God will, and doth remember it; and lo, here comes his storm, here his apprehension, and presently his punishment. By this time the news of *Catalina's* sudden death (but not of her secret confession) is published in *Avero*, and arrived at the Bride-house, which gives both astonishment and grief to all the world, but especially to *Sarmiata*, whose heart and conscience now rings him many thundering peales of fear, terrour, and despair: his bloody thoughts pursue him like so many Blood-hounds, and because he hath forsaken God, therefore the Devil will not forsake him; he counselleth him to flye, and to provide for his safety: but what safety so unsecure, so dangerous, or miserable for a Christian, as to throw himself into the Devils protection? *Sarmiata* hereon fearing that *Catalina* had revealed his poysoning of *Ansilva*, very secretly steales away his cloak, and so slips down to a Postern-door of the little Court, hoping to escape, but he is deceived of his hopes; for the eye of Gods providence finds him out. The house is beleagured for him by Officers, who apprehend him as hee issueth forth, and so commit him close prisoner. In the afternoon the Judges examine him upon the poysoning of *Ansilva*, and the receipt of one hundred Duckets to effect it, from *Catalina*, which she at her death confessed. He addes sinne to sinne, and denies with many impious oathes, and fearfull imprecations; but they avail him nothing: his Judges censure him to the Rack, where, upon the first torment he confesseth it, but with so gracelesse an impudency, as he rather rejoiceth than grieves hereat; where we may observe, how strongly the Devil sticks to him, and how closely he is bewitched to the Devil. So for reparation of this foul crime of his, he is condemned to be Hanged, which the next morn is performed right against *Vilarezo's* house, at the Gallows purposely erected; and which is worse than all the rest, as this lewd villain *Sarmiata* lived prophanely, so he died as desperately, without repenting his bloody fact, or imploring pardon or mercy of God for the same. O miserable example! O fearfull end! O bloody and damnable miscreant! We have seen the Theatre of this History gored with great variety of blood, the mournfull and lamentable spectacle whereof is capable to make any Christian heart relent into pittie, compassion, and teares. But this is not all, we shall yet see more, not that it any way increaseth our terrour, but rather our consolation, sith thereby we may observe that Murther comes from Satan, and its punishment from God.

Catalina's confession and death is not capable to deface and wash away *Berinthia's* malice and revenge to her Brother *Sebastiano*, for killing of her dear and sweet Love *Antonio*. Other Tragedies are past, but this as yet not acted, but to come: Lo now at last (though indeed too too soon) it comes on the Stage.

The remembrance of *Antonio* and his affections is still fresh in her youthfull thoughts and contemplations; yea, his dead *Idia* is alwaies present and living in her heart and breast: 'tis true, *Sebastiano* is her Brother; 'tis as true she saith, that if hee had not killed *Antonio*, *Antonio* had been her Husband. Again, shee considereth, that as *Antonio's* life preserved hers from death; so her life hath been the cause of his: and as he lost his life for her sake, why should not she likewise leave hers for his? or rather, why should she permit him to live, who hath bereaved her of him; But her living affection to her dead friend is so violent, and withall so prejudicate and revengefull, as she neither can, nor will see her Brother, who killed him, but with malice and indignation. Instead of consulting with nature and grace, she onely converseth with choller and passion; yea, she is so miserably transported in her rage, and withall so outrageously wilfull in her resolution, that she shuts the door of her heart to the two former virtues, to whom she should open it, and openeth it to the two latter vices, 'gainst whom shee should shut it. A misery equall ominous and fatall, where Reason is not the chief Mistresse of our Passions, and Religion the Queen of our Reason. She sees this bloody attempt of hers, whereinto shee is upon entring, is both sinfull and impious; and yet her Faith is so weak towards GOD, and the Devil so strong with her, as she is constant to advance, and resolute not to retire therein. Oh that *Berinthia's* former Virtues should bee disgraced with so foul a Vice! and oh that a face so sweetly fair, should be accompanied and linked with a heart so cruelly barbarous, so bloodily inhumane! for what can she hope from this attempt in killing her Brother, but likewise to ruin her self? nay, had she had any sparke of wit or grace left her, shee should consider, that for this foul offence her body shall receive punishment

punishment in this world, and her soul, without repentance, in that to come: but she cannot erect her eyes to heaven; she is all set on revenge; so the Devill hath plotted the Murder of her Brother *Sebastiano*, and she, like a most wretched, and inhumane Sister, will speedily act it. The manner is thus (the which I cannot remember without grief, nor pen without teares) She provides her selfe of a long and sharp Knife, the which, some ten daies after the death of her Sister *Catalina*, 'twixt four and five of the clock in the morning, she hides in one of her sleeves, and the better to cover and overveil her villany, shee in the same hand takes her Lute, and so enters her Brothers Chamber, and findes him sleeping, being a pretty way distant from hers, and his Page *Philippo* in a lower Chamber under him, resolving that if she had found him waking, shee would play on her Lute, and affirm, she came to give him the good morrow. But *Sebastiano* his fortune, or rather his misfortune was such, that he was then soundly sleeping, without dreaming, or once thinking what should befall him, when this wretched and execrable Sister *Berinthia*, stalkes close to him, and laying her Lute softly on the window, draws out her devillish Knife forth her sleeve, and as a she-devill incarnate, cuts his throat, to the end he might neither cry nor speak; and so, though with a female hand, yet with a masculine courage, shee (with as much malice as haste) gives him seven severall wounds thorough the body, and as near the heart as shee could; whereof he twice turning himselfe in his bed, never sprawled more; and then taking up her Lute, and leaving him reeking in his own blood, she after this her most hellish fact, hies her selfe to her Chamber.

This cruell Murther is not so closely perpetrated and acted, but *Philippo*, *Sebastiano*'s Page, heares some extraordinary stirring and struggling in his Masters chamber, and so leaps out of his Bed, and taking his Cloak on his shoulders, and his Rapier in his hand, he ascends the staires; where *Berinthia* hath not made so great speed, but he sees her entring her Chamber, and throwing her door after her; whence running to his Masters Chamber, hee findes the doore open, and his Master most cruelly murdered in his bed, of eight severall wounds; at which bloody and lamentable spectacle, hee makes many bitter and pittifull out-cries, whereat all the house is in allarum, and the folkes and servants repair thither of all sides. By this time *Berinthia* hath shifted her outward Taffata Gown, sprinkled all with blood, and wrapt her bloody knife close in it, and for the more secrecie throws it in her Close-stoole, and so awaits the coming up of her Father and Mother, whom the mournfull eccho, and sorrowfull news of their Son *Sebastiano*'s cruell Murther, had with an ocean of teares waisted to his Chamber, with whom *Berinthia* likewise, all blubber'd with teares, enters. They are all amazed at the sight of this bloody and breathlesse corps, and wringing their hands, Father, Mother, Daughter, and Servants look one on another in this calamity, and at this sorrowfull disaster. They search every Chamber, Vault, and Door of the House, and find no body, nor print of drops of blood whatsoever; when *Philippo* the Page cries out, that he feares it is the Lady *Berinthia*, who hath murdered her Brother, and his Master *Sebastiano*, for that he saw her flying to her Chamber as he ascended the staires. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta* his Wife are doubly amazed at this report, but gracelesse *Berinthia* is no way daunted or astonished hereat, but affirmes shee likewise heard some stirring in her Brothers Chamber, which made her arise, and come to the Stair-head, where seeing *Philippo*, shee being in her night-attire, modestly made her retire to her Chamber. They all believe the sugar of her words, and the circumstance of her excuse; yet they will not proclaime her innocency, til they have searched her Chamber, and all her Trunks, where they find no Knife, Stiletto, Dagger, or any other offensive Weapon; and so her Father and Mother acquit her; but God will not. Notwithstanding they must advertise the Criminal Judges of this lamentable and bloody Murther of their Sonne, which they doe. So they arrive, visit the dead body, and cause all the house to be searched; but as soon as they heard *Philippo*'s speeches, and suspicion of *Berinthia*, then considering her affection to *Antonio*, and her brother *Sebastiano*'s killing of him at *Elvas*, they attribute this to be her fact, as proceeding from passionate revenge; when the sequel and circumstances thereof being apparent in themselves, they not regarding her Fathers prayers, her Mothers requests, and her own tears, seize on her, and so send and commit her close Prisoner: where, wretched Gentlewoman, she hath a whole night left and given her, to see and consider the foulness of her fact, and to prepare her self to her answer: which whether it will breed in her confession or denial, obstinacy or repentance, as yet I know not. So from her imprisonment come we to her answer.

Avero rings with the news of this foul and bloody Murther. All bewaile, all lament the death of *Sebastiano*, as a Gentleman who was truly noble, truly generous: but his Fa-

ther *Vilarezo* and Mother *Alphanta* seem to drown themselves in their teares, at these mournful accidents, strange crosses, and unheard-of afflictions of theirs. For though they will not believe, yet they deeply feare, that their Daughter *Berinthia* was the Murtherer of her Brother *Sebastiano*: And as affection seems to divert them from this opinion, so reason endeavoureth to perswade and confirm them in the contrary. The next morn the Judges sit, and send for *Berinthia*, who comes accompanied with her Parents, and many of her Kinfolks; they again examine her, and confront her with *Philippo*; she is firm in her denial, and her Judges find circumstances, but no probability nor witnesse against her, sufficient to convict her of this crime; yet directed by the finger of God, they condemn her to the Rack. One of her Judges pittying her descent, youth, and beauty, as much as he detests this bloody Murther, intreats that her Chamber may be first curiously searched, e'r she were exposed to the Rack. This advice and request is heard and followed with approbation. He, and two other Officers, accompanied with some of her Friends, repair to *Vilarezo* his house, and *Berinthia* her Chamber; they leave no place, Trunk, Chest, or Box, unsearched: yea, their curiosity, or to say truer, their zeale and fidelity to Justice descends so low, as to visit her Close-stool, which, for want of the Key, they break open; and behold the Providence and Justice of God! here they finde *Berinthia's* bloody Gown, and therein very closely wrapt up that hellish Knife, wherewith shee perpetrated this inhumane Murther on her onely Brother. They praise and glorifie God for the discovery hereof, and so return to their Tribunal of Justice, bringing these bloody evidences with them, which *Berinthia* might all this while have removed, if God, to his glory, and her shame, had not all this time purposely blinded the eyes of her judgement to the contrary. At the sight hereof, she without any torment, confesseth the Murther, and with many teares repents her self of it; adding withall, that her affection to *Antonio* led her to this revenge on her Brother: and therefore beseecheth her Judges to have compassion on her youth. But the foulness of her fact, in those grave and just personages, wipes off the fairnesse of her request: So they consult and pronounce Sentence against her, That for expiation of this her cruel Murther on the person of her Brother, she the next morn shall be hanged in the publike Market place.

So all praise God for the detection of this lamentable Murther, and for the condemnation of this execrable Murthereffe; and those who before looked on her youth and beauty with pitty, now behold her foul crime with hatred and detestation; and as they applaud the sincerity of her former affection to *Antonio*, so they farre more detest and condemne this her inhumane cruelty to her own Brother *Sebastiano*. But what grief is there comparable to that of her Father and Mother? Whose age, content, and patience is not onely battered, but razed down with the severall assaults of affliction; so as they with themselves buried, or that their Children had been unborn; for it is rather a torment than a grief to them, that they, whom they hoped would have been props and comforts to their age, should now prove instruments and subjects to shorten their daies, and consequently to draw their age to the miseries of an untimely and sorrowful grave. But although they have tasted a world of grief and anxiety, first for the death of their Daughter *Catalina*, and then of their onely Son *Sebastiano*; yet it pierceth them to the heart and gall, that this their last Daughter and Child *Berinthia* should passe by the passage of a Halter, and end her daies upon so ignominious and shamefull a Stage as the Gallows, which would adde a blemish to the lustre of their blood and posterity, that time could never have power either to wipe off, or wash away; which to prevent, *Vilarezo* and his Wife *Alphanta* use all their friends and mortall powers, towards the Judges, to convert their Daughters Sentence into a lesse shamefull, and more honourable death. So although the Gallows be erected, *Berinthia* prepared to dye, and a world of people, yea, in a manner, the whole people of *Avero* concurr'd and seated to see her now take her last farewell of the world; yet the importunacy and misery of her Parents, her own descent, youth, and beauty, as also her endeared affection and fervent love to her Lover *Antonio*, at last obtain compassion and favour of her Judges. So they revoke and change their former decree, and sweeten the rigour thereof with one more honourable and mild, and lesse sharp, bitter, and shamefull, and definitively adjudge her to be immured up betwixt two Walls, and there with a slender diet to end the remainder of her dayes. And this sentence is speedily put in execution; wherewith her Parents, Friends, and Acquaintance, yea, all that knew her, very bitterly grieve and lament; and farre the more, in respect they cannot bee permitted to see or visit her, or she them; onely the Physicians and Divines have admittance and acceffe to her, those to provide earthly Physick for her body; and these, spiritual for her soul. And in this lamentable estate she is very penitent and repentant for all her sinnes in general, and for this her vile Murther

Murder of her Brother in particular : yea, a little imprisonment, or rather the Spirit of GOD hath opened the eyes of her Faith, who now desying the Devil who had seduced and drawn her hereunto; she makes also her peace with GOD, and assures her self, that her true repentance hath made hers with him. So unaccustomed to be pent up in so streight and dark a Mew, the yellow Jaundies, and a burning Feaver surprize her : and so she ends her miserable daies.

Lo, these are the bitter fruits of Revenge and Murther, which the undertakers (by the just judgement of God) are inforced to taste and swallow down, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety, they least dream or think thereof; by the sight of which great effusion of blood, yea, by all these varieties of mournful and fatal accidents, if we will divorce our thoughts from Hell to Earth, and wed our contemplations and affections from Earth to Heaven, we shall then, as true Christians, and sons of the eternal God, run the race of our mortality in peace in this world, and consequently be rewarded with a glorious Crown of immortal felicity in that to come.

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY VIII.

Belluile treacherously murdereth Poligny in the street. Laurieta, Poligny's Mistris, betrayeth Belluile to her Chamber, and there in revenge shoots him thorow the body with a Pistoll, when assisted by her Waiting-Maid Lucilla, they likewise give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and so murder him. Lucilla flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and Laurieta is taken, hanged and burnt for the same.

IT is an infallible *Maxim*, that if we open our hearts to sinne, we shut them to godliness; for as soon as we follow Satan, God flies from us, because we first fled from him; but that his mercy may shine in our ingratitude, he by his servants, his holy Spirit, and himself, seekes all means to reclaim us, as well from the vanity of our thoughts, as from the prophaneness, and impurity of our actions: But if we become obstinate and obdurate in our transgressions, and so like Heathens fall from vice to vice; whereas we should as Christians, grow up from virtue to virtue; then it is not he, but our selves that make both shipwrack of our selves & souls; in this life, of our souls in that to come; than which no misery can be so great, as to be eternally miserable. It is true, the best of Gods children are subject to sin; but severe therein, is the true way as well to hell as death. All have not the gift of reason, neither can we so conserve or sanctifie our bodies, but that concupiscence sometimes assaile us (or rather the devil in it) but to pollute them with uncleanness, and transform them from the Temples of the Holy Ghost, to the members of a corrupt Nature seem to allow or tollerate, yet Grace doth not onely deprecate, but is seldom without another, either at her heels or elbow, so too she is accompanied with Fornication and Adultery; as if one of these

foul

foul crimes were not enough to make us miserable, but that instead of going, we will needs ride post to hell. A wofull President, and lamentable and mournfull Example whereof, I here produce to the view of the world in three unfortunate personages, in a lascivious Lady, and two lewd and debosh't young Gentlemen, who all very lamentably cast themselves away upon the Sylla of Fornication, and the *Charybdis* of Murther; for they found the fruits and end of their beastly pleasures far more bitter than their beginning was sweet: yea, and because at first they would not look on repentance, at last shame looks on them, and they, when it is too late, both on a miserable shame, and a shamefull misery. May wee all reade it to Gods glory, and consequently to the reformation of our lives, and the consolation and salvation of our own souls.

In the beautifull City of *Avignon* (seated in the Kingdom of *France*, and in the Province of *Provence*) being the Capital of the Dutchy of *Venissa*, belonging to the Pope, and wherein for the term of well near eighty years, they held their Pontifical See, there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of some twenty years of age, termed *Mademoyselle Laurieta*, whose Father and Mother being dead, was left alone to her self, their onely child and heir, being richer in Beauty than lands, and endued with many excellent qualities and perfections, which gave grace and lustre to her Beauty, as her Beauty did to them: For she spake the Latine and Italian tongue perfect, was very expert and excellent in singing, dancing, musick, painting and the like, which made her famous in that City. But as there needs but one Vice to eclipse and drown many Virtues; so this fair *Laurieta* was more beautifull than chaste, and not half so modest as lascivious. It is a great happiness for children to enjoy their Parents, as a misery to want them: For *Laurieta's* Father and Mother had been infinitely carefull and carious to train her up in the School of Virtue and Piety, wherein her youth had (during the term of their lives) made a happy entrance, and as I may say, a fortunate and glorious progression. But when God, the great Moderator, and soveraign Judge of the World, had in his eternal Decree and sacred Providence taken them out of this world, then *Laurieta* was left to the wide world, and to the vanity thereof, without guide or governour, exposed to the variety of the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the times, as a Ship without a Pilot or Helm, subject to the mercy of every mercilesse wind and wave of the Sea: yea, and then it was that she forgot her former modesty and chastity, and now began to adore the Shrines of *Venus* and *Cupid*, by polluting and prostituting her body to the beastly pleasures of Lust and Fornication, wherein (it grieves me to relate) she took a great delight and felicity. But she shall pay dear for this bitter-sweet Vice of hers; yea, and though it seem to begin in content and pleasure, yet we shall assuredly see it end in shame, repentance and misery: For this sinne of Whoredom betrayes when it seemes to delight us, and strangleth, when it maketh greatest shew to imbrace us: so sweet and pure virtues are Modesty and Chastity; so foul and fatall vices, are Concupiscence and Lust. But he with whom she was most familiar, and to whom shee imparted the greatest part of her favours, was to one *Monsieur de Belluile*, a proper young Gentleman, dwelling near the City of *Arles*, by birth and extraction, noble, but otherwise more rich than wise; who coming to *Avignon*, no sooner saw *Laurieta*, but he both gloried in the sight of her singular, and triumphed in the contemplation of her exquisite and incomparable beauty, making that his best content, and this his sweetest felicity; that, his soveraign good; and this, his heaven upon earth: so as losing himself in the labyrinth of her beauty, and as it were drowning his thoughts in the sea of his Concupiscence and Sensuality, he spends not onely his whole time, but a great part of his wealth in wantonizing and entreating her: a vicious and foul fault, not onely peculiar to *Belluile*, but incident and fatall to too many Gallantes, as well of most parts of Christendome in general, as of *France* in particular; it being indeed a disastrous and dangerous Rock, whereon many inconsiderate and wretched Gentlemen have suffered Shipwrack, not onely of their reputations, healths and estates, but many times of their lives.

In the mean time *Laurieta* (more jealous of her fame than carefull to preserve her chastity) is advertised, that *Belluile* is not content to cull the dainties of her beauty and youth, but he forgets himself and his discretion so far, as to vaunt thereof, by letting fall some speeches tending to the blemish and disparagement of her honour: so as vain and lascivious as she is, yet the touching of this string, affords her harsh and distastefull melody: For she will seek to cover her shame by her hypocrisie, and so resolves to make him know the foulness of his offence, in that of his baseness and ingratitude. To which end, at her first interview and meeting of him, she not onely checks him for it, but forbids, and banisheth him her company: which indeed had been a just cause and opportunity for him to have converted his lust into chastity, and his folly into

into repentance. But he is too dissolute and vicious, to be so happily reclaimed from *Laurieta*; and therefore he is resolved, not onely to justify his innocency, but thereby also to persevere in his sinne: He is acquainted with many Gentlemen, who forgetting themselves, conceive a felicity and glory, to erect the Trophees of their vanities upon the disparagement of Ladies honours: yea, hee seems so farre from being guilty of this errour, as hee taxeth and condemnes others in being guilty or accessory thereunto. So, although his Mistris *Laurieta* remain still coy, strange, and haggard to him, yet he persevereth in his affection to her; who at last adjudging of his innocency by his constancy; and of that by his many Letters and presents which he still sent her; as also observing, that she had no firm grounds, nor could produce any pregnant or valable witnesses of this report, shee again exchangeth her frowns into smiles, and so receives and entertains him into her favour, onely with this premonition and caution, That if ever after she heard of his folly and ingratitude in this kind, she would never look him in the face, except with contempt and detestation. So these their dis-joynted affections, as well by oaths as protestations, are again confirmed and cimented; but such lustfull contracts, and lascivious familiarities and sympathies, seldom or never make prosperous ends.

Now to give form and life to this History; Not long after, a brave young Gentleman of *Mompellier*, named *Monsieur de Poligny*, having some occasion, comes to *Avignon*, who frequenting their publique Balls or Dancings, no sooner saw our fair and beautiful *Laurieta*, but he falls in love with her, and salutes, and courts her: and from thenceforth deems her so faire, as he useth all means to become her servant, but not in the way of honour and Mariage, rather with a purpose to make her his Courtezan than his Wife. But hee sees himself deceived in the irregular passion of his affection: for *Laurieta* is averse, and will not be either tractable, or flexible to his desires; so as his sute is vain, and she so deaf to his requests, as neither his praiers, sighs, letters, nor presents are capable to purchase her favour. *Poligny* infinitely grieves hereat, which notwithstanding makes the flame of his Lust rather increase than diminish: so as after much pensiveness, he begins to beat his wits, and to awaken his invention, how hee may crown his desires by enjoying *Laurieta*, when lo, an occasion presenteth it self unto him unexpected.

Madamoyse la Palaisiere, a rich young Gentlewoman near *Pont Saint Esprit*, living in *Avignon*, and seeing *Poligny* at the Dancing, doth exceedingly fall in love with him; yea, shee so admires the sweetness of his favour, and the excellency of his personage, as she rejoyceth in nothing so much; and to write the truth, in nothing else but in his company: so as, had not modesty withheld her, she would have proved her own Advocate, and have informed him thereof her self. *Poligny* receives so many secret signes and testimonies of her affection by private glances, and the like, as he cannot be ignorant thereof: but his love, or rather his lust to *Laurieta*, hath so absolutely taken up his heart and thoughts, as it hath left no place nor corner for *la Palaisiere*; so as here we may observe and remark a different commixture, and disparity of affections. *Poligny* loves *Laurieta*, and not she him: *la Palaisiere* affects *Poligny*, and not he her: what these passions and occurrences will produce, we shall shortly see.

La Palaisiere having her heart pierced thorow with the love of *Poligny*, knowing him to be *Laurieta*'s servant, and she the Mistris of *Belluile*, either out of her affection, or jealousy, or both, resolves at next meeting to acquaint *Poligny* with it, thereby purposely to withdraw his affections from her to her self. The occasion is proffered, and opportunity seems to favour and second her desires. Some three daies after, the *Jesuites* (who as the Mountebanks and Panders of Kingdoms and Estates, leave no Invention, nor Ceremony unattempted, to seduce and bewitch the affections of the world) cause their Scholars to Act a Comedy in their Colledge in this City, whereat all the Nobility and Gentry of the City and adjacent Country assemble and meet. Thither comes *Poligny*, hoping to see *Laurieta*, and *La Palaisiere* to see *Poligny*: but *Laurieta* that day is sick, and *Belluile* stayes with her to comfort her. So first comes *Poligny*, and seeing he could not see his *Laurieta*, sits down pensively: then comes *la Palaisiere*, and seeing *Poligny* a farre off, prayes her Brother, who conducted her to place her near him. *Poligny* can doe no lesse than salute her, and she triumphing in her good fortune, takes the advantage of this occasion, and in sweet and sugred terms (after many pauses, sighs, and blushes) gives him to understand, that she knew his affection to *Laurieta*, and withall, that *Belluile* and no other was her servant and favourite. This speech of hers strikes *Poligny* to the quick, so as thereat he not onely bites the lip, but bangs his head: yea, this unexpected news, as also *Belluile* and *Laurieta*'s absence, so nettle him, and frame such a *Chymera* of extravagant passions in his heart and thoughts, as he could not have the patience to sit out the Comedy, but feigning himself sick, departs to his chamber; where a thousand jealousies engendred of his affection,

affection, perplexed and tormented him; when remembering *la Palaisiers* speeches, and being infinitely desirous to know the truth of *Belluile* his affection to *Laurieta*, and hers to him, he sees no means, nor person so fit to reveal the same, as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta's* Waiting-maid. This *Lucilla Poligny* wins with gold, in consideration whereof, she reveals him all, how *Belluile* was her chiefest Minion and Favourite; and yet, for some words, he the other day, in ignorance or Wine, let fall to the prejudice of her honour, she was like to casheere and discard him. *Lucilla* having thus forgotten her own fidelity, in bewraying the dishonour of her Mistressse; *Poligny* understanding *Belluile* to be a coward of his hands, though not of his tongue; and in a word, not to be so compleat a Gallant as he supposed him, he of a subtil and malicious invention, resolves to work on him; and so contrives a plot, which we shall see presently put in execution and acted: he very politicly puts on a good face on all his discontents and passions, and although *Laurieta* would not see him, yet he fairly intrudes himself into *Belluile's* company, and of purpose becomes familiar with him. So they very often meet; for they fence, dance, ride, vault and hunt together: So as at last none are so great Consorts and Camerades as they. But *Poligny* thinking every hour a year, before he had playd his prize, makes a party at Tennis with *Belluile* for a collation, and beats him; and so taking two Gentlemen, *La Fontain* and *Borelles*, his friends with them, away they go all four to a Tavern. *Poligny* as secret as malicious in this plot, in the midst of their mirth speakes thus to *Belluile*, Sir, quoth he, I am sorry for your loss of this collation, but if it please you to honour me with your company to *Orenge*, a City which I much desire to see, I will pay you the dinner in requital thereof. *Belluile* very readily and willingly consents hereunto, and *La Fontain* and *Borelles* vow they will likewise have their share, both of the journey and dinner. So the next morn they all take horse for *Orenge*; but first *Belluile* gives his Mistressse *Laurieta* the good morrow, and acquaints her with his journey. They view this old City, the ancient Patrimony and Principality of the Illustrious Princes of *Orenge*, from whence they derive their name: where *Poligny* having giving order for the dinner, away they go; visit the Castle, and salute the deputed Governour thereof *Monsieur Vosberghe*; they see the part of the Amphitheatre yet standing, the Cathedral Church, the double wall of the City, and the old Romane Arch not farre off, with all other remarkable objects and monuments; and by this time the Cook and their stomachs tax them of their long stay. So they return to their Inne, fall to their Viands, and like frolick Gentlemen, wash them down with store of Claret; and now *Poligny*, as malicious in heart, as pleasant in countenance and conversation, here casts forth his lure and snare to surprize and intangle *Belluile*. O quoth he, how happy the Gentlemen of *Italy* are to us of *France*, sith after dinner every one goes freely to his Courtizan without controulment! I know not, quoth *La Fontain*, what *Orenge* is; but I think *Avignon* is not destitute of good-fellow-Wenches, who make *Venus* their queen, and *Cupid* their god. Surely no, replies *Belluile*, for I am confident, that for Jews and Courtizans, for the greatness of it, it may compare with the best City of *Italy*; for, from the Lady to the Kitchen-mayd I dare say they'll all prove tractable. Nay, quoth *Borelles*, except still our holy Sisters the Nuns. Not I faith quoth he, nor my Mistressse neither. Indeed, replies *Poligny*, if I knew you had a Mistressse of that complexion, I would adventure a Glasse of Claret to her health. When *Belluile* (out of a phantastick French humour) affirmed he had a Mistressse, whose beauty was so excellent, as he knew he could not receive shame to name her; and if you please to honour her self and me with her health, I proclaim, that *Madamoyelle Laurieta* is my Mistressse, and my self her servant.

Of wise and Christian Gentlemen, what prophane speeches, and debosh table-talk are these they use here, as if their glory consisted in their shame, or their best virtues were to be discovered in the worst of vices? For howsoever the Viands they did eat, may preserve the health of their bodies, yet this dissolute communication of theirs must needs poyson and destroy that of their soules: for as they should praise GOD in the receipt of the one, so contrariwise they incense and displease his sacred Majesty in giving him the other; yea, this is so farre from Christianity and Heaven, as it is the high and true way to Atheism and Hell: for Whores and Healths, in the stead of Prayer and Thanksgiving, are the prodigious and certain fore-runners of a seared conscience, and the dangerous and execrable symptoms of a leprous soul.

Birds are taken by their feet, and men by their tongues. *Belluile* having so basely and sottishly abused himself in the disparaging of his Mistressse *Laurieta*, *Poligny* hath his errand for which he purposely came to *Orenge*. So dinner ended, they very pleasantly return for *Avignon*. That night *Poligny* cannot sleep for joy, or rather for revenge: For now he presumeth to know how to work himselfe into *Laurieta's* favour, by unhorsing *Belluile*. It is a dishonest and base part to betray our friend, and under the cloak of friendship and familiarity to harbour, and

and retainc malice against them : but this irregular and violent passion of love in young and unstayed judgements, many times bears down all other respects and considerations. For if Religion and Conscience be contemned, what hope is there that either honesty be regarded, or friendship observed, sith it is the onely ciment and sinews thereof? But Poligny is as resolute, as malicious in his purpose; and therefore the next morn by his Lackey, sends the Lady Laurieta this Letter.

POLIGNY to LAURIETA.

It is out of sincere affection to thee, and not out of premeditated malice to Belluile, that I presume to signifie thee, how lately in my presence at Orange his tongue let fall some words that tended to the prejudice and disparagement of thine honour : whereof I know it is not onely the part, but the duty of a true Gentleman, to be rather curious in preserving, than any way ingrateful in revealing thereof. Neither do I attempt to send thee this news, thereby to insinuate, or draw thee to affect me the more, or him the less : onely sith it is contrary to my complexion and nature, to permit any Lady to be wronged in my presence; how much lesse thy self, to whom I owe not my service, but my life? If thou wilt not approve my zeal, yet thou hast all the reason of the world to pardon my presumption : and to make my letter real, what my pen affirms to Laurieta, my sword is ready to confirm to Belluile.

POLIGNY.

In the extremity and excess of those three different passions, grief, choler and astonishment, Laurieta receives and reads this Letter, and like a dissolute Gentlewoman, being more carefull of her reputation to the world, than of her soul towards God, she knows not whether she have more cause and reason either to approve Poligny's affection, or to condemn Belluile's folly : it grieves her to the heart to have bestowed her favours on so base and ingratefull a Gentleman as Belluile; vows she will make him repent it, and is so resolute, that this vanity and folly of his, shall cost him dear; yea, she is so impatient in these her fumes of grief and revenge, that she once with all expedition to have sent for Belluile, to make him as well see the fruits of ingratitude, as to taste the effects of her revenge and indignation : but she holds it red fit, and her self in a manner bound first to thank Poligny for his courtesie, by returning a Letter in answer of his, which she speedily dispatcheth him by his Lackey, to this

LAURIETA to POLIGNY.

not whether thou hast shewed me a truer testimony of thy discretion and affection, than Belluile's envy and folly. But as I rest infinitely obliged to thee for thy care of my reputation; so shortly to make him know what he deserves in attempting to eclipse and disparage it. Now as for, so I must confesse I cannot refrain from sorrowing, at this his undeserved slander; for innocencie defends me from the first, so my sex cannot exempt me from the second; and look what disparity there is betwixt thy generosity and his baseness, so much there is betwixt the whiteness of my chastity and the foulness of his aspersion. I rest so confident of the truth of thy Pen, as I desire no confirmation of thy Sword; and I flatter not, rather assure my self, that sith Belluile was so indiscreet to wrong me, he will neither have the wit or courage to right himself. I return thee many hearty thanks for this kind office and courtesie of thine; the which though I cannot requite, yet I will not onely endeavour, but strive to deserve.

LAURIETA.

Whiles Poligny receives Laurieta's Letter with much content, and many kisses, as triumphing to see how he hath baffled Belluile by working him out, and consequently himself into her favour, we will for a while leave him, to consider whether the end of his treachery to Belluile will prove as fortunate and pleasing to him, as the beginning promiseth. And in the mean time we will a little speak of Laurieta, to see what course and resolution shee means to hold and observe with Belluile. It is not enough that she hath written Poligny a Letter, but her envy and contempt towards Belluile is so implacable, as she with much haste and secrecie sends for him : her requests to him are commands; yea, he needs no other spurres but those of his lust, and of her beauty, to make him rather flye, than post to her presence; when not so much as once dreaming of his former foolish speeches delivered against his

Mistress

Mistress *Laurieta*, much less of *Poligny's* treason conspired and acted against him, hee thinks to kiss her, whom so often hee hath formerly kissed; but his hopes and her disdain deceive him: for shee peremptorily slights him; when having fier in her looks, and thunder in her speeches, shee chargeth him with this scandall delivered by him at *Orenge*, in presence of *Poligny*, against her honour and chastity. And is this (quoth shee) the reward a Lady shall deserve and receive by imparting her favours to a Gentleman? and is this the part of a Gentleman, to erect the Trophies of his glory upon his Mistresse disgrace? are these the fruits of thy sighs and teares, or the effects of thy requests, oaths, and Letters? Yea, such was then her furious rage, and devillish revenge, as shee was provided of a Stiletto, to have there stab'd him to the heart in her Chamber, had not her Wayting mayd *Lucilla*, with her best oratory and perswasion, powerfully diverted her to the contrary, by alleging her the eminencie of the danger, which the foulness and hainousness of that fact brought her into. *Belluile* is amazed at this newes, when now proving as prophane to God, as before he was base and ingratefull to *Laurieta*, he, with many oaths and imprecations, denies these speeches, and this slander; and with much passion protesteth his innocency. But this will not satisfie *Laurieta*; for to make his shame the more notorious in his guiltiness, she produceth him *Poligny's* Letter; whereat *Belluile* hangs the head, and seems to let fall the plumes, not onely of his Pride, but of his courage and justification, yet he bitterly and vehemently persevereth in his denyall: but all this is not capable to appease or content *Laurieta*; and which is worst of all, nothing can possibly doe it, except he make good her honour, and his own innocencie, by a combate or Duell against *Poligny*. So *Belluile* sees himself driven to a narrow and shrewd push: He hath wronged *Laurieta*, and knowes not how to right her; *Poligny* hath wronged him, and there is no way left for him to right himself, but by challenging and fighting with *Poligny*. But he loves *Laurieta* dearly, and therefore must resolve to fight, or lose her. As for his own part, to give him his true character and description, hee is rather a City swaggerer, than a Field souldier, loves rather to have a fair Sword, than a good one, and to wear it only for shew, not for use; he is ambitious of nothing more, than to be reputed rather than found valiant; in a word, for a Tavern quarrell, or a Stewes brawl he is excellent; but to meet his enemy in the field with a naked Sword, that doth not onely daunt, but terrifie him. The greatest comfort and consolation he findes in this his perplexity, is, that he knowes hee hath many fellowes and companions, who are as white-liver'd and as very cowards as himself: of which numbers, he flattereth himself with this poor base hope, that it is not impossible for *Poligny* to bee one. But what is this to give satisfaction to *Laurieta*, except it may shew himself to be *Belluile*, but not a Gentleman? But all these considerations notwithstanding, he loves *Laurieta* so tenderly and dearly, as not daring see her, till hee had met *Poligny*, he plucks up his spirits, and infusing more metal and courage into his resolutions than accustomed, resolves to fight with him: to which end, having at length fitted himself of an excellent Rapier, whose temper (with as much truth as laughter) I confesse was farre better than that of his heart, he, by his Lackey, some three dayes after, sends *Poligny* this Challenge.

BELLUILE to POLIGNY.

THy malice and treachery to mee is as odious as remarkable; for whiles I sought to cherish thy friendship; it hath purposely been thy delight and ambition to betray mine, in throwing the apple of discord betwixt the Lady thou wetest of, and my self, upon the point of her honour; for whose defence and preservation I owe not onely my service, but my life: which error, or rather crime of thine, though thy affection to her may seem to allow, yet my reputation to the world cannot, and my Rapier will not. Therefore, sith I have been the undeserved object of thy malice, finde it not strange, that I justly repute and hold thee the cause of my envie; which can receive no other satisfaction or reconciliation, but that to morrow at five in the morn thou meet me without Seconds, on the Bridge by the iron stump (the limits, twixt the King and the Pope) with thy single Rapier, where I will attend thee with another; of which two take thou the choyce, and give me the refusal. Sleep not too much this night, for in the morn I doubt not but to send thee to thine eternall rest.

BELLUILE.

Poligny receives this challenge, and admires to see *Belluile's* resolution, from which all former reports could never draw assurance. It is not fear that casts his head into these doubts, or these doubts into his head; for he is too generous to be a dastard, and too Eagle-bred to turn Craven; for rejoycing in having made *Belluile* swallow a Gudgeon, and triumphing in pre-

suming himself seated in the throne of *Laurieta's* favour, makes him as resolute to receive this Challenge as willing and ready to perform it; onely the remembrance that *Belluile* sent it him by a Lackey, and not by a Gentleman, throwes him into as much disdain as choller: but he resembling himself, passeth over this respect without respect, and so bids the Lackey tell his Master, that he will not faile to meet him at the hour and place appointed.

The night doth, or should bring counsell: *Belluile* wisheth his Challenge unsent; but it being out of his hands, it is out of his power to revoke or recall it. *Poligny* is of a contrary temper, and glad in his acceptance thereof, desires that his Sword were in action, as well as his courage in contemplation. So out-passing the night, which *Belluile* passeth over with as much feare, as *Poligny* with generosity, the Curtaines of the night being with-drawn, and the day appearing, ere five have stricken, *Belluile* notwithstanding is first on the Bridge, and *Poligny* immediately after him: they are without Seconds, and therefore they briefly unbrace, but not uncase their Doublets. *Belluile* will be valorous in words; and so according to his challenge, and the right of Duels, offereth *Poligny* the sight and choyce of his Rapier. *Poligny* is too brave to dye in his debt, upon the point of honour and magnanimity, and therefore gives him his, as contented with the refusall. So (courtesy for a while contending with valour) they both assume and accept of their own Rapiers; when dividing themselves, they joyn with resolution and fury. At first comming up, *Poligny* gives *Belluile* the first wound in his right Shoulder, without receiving any, whereat he is more affrighted than *Poligny* rejoyced; at the second, he receives another wound in the left side, but is not yet so happy to see, or assure himself, that his Rapier hath once touched *Poligny's* body, or which is less, his cloathes: whereupon, considering *Poligny's* generosity, and comparing the bad grounds of his quarrel with the faintness and baseness of his courage, he throwes off his Sword, prays *Poligny* to desist; for he holds himself satisfied. When *Poligny* disdainig to taint his honour with the least shadow of dishonour, in receiving *Belluile's* shame, gives him the happiness and fruition of his life: and so they part. Lo here the first fruits of their foolish and lascivious affections to *Laurieta*: but I fear the second will prove more bitter and bloody. *Belluile* going home with his shame and repentance, and *Poligny* with his honour and glory, they hush themselves up in silence, *Poligny* at his Chamber, and *Belluile* at his Chirurgions, house to dress his wounds, hoping that as they in their fight saw no body, so that none had seen them; but they are deceived: for two Souldiers from the Castle walls not onely espy them fighting, but know them. So they divulge it in the City, whereof *Laurieta* being advertised, she sends a confident Gentleman, a cosingermane of hers, to find out *Belluile* and to know the truth and issue of his combate; but indeed his cowardise hath purchased him so much shame, as he will not be seen, much less spoken withall: which *Laurieta* understanding, begins to conceive that the two Souldiers report was true, and that undoubtedly he and *Poligny* had met and fought in her behalf: whereupon ghesing at the truth, that *Poligny* had given *Belluile* the foyle, she was once of opinion to have written to *Poligny*, to be informed of the particulars and successe of their combat, which so much imported as well her honour as her content. But *Poligny's* affection prevents her curiosity: for as she was calling for pen and paper, he in person ascends the staires to her Chamber, where, after a complementall and courteous salute, he informs her (as we have formerly understood) that hee hath given *Belluile* two wounds, for her sake, and now his life for his own. She demands if he himself were not hurt; he answers, No. At both which good news she infinitely rejoyceth, and in token of her thankfulness permits him to gather many kisses, as well from the roses of her cheekes, as the cherries of her lips: and so from thenceforth he vowes to be her professed servant; and she promiseth him to be, though not his Mistress, yet at least his friend. And here they unite and combine their affections: but that contract, and this familiarity, written onely in vice, and sealed in lust, we shall shortly see cancelled and annihilated, with as much pittie, as infamy and misery, as the sequell of this History will shew and demonstrate.

Whiles thus *Laurieta* and *Poligny* are triumphing in *Belluile's* soyl, and their own familiarity and affection, how it is possible but he must infinitely grieve for his loss of *Laurieta*, and *la Palaisiere* as much sorrow to see her self deprived and out of hope of her *Poligny*? But they brook their afflictions and passions with variable resolutions; for whiles *la Palaisiere* is im-bathing her self in her tears and discontents, *Belluile* is resolute to quench his revenge in *Poligny's* blood. For forgetting as well his God as his soul, his honour as himself, he intends to doe it by the by, and not by the main, by execrable treachery, not by magnanimous generosity; yea, the devill is so strong with his faith, because that is so weak with his Saviour and Redeemer, as shutting the doors of his humanity and charity, he opens them to Choller, Revenge, and Murther; yea, and henceforth he is so enraged, and his looks are so gastly and distracted, as if his thoughts were conducting and encouraging his hands to per-petrate

petrate some bloody stratagem and designe: which is observed and doubted by his chiefeft familiars and intimate friends, as also by *la Palaisiere*, whose company hee sometimes frequents, not so much out of affection to her, as for consolation from her to himself, such wee are subject both to hope and believe that our afflictions are partly eased and diminished by the sight and relation of that of others, as sympathizing and participating with them; first in their flames of love, then of griefe and sorrow, in being disdained of those we love. Neither could *Belluile* so cunningly or closely rake up the fiery sparkes of his malice and revenge, under the embers of silence and secrecie, but her affection to *Poligny*, and jealousy of his good, made her so tender-ear'd; and sharpe-sighted, as she over-heard some words that either in jest or earnest fell from *Belluiles* tongue, whereby it was apparent to her, that he intended no good, but pretended a secret fatall malice to him, which a little time might too too soon and unexpectedly discover: whereupon her love to *Poligny* was so dear and honourable, although he were so firmly intangled in the beauty of *Laurieta*, as hee would not vouchsafe, rather disdained to love her self, that she thought the discovery of *Belluiles* malice to *Poligny*, so much imported *Poligny's* good, as she held her self bound, as well in duty as affection, to reveale and relate it him; which she doth in this Letter:

LA PALAISIERE to POLIGNY.

TO testifie thee now the constancy of my affection with inke, as I have formerly done the fervency thereof with tears, know, thou hast some cause to fear, and I to doubt, that *Belluile* hath some dangerous project, or bloody designe to put in execution, against his honour, and thy life; and as I reveale it thee out of care, so look thou prevent it out of thine owne discretion, lest he bereave thee of thy life, as thou hast done him of his *Laurieta*, if thou slight this my advice, as thou hast already my affection, yet as I remain witness of the purity of the last, so will these lines beare testimony to the world of the candour and sincerity of the first. Neither doe I presume to send them thee out of any irregular ambition, to purchase the honour of thy favour, but only to let thee know that my affection is both powerfull and capable to shine thorow the cloudes of thy disdain, and that the obscurity of that neither hath defaced the lustre, nor can eclipse the resplendency of this. Regard therefore thine own safety, albeit thou wilt not respect my content, although thou please not give me the honour to be thy Mistressse, yet I will take the ambition and resolution to live and dye thine hand-mayd.

LA PALAISIERE.

Poligny breaking up the seales of this Letter, laughs to see *la Palaisieres* affection, and to understand *Belluiles* malice; and being besotted with *Laurieta*, hee lost both his wit and judgement in the sight and contemplation of her beauty; yea, he is grown so fond in his affection, and respect towards her, as he is arrived to the Meridian of this simplicity, to deem it a kind of treason to conceal any secret from her: to which end, he shews her *la Palaisieres* Letter, which he makes his pastime, and she her Maygame, yea, so vain is her folly, and so foolish her vanity, to see the passages and events of these their passions, as she not only exceeds the decorum of discretion, but of modesty in her laughter: and which is more, when she again considereth how *Belluile* loves her self, and not she him, *la Palaisiere* *Poligny*, and not he her, it makes her redouble her mirth and exhilaration in such sort, as she seems to burst with the violence and excess thereof, but this mirth of hers shall bee shortly wayted and attended on with misery and mourning. But *Poligny* notwithstanding sees him self doubly obliged to *la Palaisiere*, as well for her affection to him, as her care of him, and so holds himself obliged in either of these respects and considerations, to requite her with a Letter: the which now unknown to *Laurieta*, he writes, and sends her to this effect.

POLIGNY to LA PALAISIERE.

IT is not the least of my joyes, that *Belluile* cannot beare me so much malice, as thou dost affection. 'Tis true, I have not deserved thy love, tis more true, I have not merited his hatred: for that proceeds from heaven, as a divine influence, this from hell, as an inferuall frenzie. I will not feede thee with hope, neither can hee give me despaire: for (not to dissemble) it is as likely I may love thee, as impossible I shall feare him: he may have the will to doe me hurt, I wish it were in my power to doe thee good; neither can he be more malicious to perform me that, then I will be ambitious to confirm thee this: his malice I entertaine with much contempt, thy kinde advice and sincere affection with infinite thanks: for when I consider thy Letter, I cannot rightly express or define,

whether he begin to hate me, or I to love thee more. I doubt not but to make his deeds prove words to mee, and I beseech the fear not but my words shall proove deeds to thee: for I am as confident shortly to salute fair la Palaisiere, as careless when I meet foolish Belluile.

POLIGNY.

Having thus dispeeded her his Letter, the vanity of his thoughts, and the beastliness of his concupiscence and sensuality, not only surpriseth his reason, but captivates his judgement; so as *Laurieta's* sight defacing *Belluile's* memory, hee thinks so much on her affection, as hee respects not his malice: but this Vice and that error shall cost him dear. For whiles hee is feasting his eyes on the daynties and rarities of *Laurieta's* beauty, *Belluile's* heart hath agreed with the devil to prepare him a bloody Banquet: Grace cannot containe him within her limits; therefore Impiety dallies so long with him, and he with Impiety, that at last this bloody sentence is past in the court of his hellish resolutions, That *Poligny* must dye. The devils assistance is never wanting in such infernall stratagems: for this is an infallible maxime, as remarkeable as ruinous, That he alwayes makes us fertile, not barren to doe evill, never to doe good. At first *Belluile* thinkes on poyson or Pistoll to dispatch *Poligny*: but hee finds the first too difficult to attempt; the second, too publike to perform. Sometimes he is of opinion to ascend his Chamber, and murder him in his bed; then to shoot him out at a window as he passeth the street: but to conclude, understanding that hee often comes very late in the night from *Laurieta*, he thinks it best to run him thorow with his Rapier, as he issueth forth her house. And to make short, hereon he resolves.

Now to put the better colour on his villany, hee retires himself from *Avignon*, and lives privately some six dayes in *Orenge*, giving it out, that hee was gone to the City of *Aix* in *Provence*, where, at that famous court of Parliament he had a Proceſs for a title of Land, shortly to be adjudged; and so in a darke night, taking none but his Lackey with him, he being disguised, in favour of mony, passeth the gate of *Avignon*, and giving his horse to his Lackey, being secretly informed that *Poligny* was with *Laurieta*, hee goes directly to her door, and there at the corner of a little street stands with his Rapier drawn under his cloak, with a revenging and greedy desire of blood to awayt *Poligny's* coming forth. The Clock striking one, the door is opened, and *Poligny* secretly issueth forth without candel, having purposely sent away his Lackey, who had then unwittingly carried away his Masters Rapier with him. Hee is no sooner in the street, but *Belluile*, as a murderous villain, rusheth forth, and so like a limbe of the Devil, sheathes his Rapier in his brest; when *Poligny* more hurt then amazed, and wanting his Sword, but not courage, indeavourerth by struggling to close with his assassinate; and so cries out for assistance: but the dead of the night favoureth his butcherly attempt, when withdrawing his Sword, hee redoubleth his cruelty, and so again runnes him in at the small of the belly, thorow the reines, whereat hee presently falls down dead to his feet, having the power to groan and cry, but not to utter a word. Which *Belluile* espying, and knowing him dispatcht, runnes to his horse, which his Lackey held ready at the corner of the next street, and so rides to the same gate hee entred, which was kept ready for him; which passing, he with all expedition drives away for *Orenge*: from whence, the next morne before day, he takes poast for *Aix*, the better to conceale and o're-vail this damnable Murther of his. But this policy of his shall deceive his hopes, and return him a fatall reward and interest. For although he can bleere the eyes of men, yet hee neither can, nor shall those of God, who in his due time will out of his sacred justice repay and punish him with confusion.

By this time the street and neighbours have taken the allarm of this tragical accident: so Candles and Torches come from every where, onely *Laurieta* having played the Whore before, will seem now (though falsely) to play the honest woman; for she, to cover her shame, will not discover that her selfe, or any of her house are stirring: and so although she understood this news, and privately and bitterly wept thereat, yet she keeps fast her doors, and like an ungrateful strumpet, will permit none of her servants for a long time to descend. The Criminal Judge and President of the City is advertised of this Murther. The dead Gentleman is known to be *Monsieur Poligny*, and being beloved, he is exceeding bewailed of all who knew him, and inquiry and search is made of all sides, and the Lievetenant Criminal shews himself wise, because honest and curious, because wise in the perquisition of this bloody Murther: but as yet time will not, or rather God, who is the Creator and giver of time is not as yet pleased to bring it to light; onely *Laurieta* knew, and *la Palaisiere* suspected, and all those who were the counsell of the one, or the acquaintance of the other, doe likewise both fear and suspect that onely *Belluile* was the

the bloody and execrable author thereof; but to report or divulge so much, although they dare, they will not.

As for *la Palasiere*, her thoughts are taken up and preoccupied with two several passions; for as she grieves at *Poligny's* death, so she rejoiceth that she hath no hand, nor was any way accessary to his Murther; rather, that if he had failed by the compass of her advice, he had undoubtedly avoyded the shipwrack of his life, and prevented the misfortune of his death; what to think of *Belluile* she knows not, but if he were her friend before, he hath now made and proclaimed himself her enemy, by killing her dear and onely friend *Poligny*; and therefore is resolved, that as she could never perfectly brook his company, so now this bloody fact shall make her detest both it and him. But let us a little leave her, and descend to speak of *Laurieta*, to see how she brooks the Murther of her intimate friend *Poligny*; for, sith she assuredly knows and believes that this cruel Murther was performed by no other, but by her professed enemy *Belluile*, or by some of his bloody agents, love and revenge conspire to act two different Scenes upon the Theatre of her heart; for in memory and deep affliction to her *Poligny*, her pearled tears and mournfull sighs infinitely deplore and bewail his disastrous end; so as sorrow withering the roses of her cheeks, and grief making her cast off her glittering, to take on mournful attire, she could not refrain from giving all *Avignon* notice how pleasing *Poligny's* life was to her, by the excess of her lamentations and afflictions demonstrated for his death; or if her sighs found any consolation, or her tears recess or truce, it was administered her by her revenge, which she conceived and intended towards *Belluile*, for this his bloody fact. So as consulting with Choller, not with Reason, with Nature, not with Grace, with Satan, not with God, she vows to be sharply revenged of him, and to make him pay dear for this his base and treacherous Murther; yea, the fumes and fury of her revenge are so implacable, and transport her resolutions to so bloody an impetuosity, that resembling her sex and self, she inhumanely, and sacrilegiously darts forth an Oath, which her heart sends to her soul, and her soul from Earth to Hell, that if the means find not her, she will infallibly find out the means to quench and dry up her tears for *Poligny's* death in the blood of *Belluile*: which, sith she is so devoyd of reason, religion, and grace, I fear we shall shortly see her attempt and perform. But leaving her in *Avignon*, let us finde out *Belluile* in *Aix*, who is a Gentleman so prophane in his life, and debosht in his actions and conversations, as in stead of repenting he triumphs at this his Murther; yea, hee is become so impious and impudent, as he grieves not thereat, but onely that he had no sooner dispatched his Rival *Poligny*: but the better to delude the world, that neither his hand or sword were guilty in sending *Poligny* from this world in a bloody winding-sheet, his thoughts like so many hounds pursuing his conscience, and his conscience his soul, he thinks himself not safe in *Aix*, where the sharp-sighted Presidents, and Counsellors of that illustrious Senate of Parliament might at last accuse and find him out for the Author of this bloody Murther, and therefore leaves both it and Province, and so rides to the City of *Lyons*, accompanied with none but his two Lackeys, who, to write the truth, acted no part in *Poligny's* mournful Tragedy; neither doth he yet think himself safe there: but within a moneth after the murther, thinking directly and securely to flye from the eyes and hands of Justice, thereby to avoyd the storm of his punishment, he again takes horse for that great City and Forrest, *Paris*, where he hoped the infinite number of People, Streets, Coaches, and Horses, would not only secure his fear, but prevent his danger, and that here, as in a secure Sanctuary & safe harbour, he might quietly ride at Anchor in all peace and tranquillity: but (as before) the time is not yet come of his punishment; for it may be, God, out of his inscrutable will and divine providence, will, when he best pleaseth, return him from whence he came, and by some extraordinary accident make him there feel the foulness of his fact in the sharpness and suddenness of his punishment; which as a fierce gulf and bitter storm, shall then surprise him, when he least suspects or dreames thereof. But in this interim of his residence, he forgets his new fact of Murther, to remember his old finnes of Concupiscence and Whoredom; and so rather like a lascivious Courtier, than a Civil Moral Christian, he cannot see the Church for the Stews, nor the Preachers or Priests for Panders and Strumpets. But this vanity of his shall cost him dear, and he shall be so miserable to feel the punishment, sith he will not be so happy to seek the means to avoyd it: for now six moneths having exhausted and dissipated the greatest part of his gold, and his credit coming short of his hopes, it seems the air of *Paris* is displeasing to him, sith he cannot be agreeable to it, and therefore (necessity giving a law to the vanity of his desires) he begins to loath the Ile of *France*, to love the Province of *Provence*, and to leave *Paris* to see *Avignon*. And now it is, the devil, that subtil & fatal seducer, steps in, & at one time bewitching both his reason and judgement, presents him afresh with the freshness and delicacie of *Laurieta's* beauty, which so

revives the sparks of his affection, that lay raked up in the ashes of silence, as he vows there is no beauty to hers; and if he chance espy any fair Ladies, either at Court, or in the City, he presently affirmeth, and infinitely protesteth, they come far short of his *Laurieta's* delicacy, perfection, and grace; so as his purse tyrannizing o'r his ambition, and his concupiscence o'r his judgement, he not so much as once dreaming of the implacable hatred she formerly bore him, and thinking it impossible for her to conceive, much less to know that he murdered *Poligny*, he is constant and resolute to re-seek the felicity to live in her favour and affection, or to dye in the pursuit thereof: but that will prove as impossible, as this apparent and feasible. So as absence adding fire to his lust, and excellency to her beauty, he is resolute to send one of his Lackeys to *Avignon*; partly to return with money, and so to meet him at *Lyons*, *Moulins*, or *Nevers*; but more especially in great secrecie to deliver a Letter to his fair and sweet *Laurieta*, and to bring him back her answer, as if he were still at *Paris*, and not in his journey downwards. When meaning as yet to conceal his Murther of *Poligny*, he calling for pen and paper, traceth her thereon these lines.

BELLUILE to LAURIETA.

IF *Poligny* had but the thousandth part as truly respected me, as I dearly loved thee, thou hadst not so soon cast me out of thy favour, nor God so suddenly him out of this world: but I know not whether more to bewail my unfortunacie occasioned by thy cruelty, or his misery ingendered through his own treachery. And indeed, as I grieve at that, so I sorrow at this; for although he dyed mine enemy, yet in despite of his malice and death, I will live his friend; and if thou lovedst him, as I think thou didst, I wish I might fight with his Murtherer for his own sake, and kill him for thine. I may say thy affection and beauty deserved his better, though dare not affirm, I am reserved to be made happy in enjoying of either, much lesse of both, and least of all of thy self; and yet I must confesse, that if our births and qualities were known, I should goe as near to be thy equal, as he infinitely came short of being mine. What, or what not, I have performed for thy sake, is best known to my self, sith thou disdainest to know it: but if thou wilt please to abandon thy disdain, then my affection and the truth will inform thee, that I have ever constantly resolved to die thy servant, though thou have sworn never to live my Mistrresse. So that could I but as happily regain thy affection and favour, as I have unjustly and unfortunately lost it, *Belluile* would quickly forsake *Paris* to see *Avignon*, and abandon all the beauties of the world, to continue his homage and service to that of his onely fair and sweet *Laurieta*.

BELLUILE.

With this his Letter he sends a Diamond Ring from his finger, and so dispatcheth his Lackey, who is not long before he arrive at *Avignon*, where very secretly he delivers *Laurieta* his Masters Token and Letter, and treacherous fury as she is, she kisseth both, and breaking off the Seals, reads the contents, whereat she infinitely seems to rejoyce, and so questioneth with the Lackey about his Masters return; who being taught his Lesson, told her, that that depended on her pleasure, sith hers was his, and withall prayes her for an answer; for that two daies hence he was again to return to his Master for *Paris*: the which she promiseth. The Lackey gone, she cannot refrain from laughing, yea, she leaps for joy, to see how *Belluile* is again so besotted, to throw himself into her favour and mercy, and to observe how willing and forward he was to run hood-wink'd to his untimely death and destruction: for the Devil hath fortified her in her former bloody resolution; so that hap what will, she vows she will not fail to kil *Belluile*, because he had slain her *Poligny*, and already she wisheth him in *Avignon*, that she might see an end of this her wished and desired Tragedy. In the mean time she prepares her hypocritical and treacherous Letter, and a rich Watchet Scarf embroydered with flames of silver. So his Lackey repaireth to her, to whom she delivereth both, with remembrance of her best love to his Master, and that she hoped shortly to see him in *Avignon*. The Lackey being provided of his Masters Gold, and this Scarf and Letter, trips away speedily for *Lyons*, where he finds his Master privatly hush't up in a friends house, expecting his return: he is glad of his own Gold, but more of *Laurieta's* Letter, when thinking every minute a year before he had read it, he hastily breaking off the seals, finds these lines therein contained.

LAURIETA to BELLUILE.

AS I acknowledge I loved Poligny, so I confesse I never hated thee; and if his treacherous insinuation were to prevalent with my credulity, I beseech thee attribute it to my indiscretion, as being a woman, and not to my inconstancy, as being thy friend; for if he died thine enemy, let it suffice that I live thine hand-maid, and that as he was not reserved for me, so I hope I am wholly for thy self. How far he was my inferiour, I will not enquire, onely it is both my content and honour, that thou please vouchsafe to repute me thy equal. I am so far from disdainig, as I infinitely desire to know what thou hast done for my sake, that I may requite thy love with kisses, and make my thanks ripe off the conceit of my ingratitude. As for my affection, it was never lost to thee, nor shall ever be found but of thee. To conclude, I wish that our little Avignon were thy great Paris; and if thy love be as unfeigned as mine is firm, let my Belluile make haste to see his Laurieta, who hath vowed to rejoice a thousand times more at his return, than ever she grieved at Poligny's death.

LAURIETA.

At the reading of this her Letter he is beyond himself, yea beyond the Moon for joy; so as he wisheth nothing so much, as himself in her arms, or she in his. So he fits himself with a couple of good horses, puts his Lackeys into new Suites, and knowing that time and his absence had washed away the remembrance of Poligny's Murther, he speeds away for *Avignon*; where the first night of his arrival he privately visiteth *Laurieta*, 'twixt whom there is nothing but kisses and embracings; yea she so treacherously and sweetly lul's him asleep with the *Siren* melody of her deceitful speeches, as she prays him to visit her often, and that a little time shall crown him with the fruits of his desire: so for that night they part. The next day he repairs to her again, when amidst the confluence of many millions of kisses, she prays and conjures him to discover her what he hath done for her sake; when he tying her by oath to secrecy, and she swearing it, he relates her that it was himself, that in affection to her had slain *Poligny*, as he issued forth her lodging; when having wrested and extorted this mystery from him, it confirms her malice, and hastneth on her resolution of his death, which his lascivious thoughts have neither the grace to foresee, nor the reason to prevent. She espies he hath still a Pistoll with him, and desires to know why he bears it: who answereth her, it is to defend himself from his enemies, and that he will never go without it. So again they fall to their kisses, and he to his requests of a further and sweeter favour of her; which she for that time again denyes him; adding withall, that if he will come to her after dinner to morrow, she will so dispose of matters, as his pleasure shall be hers, and she will not be her own, but his. So being surprized and ravished with the extasie of a thousand sweet approaching pleasures, he returns to his Chamber, and she to her malice: where whiles he gluts himself with his hope of delight, she doth no lesse with her desire of revenge. And now ruminating on the manner of his death, she thinks nothing so fit or easie to dispatch him, as his own Pistoll, and so thinking she should need her Waiting-mayd *Lucilla's* assistance (of whom this our history hath formerly made mention) she acquaints her with her purpose, the next day to Murther *Belluile* in her Chamber; and so with the lure of Gold, and many fair promises, draws her to consent hereunto, and injoyns her to be provided of a good Ponyard under her gown for the same purpose, if need should require; which *Lucilla* promiseth. Now this night, as *Belluile* could not sleep for joy, so could not *Laurieta* for revenge, who is so weighed down to malice and murder, as she wisheth the hour come for her to reduce her devillish contemplation into bloody action. But this hour shall come too soon for them both; for as Lovers are impatient of delays, so *Belluile* hath no sooner dined, but taking his horse and two Lackeys, he saies he will take the air of the fields that afternoon, but will first call in and see his Mistris *Laurieta*. So he alights at her door, and without the least fear of danger, or apprehension of death, very joyfully ascends *Laurieta's* Chamber; who, dissembling wretch as she is, very kindly meets and receives him; and the better to smother and dissemble her murderous intent, is not only prodigal in taking, but in giving him kisses. *Belluile*, like a dissolute and lascivious Gentleman, whispers *Laurieta* in her ear, that he is come to receive the fruits of his hopes, and of her promise and courtesie: when considering that his horse and two Lackeys were at door, she returns him this in his ear, that she is wholly his, and that it is out of her power to deny or refuse him any thing, only she prays him to send away his Lackeys, because their familiarity needed no

with. Thus whiles he calls them up, to bid them carry away his horse to the Gate that leads to *Marseilles*, and there to await his coming, *Laurieta* steps to her Waiting-mayd *Lucilla*, and bids her make ready her Ponyard, and stand close to her: for now (quoth she) the hour is come that I will be revenged of *Belluile* for my *Polignyes* death: the which she had no sooner spoken, but *Belluile* returns to her; when redoubling his knees, he little, or rather not at all fearing he was so near death, or death him, being ready to retire himself to a withdrawing Chamber, which *Laurieta* treacherously informed him she had purposely provided for him, he takes his Pistol, and layes in on the Table of the outer Chamber, wherein they then were; which she espying, as the instrument she infinitely desired to finger, takes it in her hand, and prays him to shew her how to shoot it off: so taking it from her, he told her, if she pleased, he would discharge it before her, for her sake. Why (quoth she) is it charged? Yea, replies *Belluile*, with a single bullet. Nay then (quoth *Laurieta*) put in one bullet more, and if you can espie any Crow out of the window, either on the house or Church top, if it please you, I will play the man, and shoot at it for your sake: When poor *Belluile*, desirous to please her in any thing, looks out the window, and espies two Crows on the Crosse of the *Augustines* Fryers Church, which he very joyfully relates *Laurieta*, and so at her request claps in a second bullet more; for (quoth she) if I strike not both, I will be sure to pay one; and so prays him to lean out at window, to see how near she could feather them; which (miserable Gentleman) he performing, the Pistol being bent, she behind him dischargeth it directly in his own reins: whereat he amazedly staggering, *Lucilla* seconding her bloody Mistris, steps to him, and with her Ponyard gives him five or six wounds thorow the body; so as without speaking or groaning, he falls dead at their feet. Whereat *Laurieta* triumphing and leaping for joy, uttereth these bloody and prophane speeches; O *Poligny*, whiles thou art in heaven, thus have I done in earth for thy sake, and in revenge of thy cruel death! Which having performed, they more cruelly than cruelty her self, drag his breathless carcass, reeking in his blood, down the stairs, into a low obscure Cellar, where making a shallow grave, they there bury him in his clothes, and so pile up a great quantity of Billets on him, as if that wooden monument had power to conceal their Murder, and his body from the eyes and suspicion of all the world. Good God! what devils incarnate, and infernal Furies are these, thus to imbrue their hands in the blood of this Gentleman? But as close as they act and contrive this their bloody and inhumane Murder on earth, yet heaven will both detect and revenge it; for when they least dream thereof, Gods wrath and vengeance will surprisethem, to their utter confusion and destruction, and it may be sooner than they are aware of.

For the two Lackeys having stayed at the City gate with their Masters horse till night, they return and seek him at *Laurieta's* house, where they left him; *Laurieta* informes them he stayed not an hour after them, and since she saw him not; which news doth infinitely afflict and vex them. But they return to his lodging, and like dutifull and faithfull servants, betwixt hope and fear, await his return that night, and all the next day, but in vain. And now they begin to be amazed at his long and unaccustomed absence, and so consult this important businesse to some Gentlemen, their Masters confident and intimate friends; who together with them repair to *Laurieta's* house, and again and again demand her for *Monsieur de Belluile*: but they finde her constant in her first Answer, and yet guided by the finger and providence of God, they bewray a kind of perturbation in her looks, and discover some distraction and extravagancy in her speeches: whereupon calling to their mindes her former discourtesie to him for *Poligny's* sake, and his fighting with him on the Bridge for hers, as also this sudden and violent suspected Murder of him, they suspect and fear there is more in the winde than as yet they know; and so acquaint the Criminal Judges herewith, who as wise Senatours, having severally examined both her and her Mayd *Lucilla*, and *Belluile's* Lackeys, they conclude to imprison *Laurieta*, which is instantly performed: whereat she is extremely amazed and terrified; but howsoever, she is resolute to denyall, and constant to stand upon her justification and innocencie. So her Judges adjudge her to the torments of the Rack, which (with a masculine, yea, with a hellish fortitude) she indureth, without revealing the least shaddow, either of fear or guiltinesse; but they detain her still prisoner, and hope that G O D will make time discover the Murder of *Belluile*; for eight dayes being now past, they are become confident that he is not in this world, but in another. In the mean time, her bloody Waiting-mayd *Lucilla* hath continual recourse to her Lady *Laurieta* in prison, where like impious and prophane wretches, they interchangeably swear secrecie each to other, such on others discovery depends no lesse than both their deaths.

While

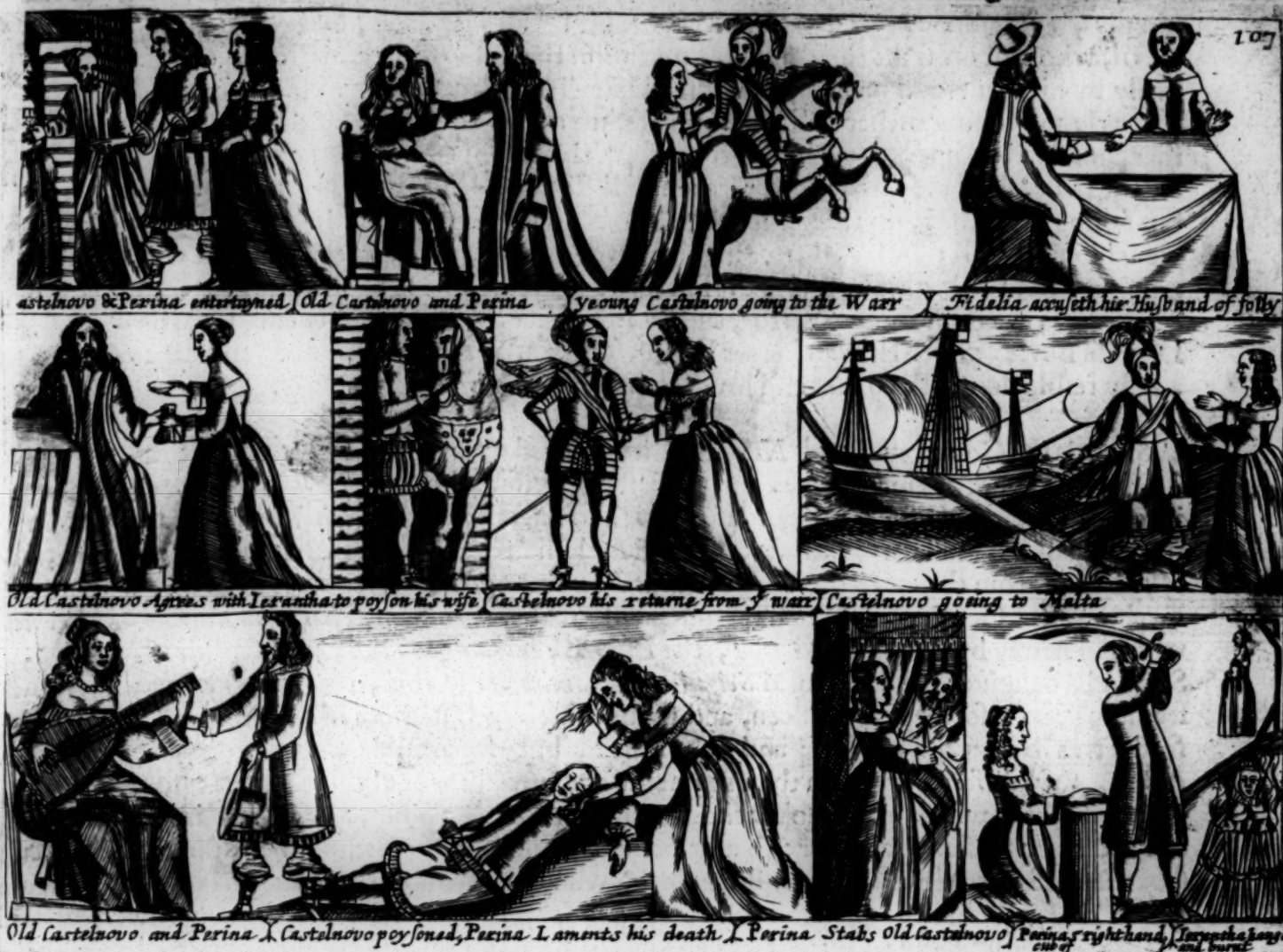
Whiles this news is generally divulged in *Avignon*, *Provence*, *Daulphine*, and *Languedock*, and no news at all to be had or gathered of *Belluile*, *La Palaisiere*, who shined with as many virtues as *Laurieta* was obscured with Vices, out of compassion and Christian charity, some three weeks after visiteth *Laurieta* in prison, although she partly believed and knew, that she never affected or loved her; when aiming to add consolation to her afflictions, as God would have it, *Laurieta*, out of her ignorance, or folly, returns *la Palaisiere* this unlooked for answer: That her self was as innocent of *Belluile's* death, as she was of *Poligny's*. Which words being overheard by some curious head of the company, were instantly carryed and reported to the Criminal Judges, who instantly cause *la Palaisiere* to be apprehended and brought before them, whom they examine upon *Poligny's* death; which doth no way affright or afflict her, because her conscience was untainted, and her self as innocent as innocency her self thereof. They deal further with her, to understand the passages of former businesses betwixt her self, *Poligny*, and *Belluile*. She gives them a true and faithful account thereof, yea, and relates them as much and no more, than this History hath formerly related us; and to verifie and confirm her speeches, like a discreet young Gentlewoman, she gives them the keys of a Trunk of hers, wherein she saith is her copy of a Letter she wrote to *Poligny*, and his answer again to her, which she prays them to send for, for her better clearing and discharge. The Judges send speedily away for these Letters, which are found, produced, and read, directly concurring with the true circumstance of her former deposition: whereupon with much applause and commendation they acquit and discharge her. But if *la Palaisiere's* Vertues have cleared her; *Laurieta's* Vices (which the Judges begin to smell out by *Poligny's* Letter) do the more narrowly and streightly imprison her; and yet knowing that *la Palaisiere* neither had, nor could any way accuse her, for either of these two Murthers; she sets a good face on her bad heart, and so very bravely frolicks it in prison, and to speak truth, with far more joy, and less fear than heretofore: but to check and overthrow these vain triumphs of hers in their birth, and to nip them in their buds, news is brought her that her waiting-maid *Lucilla* is secretly fled: which her Judges understanding, they now more vehemently than ever heretofore suspect, that (without doubt) *Laurieta* was the author, and her Maid *Lucilla* the accessory of *Belluile's* Murther; and so they set all the City and Country for her apprehension. And this news indeed makes *Laurieta* fear that she will infallibly be taken, which doth amaze and afflict her, and indeed hereat she cannot refrain from biting of her lip, and hanging down her head: but see the miraculous and just Judgement of the Lord, upon this wretched and bloody *Lucilla*! for she, for fear flying, as it is supposed, that night from *Avignon* to *Oreuge*, to her parents, was there drowned, and the next morn found and taken up dead in one of the Fenny Lakes betwixt the two Cities. Which news being reported to *Laurieta*, she again converts her fear into hope, and sorrows into joys, as knowing well that dead bodies can tell no tales. But the wisdom and integrity of the Judges, by the apparency of *Laurieta's* crime in that of her Waiting-maids flight, again command her to be racked: but the devil is yet so strong with her, and she with the devil, that she again indures the cruelty of these torments with a wonderful patience, with an admirable constancy and resolution, and so courageously and stoutly denying her crime, and peremptorily maintaining her innocency and justification, her Judges, led by the consideration of the sharpness and bitterness of her torments, as also that they could finde no direct proof or substantial evidence against her, begin to conceive and imagine that it might be the Waiting-maid, and not the Mistress, that had sent *Belluile* into another world; and so resolve, the week following, if they heard nothing in the mean time to accuse *Laurieta*, to release and acquit her: which *Laurieta* understanding, the torments which her limbs and body feel are nothing in respect of those contentments and joys her heart and thoughts conceive; and already building castles and triumphs in her heart and contemplations, for the hope and joy of her speedy enlargement, she, in her apparel and behaviour, flaunts it out far braver than before. But she hath not yet made her peace with her Judges, neither have they pronounced her *Quæta est*. And alas, how foolishly and ignorantly doth the vanity of her hopes deceive and betray her, when as the foulness of her soul, and contamination of her conscience, every hour and minute prompt her, that God, the Judge of Judges, who hath seen, will in his good time and pleasure both detect and punish as well her whoredom as her murder, in her death! And lo, here comes both the cause and the manner thereof, wherein Gods providence and justice do miraculously resplend and shine.

For *Laurieta* being indebted to her Land-lord *Monsieur de Richcourt*, as well for a whole years rent, as for three hundred Livres in money, which he had lent her, being impatient of her delays, but more of her disgrace, lets out that part of his house, which she held of him, to the Dean of *Carpentras*, who for his healths sake came to sojourn that Winter in

Avignon

Avignon; and despairing of her enlargement, and to satisfy himself, begins to sell away her household-stuff, yea, to the very Billets which she had in her Cellar, which he retains for himself; whereof when his servants came to clear the Cellar, they removing the last Billets, find the earth newly removed and opened in the length and proportion of a Grave: whereof wondering, they presently inform their Master, who viewing the same, as God would have it, he instantly apprehended and believed, that *Laurieta* had undoubtedly killed *Belluile*, and there buried him: when not permitting his servants to remove the least of earth, he as a discreet and honest Citizen, with all possible celerity trips away to the Criminall Judges, and acquaints them herewith; who concurring with *Richcourt* in his opinion and belief, they dispeed themselves to the house and Cellar, where causing the new opened earth to be removed, behold, they find the miserable dead body of *Belluile* there inhumanely thrown in and buried in his cloaths, which causing to be taken off, thereby to search his body, they find him shot into the reins with two Pistoll bullets, and his body stabd and pierced with six severall wounds of a Rapier or Ponyard: they are amazed at this pitifull and lamentable spectacle; and so resting confident it could be no other but *Laurieta* and her Mayd *Lucilla*, that had committed this cruell Murther, they very privately and secretly cause *Belluiles* dead body to be conveyed to the prison, and there, when *Laurieta* least dreamt thereof, expose it to her sight, and in rough terms charge and erie out upon her for this Murther; but this monster of nature, and she-devil of her sex, hath yet her heart so obdurate with revenge, and her soul so o're-clouded and benumm'd with impiety, as she is nothing daunted or terrifyed with the sight hereof; but with many fearfull imprecations and asseverations stands peremptorily in her innocency, and out of the heat of her malice and choller termes them devils or witches, that are her accusers. But her Judges, who can no longer be deluded with her vows, nor will no more give ear to her perfidious oaths, command to have her Paps seared off with hot burning Pincers, thereby to vindicate the truth of her cruell murther, from the falsehood of her implous and impudent denyall thereof. Whereat amazed and astonished, and seeing this cruell torment ready to be inflicted and presented her, God was so indulgent to her sins, and so mercifull to her soul, as the devil flying from her, and she from his temptations, she rayning down many rivolets and showres of teares from her eyes, and evaporating many volleys of sighes from her heart, throwing her self down on her knees to the earth, and lifting up her eyes and hands unto Heaven, with much bewayling and bitterness, she at last confesseth to her Judges, that she and her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla* were the murderers of *Belluile*, and for the which she said, that through her humble contrition and hearty repentance, she hoped that God would pardon her Soul in the life to come, though she knew they would not her body in this. Whereupon the Judges, in horreur and execration of her inhumane and bloody crime, pronounce sentence of death upon her, and condemne her the next day after dinner, first to be hanged, then burnt in the same street, right against her lodging, *Monsieur de Richcourts* house; and likewise, sith *Lucilla* was both an accessary and actor in this bloody Tragedy, that her body should be taken up out of her Grave, and likewise burnt with hers in the same fire: which accordingly was executed in the presence of an infinite number of people both of the Citizens, and adjacent neighbours of *Avignon*; *Laurieta* uttering upon the Ladder a short, but a most Christian and penitent speech to the people, tending first to dissuade them all by her example from those foule and crying sinnes of whoredome, revenge and murther; and then to request and perswade them, that they would assist her with their religious and devout prayers in her souls passage and flight towards Heaven: yet adding withall, that as her crime, so her grief was redoubled, because as she had killed *Belluile* for *Poligny's* sake, so she was sure that *Belluile* had killed *Poligny* for hers.

And thus, Christian Reader, were the dissolute lives and mournfull deaths of these two unfortunate Gentlemen, *Poligny* and *Belluile*, and of this lascivious and bloody Curtizan *Laurieta*, and her Wayting-maid *Lucilla*. A tragickall History, worthy both of our observation and detestation; and indeed, these are the bitter fruits of Lust, Whoredome, and Revenge, and the inseparable companions which infallibly await and attend them; the very sight and consideration whereof are capeable, not only to administer consolation to the righteous, but to strike terror to the ungodly. O therrefore, that we may beware by these their fatal and dangerous sins: for this is the onely perfect and true way to prevent and avoid their punishments.



Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY IX.

Jacomo de Castelnovo lustfully falls in love with his daughter in law Perina, his own son Francisco de Castelnovo's Wife, whom to enjoy, he causeth Ierantha first to poison his own Lady Fidelity, and then his said sonne Francisco de Castelnovo: in revenge whereof, Perina treacherously murdereth him in his bed. Ierantha, ready to dye in travel of childe confesseth her two Murthers, for the which she is hanged and burnt. Perina hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall imprisonment, where she sorrowfully dyes.

WE need not send our curiosity (or our curiosity us) to seek Tygers and monsters in Africa; for Europe hath but too many, who are so cruell and inhumane, not onely to imbrue, but to imbath themselves in the innocent blood of their Christian brethren. And as Religion prohibites us to kill, and commands us love our enemies; with what audacious and prophane impiety dare we then murder our friends, nay those of our own blood, and who are the greatest part of our selves? And although Italy have lately afforded many tragicall prefidents, and fearfull Examples of this nature (whereof I have given some to my former, and reserved others to my future bookes) yet in my conceit it hath produced none more bloody and inhumane than this, whether we respect the Murthers or the persons. For here we shall see a wretched and execrable old man so besotted in lust, and flaming in malice and rage, as being both a husband and a father, he by a hellish young Gentlewoman (his impet) poisoneth both his own wife and his own son: It was his vanity which first kindled the fire of his lust; it is then his impiety which gives way to the devill to blow the coales thereto, and so to convert it into Marther. O that Sin should so triumph over Grace, and not Grace over the Sinne! O that Age and Nature should not teach us to be less bloody.

bloudy, and more compassionate and charitable! And alas, alas, by Poyson, that drug of the Devil, who first brought the damnable invention thereof from hell, to be practised here on earth onely by his agents and members! We shall likewise see him killed by his daughter in law, for formerly poysoning of her husband: Lust seduced him to perpetrate those; Affection, or rather bloudy Revenge, drew her on to perform this, and consequently to her punishment due for the same. Had they had more Grace and Religion, they would not have been so inhumane but falling from that, no marvel if they fell to be so wretched and miserable: for if we dye well we seldome live ill; if live ill, we usually never dye well; for it is the end that crownes the beginning, not the beginning the end. Therefore if we will be happy in our lives, and blessed in our deaths, we must follow Vertue, and fly from Vice, love Chastity and Charity, and hate Lust and Envie, prefer Heaven before Earth, our Souls before our Bodies, and despise Satan, with a holy resolution both to fear and love God.

Savoy is the Countrey, and *Nice* the City (seated upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, being the strongest Bulwark against *France*, and the best Fortresse and Key of *Italy*) where the Scene of this ensuing Tragickall History is layd, the which to refetch from the Headspring and Fountain of its originall, it must carry our curiosity and understanding over those famous Mountaines, the *Alpes*, and from thence to the City of *Saint Iohn de Mauriena*, where of late and fresh memory dwelt an aged Gentleman, of rich revenues and great wealth, named *Seignior Antonio de Arconeto*, who had newly by his deceased wife, the Lady *Eleanora de Bibanti*, two Children, to wit, a Son and a daughter; that, named *Seignior Alexandro*, and this, the Lady *Perina*; a litle different in years, for he was eighteen, and she but fifteen; but more in qualities and conditions, for he was by nature perverse and cholerick, but she, milde, courteous, and gracious. Again, they differed much in the lineaments and proportion of their bodies; for *Alexandro* like his Father, was short, crookbackt, and hard favour'd: and *Perina* resembling her mother tall, straight-waisted, and fair: so as it being a principle and Maxim in Nature, that parents (for the most part) love those Children best, who best resemble them; as the mother *Eleanora* prefer'd *Perina* in her affection before *Alexandro*, so contrariwise their father *Arconeto* *Alexandro* before *Perina*. But as God had called *Eleanora* out of this life, and left her husband *Arconeto* to survive her; so *Alexandro's* joy prov'd his sister *Perina's* misery and affliction: he was so happy to see himself tenderly cherished and affected, and she so unfortunate to receive her self slighted and disrespected of her father; wherein, as I praise *Arconeto's* intimate to his sonne, so I cannot but discommend, and withall pittie his immerited and unnaturall, left to his daughter, wherein, as *Alexandro* triumphed in the one, judge judicious Reader, if *Perina* had not cause enough to grieve and lament at the other. But as the drift and scope of this History looks another way, so for my part, who have undertaken to pen it, it is the of my intent or purpose to give instructions and direction, how parents should bear themselves in their affections towards their children; onely, because I may not here too palpably bewray mine ignorance in my silence; I hope, nay I am confident, that with as much truth as safety I may conclude, it is a happiness both for parents and children, where parents bear their affections equally to their children: for loving one, and hating another, the joy of the one proves oftentimes the others sorrow; and in giving that too much hope, wee manytimes administer this too much cause of despaire; or if the inclinations and affections of parents be more narrowly tyed, and strictly linked to preferre and love one child above the other, yet sith they are the equall issue of their loyns, and we the onely parents of their youth, we should bee as well cautious in the distribution of our favors, as in the demonstration of our disrespects towards them. But enough of this digression; and now again to our History.

As *Alexandro* growes up in years, so he doth in ambition and ostentation: for if he play the *Bravasho* abroad among Gentlemen and Ladies, so authorised by his fathers hatred of his sister, he at home becomes a petty tyrant to her; yea, his carriage is so stern and imperious toward her, as if she were rather his slave than his sister, or his laundress and hand-mayd, than any part of himself, which notwithstanding it was both a daily grief to her heart, and a continual torment to her thoughts, yet *Perina's* sweet perfections, and gracious vertues and behavior make her digest and brook all with wonderfull constancy, and an admirable patience, for she knows, that if she should complain to her father of her brothers unkindness towards her, should thereby reap no other remedy and redress, but that the one should triumph, and the other triumph thereat; and that the issue thereof would be the same, the game of the one, and mocking-stock of the other. But God hath ordained otherwise, to ease her of a great part of her undeserved discontents and afflictions: for lo, her brother *Alexandro*, bauching and surfeiting at a Banquet at *Susa*, returns home, surpris'd of a hot pestilent Fev-

which notwithstanding the care of his father, or the art of his expertest Physicians, he in three days is taken out of this life.

And now guided by the light of nature, and the instinct of common sense and reason, who would not surmise or think, but that *Arconeto*, having buried his son *Alexandro*, should now love his only daughter and childe *Perina* far dearer and tenderer than before? But alas, nothing less; for he is not so kind, and therefore she cannot be so happy; yea, which is worse, although his words be her commands, and his pleasure her law, yet he contemns both her and her obedience, and never looks on her with love and affection, but still with disdain and envy: yea, in a word, his distaste is so extream and bitter against her, as he is never best pleased, than when she is furthest from him; so as her absence may delight and content him, but her presence cannot. Which unnatural disrespect, and unjust cruelty of her father towards her, doth so nip the joys of her youth, and the blossoms of her health and beauty, as, poor young Gentlewoman, she becomes infinite melancholy, and extream weak and sickly; which being observed and pittied of all her kinsfolks and friends, as being her Fathers only childe, and heir to all his Lands and Riches, an Aunt of hers, being her mothers sister, and likewise her God-mother, termed the Lady *Dominica*, a Widow-woman of the same City, works so with her brother in Law *Arconeto*, that he is content to permit his daughter *Perina* to reside and dwell with her: whereat as the Aunt is not a little glad, so the Niece beyond measure infinitely rejoiceth, and triumphs thereat, both hoping that her absence may, and will procure her fathers affection, which her presence could not; and that having more liberty and less bondage, she might again in a short time recover her former health and content; or else that God, out of his divine providence, and pleasure in heaven, might call and allot her out some gallant Husband here on earth, with whom, in the contents and pleasures of Marriage, she might end her future days in as much tranquillity and felicity, as she had formerly lived in discontent and affliction: and indeed the event, though not in the first, yet in the two last points, answereth their expectations.

The Lady *Dominica* hath formerly contracted a Daughter of hers, named *Dona Bertha*, to a Cavalier of the City of *Nice*, termed *Seignior Bartholomeo Spelassi*, by descent noble, and of good renewals and wealth. And now the appointed time is come for their Marriage: to which end, up comes *Spelassi* from *Nice* to *Saint John de Mauriene*, assisted and followed by many gallant young Gentlemen of his Kinsfolks and Friends, and, in a word, with a Train well befitting his rank and quality, where these Nuptials are solemnized with great variety of pomp and pleasure; as Feasting, Dancing, Masks, Running at the Ring, and the like; for in these amorous and Court-like Revels, the *Savoyards* (as participating both of the *French* and *Italian* humors) take a singular delight and felicity: But as many times one Wedding occasioneth and produceth another, so Fortune, or to speak more properly and truly, God ordained, that the Lady *Dominica* appointed her Niece *Perina*, to conduct the Bride-groom, her Son in Law, *Spelassi*, to the Church; and he had allotted one of the noblest and eminent Cavaliers that came with him, named *Seignior Francisco de Castelnovo*, to perform the same Ceremony to his Bride the *Dona Bertha*, being a Knight of *Malta*, native of the City of *Nice*, and Son and Heir to *Seignior Jacomo de Castelnovo*, a very ancient and rich Baron of *Savoy*. Now as *Perina* was a most beautiful and fair young Lady, so was our young *Castelnovo* a very proper and gallant Cavalier; and sith the occasion of this Marriage, and the fortunacy and opportunity of their united office, by a kinde of destinated and happy privilege, authorized each to be familiar in the others company and presence: so, as Lovers begin to court first in jest, then in earnest, the hearts and breasts of this sweet young couple are in the end equally surprised with the flame of affection; yea, his personage and dancing, and her beauty and singing, mutually inkindle this fire of love in their thoughts and contemplations, which either imagineth, and both perceive and understand, by the dumb Oratory and silent Rhetorick of their eyes: Which *Castelnovo* knowing her descent and quality answerable to his, he intends to seek her in Marriage. When not any longer to surpress or conceal their affections, they after Dinner dancing in company of divers others in the garden, he singeth the Lady *Perina*, his new Mistress apart in a Bower, closely overveil'd with Vines, Sicamores, and Cypress Trees, and there by sighs and words, reveals his deep affection to her. But to avoid the prolixious relation of this their Garden interview and conference, although at first *Perina's* modesty (the truest ornament and vertue of a Lady) was such, as she not only kept her self, but likewise her affections, yet she gave courteous and thankful answers, waited and seconded by many delicious blushing amorous sighs, although not publickly, yet privately inform'd her Lover *Castelnovo*, that she likewise loved him: so, during the term of fifteen days, which *Spelassi* and he remained in *Saint John de Mauriene*, he never left courting her, till he had obtained her

her affection, and consent to be his wife; drawn thereunto by these two attractive and seducing reasons: First, that *Castelnovo* was a gallant and proper Cavalier, as also her equal in descent and means; and then that she should live in *Nice* with a husband who dearly loved her, and no longer in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with a Father who extreemly hated her: Neither can these our young Lovers bear their affections so secret, but the whole company, especially the Lady *Dominica* her Aunt perceives it, and deeming it a fit Match for her Niece rejoiceth thereat. *Castelnovo* secretly acquaints her therewith, and intreats her best assistance therein towards her brother *Arconeto*; which she promiseth, and forthwith attempteth: when *Castelnovo*, taking time at advantage, seconds her in his suit for the Daughter, to her old Father.

Now her Father *Arconeto* (degenerating from the natural affection of a Father towards his Daughter) is so willing to depart with her to any Husband, that he may no more see her, nor betroubled with her presence; as thinking a far worse Match good enough, he thinks this infinitely too good for her; and so at the least shadow of the very first motion consents thereunto; which not only banisheth *Perina's* old grief, but confirmeth *Castelnovo's* new joys; yea they, like two sweet and vertuous Lovers, so extreemly rejoyce and triumph thereat, as he riding home Post to *Nice*, to acquaint his own Father *Seignior Jacomo de Castelnovo* therewith, and swiftly returning again to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with his consent and approbation; this Marriage of *Castelnovo* and *Perina* is there almost as soon solemnized, as that of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, though indeed more obscure, and with far less pomp and bravery, in respect of the perverseness and distast of her froward old Father *Arconeto*. So fifteen days being expired since *Spelassi* and *Castelnovo* their first departure from *Nice*, they leave *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, to return and conduct their Brides home to *Nice*, robbing that to enrich this City with two such beautiful and gallant Ladies, as were *Bertha* and *Perina*.

Now the better to add life and form to this History, or rather to approach the more material and essential parts thereof, we must here leave to speak of *Spelassi* and *Bertha*, and wholly tie our thoughts and curiosity to *Castelnovo* and *Perina*, two principal and unfortunate personators, who both have mournful parts to act upon the Stage and Theater of *Nice*; for this Marriage of theirs is not begun with the tenth part of so many joys, as we shall shortly see it waited and attended on, yea, dissolved and finished both with tears and blood.

Castelnovo having brought home his fair and dear *Perina* to *Nice*, she is very honourably welcomed, and courteously received and entertained of his old Father, *Seignior Jacomo de Castelnovo*, and of the Lady *Fidelia* his Mother, and so are all her kinsfolks and Friends who accompany her; yea, there wants no feasting nor revelling in *Nice*, to testify how much they congratulate and rejoyce at their sons good fortune and happiness. And for *Castelnovo* and *Perina* themselves, why they are so ravished in the content, and drowned in the joys and delights of Marriage, as though they have two bodies, yet they have but one hearts desire, and affection; yea, they are so extreemly in love each with other, as they believe there is no Heaven upon earth, so that of each others presence. But they shall be deceived herein; for there are Tragical storms arising, to trouble the serenity of this marriage, and the felicity and tranquillity of these affections.

For it is both with grief and shame, that I must be so immodest, and therefore unfortunate to relate, that the old Baron *Jacomo de Castelnovo*, aged of some threescore and eight years, hath so far forgotten his God and himself, his conscience and his soul, grace and nature, religion and humanity, as gazing on the fresh and delicious beauty of our sweet Lady *Perina*, his own sons wife, he gives the reins both of his obscene desires, and inordinate affections, to lust after her. O how my heart trembles to think how he that is white with the snow of a venerable age, should now lasciviously idolatrize to beauty! how he that hath (as it were) one foot in his grave, should lustfully desire to have the other in his Sons bed! how he that hath his veins dried up and withered, and nothing living in him but desire, should yet of all the beauties of the world, desire only to enjoy that of his Sons wife! how he, that hath scarce any time left him to be repentant and sorrowfull for his old sins, will now anew make himself guilty of these foul sins of Adultery, and I may in a manner say of Incest! how he that hath not given the flower of his youth, will yet still lasciviously and wilfully refuse to bestow the bran of his age on his God! Alas miserable *Castelnovo*, wretched old man, or rather lubricious and beastly Lecher, thus to drown thy thoughts in the hell of concupiscence and adultery, when it were far fitter thou shouldst lift them up to heaven, in the sacrifice of prayer, and other pious and religious contemplations! But all this will not prevail to stop the current of his voluptuousness, and the progression of his sensuality: for without respect of his God, or regard of his soul, he is resolute in his desires to make a strumpet of his daughter in Law, and to make his Sons wife his whore: but God will deceive his hopes, and prevent his villany.

Now

Now the better and sooner to draw her to his lascivious desires, he is wonderfull courteous and affable to her, still walking and talking with her, yea, and many times kissing her, whereof both her Husband and self are infinitely joyfull, but especially *Perina*, because she finds a great alteration in her fortune, in that her Father in Law *Castelnovo* proves as courteous to her, as her own Father *Arconeto* is cruell. But poor innocent soul, and sweet and chaste Lady, little dost thou either dream, or think on his lascivious intent against thine honour and chastity. Old *Castelnovo* wallowing in the filthiness, and burning in the fire of his new lust, and losing himself and his thoughts in the Labyrinth of his Daughter in law *Perina*'s beauty, he thinks on nothing so much, nay, on nothing else, but how to obtain her to his lascivious will: but not daring, or rather fearing to acquaint her with his inordinate and beastly purpose, whiles his Son her Husband is at home present with her, he forgeth and frames a plot, both unnaturall and treacherous, to make him embrace and follow the Wars in wayting on the Duke *Charles Emmanuel*, or the Prince *Amadee Victor* his Son and heir, who with their warlike Troops were resolute to expell the Duke of *Feria*, Viceray of *Millan*, with his Spanish Regiments, out of *Vercelle*, *Cassall*, and the other Towns of *Piedmont*, to which end his lustful affection to *Perina* made him eloquent in perswading, and powerfull in drawing her Husband to this Martiall action, so full of honor and glory; adding, that his honour, and the service of his Prince and Country, called him to the Field, and that he should not wholly drown himself in the beauty of his young Wife, and the pleasures of Marriage. His Son *Castelnovo* not at all suspecting, or dreaming what a dangerous Snake lay lurking under the green leaves of his Fathers sugred speeches and perswasions, like a noble and generous Knight as he was, needs no other advocat but his own honor and Martiall disposition to imbarke him in these Wars; and although the beauty, requests, and tears of his young Lady were vehement solicitours to divert him, yet he is resolute to leave her for three or four moneths. And so making ready his Armes, Train, horses and preparatives, he giving her many kisses, and she returning him a world of sighes and tears, leaves *Nice*, and so finds out the Duke and his Army in *Piedmont*; where for a little time we will leave him.

It is a question very disputable, and which by my weak capacity and judgment cannot well be decided, whether this departure of young *Castelnovo* to the Warres, made his Father more glad, or his wife sorrowfull: for as she was all in tears, so was he in mirth and jollity, being so vain in his lust, and so lustfull in his vanity, as he trims up his Beard, and goes neater and withall more youthfull in his Apparrell than accustomed; yea, his lust had so metamorphosed him, as if it had a prophane influence, and secret power to renew old age in him. But alas, alas, what perfection of chastity can we expect or hope for in youth, when we see no better sighes and fruits in one of threescore and eight years? But I will follow the stream of our History, though indeed the relation of this old lascivious Lechers Lust and vanity to his Daughter in law *Perina*, equally afflict me with grief and pity to publish it.

I am then constrained to write and averre, that although meer shame and unnaturalness do as yet with-hold this wretched Fathers tongue, from vomiting forth his adulterated lust to his fair and chaste Daughter in law *Perina*, yet his lust is so immodestly lascivious, as he cannot keep himself out of her company, nor being in it, refrain from kissing her; but to see the innocency, and observe the purity of her thoughts, she nevertheless not so much as any way suspects or dreams of his lascivious intent, although indeed she thinks this courtesie of his somewhat exceeds the privilege of a Father, and the duty of a Daughter; but measuring this by the cruelty of her own Father, she, poor silly soul, thinks her self in this respect now as happy, as heretofore she was miserable. Only the absence of her dear Husband *Castelnovo*, doth both torture and torment her; and the more, for that he is in the field at Warres; when, God knoweth, she desireth and wisheth he should be at home with her in peace.

But whiles *Perina* looks from *Savoy* to *Piedmont*, from *Nice* to *Vercelli*, and from her self to her Lord and Husband, her other self, we must not forget, because our History will remember, her Mother in law *Fidella*, which now we must admit and re-conduct to act her part upon the Theatre hereof; who observing her Husbands immodest and unwise familiarity demonstrated to the young Lady *Perina*, her Sons Wife, as also his alteration in humours and apparell, but chiefly his unaccustomed distraction and sighs in his rest and repose; she, more out of virtuous wisdom, than foolish jealousy, aims at his vain lust towards this young Lady her Daughter in law; whereat she both admires with grief, and wonders with the anxiety of affliction and sorrow, to see her old Husband, in the winter of his age, so sottish and beastly to lust after his own Sons young Wife, to see that no respect of Heaven, no regard of conscience, nor apprehension of damnation and hell, had the grace or power, either to

kill these lascivious thoughts in their conception, or to strangle them in their birth, so let th he who was ready to go to his bed of death, should now (like the *Salamander* in the fire) be burning with desire, to go to that of Lust and Adultery, and to see him so devoyd of pittie, as he must needs joyn Incest with Adultery, as if one of these beastly sins alone were not enough enormous and prodigious to make his life miserable, and his death wretched. And although she have cause enough of sorrow in her self, yet when she thinks of her Husbands age, and Daughters youth, of his lust, and her chastity, and which is more, of the most degenerat and unnaturall part of a Father, to seek to pollute and defile his own Sons bed, and consequently his own honour; This indeed goes near her, and this, and only this makes her look on him, both with envy and pittie: but her age having taught her to love discretion, and to hate and disdain jealousy, she bears this as patiently as she may, till at last seeking and finding out a fit opportunity, she both with tears in her eyes, and grief in her speeches, very secretly checks him for these his inordinate and lascivious desires towards the young Lady *Perina*, their Daughter in Law.

But as it is the nature of sin so to betray and inveagle our judgments, that we flatter our selves with a false conceit, none can perceive it in us; so this old lecher her Husband, thinking that he had danced in a net, from the jealousy and suspicion of all the world in thus affecting his Sons wife, he like a lewd and wretched old varlet, is so far from relishing these his old wifes speeches and exhortations, or from being reclaimd thereby, as he disdaineth both them and her; and from henceforth is so imperious, and withall bitter to her, as he never looks on her with affection, but envy; which nevertheless she (as a modest wife, and grave Matron) holds it a part not only of her love, but of her duty, by sweet speeches, and soft means of perswasion, to divert him from this fond and lascivious humour of his. But observe the vanity of his lasciviousness, and the impiety of his thoughts and resolutions; for all her prayers and perswasions serve only rather to set, than rebate the edge of his lust, and rather bring oil to increase, than water to quench the flame of his immodest and irregular affection, so as seeing that she stood in the way of obtaining his beastly pleasures, he, like a prophane and barbarous Husband, termes her no more his wife, but his *Medea*; and which is worse, he, out of the heat both of his lust and choler, vows he will soon remove her from this world to another:

And here the Devill, ambitious and desirous of nothing so much, as to fill up the empty rooms of his vast and infernall Kingdom, by miserable and execrable degrees takes possession first of his thoughts, then of his heart, and lastly of his soul; so as being constant in his indignation and choler, and resolute in this his impious and bloody revenge, he means to dispatch and murther her, who for the term of forty two years had been his most loving wife, and faithfull Bed-fellow; but withall he will act it so privatly, as not having as yet discovered his affection to his Daughter *Perina*, he will therefore conceal both from her and all the world the Murther of this his wife *Fidelia*, except only to those gracelesse and execrable Agents he meant imploy in this mournfull and bloody businesse.

To which end (with a hellish ratiocination) ruminating and revolving on the manner thereof, he having run over the circumstances of many violent and tragick deaths, at last resolves to poyson her; and deems none so fit to undertake it, as her own Waiting-gentlewoman *Jerantha*; the which authorized by his former lascivious dalliance with her, as also in favour of five hundred Ducats, that he will give her, he is confident she will undertake and finish; neither doth he fail in his bloody hopes, for what with the honey of his flattering speeches, and the Sugar of his Gold, she like an infernall Fury, and a very Monster of her sex, most ingratelously and inhumanly consents thereunto; so as putting poyson into White-broth, which some mornings she was accustomed to make and give her Lady, it spreading into her veins, and exhaling the radicall humour of her life and strength, within eight daies carries this aged and vertuous Matron to her Grave, and her Soul to Heaven. But her Murtherers shall pay dear for this her untimely end.

The Lady *Perina*, and all the Lady *Fidelia*'s kinsfolks and friends infinitely lament and bewaile her death; and indeed so doth the whole City of *Nice*, where for her descent and vertues she is infinitely beloved and affected; but all these tears of theirs are nothing in comparison of those of her wicked and execrable Husband *Castelnovo*, who, although he inwardly rejoyce, yet he outwardly seems to be exceedingly afflicted and dejected. But as he hath heretofore acted the part of a Murtherer, and now of an hypocrite, yet, have we but a little patience, and we shall see that detected, this unmasked, and both punished.

Whiles this mournfull Tragedy is acted in *Nice*, the mediation of the French King and Pope reconcile the differences, give end to the Warrs, and conclude peace betwixt *Spain* and *Savoy*.

So home returns the Duke of *Feria*, to *Mulan*; the noble Duke of *Savoy*, and the generous Princes his Sonnes, to *Turin*; the Marshal *de Desdiguieres*, and the Baron of *Termes* into *France*; and consequently home comes our Knight *Castelnovo* to *Nice*: where thinking to rejoice with his young Wife, he is so unfortunate to mourn for the death of his old Mother; but G O D knows, that neither of them know the least spark or shadow of her cruel and untimely Murder, and lesse, the cause thereof. Now for his lascivious and bloody Father, albeit, to cast a vail before his thoughts, and his intents and actions, hee publickly mourns for his Wifes death, and rejoiceth for his Sonnes return; yet contrariwise he privately mourns for this, and rejoiceth for that. But to leave the remembrance of *Fidelia*, to assume that of our *Perina*; I know not whether she grieved more at her Husbands absence, or rejoice at his presence, sith her affections to him was so tender and fervent, as in her heart and soul she esteemed that as much her Hell, as this her Heaven upon Earth: but these joyes of hers are but fires of straw, or flattering Sun-shines, which are suddenly either washed away with a showre, or eclipsed and banished by a Tempest; for whiles her hopes flatter her belief of her Husbands continuall stay and residence with her, her Father in laws lust to her, foreseeing and considering that it was impossible to think to obtain her at home, e'r her Husband, his Son, were again imployed and sent abroad, makes all his thoughts aim, and care and industry tend that way, as if time had no power to make him repent the former murder of his Wife, or grace influence to renounce the future defiling and dishonouring of his Daughter in law.

But he is as constant in his lust to her, as resolute in his dispatching and sending away of him; onely he must finde out some pregnant, vertuous, and honourable pretext and colour for the effecting of his design and resolution, because hee well knowes his Son *Castelnovo* is as wise and generous in himself, as amorous of his beautifull young Lady *Perina*: but his lust, which is the cause of his resolution, or rather his vanity, which is the author of his lust, at one time suggests him these two severall imployments for his Sonne; either to send him into *France* with the *Prince Major*, who was lately contracted, and shortly to espouse *Madame Christiene* the Kings second Sister; or else under the insinuation of some great Pensions and Offices that were shortly to be disposed of in *Malta*, again to send him back thither: and his harping on these two strings, was the onely Musick and melody which he now gave his Son; who after he had a moneth or two at most, recreated himself in the sweet company of his dear and sweet wife *Perina*, he least of all aiming whereat his father aimed, by his absence again gives way, and consents to his desires of his departure: onely the choice of these two different imployments is yet questionable and unresolved of betwixt the Father and his Sonne: For as the Sonnes curiosity desireth for to see the Court of *France*, which as yet he hath not seen; so his Fathers Lust and Malice is to have him returne honourably to *Malta*, from whence he hath formerly received his honour of Knighthood, and there to obtain a Pension during the term of his life.

The Sonne imbraceth the pleasures of the journey of *France*, before the profit and honour of the Voyage of *Malta*. But the Father aiming at other ends, preferres this of *Malta* before that of *France*; so as time working an impression in his thoughts, and his Fathers desire a kind of natural command in his will, and of filiall obedience in his resolution, he at last resolves on *Malta*.

But as neither of these two enterprises of young *Castelnovo* is pleasing, but distastfull to his young and fair Lady *Perina*; So if her affliction and misery be such, as of the two her Husband must needs attempt and prosecute one, then sith hee may goe into *France* by land, and cannot to *Malta*, but by Sea, she at last, with an inforced willingnesse (sympathizing with his first inclination) likewise desires that the object of his journey, and the period of his Voyage be *France*, and not *Malta*; as relying rather in hearing from him to stand at the speed and fidelity of a Post, then at the unconstancy of the winds, and the mercy of the Seas.

So all things prepared and ready for his Voyage, *Perina* importunately begging, and her husband *Castelnovo* confidently promising his speedy return, she conducting him over the Hill to *Villafranca* in her Coach, they there, with many reciprocal kisses, sighs and tears, take leave each of other; he imbarcking himself upon a *French* Galley, bound from *Marselles* to *Malta*, (which stopp there accidentally) and she committing him to the auspicious favour of the wind and sea, very sorrowfully returns for *Nice*.

Thus leaving the Son floating and wafting on the Seas, let us again return to his unnatural and beastly Father, who seeing his wife gone to heaven, and his son to *Malta*, and all things hitherto to succeed according to his lascivious desires, doth now assure himself, that either by fair or foul means he will reap his pleasure of his beautifull daughter in Law *Perina*.

To which end he gives her the sole government and superintendance of his house, with intent and hope the sooner to govern, and surer to command her: and so forgetting modesty, and his lust giving a Law to his conscience, fifteen days are scarce past, till finding her in her chamber playing on her Lute, he after some pauses, coughs, and kisses, bewrays and vomiteth her forth his fervent affection and desire.

But for mine own part, I highly disdain to pollute and vilifie this History with the obscene and lascivious speeches, wherewith this old lecher *Castelnovo* courts this young Lady *Perina* his daughter in Law, as holding them as unworthy of my relation, as of my Readers knowledge; of my modest pen, as of their chaste ears, only judging of their nature and quality by their effects. The beastliness and unexpectedness thereof, first made *Perina* extreemly blush for shame and choller, and then immediately again look pale with grief and disdain, when not able to brook, or hearken to his lewd speeches, much less his hatefull presence, she, in the defence and preservation of her chastity, which she preferred before her life, giving him a sharp answer, and a bitter denial, and grieving to see a Father so graceless and impious, to seek to defile his own Sons bed in her dishonour, she throws away her Lute; and so very hastily and chollerickly abandoneth his presence, and her own chamber. At which he bites his lip for rage, and hangs down his head for indignation. But at last, sin and the devil raining in him, makes that he will not take this her first repulse for his last answer and denial: but resolute to persevere in his lubricity, he in every walk, garden and room, frequents and haunts her as her ghost, as thinking to obtain that from her through his importunity, which he could not by his perswasion; but this his impudency shall not prevail.

Now as his sinful motion infinitely grieved her, so his perseverance and importunacy therein doth doubly afflict and torment her: how to appease this storm, to quench the fire of his lust, and deface the remembrance and feeling of her grief, she knows not. For alas, alas, she is so unhappy, as her own Father *Arconeto*, and her Aunt *Dominica* are at St. *John de Mauriene*, her sweet and dear husband in *Malta*, and her mother in Law, the Lady *Fidelia* in heaven; so as she hath no intimate nor secret familiars, nor any bosom friend to reveal these her sorrows and afflictions. Once she thought to steal away from *Nice*, so to pass the Mountains, and to flie back to *Saint John de Mauriene*: but again considering the dishonour, and withal, the danger to undertake this journey, as also the cold reception and entertainment she should there finde of her own hard hearted father, who would rather deride than pitty her afflictions: she altereth this her resolution, and so resolves a little longer to stay in *Nice*, hoping and praying, that God would rectifie her Father in Law *Castelnovo's* judgement, and reform the errors of his lascivious thoughts and desires. And so for her part, hating the father as much as she loved the son her husband; he could not be more prodigal of his lewd speeches and tentations to her, than she was of her sighs and tears to understand and repel them. A thousand times she wisheth her self in *Malta*, with the Knight her husband, or he in *Nice* with her: and could her body so soon have flown or sailed thither as her thoughts, he had long since enjoyed the happiness of her presence, and she the felicity of his Fathers absence. But sith she is too miserable to be so fortunate, she hath yet this consolation left her to sweeten the bitterness of her afflictions, and this hope to revive and comfort her against her despair, that her Letter may procure his speedy return from *Malta* to *Nice*. Whereon resolving, although the occasion and grounds thereof were as strange as shamefull, she secretly steals to her chamber, and locking her door to her, takes her pen and paper, and rather with tears than Ink, writes him these few lines:

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

Although mine eyes and heart can better weep and sigh for mine afflictions, than my pen depaint them, yet I should infinitely wrong thee in my self, and my self in thee, if I inform thee not by this my Letter (the secret Ambassador of my heart) that my affection deserves, and mine honour requires thy speedy return to me; I would unlock thee this mysterie, and make it more obvious and apparent to the eye of thine understanding, but that mine own modesty, and anothers shame commands my pen to silence herein. And again, my tears so confusedly and mournfully interrupt my sighs, they my tears, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power to enlarge thee. Only my dear *Castelnovo*, if ever thy *Perina* were dear to thee, make her happy with thy sight, who deems her self not only miserable, but accursed in thy absence. For till *Nice* be thy *Malta*, Heaven may, Earth cannot rejoyce me.

PERINA.

Having

Having written this her Letter, she finds a confident and intimate Friend of her husbands, a Gentleman named *Seignior Benedetto Sabia*, who undertakes the safe conveyance, and secret delivery thereof into *Malta* to *Castelnovo*: so giving it him with store of gold, to defray the charge of his journey, as also a pair of gold bracelets for a token to her Knight and husband, he embarks for *Genoua*, so to *Naples*, and from thence in a *Neopolitan Galley*, arrives in short time, to the renowned and famous Ile of *Malta*, the inexpugnable Bulwark of Christendom, and the curb and bridle of audacious insulting-Turky, where finding out the Knight *Seignior Francisco de Castelnovo*, he effectually and fairly delivers him his Ladies Letter, Bracelets, and Message, who withdrawing himself to a window, hath no sooner broken up the seals and read the Letter, but he is at first much perplexed at the unexpected news thereof; he reads it o're again and again, and finds it so obscure, as he cannot gather or conceive her meaning therein, but at last construing it only to be a wile and fetch of her affection, to re-fetch and call him home to *Nice* to her: he loth as yet to lose and abandon his hopes of preferment in that Iland, which now the great Master hath promised him, dispatcheth *Sabia* back for *Nice*, and plucking off a rich Emerald from his finger, delivers it him for his Lady *Perina*, as a token of his dear and fervent affection, and with it a Letter in answer of hers.

In the Interim of *Sabia* his absence to *Malta*, our old lascivious Baron *Castelnovo* is not idle in *Nice*, in still seeking to draw our Lady *Perina* to his adulterous desire, and will, yea, he is become so obscene in his requests and speeches, as they not only exceed chastity; but civility, so as she (poor Lady) can finde no truce, nor obtain any intermission from these his beastly solicitations; but resolving still to preserve her honour with her life, her pure chastity shines clearer in the midst of these his impure temptations, than the Sun doth, being invironed and compassed with many obscure clouds: but she thinks every hour a year, before she see her Knight *Castelnovo* safely returned from *Malta*, when lo, *Sabia* arriving at *Villafranca*, trips over to *Nice*, and understanding *Perina* privately bolted up in her Chamber, he repairs to her, and there delivers her, her Knight *Castelnovo*'s Ring and Letter, although not himself; when tearing off the Seals, she therein finds these words:

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

MY fair and dear *Perina*, the knowledge of thy sighs and tears the more afflict and grieve me, in respect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occasioned them: 'tis true, thy affliction deserves my return, and the preservation of thine honour, not only to request, but to require and command it: but I am so assured of that, and so confident of this, as I know thou wilt carry the first to thy grave, and the second to heaven. So, if any one since my departure have fallen in love with thy beauty, thou must not finde it strange, much less grieve there at, sith the excellency thereof hath power, not only to captivate one but many; yea the consideration thereof should rather rejoyce, than afflict thee, sith whatsoever he be, the shame in the end will remain his, and the glory thine. But dear and sweet Lady, I think thine honour is only the pretext, and thy affection the cause, so earnestly to desire my return: whereunto I would willingly consent, but that the daily expectance of my preferment must a little longer detain me here: only this is my resolution, and I pray let it be thy assurance, I will dispatch my affairs here with all possible expedition, and shall never think my self happy, till I re-embark from *Malta*, and land at *Nice*.

CASTELNOVO.

Having ore-read her Letter, she, the better to dissemble her secret passions and griefs, very courteously confers with *Sabia*: of whom having for that time thankfully taken her leave; she for meer sorrow and afflictions throws her self on her bed, from thence on the floor, to see her hopes deceived of her husband's return; and now she knows neither what to say or do in this her misery and perplexity; for she sees that her Father in Laws obstinacy, and consequently her sorrow grows from bad to worse, that he is so far from reclaiming, as he is resolute in his lascivious and beastly solicitations: So that seeing his fair speeches and entreaties cannot prevail with her, he exchangeth his resolution and former language, and so adds threats to his requests, and frowns to his smiles, as if force should extort and obtain that, which fair means could not, yea, and sometimes he intermingleth and administ'reth her such heart-killing menaces, as she hath now reason not only to doubt of his lust, but also to fear his revenge: which considering, she, as well to preserve her honour, as to provide for the safety of her life, will once again prove the

the kindness of her own unkind father *Arconeto*, and so determineth to leave *Nice*, and to flie unto *Saint John de Mauriene*: now to assist her and accompany her in this her secret escape, she thinks none so fit as *Sabia*, who for her husbands affection, and her own vertues, willingly consenteth to her: so she preparing her apparel, and he her train, they in a dark night (when pale faced *Cynthia* enveloped her self in a multitude of black and obscure clouds, purposely to assist and favour her in this her laudable and honourable flight) take horse, and so with great expedition pass the Mountains, and recover *Saint John de Mauriene*; where though she be not truly welcom to her own Father *Arconeto*, yet her honour and her life are truly secured from the lust and revenge of her lascivious Father in Law *Castelново*: nevertheless the cause and manner of her escape, but chiefly the consideration of her husbands absence in the passage of this business, doth still so bitterly afflict her, as she is become pale and sickly: whereupon she is resolute, once again to send back *Sabia* to *Malta* to her knight and husband, with a second Letter, in hope it may effect and procure his return, which her first could not: and so calling for pen and paper, she traceth thereon these few lines.

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

Sith thou wilt not leave *Malta*, to see *Nice* for my sake, I have left *Nice*, to live or rather to die in *Saint John de Mauriene* for thine: tis true, my affection hath desired thy return, which thou hast not granted me: tis as true, that one, to whom Nature hath given a prime and singular interest in thee, and thee in him, hath sought the defloration of mine honour, which my heart and duty have denied him. Thou art confident of my affection to thee: if thine had been so faithful and fervent to my self, neither sea nor land had had power to separate us. If any preferment be dearer to thee then my life, stay in *Malta*: or if my life be dearer then it, then return to *Saint John de Mauriene*, where thou mayest finde me, for in *Nice* I will not be found of thee. Hadst thou not purposely mistaken the cause for the pretext in my importunity of thy returne, I would have digested it with far more content, and less affliction: but sith neither my affection, or honour hath power to effect it, at least let the regard of my life, sith that will not accompany me, if thou any longer absent thy self from me: make therefore haste to see thy *Perina*, if ever thou think to see her again; and let her bear this one content to her grave, that she may disclose thee a secret, which, but to thy self, she will conceal from all the world.

PERINA.

Whiles *Sabia* is again speeding towards *Malta* with *Perina's* second Letter to her husband *Castelново*, we will a little speak of old *Castelново* the Father, who seeing his daughter in Law *Perina* fled, and consequently his hopes with her, he is extreemly perplexed and afflicted hereat: All the house and City is sought for her, and he himself breaks off the locks of her Chamber-door, where he finds the nest, but the bird flown away, her bed, but not her self: so as his thoughts doubly torment and astonish him, first to be frustrated of his hopes and desires to enjoy her, then, because she will bewray his lascivious suit and affection to her Husband his son, which of all sides will not procure him not only shame, but infamy; yea, now it is, although before he would not, that he sees his error, and vanity, in attempting to make shipwrack of her honour and chastity, which is the glory, and should be the *Palladium* of Ladies: but it is too late to recover her again: And therefore although he know how to repent, yet he is ignorant how to remedy or redeem it, sith his attempt and enterprize was not only odious to God but infamous to men, opposite to Grace, and repugnant and contradictory to Nature. Besides, this his lustfull folly proceeding from himself, looks two ways, and hath a double reflexion, first on *Perina* the wife, then on *Castelново* her husband, and his own son, who, he is assured will be all fire hereat; yea, this crime of his is of so high and so beastly a nature, as he knows not what to say to him, or how to look him in the face, when he shall arrive from *Malta*, which his guilty conscience tells him will be shortly; neither doth the Calculation or Arithmetick of his fear deceive him: for by this time is *Sabia* again arrived at *Malta*, where he delivers *Castelново* his wifes second Letter; the which doth so nettle and sting his heart to the quick, at the bitter and unexpected news it relates, as he esteems himself no longer himself, because he is not with his dear wife, who is the one half, yea the greatest part of himself. Wherefore, admiring who in *Nice*, yea, in his fathers house should be so impudently lascivious, to seek to blemish his honour, in that of his Ladies, he making her sighs and tears his, with all expedition and haste provides

provides for his departure from *Malta*; and yet his love, his fear, or both concurring and concurring in one, makes him instantly resolve to dispatch and return *Sabia*, as the harbinger to proclame his coming; the which he doth, and chargeth him with this Letter to his fair wife, and dear Lady *Perina*.

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

THy sudden departure from *Nice* to *Saint John de Mauriene* doth equally afflict and amaze me; I burn with desire, to know as well the Author, as the Cause thereof, that I may likewise know how to right thee, in revenging my self of him. I have thought it fit to return *Seignor Sabia* again to thee, as soon as he arrived to me, being ready within two daies to imbarke as timely as himself; so that if wind and Sea hate me not too much, in more loving and favouring him, I am confident to bring and deliver thee my self, as soon as he shall thee this my Letter; and judge whether I speak it from my heart and soul, with the estimation of thy love, and the preservation of thy honour, make me already deem minutes, moneths, and hours, years, till my presence be made happy with thine. I come, fair *Perina*, sweet wife and dear Lady, I come; and if heaven prove propitious to my most religious prayers and desires here on earth, our meeting shall be shortly as sweet and happy, as our parting was bitter and sorrowfull.

CASTELNOVO.

So according to this his Letter, as first *Sabia* imbarks from *Malta* to *Nice*, before him, so he likewise arrives at *Genoua*; the day after he did at *Nice*, from whence passing ore the Mountains, he arrives at *Saint John de Mauriene*, where, at his Father in law *Arconetos* house, he finds his dear and sweet Lady *Perina*, who every minute of time, with much impatient longing and desire, expected his arrivall (as having the night before received his second and last Letter by *Sabia*, which avertised her thereof) so like true and faithfull Turtle Doves, esteeming each others presence their most sovereign felicity, they fall to their billing and kisses, to inform themselves how sweet this their happy meeting was each to other. And here our Knight *Castelnovo* cannot be so curious or hasty to inquire, as his Laydy *Perina* was to relate the cause of her sudden departure from *Nice* to *Saint John de Mauriene*, occasioned by the unnaturall lust and lasciviousness of his Father (as we have formerly understood) the which, with many sighs and tears, she depaints forth to him in all its circumsstances and colours. He is amazed at this strange and unexpected news, and far the more to think that his own Father should (in the winter of his age) attempt or seek to defile his honour and bed, in the person of this his fair and chaste Lady *Perina*; he wondreth to see so little grace in so many years, and that if Nature had not, yet Religion should have had power to banish these lascivious thoughts from his heart and memory: so with out-spread arms he tenderly embraceth and kisseth her, highly extolling her chastity, and applauding the discreet carriage of her escape; being himself resolute to stay in *Saint Johns de Mauriene* with her Father *Arconeto*, and not to return to *Nice* to his own Father *Castelnovo*. But he shall as soon infringe as make this his resolution; for by this time his Father understanding of his Sons return from *Malta*, to *St. John de Mauriene*, and knowing that his Lady *Perina* hath not fail'd to bewray him his lascivious sute and desire, attempted against her honour, as also grieving at the remembrance of his former folly and future shame, in knowing what a foul scandall both it and his Sons absence would procure and ingender him, he resolves to confesse his crime, and so by the mediation of a perswasive and satisfying Letter, to endeavour to reclaim them again from *Saint John de Mauriene* to *Nice*; where calling for pen and paper, he writes these few ensuing lines, and sends them his Son by a Gentlewoman of his.

CASTELNOVO to his Son CASTELNOVO.

IAm as glad of thy arrivall from *Malta*, as sorrowfull for thy absence from *Nice*; and fith to deny is to redouble our errors and imperfections, I will not go further than my self to find the cause thereof, fith I know that my lascivious and gracelesse attempt against the honour of thy chaste Lady, hath drawn thee to this resolution; but now I write it to my future comfort, as much as I conceived it to my former shame, that Grace hath vanquished Nature, and Religion lust in me: so as I am at present not only sorrowfull, but repentant for that crime, of mine, which I no more remember but with horror, nor think of, but with detestation. My soul hath made my peace with God, and my heart desires to recontract it both with thy self and her; and as I hope he will forget it, so I beseech you both to forgive it.

it me, being ready to confirm this my reconciliation as well with my tongue as pen. Wherefore sith thou art the sole prop of my age, and comfort of my life, make me not so unfortunate or miserable, to be taze'd with the scandal of my shame, and thy absence; but bring back thy Lady with thee; for here I profess before Heaven and Earth, that I will henceforth as much honour her for her chastity, as heretofore I lasciviously sought to betray and violate it.

CASTELNOVO.

This vertuous and religious Letter of the Father prevails with the Son, and his fair and chaste Lady; so as their secreties and discretions hush up this business in silence, and within eight dayes they both return from *Saint John de Mauriene* to *Nice*, where they are courteously welcomed, and respectively received and entertained of their Father, whose contrition for his former folly is outwardly so great, as he hath tears in his eyes at the remembrance thereof; so as making good the promise of his Letter, he very patiently and sorrowfully implores their pardon and remission, which they instantly grant him with as much willingness as alacrity. So the report and thought hereof is obscured and vanished, as if it had never been; and all things and parties so reconciled, as to common sense nothing in the world is capable to trouble the tranquillity of this reconciliation and atonement. But alas, alas, we shall very briefly see the contrary; For old *Castelnovo* the Father, notwithstanding all these religious promises and sincere shews of repentance and tears, is so far from being the man he seems to be, as although he have made his peace with his Son and Daughter, yet, ay mee, I write it with grief, he hath not with his conscience, nor his conscience with God; for although he have a chaste and religious tongue, yet he still retaineth a lascivious and adulterate heart; yea, he is so far from conversion and reformation, as the new sight and review of the Lady *Perina's* fresh and delicate beauty doth revive those sparks, and refresh those flames of his lust, which seemed to be raked up in the embers of her absence. And what is this, but to be a Christian in shew, and a miscreant in effect? to hide a foule soul under a fair face? and to make Religion and Hypocritie, a farall and miserable cloke for his villany? But though he dissemble with God, yet we shall see, and he find, that God will not dissemble with him; and in thinking to betray God, Satan in the end will betray him. The manner is thus:

As he resumes his old suite, and newly burns in love and lustfull desire, to erect the Trophies of his lascivious and incestuous pleasures upon the ruines of his Daughter in law's chastity and honour; so he likewise sees it impossible to think to perform, or hope to accomplish it, as long as his Son her Husband lives; and therefore, losing his judgment either in the Labyrinth of her beauty, or in the turbulent Ocean of his own concupiscence and lust, he, contrary to the rules of Grace, and the lawes and principles of nature, swaps a bargain with the Devill to poison him. To which end, to shew himself the monster of men, and the bloudest president of a most degenerat Father, which this, or many precedent ages ever produced or afforded, he hath again recourse to his Hellish Agent *Jerantha*, in favour of five hundred Ducats, to send the Son into Heaven after the Mother, and to make him equall with her, as in nature, so in (the dissolution thereof) death; A bloody designe, and mournfull project, which we shall presently be inforced to see acted upon the Theater of this History.

But *Jerantha* is at first so repentant for the death of the mother, as she will not consent to that of the Son. And had she continued in this religious resolution, she had lived more fortunately, and not died so miserably and shamefully, as we shall briefly see. For our old Lecher *Castelnovo*, her Master, seeing his Gold could not this second time prevaile with *Jerantha*, being equally inflamed as wel with lust to *Perina*, as with malice and revenge to his Son *Castelnovo* her Husband, he is so implacable therein, as he ptomiseth to marry her, if she will attempt and perform it. So although his first battery sayled, yet his second doth not; For the Devill had made her so ambitious of greatness and honour, that of a simple wayting Gentlewoman to become a great Lady, she consents hereunto; and, which is a thousand pitties to report, within less then six dayes performs it; when (God knowes) the innocencie of this harmless young Gentleman his Son never dreamt or suspected it.

At the sight of this his sudden death, his Lady *Perina* is ready to dye for grief, yea to drown her self in the Ocean and deluge of her tears; tearing her hair, and striving to deface the excellencie of her beauty, with a kind of careless neglect, as if she were resolute not to survive him. And if the Lady *Perina* bewrayed many deplorable demonstrations of sorrow for the death of her Husband, no less doth his Father *Castelnovo* for that of his Son; only their griefs (conformable to their passions) are diametrically different and opposites; for hers were fervent and true, as proceeding from the sincerity of her affection; and his hypocriticall and feigned as derived from the profundity of his malice and revenge towards him.

him. And not to transgress from the *Decorum* and truth of our History, old *Castelnovo* could not so artificially bear and overvail his sorrows for his Son's death, but (the premises considered) our young afflicted widow and Lady vehemently suspecteth he hath a hand therein; and likewise partly believes that *Jerantha* is likewise accessory and engaged therein, in respect she looks more aloft, and is grown more familiar with her Lord and Master than before. And indeed as her sorrows increase her jealousy, so her jealousy throws her into a passionate and violent resolution of Revenge, both against him and her, if she can be futuramente assured that they had murdered and poisoned the Knight her husband.

Now to be assured hereof, she thus reasoneth with her self; that if her Father in Law were the Murderer of his Son her Husband, his malice and hatred to him proceeded from his beastly lust to her self; and that he now dispatched, he would again shortly revive and renew his old lascivious suit to her: which if he did, she vows to take a sharp and cruel Revenge of him; which she will limit with no less than his death. And indeed we shall not go far to see the event and truth answer her suspicion. For within a moneth or two after her husband was laid in his untimely grave, his old lustfull and lascivious Father doth again burst and vomit forth his beastly solicitations against her chastity and honour: which observing, she somewhat disdainfully and coyly puts him off, but yet not so passionately nor chollerickly as before, onely of purpose to make him the more eager in his pursuit, thereby the better to draw him to her lure, that she might perpetrate her malice, and act her Revenge on him, and so make his death the object of her rage and indignation, as his lust and malice were the cause of the sorrows of her life. But unfortunate and miserable Lady, what a bloody and hellish enterprize doest thou engage thy self in, and why hath thy affection so blinded thy conscience and soul, to make thy self the Author and Actor of so mournful and bloody a Tragedy? For alas, alas, sweet *Perina*, I know not whether more to commend thy affection to thy Husband, or condemn thy cruel malice intended to his Father. For, O grief! O pity! where are thy Vertues, where is thy Religion, where thy conscience, thy soul, thy God, thus to give thy self over to the hellish tentations of Satan? Thou which heretofore fled'st from adultery, wilt thou now follow murder? or because thy heart would not be accessory to that, shall thy soul be now so irreligious and impious, to be guilty of this? But as her Father in Law is resolute in his lust towards her, so is she likewise in her revenge towards him, and far the more, in that she perceives *Jerantha's* great belly sufficiently proclaims that she hath plaid the Strumpet; and which is worse, she fears, with her execrable and wretched Father in Law: as now no longer able to stopp the furious and impetuous current of her revenge, she is so graceless and bloody, as she vows first to dispatch the Lord and Master, then the Waiting-Gentlewoman, as her thoughts and soul suggest her they had done first the Mother, then the Son: so impious are her thoughts, so inhumane and bloody her resolutions.

Now in the *interim* of this time the old Lecher her Father is again become impudent and importunate in his suit. So our wretched Lady *Perina* degenerating from her former vertues, and indeed from her self, she, after many requests and solicitations, very feignedly seems to yeild, and strike sail to his desires; but indeed with a bloody intent to dispatch him out of this world. So having concluded this sinful fatal Match, there wants nothing but the finishing and accomplishing thereof: on'y they differ in the manner and circumstances: the Father is desirous to go to the Daughter in Laws bed, the Daughter to the Father in Laws; but both conclude that the night, and not the day shall give end to this lascivious and beastly business; his reason is, to avoid the jealousy and rage of *Jerantha*, whom now, although she be near her time of deliverance, he refuseth to marry her; but the Lady *Perina's*, if that she may pollute and stain his own bed with his blood, and not hers; but especially, because she may have the fitter means to stab and murder him: and hereon they conclude. To which end, not onely the night, but the hour is appointed betwixt them; which being come, and *Castelnovo* in bed, burning with impatience and desire for her arrival, he thinking on nothing but his beastly pleasures, nor she, but on her cruel malice and revenge: she softly enters his chamber, but not in her night, but her day attire, having a *Pisa* Ponyard close in her sleeve; when having bolted his chamber door, because none should divert her from this her bloody design; she approaching his bed, and he lifting himself up purposely to welcom and kiss her, she seeing his breast open and naked, like an incensed Fury, draws out her Ponyard, and uttering these words: *Thou wretched Whore-master and Murderer, this life of mine own honour, and the death of my dear Knight and husband, thy son.* And so stabbing him at the heart with many blows she kills him stark dead, and leaves him reeking in his hot blood, without giving him time to speak

He speak a word; only he fetcht a screech and a groan or two, as his soul took her last farewell of his body. Which being over-heard of the servants of the house, they ascend his chamber, and finde our inhumane *Perina* issuing forth, all gored with the effusion of his blood, having the bloody Ponyard, which was the fatal Instrument of this cruel Murther in her hand. They are amaz'd at this bloody and mournful spectacle: so they seize on her, and the report hereof flying thorow the City, the Criminal Judges that night cause her to be imprisoned for the Fact, which she is resolved no way to deny, but to acknowledge, as rather glorying than grieving thereat.

Ferantha, at the very first understanding hereof, vehemently suspects that her two poysoning Murthers will now come to light; and so, as great as her belly is, she, to provide for her safety, very secretly steals away to a dear friends house of hers in the City, which now from all parts ratleth and resoundeth of this cruel and unnatural Murther; yea, it likewise passeth the *Alps*, and is speedily bruited and known in *Saint John de Mauriene*, where although her father *Arconeto* would never heretofore affect her, yet he now exceedingly grieves at this her bloody attempt and imminent danger: but her irregular affection, and inhumane revenge, will not as yet permit her conscience to inform and shew her the hainousness of her cruel and bloody fact. But God will be more merciful to her and her soul.

Some two days after she is arraigned for the same, where she freely confesseth it, having nothing to allege for her excuse, but that she perfectly knew, that her Father in Law *Castelnovo* and his Strampet *Ferantha* had at least poisoned the Knight her husband, if not likewise the Lady *Fidelia* his mother; the which although they had some reason and ground to suspect, because of *Ferantha's* sudden flight, yet sith this could no way diminish, or extenuate her murther of her Father in Law, they condemn our unfortunate Lady *Perina* to be hanged, and so send her to prison, to prepare her self to die. But the advice of some, and the Friendship and compassion of others, as pittying her youth and beauty, and commending her chastity and affection to her Knight and Husband, counsel and perswade her to appeal from the Sentence of the Court of *Nice*, to the Senate of *Chambery* (which is the Sovereign and Capital of *Savoy*) whither we shall shortly see her conducted and brought.

In which mean time let us observe the wonderful Justice and Providence of God shewed likewise upon this execrable Waiting-gentlewoman *Ferantha*, for so cruelly poysoning the Lady *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Castelnovo* her Son: who, although search were every where made for her, yet she having hush't her self up privately, albeit her bloody thoughts and guilty conscience, for the same continually torture and torment her, yet she is so impious and graceless, as she no way fears the danger of the Law, and much less the severe tempest of Gods indignation and revenge, which now notwithstanding in the midst of her security will, according to her bloody deserts and crimes, suddenly surprise and over-take her: for now this accident of her Lord *Castelnovo's* Murther, and of the Lady *Perina's* imprisonment, or to speak more properly and truly, of Gods sacred decree and divine Judgement, throws her into the sharp and bitter pains of travel for childe; with whose heart-killing gripes and convulsions, she is so miserably tortured and tormented, as she her self, her Mid-wife, and all the women neer her, judge and think it impossible for her to escape death: when seeing no hope of life, and that already her pangs and torments had made her but as it were the very image and anatomy of death, she begins to look from sin to repentance, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God; and so taking on and assuming a Christian resolution, she will not charge her soul with concealing of this single Adultery, much less of her double Murthers; but very penitently confesseth all, as well it, as them; and so commits her self to the unparalleled and merciless mercies of her pains and torments, hoping they will speedily send her from this world to a better. But her Adultery and Murthers are such odious and execrable crimes in Gods sight, as he will free her from these dangers of Child-birth, and because worthy, will reserve her for a shameful and infamous death. So she is safely delivered of a young son, who is more fair than happy, as being the off-spring of lascivious Parents, and the issue of an adulterous bed; and by Gods providence and her own confession, she, for these her beastly and bloody crimes is the second day committed to prison, and the third hang'd and burnt in *Nice*, and her ashes thrown into the air. A just reward and punishment for so hellish and inhumane a Gentlewoman; who though otherwise shee shewed many Testimonies and Signs of Repentance at her end, yet her crimes were so foul and odious to the World, as at her death she was so miserable, as she found not one spectator, either to weep for her, or to lament, or condole with her.

And now to shut up this History, let us carry our curiosities and expectations from *Nice* to *Chambery*

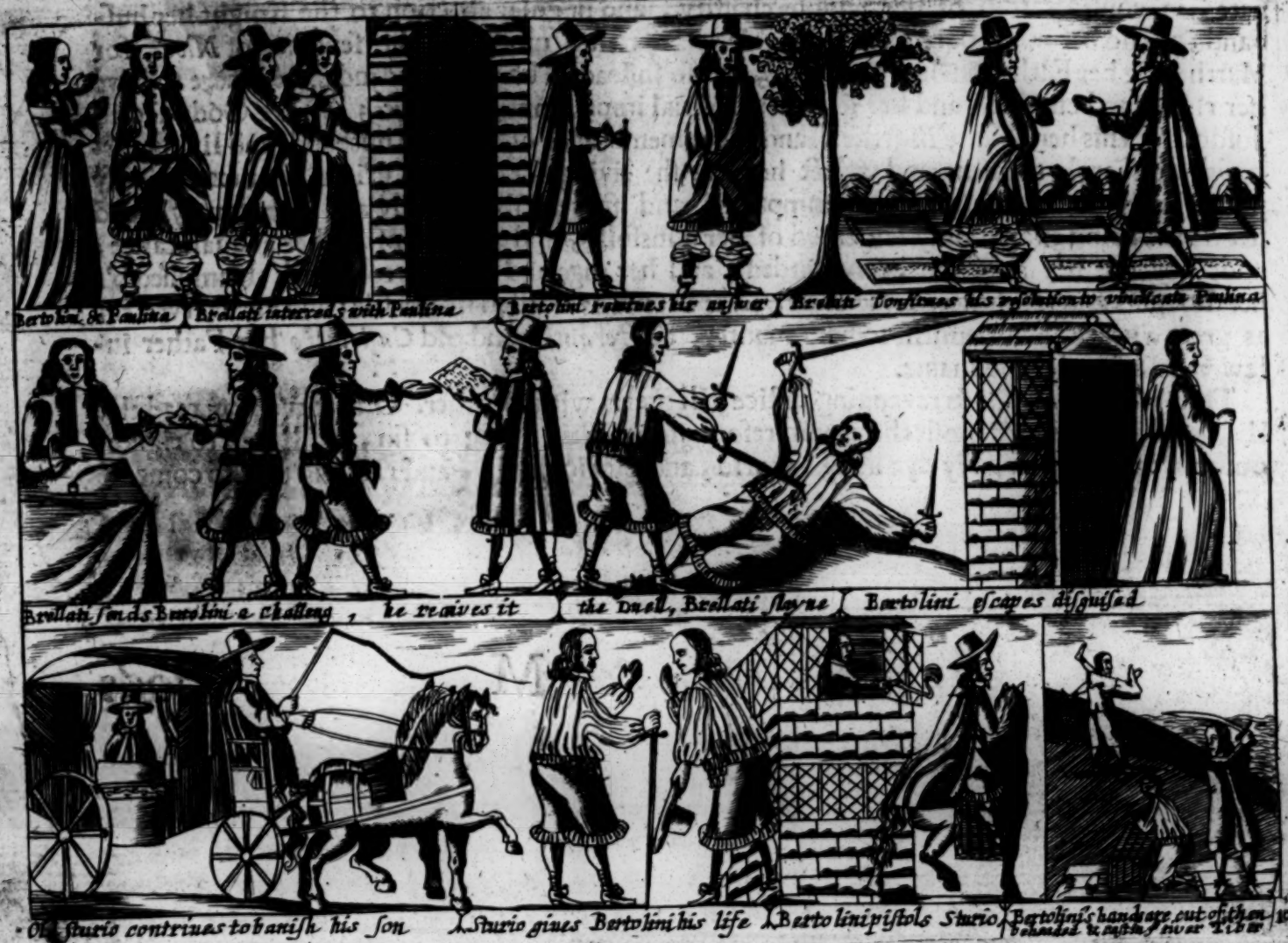
Chambery, and from dead *Jerantha* to our living *Perina*, where that grave and illustrious Senate, in consideration of her famous chastity, and singular affection to the Knight her husband, as also her noble parentage and tender years, they moderate the sentence of *Nice*, for Murthering her Father-in-law *Castelnovo*, and so instead of hanging, adjudge her there to have her right hand cut off, and her self to perpetual imprisonment in *Nice*; where Gods sacred Justice for this her bloody Murther, and the remembrance of her dead husband, and living sorrows, so sharply torment and afflict her, as she living not long in prison, but exceedingly pined away of a languishing consumption; and so very sorrowfully and repentantly ended her dayes, being exceedingly lamented of her kinsfolks, and pittied of all her acquaintance; and, had not her affection been blinded, and her rage and revenge too much triumphed o'r her thoughts and resolutions, she had lived as happy, as she died miserable; and have served for as great a grace and ornament to her Country, as *Jerantha* and old *Castelnovo* her Father-in-law were a scandal and shame.

Thus we see how Gods revenging justice still meets with Murther. O that we may read this History with fear, and profit thereby in reformation, that dying to sin, and living to righteousness, we may peaceably dye in this world, and gloriously live and raighn in that to come.

M

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY X.

Bertolini seeks Paulina in marriage, but she loves Sturio, and not himself: He prays her Brother Brellati, his dear friend, to sollicite her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevail; whereupon Bertolini lets fall some disgracefull speeches, both against her honour, and his reputation; for which Brellati challengeth the field of him, where Bertolini kills him, and he flies for the same: Sturio seeks to marry her, but his Father will not consent thereunto, and so conveys him away secretly; for which two disasters, Paulina dyes for sorrow. Sturio finds out Bertolini, and sends him a Challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his request: he afterwards very treacherously kils Sturio with a Petronel in the Street from a Window: he is taken for this second Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.

Albeit that Valour be requisite in a Gentleman (and one of his most essential virtues and proper ornaments) yet such Charity is the true mark and character of a Christian, we should not rashly resolve to hazard the losse of our lives for the preservation of the meer title, and vain point of our honour, but rather religiously endeavour to save our souls in that of our own lives, as also those of our Christian brethren; for in duels and single combats (which though the heat of youth and revenge seem to allow, yet, reason will not, and Religion cannot) did we onely hazard our bodies, and not our souls, then our warrant to fight, were in earth as just, as now the hazarding of our souls and bodies is odious and distastefull to heaven, such in seeking to deface man the creature, we assuredly attempt to strike and stab at the Majesty of God the Creator: but if there be any colour or shadow of honour to kill our adversary for the preservation of the vain point of our honour, what an ignoble ingratitude and damnable impiety is it, for a Gentleman likewise treacherously to kill another, of whom he hath formerly

ly received his life? yea as Grace fights against this former sort of fighting, so both Grace and Nature impugn and detest this second sort of Murther: A wofull and mournfull president whereof, I here present in the person of a base and wretched Gentleman, whose irregular affection to a Lady, first slew her brother in the Field; and execrable revenge to her lover, next drew him treacherously to Murther him in the street; and consequently, to his own condign punishment, and shamefull death for the same. May all such bloody Murtherers still meet with such ends, and may his miserable and infamous death premonish all other Gentlemen, to live and become more charitable, and less bloody by his example.

The friendship and familiarity betwixt *Seignior John Battista Bertolini*, and *Seignior Leonardo Brellati*, two noble young Gentlemen, native and resident of the City of Rome, was (without intermission) so intire and intimate, for the space of six whole years, which led them from their years of fourteen to twenty, as it seemed they had but one heart in two bodies, and that it was impossible for either of them to be truly merry, if the other were absent: and surely, many were the reasons which laid the foundation of this friendship; for as they were equall in years, so their statures and complexions resembled, and their humors and inclinations sympathized: likewise they were ancient School-fellows, and near Neighbours; for their Parents both dwelt betwixt the Palaces of the two Cardinals, *Farnesi* and *Capenius*; if there were any disparity in their dignities and worths, it consisted only in this, *Bertolini's* Parents were richer than *Brellati's*, but *Brellati* was more Nobly descended than *Bertolini*; which notwithstanding could no way impeach or hinder the progress of their friendship, but rather it flourished with the time; so as they increasing in years, they likewise did in affection, as if they were ambitious of nothing so much in this world, as not only to imitate, but to surpass the friendship of *Orestes* and *Pilades*, and of *Damon* and *Pithias*; whereof, all who knew them and their Parents, yea all that part and division of Rome, took deep and singular notice; but to shew that they were men, and not Angels, and consequently subject to frailty, not inherent to perfection, that Earth was not Heaven, nor Rome the shadow thereof; have we but a little patience, we shall shortly see, the thread of this friendship cut off, the props and fortifications thereof razed, battered and laid levell with the ground; yea, we shall see time, change with time, friendship turned into enmity, fellows to foes, love to loathing, courtisie to cruelty; and in a word, life to death; as observe the sequell of this History, and it will briefly inform ye how.

Bertolini sees that *Brellati* hath a fair and delicate Sister, named *Dona Paulina*, somewhat younger than himself, and yet not so young, but that the clock of her age hath stricken eighteen; and therefore proclaimed her at least capable, if not desirous of marriage; and although he be a novice in the Art of love, yet Nature hath made him so good a Schollar in the principles and rudiments thereof, as he sees her fair, and therefore must love her; rich in the excellency and delicacie of beauty, and therefore is resolute to love her, and only her; for gazing on the influence and splendour of her piercing eyes, he cannot behold them without wonder, and then prying and contemplating on the roscat and lillie tincture of her cheeks, he cannot see these without admiration, nor refrain from admiring them without affection; but again, remarking the slenderness of her body, and the sweetness of her vertues, and seeing her as gracious as fair, and that her inward perfections added as much lustre to her exteriour beauty as this reflected ornament and decoration to those, he as young as he was, vows himself her servant, and withall swore, that either she, or his grave, must be his wife and Mistress.

Bertolini thus surprized and nettled with the beauty of his dearly sweet, and sweetly fair *Paulina*, he is inforced to neglect a great part of his accompanying the Brother, thereby to court the Sister; so he many times purposely forsakes *Brellati* to follow *Paulina*, and delights in nothing so much as in her presence and (in that regard) in his absence, not that it was possible, in his conceit and imagination, for him any way to hate him, in loving her; rather, that in generall terms he must love *Brellati* for *Paulina's* sake; and in particular, only affect her for his own. And as his wealth and ambition made him confident he should obtain her for his wife; so he in fair, amorous, and honourable terms as well by his own solicitations letters, promises, and presents, as by those of his Parents, seeks her in marriage, yea, and when these could not suffice, he, to shew himself as true as fervent a Lover, adds sighs, tears, prayers, and oaths. But all these Sollicitours serve only to betray and deceive his hopes; for if *Bertolini* were extreemly desirous to marry *Paulina*, she is also resolute not to match him; which discords in affection, seldom or never make any true harmony in minds.

His wealth deceiving him, he hath recourse to her only brother, and his best and dearest friend *Brellati*, to whom he relates the profundity and fervencie of his affection to his Sister *Paulina*, acquaints him with his sute, and her denyall; his attempt, and her repulse therein, and by the power and bonds of all their former friendship and familiarity, intreats and conjures him to become his Orator and Advocate towards her, in his behalf; whose smiles, he alleageth, are his life, and frowns, his death. *Brellati* having his generosity and judgment blinded with the respect of *Bertolini* his wealth, as also of the affection he bore him, all other considerations laid apart, like a better friend to him, than a Brother to his Sister *Paulina*, promiseth him his best furtherance and assistance in the process of this his affection; and so with his truest Oratorie, best Eloquence, and sweetest Perswasion, begins to deal effectually with her herein: but as our hopes are subject and incident to deceive us, so *Bertolini* and *Brellati* come farr too short of theirs; for *Paulina* in absolute and down-right tears, prayes her Brother to inform and resolve *Bertolini*, that she had otherwayes settled and ingaged her affection; and therefore prayes him to seek another Mistress, sith she hath found another Lover and Servant, with whom she means to live and die. Her Brother (for his friends sake) is extreemly sorrowfull hereat, and prayes his Sister to name him her servant: she binds him by Oath to secrecie. So he swearing, she informs him it is *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, a very ancients Noble-man of the City. He tels her, he is a Gentleman more noble than rich, and she replies, that *Bertolini* is more rich than noble, and therefore she will refuse him, and marry *Sturio*. He is obstinate in his requests, as she resolute in her deniall. So having performed the part of a friend for his friend, and commending the nobility and vertues of *Sturio*, as much as he pitied the weakness of his estate and wealth, he leaves his Sister to her affection and designs, and so with an unwilling willingness (without any extenuation) delivers his friend *Bertolini* her definitive answer; yet performes his promise to his Sister, in concealing *Sturio* his name.

Bertolini is all in fire and choler at this news, and begins no longer to look on his friend *Brellati* with the eyes of affection, but of contempt and indignation; and so consulting with his passion, not with his judgement; with rage, and not with reason; as immoderate anger seldome looks right, commonly squint-eyed; he in the heat of his wrath, and height of his revenge, very much neglects and flights him, yea and most uncivilly and abruptly departs from him, as if he were no longer worthy of the bare complement of farewell. Which *Brellati* well observes, and in observing, remembers, and in remembering, grieves at, sith *Bertolini* was his most intimate and dearest friend; and in whose behalf, did occasion present, he was ready, not only to sacrifice his best service, but his best life. Lo here the first breach and violation, which *Bertolini* gives to their friendship; but the second is not farr behind: For in the next company he meets, which was some two dayes after, walking in *Cardinal Farnesi* his Galleries, in presence of some four or five Gentlemen, both of his and of *Brellati*'s acquaintance, he forgot himself so much, as some demanding for his Consort *Brellati*, he cholerickly replied, that he was a base and beggerly Gentleman; and therefore henceforth disdained his company; and that his Sister *Paulina* was a lascivious and dissembling Strumpet. But although the fire of his choler had foolishly banded forth these speeches in the Air; yet they fell not to the ground; but some of the company then present, that very night report them to *Brellati*. It is impossible for my pen to relate how passionatly and tenderly he takes it; yea his affliction and grief herein is farr the more redoubled, in that (contrary to his desires and wishes) he is assured his Sister *Paulina* is likewise acquainted with the vanity and injustice of these speeches: the conceit and remembrance whereof make her enraged and sorrowfull eyes powr forth many Rivolets and Rivers of tears, upon the Roses and Lillies of her beauty. But as she is too impatient to relish this scandalous affront and disparagement; so her Brother *Brellati* is too generous and noble to digest it; whereof burning to know the truth, and resolving, if he found it true, sharply to revenge it on *Bertolini*, he passeth away the night in restless and distracted slumbers; And so the very next morn taking his Sword and Lackey with him, he goes to *Bertolini* his Fathers house, and meeting first with him, demands of him for his Son *Seignior John Battista Bertolini*. His Father informs him, he is the Garden very solitarily walking, and prayes *Brellati* to go to him; who needing not many requests, entreats, and with his hat in his hand approacheth him. *Bertolini* doth the like, and meets him half way; when he being pale for anger, and *Bertolini* blushing for shame, he prayes him to exempt the Garden of his Servants, because he hath something to reveal and impart him in secret, which needeth no witness; when *Bertolini* commanding his Servants to depart, *Brellati* chargeth him with these disgracefull Speeches, vomited forth two dayes since, against his honour;

as also that of his onely dear Sister *Paulina*, in Cardinal *Farnesi* his Palace, in presence of Seignior *Alessandro Fontani*, Seignior *Rhanutio Pluvio*, and Seignior *Antonio Veltomari* (which words we haue formerly understood.)

Bertolini is no way dismayed or daunted hereat, either in courage or complexion; and so losing his honour in his indiscretion, or rather burying his discretion in his dishonour, hee, with fire in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, tels *Brellati*, that he confesseth these speeches his; adding withall, that what his tongue hath affirmed, his sword shall be ready to make good and justifie; whereon they cover: When *Brellati* demanding of him if this were his last resolution, he told him yea. Then (quoth he) I pray expect mine shortly: and so without giving each other the good morrow, they part; *Brellati* still leaving *Bertolini* in his Fathers Garden. His Sister *Paulina* having notice of her Brothers speaking with *Bertolini*, very curiously and carefully awaits his return; when rushing into his chamber, she, with tears, and sighs, demands him of the issue of his conference with *Bertolini*, and whether he were so impudent to deliver these dishonourable and base speeches both of her self and him. But her Brother, like a true noble Roman, is too generous and brave to acquaint her with his design and resolution; and so in general terms, prays her not to afflict her self at these speeches, and that this difference will be very shortly decided and ended, to her honour, and his own content. Brother (quoth she) if you will not right mine honour, and vindicate the unspotted purity of my reputation, I am sure that my true Lover Seignior *Paulus Sturio* will, though with the hazard and losse of his own life, had he but the least notice thereof. He shall not need, Sister, quoth he; for a day or two will reconcile and finish this business: and so for that time he leaves his Sister *Paulina*, and shuts himself up in his chamber, where, not long able to contain himself against the insolencie and baseness of *Bertolini*, he calls for pen and paper, and more respecting his honour than his life, writes him this challenge; the which immediately after dinner he sends him, by Seignior *Valerio*, a confident Gentleman his follower.

BRELLATI to BERTOLINI.

Thy scandalous reports, like thy self, are so base, and I and my Sister so honourably descended and bred, as I doubt not, but the disgrace and disparagement, which thou hast unjustly offered us, will as justly retort and fall on thy self. And to the end thou mayst find, that my Sword is purposely reserved to correct and chastise thy tongue, as thou art a Roman, and a Gentleman, meet me single to morrow at five in the morn, without Port Populi, in the next field behinde Cardinal Borromeo's Palace; and there I will give thee the choice of two good Rapiers and Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refusal, to draw reason of thee for those wrongs wherewith thou hast injuriously and maliciously traduced us: and to write thee the truth, as I desire, so I can receive no other satisfaction but this, whereunto thy malice invites, and my honour obligeth me.

BRELLATI.

Valerio performs his part well, and fairly working and screwing himself into *Bertolini*'s presence, very secretly delivers him his Masters challenge. *Bertolini* not ignorant, but conjecturing what it means, breaks off the Seals, and at the perusal thereof, though his cause be unjust and dishonourable; yet in his countenance and speeches, he shews much constancy, fortitude, and resolution; when considering they were to fight single, and that therefore *Valerio* could be no second, he deeming his Master had concealed this secret business from him, contents himselfe to give him onely this answer; Tell your Master Seignior *Brellati* from me, that I will not fail to meet him according to his desire and appointment. And so *Valerio* takes his leave and departs; when finding out his Master, he reports him *Bertolini*'s answer: whereat he is so farre from being any way appald or daunted, as he infinitely rejoyceth thereat. In the mean time he is curious in preparing two singular good Rapiers and Ponyards of equal length, hilts, and temper. And thus with much impatient patience (as Revenge is an enemy to sleep) they not out-sleep, but out-watch the night. So the morn and day stealing and breaking into their windows, they are no sooner out of their beds, but into the field; their Chirurgions awaiting their arrivals by the Pyramides, in the place of Port Populi, by which of necessity they were to pass; when, tying up their horses to the hedges, like resolute Gentlemen, they throw off their doublets, commanding their Chirurgions not to stir from their stations, when, disdaining words, they both draw, and fall to deeds, thus:

Brellati presenteth the first thrust, and *Bertolini* gives him the first wound in his left shoulder; whereat he is inflamed, and so returns *Bertolini* the interest of a most dangerous one, on his right side, but it toucht neither his bowels nor quays. They try again; so *Brellati* again wounds *Bertolini* in his left hand, when his Rapier running thorow his Sinews and Arteries, he is no longer able to hold his Ponyard; but despite his resolution and courage, it falls out of his hand; which unlookt for disaster doth much perplex and afflict him. But *Brellati* is too generous and noble, to blemish or taint his honour, by taking any advantage of this his adversaries misfortune: and so to clear his doubts and scruples, very valiantly and bravely throws away his own Ponyard to the hedge, that they might be as equal in weapons as courage. But *Bertolini* will basely requite this courtesie. They retire and take breath; and so traversing their grounds, thereby to take the benefit of the Sun, they again joyn; at the first close of this second meeting, *Brellati* runs *Bertolini* into the right flank, when withdrawing his Rapier, and leaping back to put himself upon his defensive guard and posture, his foot slipping, he could not prevent falling to the ground; when *Bertolini* following him close, and being eager in his pursute, and blood-thirsty in his revenge, he forgetting *Brellati's* former courtesie, and working upon the fortune of his misfortune, right then and there nayled him to the ground, and so redoubling his thrust, acted a perpetual divorce betwixt his body and soul: when *Brellati's* Chirurgion shedding tears on his dead Master, and beginning to take order for his decent conveyance into the City, *Bertolini* takes up his Chirurgian behind him, and so with all possible speed and celerity (the better to avoyd the danger of the Law) posts o'r the fields, and comes into Mount *Cavallo* Gate, and husheth himself up privately in a friends house of his near his fathers.

All *Rome* begins to eccho forth and resound this Murther, and far the more, because *Bertolini* and *Brellati* were so dear and intimate friends; but as good news comes alwaies lame, and bad rides post, so within one hour of *Brellati's* Murther, the news thereof is brought first to his Father, then to his Sister *Paulina*; whereat he grieves, and she storms; he sorroweth, and she weeps and laments; and in a word, the Father would, but cannot, and the Daughter can, but will not be comforted, at this sad and mournfull Tragedy. Neither must we forget, but remember Seignior *Paulus Sturio*, who loving *Paulina* a thousand times dearer than his own life, is no sooner acquainted but afflicted with this news of *Brellati's* death, as being his dear friend, and which is more, the onely Brother of his dearest and only Mistris, *Paulina*; so as Lovers and friends being best known, and discerned in calamities and afflictions, he repairs to her, condoles with her, and useth his chiefest art and zeal, not only to participate, but wholly to deprive her of her sorrows; yea, to prove himself a constant friend and a faithfull lover to her, he profereth her not onely his service, but his life, as well to right her honour, as to revenge her Brothers death on *Bertolini*: but this affection and perswasion of *Sturio* is not capable to wipe off, or exhale his Lady *Paulina's* tears.

But again to *Bertolini*, who is so far from contrition and repentance of this his bloody fact, as like a prophane miscreant, and debaucht and dissolute Gentleman, he triumphs and glories therein; yea, his impudency is become so ignorant, and his ignorance so sottish, as he began to enter into a resolution again to court and seek *Paulina* for his Wife, without respecting or regarding either the publike danger of the Law, or that of *Paulina's* private revenge; for sure her Brothers death had thrown her into such violent passions of grief, and extremities of sorrow, as if his folly had made her so happy, doubtless her revenge would have made him more miserable; but God had taught her rage more reason, and her malice and cruelty not so much impiety; yea, it pleased his Divine Majesty not so soon to call him to an account, and punish him for this his bloody fact; but reserving him for a future shame and punishment, being afrighted with a tumultuous rumour and alarum of a general search to be made that night for his apprehension, he very subtilly, in a *Capuchins* habit, passeth *Saint John de Laterans* Gate, and there having Post-horses laid for him, he as swift as the wind gallops away for *Naples*, and imbarcking himself for *Sicilie*, passeth the *Pharre* of *Messina*, lands at that City, and so rides up to *Palermo*, where he thinks himself safe.

But having not made his peace with God, where ever he flye, God will in due time find him out, when he least dreams thereof. But although the power and influence of time be so predominate to deface the actions and accidents of time, yet *Paulina* can give no truce to her tears, nor will she administer any consolation to her sorrows for her brothers death: And if ever, now it is that *Sturio* resembling himself, begins to make her sorrows his; for having deeply rooted and settled his affection on *Paulina*, and naturally ingraven her beauty and picture in the very centre of his heart and thoughts, he begins to make his private affection to her publike, and so having already won her heart from her self, he now endeavoureth to win her from her friends, and

and then to marry her. But old Seignior *Sturio* his Father, is no sooner advertised of *Brellati* his death, of *Bertolini*'s flight, and of his Sonnes affection and intent to take *Paulina* to Wife, but disdainig he should match so low, and withall so poor, as also fearing that this might likewise ingage his Son in some quarrel betwixt him and *Bertolini*, he resolves privately to convey him away out of *Rome*, in some retired or obscure place, from whence he should not return, till his absence had cooled and extenuated the heat of his affection to *Paulina*, and of his malice and revenge to *Bertolini*: to which end, three weeks are scarce past, but taking his Son with him in his Coach, under colour to take the air in the fields of *Rome*, beyond *Saint Pauls Church*, he having given the Coach-man his lesson, commands him to drive away, and having two *Braves* or *Ruffians* with him, they dispose, or rather inforce the humor of his Son *Sturio* to patience, as despight himself, they carry him to *Naples*, where a Brigantine being purposely prepared, he shippeth over his Son for the Iland of *Capri*, or *Caprea* (where long since, *Sejanus* his ambition caused *Tiberius* to sojourn, whiles he played the petty King, and domineered as Emperour at *Rome* in his absence) and gives him to the keeping and guard of Seignior *Alphonsus Drissa*, Captain of that Iland, with request and charge not to permit him to return, for the main, for the term of one whole year, without his express order to the contrary.

It is for none but for Lovers to judge, how tenderly *Sturio* and his sweet Lady *Paulina* grieve at the news of this their sudden and unexpected separation: yea, their sighs and tears are so infinite for this their disaster, as all the words of the world are not capable to expresse them. As for *Paulina*, she had so long and so bitterly wept for her brothers death, as it was a meer cruelty of sorrow, to inforce her to play any further part in sorrow, for the departure and captivity of her Lover *Sturio*: but her afflictions falling in, each on the neck of other (in imitation of the waves of the Sea, occasioned by the breath and blast of *Boreas*) threaten her not onely with present sickness, but with approaching death. Again, she understands of *Bertolini*'s safety and prosperity in *Cicilia*, where he triumphs in his victory, for killing her Brother *Brellati*; and like a base Gentleman, continually erects his Trophes of detraction upon the ruins and tomb of her honour: and these considerations (like reserved afflictions) again newly afflict and torment her; so as having lost her jewel and her joy, her Brother and her Lover, *Brellati* and *Sturio*, she begins to be extreme sick, weak, and faint; yea, the Roses of her cheeks are transformed to Lillies; the relucient lustre of her eyes, to dimness and obscurity; and to use but a word, not onely her heart, but her tongue begins to fail, and to strike sail to immoderate sorrow and disconsolation. Her parents and friends grieve hereat, and farre the more, in respect they know not how to remedy it: and for her self, if she enjoy any comfort in this life, it is onely in hope that she shall shortly leave it, to enjoy that of a better. Thus whiles sorrow, vexation and sicknesse make haste to spin out the thred and web of her life, if her griefs are extreme and insupportable in *Rome*, no lesse are those of her Lover *Sturio* in *Caprea*; for it frets him to the heart and gall, to see how his Father hath bereaved and betrayed him of his Mistris *Paulina*'s presence, the onely content and felicity which this life or earth could afford him; a thousand times he wisheth himself with her, and as often kisseth her remembrance and Idea; and then, as their affections, so their malice concurring and sympathizing, he again wisheth that he may be so happy to fight with *Bertolini* for the disgrace of his Lady *Paulina*, and shee for the death of her Brother *Brellati*; and in that affection and thir revenge, he with much affliction and no comfort, passeth away many bitter daies and torments, in the misery of this his inforced exile and banishment: and although his curiosity, and affection, or subtilty could never crown him with the happiness or felicity to free himself of his guards and captivity, and so to steal away from that Iland in some Foist or Galley for the main; yet understanding that two dayes after there was one bound for the Port of *Civita Vetcha*, he, to testifie his affection, constancy, and torments to his dear and fair *Paulina*, takes occasion to write her a Letter to *Rome*, the which, that it might come the safer to her own hands, he incloseth in another, to an intimate dear friend of his. The tenour of his Letter was thus.

STURIO

STURIO to PAULINA.

I know not whether I more grieve at my absence from thee, than at the manner thereof; yet sure I am, that both conjoyn'd, make me in this Iland of Caprea, feel the torments, not of a feigned Purgatory but of a true Hell. It was my purpose to condole with thee for the untimely death of thy Brother; it is now not onely my resolution, but my practice, to mourne with my self for thy banishment, or rather with thee for mine; and when my sorrows have most need of consolation, then again that consolation findes most cause of sorrow; for thinking of Bertolini, we thinks I see thy false disparagement on his malicious tongue, and thy Brother Brellati his true death on his bloody Sword; and yet have neither the honour or happinesse to revenge either; and, which is worse, not be permitted to know where he is, that I may revenge them. But I wish I were onely incident and obliged to support this affliction, conditionally thou wert exempt thereof, or that I might know the limits and period of our absence, thereby to hope for an end and remedy thereof, which now I can find no motives to know, nor cause to hope. O that I have often envied Leanders happinesse! And if Love could make any impossibilities possible, the Mediterranean Sea should long since have been my Hellespont, my Body my Bark, my Arms my Oars, to have waisted me from my Abidos to thy Sestos, from my Caprea, to thy Rome, to thee sweet Paulina, my onely fair and dear Hero. And although the constancy and fervency of my love to thee, suggest me many inventions to escape the misery of my exile, yet the Argus eyes of my Fathers malice, in that of my Guardians jealousy, cannot be enchanted or lulled asleep with the melody of so unfortunate a Mercury as my self: but time shall shortly act and finish what impatience cannot; till when, dear and sweet Paulina, retain me in thy thoughts, as I doe thee in heart and memory; and doubt not but a few weeks will make us as happy, as we are now miserable.

STURIO.

Paulina, in the middest of her sorrows and sicknesse, receives this Letter from her best and dearest friend Sturio, and although she rejoyce to hear of his health and welfare in Caprea, yet she is more glad, that the extremity of her sickness and weakness inform her, she shall shortly dye in Rome: for vanquished with afflictions, and overcome with variety of grief and discontents, she in conceit already hath left this world, and is by this time half way in her progress and pilgrimage towards Heaven, yet in love to her dear Sturio, who wrote her this kind Letter, she will not be so unkind, but will kisse it for his sake that sent it her: and peradventure if she had been so happy, that he might have been the bearer and deliverer thereof himself, or that he had born and delivered himself to her instead of his Letter, he might then have given some comfort to her sorrows, and some consolation to her discontents and afflictions, whereas now seeing him exiled and mew'd up in Caprea, without any appareance of return, she sees she hath more reason to flye to her old despair, than to any new hope; and so wisheth the desired hour were at last come, wherein she might give her last farewell to this world: but again perusing and over-reading his Letter, she findes it full fraught with love and affection towards her; and therefore disdaining to prove ingratefull to any, especially to Sturio, who is so kind and courteous to her, calls for pen and paper, and by his own conveyance returns him this Answer.

PAULINA to STURIO.

I cannot rightly define whether the receipt of thy Letter made me more glad, or the contents sorrowfull: for as I infinitely rejoyced to understand thou wert living, so I extremely grieved to hear there was no certainty of thy releasement and return. Whether or no Caprea be thy Purgatory, I know not, but sure I am, Rome is my Hell, sith I cannot be there with thee, nor thou here with me; and as I lamented with sighs I could not dye with my brother, so I grieve with teares, that I cannot live with thee. But why write I of living, when his mournful Tragedy, and thy disastrous Exile hath made me more ready to dye than live, or rather not fit to live, but dye? For, despairing of thy return, how can I hope for comfort, sith it onely lived in thy presence, as my heart and joy did in thee? As for Bertolini's folly to me, and crime to my Brother, if thy Sword punish him not, Gods just revenge will, and wishing this as a woman, as a Christian I pardon and forgive him;

him; and so I pray doe thou for my sake, if thou wilt not that of my dead Brothers. Could prayers or wishes have effected thy return to me, my tears had long since been thy Hellespont and M direrranean Sea, and my sighs had fill'd the Sails of thy desires and resolutions, to have passed Ostia, floated up Tiber, and landed at Rippa to me. But alas, alas! here in remembring Hero's felicity and joy, I cannot forget my sorrows and afflictions; for as Leander lived in her arms, so I cannot be so fortunate, either to live or dye in my Sturio's; and if now, as a skilful Mercury, thou couldst inveigle the eyes both of thy Fathers malice, and guardians jealousy, yet that happiness would come too late, and out of season for me; for before thou shalt have plotted thy flight and escape from Caprea to Rome, I shall have acted and finished mine from Rome to Heaven. I would send thee more lines, but that my weak hand and feeble fingers have not the power, though the will, any longer to retain my pen. Heaven will make us happy, though Earth cannot; therefore my dear Sturio, let this be our last and best consolation; as these joyes are temporary and transitory, so those will be permanent and eternal.

PAULINA.

This Letter of Paulina to Sturio meets with a speedy passage from Rome to Caprea, who receiving it, and thinking to have found her in her true and perfect health, with much joy and affection breaks up the seals thereof; when, contrary to his hope and expectation, understanding of her sickness and approach to death, he tenderly and bitterly weeps at his own misfortune, in her discontent and disaster; yea, he passionately and sorrowfully bewayles his Fathers cruelty, in thus banishing him from her sight and presence, from the contemplation of whose beauty, and from his innate affection to her, the Fates and Destinies cannot banish him. But alas, unfortunate Sturio! the news of thy Paulina's sickness is but the Prologue to the ensuing sorrows and afflictions that are ready to befall and surprise thee: for the news of her death shall shortly follow her Letter; and if that drew tears from thine eyes, this shall drown thine eyes in the Ocean of thy Tears: neither shall he stay long to feel the miserable impetuosity of this mournful Storm. For scarce twenty daies are past, after the writing of her Letter to Sturio, but Paulina languishing with grief, despair, sorrow, and sickness, as a female Love-Martyr, takes her last leave and farewell of this world in Rome; it being not in the power or affection of her parents, any longer to divert her from paying this her last due and tribute unto Nature, such we all have our lives lent, not given us; and therefore as we receive, so must we repay them to our Creatour and Redeemer, of whom we have first received them.

Old Sturio is as glad in Rome for the death of Paulina, as her Parents grieve thereat; and now it is that he intends to be as happy and joyfull in his Sonnes presence, as he hath formerly made himself sorrowful in occasioning his absence: whereupon, with all expedition, he dispatcheth a Servant of his to Caprea, with a Letter, to signify his Son thereof, and consequently, to recall him. This news of Paulina's death infinitely afflicts and torments our Sturio; for she being the Queen of his affections, and the sovereign Goddesse of his delights and desires, he resembleth himself, and so like a true Lover, as he is, acteth a wonderful mournfull part of sorrow for her unwished and unexpected Death: he is no longer himself; nay, such was his living affection to Paulina, and such is his immoderate sorrow for her death, as hee will not be himself, because she is gone, who was the greatest and chiefest part of himself. But as wounds cannot be cured, e'r searched; so passion transporting his thoughts beyond reason, and revenge beyond passion, he, for the time present, forsakes the effect, to follow the cause, and so hath no other object before his eyes and thoughts, but that of Bertolini's killing of her Brother Brellati, and this of his Fathers unkind banishing of him from Rome to Caprea: wherefore, that he may out-live his sorrows, and apply a Lenitive to his Corrosive, he vows to revenge both. The manner is thus:

That, as his Father deceived his hopes in carrying him from Rome to Caprea; so hee will deceive those of his said Father, in carrying himself from Caprea to Cicily, there to finde out Bertolini, and to fight with him. It is not the point of honour, much lesse, Judgement, and least of all, Religion, that precipitates and throws him on this bloody, and therefore uncharitable resolution: but it is the vanitie of his thoughts, and his living affection to his dead Mistress Paulina, which gives life and birth to it: for he (trampling on all dissuasion and opposition) finding a Galley of Naples, bound from Caprea to Cicily, very secretly imbarks himself in her, and contemning the impetuosity of the Winds, and the merciless mercy of the Seas, lands at Palermo, where hushing himself up the first night privately in his Inne, and informing

ing himself that Bertolini was in that City, he, the next morn, by his Lackey, sends him this Challenge.

STURIO to BERTOLINI.

HAVING killed my dear Paulina in the scandal of her honour, and the death of her Brother Brellati, my afflictions and sorrows to survive her, make me contemn mine own life, to seek thine: to which purpose I have left Caprea to finde Cicily, and in it thy self. Wherefore, as thou art Bertolini, fail not to meet me this Evening 'twixt five and six of the Clock in the next Meadow, behind the Carthusians Monastery; where my self, assisted onely with a Chirurgian, and the choice of two single Rapiers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generosity invites thee, and my Affection and Honour obligeth me, to be the onely Guests of this bloody Banquet.

STURIO.

Bertolini receives and reads this Challenge, which, to write the truth, is not so pleasing to him, as was that of Brellati: he sees himself and his honour engaged to fight, and knows not how to exempt and free himself thereof. For, first, he considereth that the ground of his Defence and Quarrel is not good, sith he knew in his soul and conscience, that Paulina was as chaste as fair, and that hee had wronged himself in seeking to wrong and scandalize her; then, that he perfectly understood Sturio was valiant and generous, yea, and very expert and skilfull in handling his Weapons; and withall, that single combats were variable, and onely constant in unconstancie: so that he began not onely to doubt, but fear, that as he had killed Brellati, so Sturio was reserved to kill him; but again, considering that his birth and blood was noble, it contrariwise so incited and animated his courage, and inflamed, and set an edge on his Generosity, as with a kind of unwilling willingnesse he accepts of Sturio's Challenge; and so bade his Lackey tell his Master from him, that he would not fail to meet him, to give him his welcome to Palermo. The Clock strikes five, and long before six, our two young Gentlemen come ride into the Field; where, giving their Horses to their Chirurgians, with command not to stir till their duty and office call them, they both draw; and so approach each other: but although this fury of theirs begin in blood, yet it shall not here end in death. At the first coming up, Sturio wards Bertolini's thrust, and runnes him into the right flank, of a deep wound; at the second, he wounds him again in the neck, which draws much blood from him; neither is the third meeting more propitious, or lesse fatall to him; for Sturio, without receiving any touch or scarre, gives him a third wound betwixt his small ribs; whereat his courage feareth, and his strength fainterth; when willing to save his life, though with the losse of his honour, he throws away his Rapier, and with his Hat in hand, begs his life of Sturio, and with as much truth as integrity, confesseth, and voweth that he is infinitely sorrowful and repentant for the scandal delivered against the honour of his most fair and chaste Lady Paulina, for the which he craves pardon and remission. Sturio is astonished at this unexpected and cowardly act of Bertolini: whereat he bites his lip, but I know not whether more with disdain than anger; onely at first the remembrance of Brellati and Paulina's deaths, for the present make him inexorable to his request and submission: but at last, making reason give a law to Choler, and Religion to Revenge, and considering that he was more than a Man, sith a Christian, as also that the lustre of his blood and extraction, had distinguished him from the vulgar, and so made him honourable and noble, he, not as a cruel Tyger, but as a generous Lyon, disdaineth to blemish his reputation and valour, in killing a disarmed man; and so his honour outbraving his valour and revenge, he as a truly noble Gentleman, gives Bertolini his life, as holding himself satisfied, by having righted the honour of his dead Mistris Paulina, in Bertolini's confession and contrition. So they sheath up their swords, and like loving friends, return together into the City, where Sturio prepareth for his departure, and Bertolini betakes himself to have his wounds dressed and cured.

This Combate, or Duel, is not so secretly carryed betwixt them and their Chirurgians, but all Palermo resounds and prattles thereof; and which is more, this news speedily failes from Cicily to Naples, and from thence rides post to Rome, where Sturio and Bertolini likewise in shortspace arrive; but first comes Sturio, then Bertolini, whose Father by this time hath obtained his pardon for killing of Brellati. The Nobility and Gentry of Rome speak diversly and differently of our two late returned Gallants: some, out of reason, highly applaud

Sturio's

Sturio's fighting with *Bertolini*, occasioned through his affection to his dead Mistress *Paulina*; and then his humanity and curtesie shewed and extended him, in giving him his life: others, out of the errors of youth and vanity, tax and condemn him for not dispatching and killing him: Again, many extol *Bertolini's* valour in killing *Brellati*, but all taunt and tax him for his Cowardise, in not fighting it out with *Sturio*; and which is worse, for disgracefully begging, and receiving his life of him.

Bertolini finds this scandal thrown and retorted on him, to be very distastful and dishonourable; insomuch as he cannot relish it, but with discontent, nor digest it, but with extreme indignation and choler; which throws him so violently on the execrable humour of revenge; as he vows to make *Sturio* pay dear for giving too much liberty to his tongue, to the prejudice of his honour and reputation.

Puft up thus with these three execrable humours and vices, disdain, envy, and revenge, whereof the least is great and capable enough to ruin both a fortune and a life, he, out of a wretched resolution (unworthy the generosity of a Gentleman) not onely forgets *Sturio's* singular courtesie in giving him his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to take it from him, but also remembreth, and that in remembrance resolveth to repay him with the ungrateful requital, and mournful interest of depriving him of his. O extreme ingratitude! O uncharitable and base resolution! Yea, he is so devoyd of reason, and the purity of his soul and conscience so contaminated and vilified with the contemplation and object of blood, as he gives way thereto, and resolves thereon; yea, permits it to forsake G O D, of purpose wilfully to follow the Devil. Yea, his thoughts are so surpris'd and taken up with this execrable and hellish resolution of Murther, as he thinkes of nothing else but of the means and manner how to dispatch *Sturio*, and so to send him in a bloody Winding-sheet from this life to another. To fight with him again in the field, he dares not; to assassinate and murder him in his bed, he cannot, sith he must pass five or six severall chambers, ere he can come at him; and to pistoll him in the open street, though it be less difficult, yet he findes it most dangerous, sith he sees *Sturio* still went better followed and accompanied than himself, as indeed being farre more eminent of Birth, and more noble of extraction than himself. But hee shall want no invention to accomplish and bring this his bloody resolution to passe, for if he fail thereof, the Devil is still at his elbow to prompt and instruct him therein; yea, his impiety is grown so strong with the Devil, and his Faith so weak with G O D, as now having turned over the Records of his Revenge, he at last resolves to shoot *Sturio* from a Window, with a Petronel, as he passeth the street: and upon the attempt and finishing of this hellish stratagem and bloody Tragedy, the Devil and he strike hands, and conclude it; the contriving and perpetrating whereof shall in the end strangle him, because he was so prophane and graceles as he would not strangle the first conceit thereof in their births and conceptions:

But leave wee here *Bertolini* ruminating on his intended bloody crime of Murther, and come we a little to speak of poor unfortunate *Sturio*, who not dreaming of his malice, much less of his ungratefull and bloody revenge intended against him, like a mournfull and disconsolate constant Lover, is thinking on nothing so much, as on the living beauty and Idea of his dead *Paulina*: And although he knew it as palpable folly to bewray his immoderate sorrows, as discretion to conceale them; yet their impetuosity and fervency gives such a predominating law to his resolutions, as hee cannot refrain from often stealing into *Sancta Maria de Rotunda's* Church, where she was buried, and there secretly bedewes her Tomb, and washes her Sepulcher with his teares: an act and ceremony of Lovers, which though affection authorize, yet Religion doth neither justifie, nor can approve. All the care of his Father and Friends is to seek how to purge his pensiveness, and to wipe off his melancholy sorrowes and sorrowfull melancholineffe; to which end they proferre him great variety of Noble and Beautifull Ladies in Marriage, hoping that the sight and presence of a new Beauty would deface the memory and absence of an old: but their policy proves vain; for noble *Sturio* will be as constant in his sorrows for his sweet *Paulina's* death, as hee was in his affection to her whilst that shee lived; and therefore, although that their power inforce him for to see divers, yet his will can never by any means be drawn, or inforced for to love any, as having inviolably contracted himself to this definitive resolution, that sith he could not be *Paulina's* husband, he will never wed himself to any other Wife than his Grave.

And here I begin to write rather with tears than ink, when I apprehend and consider how soon our poor and innocent *Sturio* shall be by the bloody hand of *Bertolini* layd

unfortunate and untimely Grave. Ah *Sturio*, *Sturio*, hadst thou been more vindictive, and less generous and compassionate, thou hadst prevented thy death by killing *Bertolini*, when thy valour in *Caprea* formerly reduced and exposed him to the mercy of thy Sword; or if thou hadst believed this Maxim, that dead men can never offend or hurt, thou needst not have relyed and trusted upon the false promises of an incensed and irreconcilable enemy, but what shall I say? It was not thy honour, but *Bertolini's* infamy, which hasteneth and procureth thy death. O that thou shouldest be so true a friend to thine enemy, and hee prove so deadly an enemy to thee his true friend! *Sturio* gave *Bertolini* his life, and *Bertolini* in requitall will give *Sturio* his death: but such monstrous and bloody ingratitude will never go unpunished of God; for as it is odious to Earth, so it is execrable to Heaven: But I must be so unfortunate to bring this deplorable Tragedy upon the Theater of this History. A misery of miseries, that we are many times nearest our ends, when wee think our selves farthest from them; and (not to rush into the sacred and secret closet of Gods inscrutable providence) I can finde no other pregnant reason thereof, either in Divinity or Nature, but that at all times, and in all places, we should be still prepared and ready for death, ere death for us, and not protracting or procrastinating the hour thereof; but that whensoever it shall please God for to call us to him, or himself to us, that (like good and pious Christians) death may still finde us alwayes armed for to meet, never unprovided for to encounter it.

But *Bertolini* is so obstinate in his malice, and so wretchedly implacable in his revenge, as understanding that *Sturio* is accustomed to goe to his Mornings Masse at the English College, he provides both himself, and his Petronel charged with a brace of Bullets; or rather the Devil provides both the Bullets, the Petronel, and himself; and so, watching the advantage of his hour and time, on a Munday morning, a little after the Cardinals, *Farnesi* and *Caponius* were ridden with their trains to the Consistory, putting himself into an unknown house betwixt the said English College and the Palace of *Farnesi*, he having his Cock bent, and seeing *Sturio* coming in the street, upon his prancing *Barbary* Horse and Foot-cloth, like a graceless and bloody villain (having neither the fear of God, nor the salvation or damnation of his soul before his eyes, nor once imagining that he shoots at the Majesty of God the Creatour, in killing and defacing Man, his Image and Creature) lets flye at him, and the Devil had made him so curious and expert a Mark-man, as both the Bullets pierce the trunk of his breast; with which mortal wounds our innocent *Sturio*, no longer able to sit his Horse, tumbles down dead to the ground, without having the power to utter a word, but onely to breath forth two or three lamentable and deadly groans. And this was the unfortunate and mournful end of this noble Gentleman *Sturio*, which I cannot relate without sighs, nor remember without tears.

This bloody Tragedy, acted on so brave a Gallant, in the very bowels and heart of *Rome*, doth extremely amaze, and draw all the Spectatours to lamentation and mourning, and his two servants, who walked by his Horse-side, are so busie in lifting him up, and rubbing the temples of their dead Master, as they forget to research and inquire for his Murtherer; but the Assistants, and the standers by, hearing the report of the Peece, and not onely seeing the smoak in the window and air, but this noble Gentleman dead in the street, they ascend the house, and finde the Petronel on the Table, but the Shooter fled away upon a swift Spanish Gentet, by the back door, they of the house affirming with tears in their eyes, that they knew not the Gentleman that did it, neither was it in their powers to stop or prevent his escape.

This Fatal and mournful news dispersed and spread o'r the City of *Rome*; the Serjeants and Captains guard are busie to find out the Murther, who by this time they know to be Seignior *Bertolini*; but being gallantly mounted, he speeds away thorow the streets amain, and is so far from despair, as he makes no doubt but to recover the *Lateran Gate*, and to escape this his second danger, as fortunately as he did his first; by flying into the kingdom of *Naples*: but his hopes shall deceive him; for if he bought *Brellati's* murther at an easie rate, God hath now ordained and decreed that he shall pay dear for this his second of *Sturio*: and lo, here the impetuous storm of Gods just revenge and indignation now befalls him, when he least feares or thinks thereof. The manner thus.

As he was swiftly galloping thorow *Campo de Fuogo* (the publike place where the Pope (that Antichrist of *Rome*) burns the children of God, for the profession of his glorious Gospel) and being at the farther end thereof, with an intent to draw towards the back-side of the Capitol, behold, two Brick-layers, building of a house upon a Scaffold, two Stories high

high in the street, as *Bertolini* passed, both the Scaffold and the two Brick-layers fell down upon him, and his horse, and so beat them both to the ground: but as yet the news of *Sturio's* Murther was not arrived thither; so as danger and fear making *Bertolini* forget the hurt of his fall, he again riseth up, and calls for his horse, which was speedily brought him: so leaping into the Saddle, he spurs away, with as much celerity as his Gennet could possibly drive under him. But if he have escaped this first judgement of God, he shall not the second; for having past the Capitol and the Amphitheater, his Gennet 'twixt that and the Lateran, fell under him, which putting his shoulder out of joynt, the poor afflicted Beast could not rise with his Master, who by this time is more afflicted and grieved than the harmless Gennet he rides upon. Whereupon being amazed, and fearing that the search would instantly follow and surprize him, he leaving his horse, betakes himself to his own heels: and so with much terror both of minde and conscience, he knows not whither to go, or where to hide himself: but at last considering that the greatest dangers have need of the least distraction, and most discretion, he thinks to flie on his right hand to *Horta Farnesi*, or the Gardens and Orchards which belong to that illustrious Family: but then again fearing to meet with a wooden face, instead of finding an open door, he leaves that resolution, and (as fast as his legs and feet can bear him) flies on his left hand up towards *Nero's Tower* (so famous for that Emperors infamy, in standing thereon, when he delighted to see all *Rome* on fire) and here in the ruins and demolitions of an infinite number of Palaces, Churches, and other stupendious buildings, our murtherous *Bertolini* hides and husheth up himself, hoping if the day were past, to escape, and recover some secret friends house by night.

But God is too just to let this his cruel fact pass unrevenge, and this bloody Murtherer unpunished: for he hath scarce been there half an hour, but he is known there, found out, and hemm'd in of all sides by the Captains Guard, arm'd with Partisans and Pistols. Here, *Bertolini* considering himself a *Roman Gentleman*, would fain have made some resistance with his Rapier: but seeing their numbers to increase, and himself alone, as also that it would farther augment his crime, and exasperate his Judges against him, he at their first summons delivereth up his Rapier, and yields, and rendereth himself into their hands, who presently convey him to prison, where he shall have but little time to think of his hainous and bloody Murthers, ere we shall see him brought forth and arraigned before his Judges: but in the *Interim* all *Rome* is possesed and informed hereof.

So the second morning of *Bertolini* his imprisonment, he is fetcht before his Judges, where at first the Devil is so strong with him, as he once thought to have denyed this Murther of *Sturio*: but God proving more merciful to his soul, he upon his Judges grave and Religious Remonstrances, with many sighs and tears freely confesseth it, humbly beseeching them to take pity of his young years, and that it was only the heat of youth, and the vanity of his ambitious honour, which had thus betrayed and seduced his Soul to perpetrate this cruel and impious Murther, and for the which he extreamly and bitterly repented himself.

But the arrow of Gods wrath and Revenge is now fully bent against *Bertolini*, as his bullets were against *Sturio*: so as his sacred Majesty, causing his Judges to resemble themselves, they are deaf to his requests, and tell him, it is not his youth or his ambition, but the Devil that hath seduced and drawn him to perform this bloody Murther: and so for expiation thereof, they, in consideration he is a *Roman Gentleman*, nobly descended, will not hang him, but adjudge his two hands to be cut off before the house where he shot at *Sturio*, and then afterwards to be beheaded at the Common Place of Execution, at the foot of *Saint Angelos Bridge*, his head to be set upon a Pole, over *Saint John de Laterans gate*, and his body to be thrown into *Tiber*: which the next day was accordingly executed in presence of many thousand people of both Sexes, and of all Ranks, notwithstanding the importunate solicitations which his Father made to *Cardinal Borghese* (the *Pope Paulus Quintus* Nephew) to the contrary; who was too noble and generous to assist him in so base and ignoble a Murther.

And these were the lives and deaths of these three unfortunate *Roman Gentlemen*, *Brellati*, *Sturio*, and *Bertolini*, and of that beautiful, chaste, and sorrowful Lady *Paulina*. And here to conclude and shut up this their mournful History: I have been informed, that the curious wits of *Rome* made many exquisite Epitaphs upon the deaths of *Sturio* and *Paulina*, as also that *Bertolini* made a Religious and most Christian speech at his end, of which I must confess I was not so happy to recover the sight, or Copies of either: for if I had, I would not have failed to have inserted, and placed them at the end of this their History, to have served as a

grace and Ornament thereunto, in interlacing my Prose with others verses, for the better delight and recreation of my Reader. But I must (justly) crave excuse herein: for my curiosity sought them, though my unfortunacy found them not. And because I wholly aim rather to profit than to please my Reader, let us forget the shadows, to remember the substance, and so look from the Map, to the Moral of this History: that the foul example of *Bertolini's* crime of Murther, and the justness of his punishment, may make us less bloody, and more compassionate and charitable to our Christian brethren, and consequently more pious towards God, of whom we all bear the living Image, and true and lively character.

FINIS.



THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sin of Murther;

EXPRESSED
In thirty severall Tragickall Histories, (digested into
Six Books) which contein great variety of mournfull and
memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Book III.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS.



LONDON:

Printed by Sarah Griffin for William Lee, and are to be sold at his Shop in
Fleet-street, at the sign of the Turks-Head, near the Miter-Tavern. 1656.

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TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE,
 AND TRULY WORTHY
 OF ALL HONOUR,
WILLIAM
 EARL OF
PEMBROKE,

Lord Chamberlain to his Majesty, Knight of the
 thrice Noble Order of the Garter, and one of the Lords
 of his most Honourable Privy Council.

Right honourable,



IT is not your *Dignity*, but your *Virtues*;
 not your *Greatness*, but your *Goodness*,
 which first conjured my affection, then
 commanded my resolution to direct these
 (forein) *Tragical Histories* to your Ho-
 nours Protection and Patronage: For,
 others (saying with the corrupt Tide
 and Current of the Times) not onely ad-
 mire, but adore the exterior parts of
 men, their *Fortunes*; I, for my part, both
 honour and reverence their interior qualities, and ornaments, *Piety*,
 N 3 *Fidelity*,

Fidelity, Generosity (three Daughters of Heaven, embling and personating the three Heavenly Graces on Earth, *Faith, Hope, Charity*) who transport and convey our *Memories* as farre as the limits of *Time*, and a degree beyond it, and (on the wings of *Truth*) mount our *Fames* from *Earth* to *Heaven*, from *Envy* to *Glory*, and from *Mortality* to *Eternity*. Not but that I every way respect and honour that blood which is *Noble*, but that I yet more dearly honour, and deeply affect those *Virtues* which have a secret, and (as I may justly say) a sacred power in them to ennoble *Nobility*, both which transcendent *Privileges*, finding hand in hand cheerfully march, and really to sympathize in your *Honour* (sith upon the resplendent lustre of our actions, *Envy* is not capable to insinuate a blemish, nor *Detraction* of power to introduce or enforce a disparagement) was the sole prevailing motive of this my *Zeal* and *Ambition*. And when I consider that the *Morality, Ends, and Punishments* of these foul and crying Sins of Murther, which my two former Books (of this nature) have already related and divulged to the world, have not onely been approved, but applauded of our most *Excellent* and *Sacred King* (as onely aiming at Gods glory, and our own reformation and preservation) I rather hope than despair, that this *Third* (wherein the just revenge of God, the Great and Supream *King of Kings*, is no lesse apparent and conspicuous) will be accepted of your *Honour*. Again, it fights against Murther, which not onely seeks to slay *Humanity*, but therein to murther *Religion*, which is the *Life* and *Soul* thereof. It denounceth War against *Nature* and *Grace*, against the Divine Ordinances of *Heaven*, and the Coactive and Penal Laws of *Earth*, whereby they are established and maintained, as being the *Cinment* and *Sinews*, the *Veines* and *Arteries* of *Monarchies* and *Common-weales*; as also against the Majesty of *GOD*, and the Crowns and Dignities of *Sovereign Kings* and *Princes*, his *Royal Deputies* and *Vicegerents* here on Earth, sith thereby he loseth souls, and these subjects; yea, so general, and prodigious a progression doth this Scarlet Sinne of premeditated and wilfull Murther make in the universall World, and with so bloody a deluge and inundation, it not onely washes, but (as it were) drowns the face of *Christian*, that we have now farre truer cause to cry out, and juster reason to exclaime than *Quintus Catulus* (so many centuries of yeares since) O with whom, or where shall we live in safety, sith in Wars we kill those who are armed, and in peace who are unarmed? Yea, your *Honour*, who (with a happy constancy, and constant happinesse) is still a professed Champion for *Charitie* against *Envie*, and a *Tutelary Protector*

rector for *Virtue* against *Vice* (whiles divers great ones of the World make it not onely their practice, but their glory to perform the contrary) will, I hope, run over these mournful *Histories* (and the several accidents they relate) with your eye of pitty and spirit of compassion; and therein with a religious joy, and pious insultation, not onely admire the *Providence*, but applaud and magnifie the *Justice* of *God*, in so timely cutting off these Monsters of *Nature*, and bloody Butchers of *Mankinde*, with these their condign punishments and deserved deaths: In which Hope and Confidence, this Book is no more mine, but your *Honours*, and no lesse is hee who collected and penned it; and that my Name may futurely oblige me to make this present promise of my Pen real: Whiles many others (in a virtuous emulation) contend to deserve the *Honour* of your *Favour*, and strive to purchase the felicity of your *Commands*; none shall doe it with more Integrity, and lesse Vanity, than

David Barnes. March. 1767

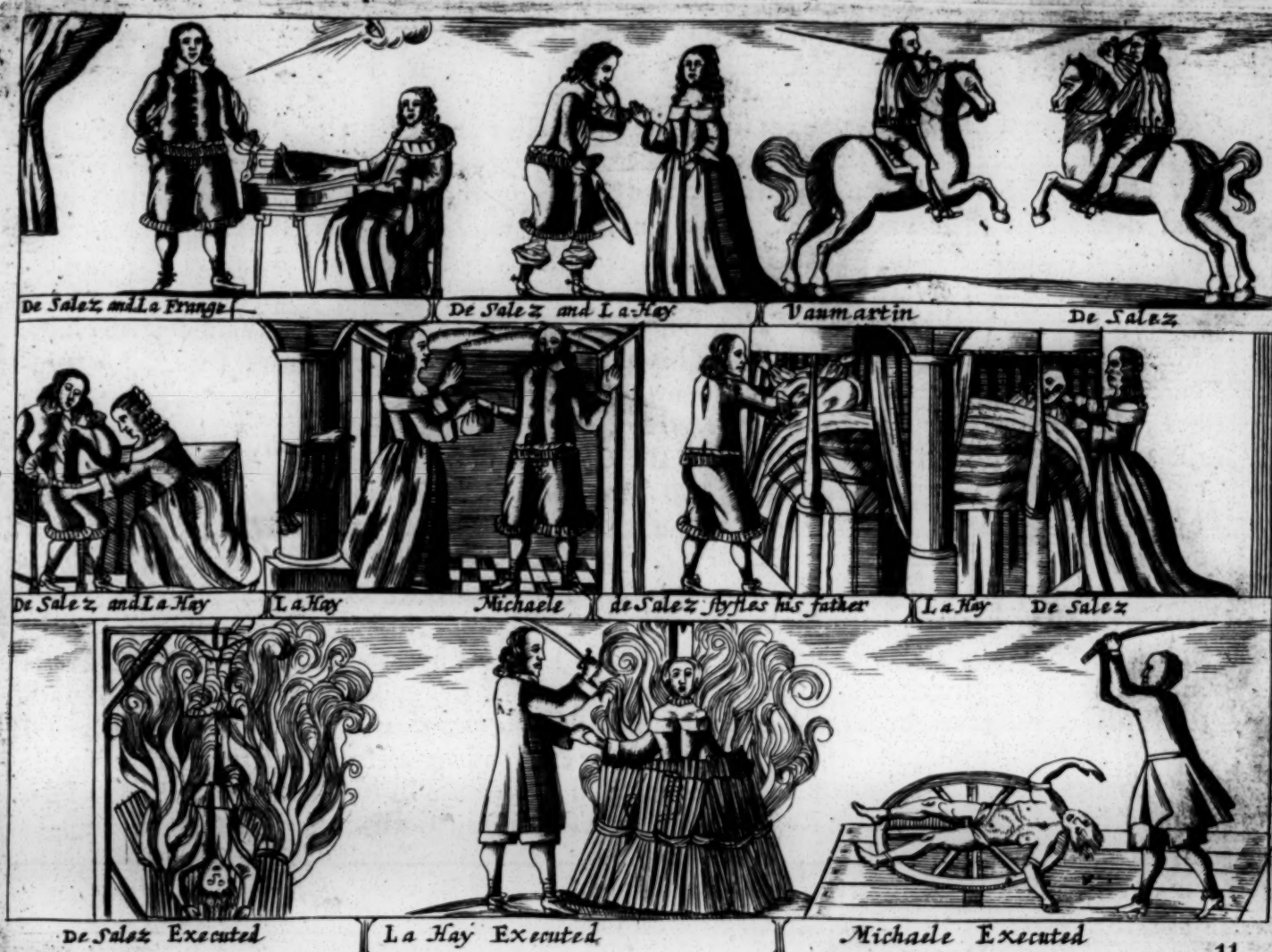
Your Honours truly devoted

Married to Mary Watson. November
At St. Aslington. London the 28. 1792.

Mary Watson Born. Nov. 18. 1767

JOHN REYNOLDS.

JOHN KEYMOLDS



11

Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XI.

De Salez killeth Vaumartin in a Duel: La Hay causeth Michaelle to poyson La Frange: De Salez loves La Hay, and because his Father Argentier will not consent that he matry her, stifles him in his bed, and then takes her to his wife: She turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying he accuseth her of this bloody fact, and himself for murdering his father Argentier: so his dead body is hang'd to the Gallows, then burnt: La Hay confesseth this Murther, and likewise that she caused Michaelle to poyson La Frange: she hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive: Michaelle is broken on the wheels, and his dead body thrown into the River.

Although our perverse Nature, and rebellious thoughts may for a while make us esteeme Envy to be no Vice, and Murther a Virtue, yet if we will erect the eyes of our Faith, and so look from our selves to our souls, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God, wee shall then assuredly finde, that hating our Christian Brother, we hate Christ who made us Brothers; and murdering him, that we maliciously and presumptuously attempt to re-crucifie Christ, by whom we must, without whom we cannot be saved. But if we will turn Atheists, and believe there is a Heaven, but no God; or Devils, and say there is a God, but no Heaven, than that uncharitable Tenent of Envy may be held lawful, and this bloody position of Murder, practised, because priviledged, else not. Wherefore let us who are Christians resend this devillish doctrine, and doctrine of Devils, to Hell from whence it first came, and to the Devill himself who first broached and invented it; sith we cannot professe it without making our selves Agents, nor perpetrate it, without becomming his very limbs and members, in regard they will infallibly prove wofull fore-runners of our misery, and the wretched Heralds of our perdition: As the bloody Actors of this insuing mournful History will make good, and instance to us in themselves

selves when the severe judgements and punishments of GOD befell them so suddenly, as it was too late for them either to revoke or bewail the enormity of these their foul and inter-nall crimes.

Tholouse (as well for greatnesse as state, the third City and Court of *Parliament* of *France*) is the place wherein we shall understand, there was lately committed and perpetrated, a *tragicall History*, which hath many mournful, and bloody dependances; the which to branch forth, and depaint in their naked colours, we must understand that therein lived a Councellour of that famous Court (being a rich Gentleman, well descended) tearmed *Monsieur de Argentier*, whose Wife being deceased, left him father onely to one hopefull Son, of the age of two and twenty years, termed *Monsieur de Salez*, who being wholly addicted to the Wars (from which Martiall Profession it was impossible for his old Father to divert and withdraw him) he procured him an *Ensignes* place under *Monsieur de Roquelaure*, whom he served in the *Adriatick* Sea, under the Noble and Generous *Venetians*, who then stood rather jealous than fearfull of the power and greatnesse of *Spain*; but the *Chymera* of that War (after the term of three or four yeares) being vanished and blown away, and consequently betwixt those two mighty *Estates*, a new *Peace* contracted and concluded, although the old had not been actually broken and decelerated) home returnes *Monsieur de Roquelaure*, for *Gascogny*, and with him *De Salez* for *Lanquedoc* and *Tholouse*, where hee is received of his Father with much content and joy, not that he is contented to see his Son professe these Military courses (which only affords the smoak of Honour, and not the solidity of Profit) but rather that hee exceedingly rejoyced him to see him return therefrom; and from whence, if he cannot hope that his requests will solely divert him, yet he is resolved and assured that his commands both will and shall. To which end (as any humour is soonest subject to be expelled and defaced by its contrary) so the old Councellour having as much *Judgement* and *Providence* in his head, as his Sonne hath *Vanity* in his thoughts, and *Rashnesse* in his resolutions, doth both request and command to leave the Warre for Peace, Armes for Love, the Camp for the City, and his Captain for a Wife, and so no longer to march and fight under the Banners of *Mars* and *Bellona*, but under the Standards of *Venus* and *Hymeneus*; to which effect, he profers him the choice of many rich and fair young *Gentlewomen* of the Country to his Wife; but especially (and with farre more earnestnesse than any other) to an exceeding rich match in the City, which was a young *Gentlewoman* termed *La Frange*, being the onely childe of *Monsieur de Clugny*, one of the most famous and richest *Presidents* of that Court, young of yeares, as being but sixteen or seventeen, but withall deformed both in favour and body; for she was of a brown and soure complexion, and not onely a Dwarf in stature, but also exceeding crook-back'd, and yet beyond measure very amorous and desirous of a Husband: onely the endowments of her minde most richly recompenced and made satisfaction for the defects of her body; for she had an active and nimble wit, a sweet and sugred tongue, a rich memory, and a powerfull and happy judgement, and was indeed an excellent Dancer, and Singer, and withall a most perfect and exquisite Musician: But as yet *De Salez* Warlike and Generous resolution could not be so soon made flexible, to embrace the motion of a Wife, and so returns his denial instead of his consent: But his wife old Father *Argentier*, being therefore the more curious of his Sonne *De Salez* his prosperity and welfare, because hee apparently saw he no way regarded, but every way neglected it himself (his Sonnes exorbitant resolution notwithstanding) although he knew that *Madmoyselle La Frange* had many noble *Sutors*, who sought her in Mariage; yet relying upon his ancient acquaintance and familiarity with the President *De Clugny*, and also that that Daughter of his, and this his Sonne were of both parties their onely children. He taking time at advantage, breaks with him about this Match: whereunto *De Clugny* hearkens rather with delight than distate: for if there were any disparity in the dignity of their Offices, he well knows, that *Argentiers* blood and wealth did at least equalize; if not exceed his: or if he conceited any scruple in his thoughts which impugned, or imposed it, it was onely because *De Salez* was a Souldier, and not a Lawyer, and consequently delighted to use his Sword before his Pen, and to wear and preferre a Scarlet Cloak before a Black. But then again, these repugnant and averse reasons were as soon buried, as born, and defaced, as conceived and engraven in him; when hee considered that he himself in his adolenscy was of the same humour and inclination, and therefore that *Experience* had made him a *President* to himself, that *Time* was both the reformer and refiner of manners, and that (in all well-born, and well-bred spirits) the *Precepts* of a Father, and the sweet conversation and counsel of a Wife, had power to metamorphose the conditions of a young Husband; whereupon the old Fathers often meet and consult hereon, and so being fully agreed on all conditions,

ons they likewise appoint a solemn meeting for their children, but the effect and issue of this their interview, will not correspond and answer their desires.

La Frange (as we have formerly said) being deformed and crook-backt, was no way agreeable but displeasing to *De Salez*; but he being a tall, and neat-imbred Gentleman, of a fair and feminine complexion, she instantly most tenderly affected, and dearly loved him. In a word, I must request the curiosity of the Reader briefly to be informed and advertised, that as she beheld him with the eyes of *Love* and *Desire*, so did he her with those of *contempt* and *disdain*, she building Castles of content in the air of her thoughts and hopes, that *Heaven* would make him her husband; and he raising both her and her memory out of that of his contemplations, vowing that *Earth* should never make her his wife. Thus though the Parents have already shut up the Contract, yet their children shall never live to celebrate the Nuptials, for we shall see diversity of *Tragical Accidents* which are providing, and almost ready to oppose and impugn it. Parents think to be the causes, but *GOD* will still be the *Author* of Marriages: for if his sacred and divine *Majesty* make them not first in *Heaven*, they shall never see them solemnized nor consummated on *Earth*.

And here, to make an orderly progression in this *History*, the Reader must likewise understand, that of all other of *La Franges* Suters, none sought her with so much importunity and impatience, as the Baron of *Vaumartin*, whose chiefest house and lands lay betwixt *Aigue-mortes* and *Narbonne* (a Nobleman of some thirty years old) who (like many others of his stamp and rank) had spent the greatest part of his youth and means in *Paris*, in lasciviously debauching and revelling with the *Parisian* Ladies and Dames: so that the vanity of his pleasures and expences making his Lands flie away piece-meal, and the devastating and fall of his Trees and Woods, making the rest of his Mannors shake, (an example and president for all other debauched Gallants to observe and beware of) he leaves *Paris* with curses, and his bitter-sweet sins with repentance; and so (to repair his errors, and to redeem his lost time, and decayed estate) he comes home to *Languedoc*, where hearing in *Tolouse* of the *President de Clugny's* great wealth, which he must solely leave to his only childe and daughter *La Frange*, who was now marriageable, he resolves to set all his other business and designs apart, and so to lay siege and seek her of her father and self in Marriage. Now to take the better direction, and observation of this *History*, we must likewise understand that this Baron of *Vaumartin* was of a swart complexion, a dwarf of stature, and every way as crook-backt as *La Frange*, which the more flattered him in his hopes, and egged him on in his pursuit, hoping indeed (though with as much *Vanity* as *Ignorance*) that this their corporal Resemblance would the sooner induce and draw her to affect him: but his *Arithmetick*, or rather his *Judgement* will deceive him: for it is conformity of *Humors* and *Inclinations*, and not of faces and bodies, which breeds and inflames a *sympathie* in affections. But he is resolute in his research, and so better loving the fathers wealth, than the daughters *Beauty*, he well assisted and followed (with a train and equipage worthy of his birth, and her merits) first seeks the daughter of her father, then her self of her self. As for the old *President de Clugny*, he hath heard of his debauched pranks and ryots in *Paris*, and therefore vows that his wealth gotten with wisdom, and purchased with providence, study, and care in his Age, shall never pay for the obscene pleasures and vicious prodigalities of his Youth: and so with many verball Complements (resolving that he shall never triumph in the Conquest of his Daughter) he in generall terms puts him off.

As for *La Frange* her self, the sweetnesse of *De Salez's* complexion and personage is so deeply imprinted in her heart and thoughts, that it is impossible for *Vaumartin* to finde any admittance or entrance; for shee speaks of none but *de Salez*, thinks of none but of *De Salez*, nor wisheth her self with any but with *De Salez*. Again, she wonders at *Vaumartin's* simplicity, in seeking her for his Wife: for if shee hate deformity in her self, how is it either likely or possible that she can love it in her Husband? No, no; though *De Salez* will not love *La Frange*, yet *La Frange* must and will love *De Salez*, and none but him; and therefore sith *De Salez's* sweet feature is a pearl in her eye, needs must *Vaumartin* be an eye-sore to her; yea, and if modesty will permit me to speak or write an immodest truth, her heart doth so burn and flame in love to *De Salez*, that both day and night, she many times with sighs, sometimes with tears, wisheth her self either impaled in his arms, or he encloyster'd in hers.

Now by this time *Vaumartin* hath full notice and advertisement of her dear affection devoted to none but to *De Salez*, as likewise his sleighting and disdain'g her: Where-

Whereupon encouraged by this, and disheartned by that, he leaves no cost, care, or curiosity (either in gifts, dancing, musick, or bankets) unattempted, to crown his wants, rather than his desires and pleasures, with this though deformed, yet rich heir *La Frange*: so leaving him to his vain suit in courting her, speak we a little of *de Salez*, that sith he will not affect *La Frange*, we may yet observe and discover which way he intends to shape the course of his affections and resolutions.

For albeit he had formerly addicted himself and resolutions to be a profess'd Souldier, yet *Peace* calling him home now to *Pleasure*, and that to *effeminacy*, a fatal and dangerous vice, which in the iniquity of these our times, and depraved manners, not only most insensibly creeps into common Souldiers and Commanders, but also into all Armies, and into many *Estates* and *Kingdoms*, still to the disparagement of their glory, and sometime to the price of their ruine, and peril of their subversion; he began to let his Colours hang dusty, and his Pike and Partizan rusty by the walls, and to frequent the company of Ladies, which the old Counsellor his Father observes with joy, hoping that in the end he shall draw him to affect and marry *La Frange*: but these hopes of his will prove vain, and this his joy will soon be exchanged into sorrow, and metamorphosed into affliction and misery: for that his Son is partly resolved to marry, tis true, but as true it is, that he is fully resolved never to love, much less to marry *La Frange*.

Now we must understand, that in *Tbolouse* there dwelt a Merchant of Silks, or as we in *England* say a Silk-man, termed *Monsieur de Soulange*, rather reputed rich of others, than known so of himself; and yet being an old widdower, to the end the sooner to get him a new wife, he puts a good face on his estate, and maintains himself, family, and house, with great pomp and expences, having no son, but three fair daughters, all marriageable; and yet (out of ambition, and in Emulation of the Gentry) severally known and stiled by their titles, not by their names, as *Mesdames de Marfy*, *La Preverte*, and *La Hay*, all famous for their beauties, and indeed for the pureness and excellency thereof justly reputed and held the prime Birds of the City, and yet the youngest of them *La Hay* was the *Phoenix* of all the three: for she was so sweetly fair, and fairly sweet of complexion, as she drew all eyes to do homage to hers; so as it was almost impossible for any man to look on her without loving her, or to gaze on her without desiring her: for her body was so straight and slender, and the roses of her cheeks so deliciously gracing the Lillies, and the Lillies the Roses, that the greatest Gallant either of the City or Countrey, held himself not only happy, but honoured with the felicity of her presence and company. But in one word, to give these three sisters their true characters, *de Marfy* and *La Preverte* were far more vertuous than *La Hay*, though *La Hay* were far fairer than they: for as Religion and Piety was their chiefest delight and exercise, as more desirous to embellish their souls than their bodies; so wanton pleasure and vain lasciviousness was hers, as rather delighting to please and adorn her body than her soul, they being more vertuous than fair, she more fair than vertuous; different inclinations and resolutions; these as happy and blessed, as hers wretched and impious: their actions might have been a President, yea a Pilot to have conducted her same as well to the Temple of Honour, as to the harbour of immortal glory, and of glorious immortality, but she vows she will prove a President to her self, and her pleasure shall be a Pilot to her will, although she miss the Temple of Honour, to finde out that of beastly concupiscence; and the harbour of immortal glory, to suffer shipwrack upon the shelves of inglorious infamy, and the rocks of infamous perdition.

To this *Monsieur de Soulanges* house the beauties of his three daughters, but especially that of *La Hay*, and withall her pleasing and tractable affability, invites many young Gentlemen, and the eminentest Citizens, who there pass their time in courting and conversing, in dancing, singing, and the like, whereunto the Youth of *France* more than any other people of the world are most licentiously addicted; and as things are best discerned and distinguished by their contraries, so the virtues of *De Marfy* and *La Preverte* were made more apparent by *La Hayes* vices; and her lust and whoredoms were more palpably notorious in their Chastity. O that so sweet a creature should be subject to so foul a sin, and that Beauty the best gift (and as I may say the gold) of Nature, should be thus vilified and polluted with the beastly pleasures of Carnal concupiscence and obscene sensuality! For aye mee, I write it with as much grief to my self, as shame to her, she was too prodigal of her favours; for she imparted them liberally unto some for love, but unto most for money, not caring to whom she prostituted her body, so they filled her purse, thereby to support her pride, and maintain the excess and vanity of her bravery; and yet she was so

so subtil and cautious therein, that although she were a professed *Courtesan*, she would nevertheless publickly seem a pure and unspotted *Virgin*; and the better to fortifie her fame, and to make the reputation of her *Chastity* pass current with the world, she would swear all those to conceal her favours, on whomsoever she imparted and bestowed them: but if this lascivious subtilty of hers have power to blear the eyes of the world, how can this her beastly sin of fornication be unseen of God, when the windows, walls, and beams of her chamber, yea her very bed whereon she hath acted her whoredoms, shall one day give in evidence, and serve as witnesses against her; yea, and be Petitioners on earth, that God will requite and reward them with vengeance and confusion from Heaven?

Now, among the rest of those deboshed Gentlemen, who devoted their lascivious service, and sacrificed their fond affections to *La Hays* beauty, in comes our *De Salez* to inroul himself one; who, feasting and surfetting his eyes on the delicacies of her fresh and sweet complexion, leaves his own Fathers house, to frequent hers; yea his desires are so lustfully inflamed with her beauty, as with his best art and policy he lays close siege to her chastity, and with many gifts, requests and oaths, seeks to endear her to his desires and pleasure: But see the subtilty of this lascivious young *Courtisan*; for knowing *De Salez* deeply in love with her, and to be the only child of his Father, and he one of the richest Councillors of *Tholouse*, she conceives a plot in her head, to go a fishing to make him her Husband, and so bears her self wonderfull modest and coy, casting a cloak and veil of chastity over her unchast desires and actions, as if she were now a *Virgin*, yea a Saint to him, though heretofore she had many times played the Strumpet with others. But her denyall doth rather inflame, than quench the fire of his lust, so as making many assaults to raze down the defences of her refusall, that he may enter and take possession of her heart and favour, his best Art and Oratorie proves vain; for she outwardly retires her affection, thereby the better inwardly to advance and finish her purposes: so this repulse of hers makes him hang his head, and become pensive and melancholy; the true signes and symptoms of a foolish and fantastick lover, as in effect we shall shortly see *De Salez* will prove himself. For the colder she is in affection to him, the hotter is he in lust with her, forgetting the warrs, yea, his discretion, himself and all, to crown his desires in enjoying her: the which she well observing, begins to triumph in her good fortune, as thinking him already fairly come to the hook, and so hopes that, if the line of his folly and her good fortune and wit hold, she will soon make him her Husband, and her self his wife: For having formerly met with many knaves in others, she now begins to rest confident, either to find, or to make a fool of him, thereby to serve as a veil to over-veil her whoredoms. He pleads hard to her for love; she replies, it is impossible to find love in lust. He vows he will die her servant; she swears she will never live his Strumpet. He protesteth that she shall share of his estate; she tells him plainly that she had rather live a poor *Wife*, than die a rich *Courtesan*. Hee replies, that he adores her beautie; she answers, that she knows no other, but that he only seeks to prophane and defile it. And here, with more facility to make him swallow either a Gull, a Gudgeon, or both, she by stealth permits him to cull some kisses, as well from the Cherries of her lips, as the Roses of her cheeks: and in the Interim, like an hypocriticall dissembling quean, reads him many lectures on the pureness of *Chastity*, and the foulness of *Lust*, on the blessedness of *Marriage*, and the wretched estate of *Fornication*. Prophane and impious giglet, whose speeches are perfumed with *Vertue*, and yet her actions stink, and are polluted and infected with *Vice*: dissembling *Siren*, who casts forth bitter sweet enchanting tunes and charms to please the sense, and yet purposely to poyson the soul; pills of worm-wood, candied in Sugar, honey to the palat, but Gall to the stomach; A fatall rock whereon many inconsiderate and deboshed young Gentlemen have unfortunately suffered Shipwrack, a wretched Gulph and Labyrinth, which contains all variety of endless miseries and calamities, whereunto whosoever enters with pleasure, is sure to retire with tears, curses, and repentance: A plague sent us from Heaven in our age for a just guerdon and recompense of the sinnes and folly of our youth. And into this intricate Labyrinth and bottomless Gulph of misery and calamity, is our rash and lustfull young Gallant, cheerfully entring and steering his course, without either the Starr of hope, or Compass of felicity and safety, bearing out top and top Gallant, yea (as I may say) with all the sayles of his folly bearing; and with the Flag, Ensign and Pendants of his obscene and lascivious desires, playing and dallying in the Aire of *La Hays* fatall and infectious beauty; which hath so sorely surpris'd his judgement, captivated his thoughts, and eclipsed his discretion, as in her absence and presence he extolls as well her *Vertues* as her beauty to the Skies: vowing that she is so fair a *Nymph*, and so pure a *Virgin*, as she deserves rather to be his wife than his Strumpet, or rather not his Strumpet but his wife. And so two moneths being past since he

first frequented her, and sought to seduce and obtaine her to his lascivious desires; and seeing (dissembling quæ as she is) that therein she bore herself infinitely chaste and modest, and that it was impossible for him to observe or remark any other inclination or testimony, either in her word or carriage, his wits are so besotted and intangled in the fetters of her beauty, that he prefers her sweet feature and complexion, a thousand times before *La Franges* deformed; and vows that he had rather die *La Hayes* slave, than ever live to be *La Franges* Husband: But this folly of his in the end shall cost him dear, and so lead him to another, far more unnaturall, and as I may justly say, damnable: But we must proceed orderly in this History, and doe therefore reserve that part till anon.

By this time the sly subtiltie, and seeming chaste behaviour of *La Hay*, hath acted wonders in *De Salez* heart, so as she now hopes confidently, and shortly to play her prize in surprising him, for he is extremely amorous, besotted, and as I may say, drunk with the love of her self and beauty: so on a Sunday, as she returned from *Vespers*, repaires to her Fathers house to see her, whom he finds in her Chamber alone, waiting and attending him, having purposely dighted her self in a rich new Gown and Petticote, and trimmed and adorned her self in her gayest and most curious attire, thereby with more ease and facility to draw him to her lure: So as her beauty being both seconded, and graced by her apparell, she so ravished his heart, and delighted his senses, as he cannot refrain from kissing her; but this hony of her lips, will in the end prove poyson to his heart. And here again he layes close siege to her chastity, but still she gives him the repulse and refusall, as if she were a *Diana*, and not a *Venus*: He vows he doth affect, and will ever honour her; And she, that if he honour her, will still affect him. In the way of *LOVE*, quoth he, I am wholly yours; and quoth she, in that of *Honour* I will not be mine own but yours; I will quoth he in all affection both live and die your servant; and replies she, In all chastity, I will live to die your handmaid: He affirms, he cannot be more hers in heart, than he is; nor I quoth she, less yours in lust, than I am; It is quoth he my *Love* which makes me report so much; and quoth she it is my *Fear* which makes me affirm no less; why quoth he, should my love procure your *Fear*? My fear, quoth she, is wholly ingendred and derived from your lust, but not from your *Love*: I pray express your self, quoth he; she replies, my blushes may, but my tongue dare not. Quoth he, did your affection equalize mine, *La Hay* would accept of *de Salez*, and not refuse him; Nay quoth she, did *De Salez* know how infinitely mine exceeds his, he would not refuse *La Hay*, but accept of her; Why quoth he, *de Salez* desires none but *La Hay*, Nor quoth she, *La Hay* any in the World but *de Salez*: Whereupon *de Salez* being provoked with his own lust, and animated and encouraged by her sweet speeches, he very joyfully (yet falsely) flattering himself with the conquest of her favour and consent, shuts the door, and like a most lascivious and dissolute Gentleman, takes her in his armes, and strives to convey her to the Bed, resolving there to enrich himself with more than kisses, yea, to reap the fruit of his beastly pleasures, and obscene and brutish desires; but his hopes shall deceive him: For although *La Hay* be a Courtesan in heart, yet she will not be so in tongue, especially now, where to get her self a rich Husband, it behoves her to play her prize in *Chastity*, as if she were as vertuous, as fair, and as chaste as lovely; Wherefore exclaiming, and storming at this his lascivious attempt and enterprize, levelled at the defloration and shipwrack of her *Honour*, shee with a violent power, and enraged violence, unskrews her self forth his armes, and with a World of hypocriticall sighs and tears, flies to his Ponyard, which he had thrown on the Table, and unsheathing it, vows that she will be a second *Lucretia*, and that if she cannot kill him before he have defiled and deflowered her, yet that she will assuredly murther herself after; because she is fully resolved, that her chastity shall out-live her, not she her chastity. A religious and Honourable resolution of hers, if it had proceeded from a chaste and sanctified heart; but alas, nothing less; for she speaks it out of subtilty, not out of *Vertue*, out of *Policie*, no way out of *Pietie*: *de Salez* by this time having wholly lost his judgement in the sweet and roseat garden of her delicious complexion, vows that he is now as deeply in love with her chastity, as formerly with her beauty. When seeking to appease her *Choler*, and to pacifie her *Indignation*, as also to give truce to his own thoughts, and content to his desires; he swears he is so farr from intending her any dishonour, as he is

resolved

resolved to do her all the honour of the world : Yea so farr, as if she please, he is ready to accept her for his wife, protesting, that of all the maydens of the world, he is desirous to be husband to none but her self, and that the fault shall be hers, if he make not his words deeds. *La Hay* having her thoughts tickled with delight, to hear the pleasant melody of these his sugred speeches, doth thereat presently bury her sighs, and drie up her tears : when throwing away the Ponyard, and making him a most respectfull courtesie, and gratefull reverence, she with extended armes runnes to him, and hangs about his neck, vowing that she loves no man in the world but himself; and in consenting to be her husband, she will till death yield, not only to be his faithfull wife in attending his pleasures, but his observant handmaid, to receive and obey his commands : and so they interchangeably greet each other with thanks and kisses. But yet she knowing that his Father *Argentier* was both rich and eminent, and her own poor and of a farr inferiour rank, she is so politick and subtil in the managing of this her affection, as she is resolved to make sure work, and to do nothing by halves : so as knowing that words are but wind, and what *de Salez* promiset her now, he may either forget or deny to morrow, she intends to catch at opportunities forelock, and so with a sweet and ingenious insinuation, draws him to give her a *Diamond Ring* in token of marriage, and she in exchange returns him a small Gold bracelet, which she wore upon her arm next her heart. And yet again considering, that his Father would very difficultly (or never) be drawn to consent to this match, she can give no true content to her desires, nor satisfaction to her fear, before she have united and linked him to her, in a more stricter and firmer bond of assurance ; when not only feasting, but as it were surfeiting him with variety of kisses, she bethinks her self of a *Policy*, as worthy of her wit for attempting, as of his folly for performing : for directing him her speech (which she accompanied with many amorous, yet dissembling smiles) she told him she would futurely exceed him in constancy, and now outbrave him in affection ; when taking pen and paper, she writes him a fair promise, and firm assurance of her self unto him (in the manner of a contract) and to make it the more powerfull and authentically, subscribes her name and sign to it, and betwixt sighs and blushing, she delivers it him ; no way doubting, but rather assuring herself, that he would requite her with the like curtesie and obligation, as indeed the event answereth her desires and wishes : For *De Salez* having now no power left him to see by his own eyes, I mean, by those of his judgment, but only by these of his intemperat passion, and passionate affection, he is so farr from descrying (much less from suspecting) her policy, as very simply and foolishly he attributes it to the fervency of her affection, the which he interprets and entertains, I know not whether with more joy, or delectation ; and so vowing not to dye her debtor for *Courtesie*, he very rashly, and inconsiderately writes another to the same effect, and flies so farr from wit or discretion, as to shew himself her superiour in affection, as well as in sex, he purposefully cuts his finger, and so firms his name thereunto with his own blood, and then with a million of kisses delivers it her, vowing that her pleasure shall be his law in the accomplishing thereof : only he prayes her for a time to be secret and silent herein, for that he fears he shall hardly draw his Father to consent hereunto, the which she very curteously grants him ; and so he triumphing in her beauty, and she in his wealth, he in her youth, and she in his simplicity, they for that time part, not doubting but they shall shortly reap the fruits of their matrimoniall desires and wishes ; for till then, she swears (though with an equivocating reservation to forswear herself) she will live a most pure and unspotted Virgin, and that as the least of her affection and courtesie toward him, shall be smiles, so the most shall be kisses.

But this affection (or rather folly) of *De Salez*, in contracting himself to *La Hay*, is not so secretly born, but as her former unchastity was a generall argument of talk to the whole City of *Thelouse*, so now this of her subtilty and good fortune, is that of its universall prating and admiration, occasioned and redoubled by the opposite considerations of *Argentiers* known wealth, and *de Soulanges* supposed poverty ; and again of *de Salez* supposed chastity, and of *de la Hayes* notoriously known whoredoms. And as *Fame* is still so ratling a goddess, that events and accidents of this nature can hardly be concealed, and difficultly suppressed and smothered ; so by this time, contrary to the expectations and hopes of our two young Lovers, the old Counsellor *Argentier* hath notice of this unlooked-for news, and of this unwished for familiarity betwixt his son, and that Strumpet *La Hay* ; when considering the great opposition betwixt *de Clugny's* Nobility and wealth and *De Soulanges* mean extraction and poverty ; as also by a true and uncontrollable *Antithesis*, comparing the foul and enormous vices of *La Hay* with the sweet and resplendent virtues of *La Frange*, he (as much disdainning that match, as desiring this for his son, very hastily sends for him

into the Arbor, where purposely attending him, he with lightning in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, layes before him the simplicity, and sottishness of his resolution, in preferring *La Hay* before *La Frange*, a Strumpet before a Virgin, and a Pedlars brat, before a rich gentlemans only daughter and heir; shews him the infamy of the first, and the glory of last match; there his unavoydable misery, here his assured happiness; in the first his utter ruine and shipwreck, and in the last, his infallible prosperity and felicity: and so intermixing threats with tears, with a passionate paternall affection, he endeavoureth to perswade him to leave *La Hay*, and to marry *La Frange*; or if not, he vowes and swears wholly to disinherit him, and from thence forth never repute or esteem him for his son.

But *de Salez* his foolish vanity, and vain affection in himself towards his new contracted Love, *La Hay*, is so great, and consequently his filiall obedience to his Father so small, as notwithstanding this his wholsom advise and counsell, he is still resolute and constant to prefer *La Hay* before *La Frange*, the beauty of the one, before the deformity of the other, his own content before his Fathers, and *Soulanges* estate and birth, before the great wealth and noble extraction of *De Clugny*: but this rashness, indiscretion, and ingratitude of his will cost him dear.

Now if *Argentier* have perfect intelligence and curious notice of his sons familiarity with that fair yet lewd Curtezian *La Hay*; no less hath *La Frange*, who poor soul is so deeply inamour'd of *de Salez*, as the very first news and conceit, that another should enjoy him, and not her self, for every grief and sorrow, she seems to drown her self in the deluge of her tears. His Father is cholerick therat, she mournfull; he incensed, she afflicted; he enraged, and she perplexed and tormented: his passions and anger proceed from suspicion, that he shall so soon find a Daughter in law in *la Hay*, her sighs and tears from fear, that she shall so soon lose her Love, though not her Lover, his son *de Salez*. Again the argument of his choler, is *la Hayes* unchastity and poverty, and the cause of her disconsolation, *de Salez* his wealth and vertues: likewise she sees that *Argentier* hath no reason to hope, that his son will marry her self, such is her deformity, and again, that he hath all the reasons of the World, as well to doubt, as fear, that he will wed *La Hay*, such is her beauty: But sith *de Salez* will bear no more respect to his Father, nor affection to *la Frange*, leave we therefore his Father *Argentiers* passions, and *la Franges* perplexities, to be appeased and qualified by Time, or rather by God, the Author and giver of time, who out of his all-seeing providence and sacred pleasure, only knows in Heaven, how best to dispose and manage the actions of earth, and so come we to other unexpected occurrents and events, which like so many enterjecting, and intervening points, are contained within the circumference of this History.

I have so long insisted on the affections of *de Salez* and *la Hay*, as but to the judicious and temperate Reader it would seem to appear, that the Baron of *Vaumartin*, hath wholly forgotten to remember his to his Lady *La Frange*: But to put that doubt out of question, and this question out of doubt, we shall see him return too too soon, to act a part, not so religious and honourable, as bloudy, upon the Theatre of this History: For by this time both his Creditors and his debts are grown so clamorous, and his reputation and lands so neer forfeited, for want of disingaging, as to secure the one, and to provide for the other, he knows no other invention nor means but to gain *La Frange* to his wife: when as it were provoked and precipitated on by the necessity of this exigent, his thoughts leave Heaven to flye to Hell, and consequently fly from God to Sathan, to consult how either by the by, or the main he may obtain her; yea, though with the perill and hazzard of his own life, to cut off theirs, who seek therein to prevent his desires and designs. In which hellish ratiocination, he as devoyd of Reason, as that is exempt either of Grace or Piety, thus reasoneth with himself: *De Clugny* hates me, for seeking to marry his Daughter, and that time may remedy for me; but which is worst of all, she loves *De Salez*, and seek and desires to marry him, and this I must remedy in time, if I ever expect to obtain or enjoy her; and so resolves to make him away; but is as yet irresolute how to perpetrate, and in what manner to finish so execrable a business. But this is not only the voyce of his malice, but the sentence of his revenge, that *De Salez* must dye. Wretched *Vaumartin*, unworthy to bear the name of a man, much less of a Baron, but least of all of a Christian, in that because *De Salez* hates *La Frange*, and she loves him, that therefore thou wilt not love, but hate him; or because she loves him, and not thy self, that therefore thou wilt kill him, that she may love thee. See, see, rash, and inconsiderate Nobleman, how treacherously the Devill hath hood-wink'd, yea, inveigled thy judgment, and besotted thy senses, to kill one that loves thee, to kill, I say, a Gentleman who hath not offended thee, but is every way thy friend, no way thine enemy: or if thou think it wisdom, that covetousness must redeem thy former prodigality, alas, alas, canst thou yet be so cruell to think it lawfull or religious, that future murther should either occasion or authorize it?

But

But the Devill hath so farr prevailed with his impious resolutions, that again he resolves, *De Salez* must dye: and yet thou thinkest poyson as unworthy of him, as he is worthy of thy Sword; so had thy last resolution been answerable to thy first, assure thy self thou hadst made thy self more happy, and not so miserable: for as poysoning was the invention of the Devill, and is practised by none but his agents; so this dishonourable point of honour to fight Duels, was never instituted by God, nor professed by those who really profess his Gospel; yea, it is not only truly to dishonour God, in seeking falsely to preserve our own Honour and reputation, but we assuredly stab at the *Majestie* of the Creator, in seeking to deface man his creature; and to use but a word, as it is repugnant both to Nature and Grace, so though it begin in the heat of passion and pleasure, it many times terminates in Repentance, but still in true infamy and misery.

But *Vaumartins* faith being so strong with *Sathan*, and so weak with his Saviour, he will not take a Law from Religion to give to his *Envie*, but rather takes one from his *Envie* to give to his Religion; and so very prophanely and rashly by his Lackey *La Rose*, sends *De Salez* this Challenge.

VAUMARIN to DE SALEZ.

IF thou seek the cause of my malice, thou mayest find it in the Lady *La Franges* affection to thee, and hatred to my self: wherefore hold it not strange, that I now command my Pen to invite thee, and thy Sword, to meet me to morrow on horse-back without Seconds, twixt five & six in the morning behind the *Jacobins Garden*. Love and Valour thou knowest, are never capable of much expostulation; as desirous rather to be tryed in action, than seen in words. Could that sweet Lady, (who will not be mine, because thou art hers) have affected me more, or thee less, we might have proved as true friends, as now our reputations conjure us either to live or dye Honourable enemies.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, doth not a little wonder at the Baron of *Vaumartins* strange passion and resolution, in sending it him, especially, sith hee knows that the motives and grounds of his malice were so unjust and frivolous: so, how to answer him, as yet he knows not; for as his generosity one way invites him to fight, so his discretion another way perswades him from it: But considering the poor esteem he makes either of the Lady *La Frange*, or her affection, thinking it folly to fight without cause, and to hazard his life without reason, he calls for Pen and Paper, and as a wise, yet valiant Gentleman, by his own Lackey, returns the Baron of *Vaumartin* this answer.

DE SALEZ to VAUMARTIN.

IHave seen many Challenges, but none of the Nature of thine now sent me: for to write thee the truth, the grounds and foundations thereof are unjust, false, or both; for bring but the eyes of thy Judgment, and not of thy passion, to be Judge and Umpier betwixt us, and thou shalt both see and find, that I not only disclaim the Lady *La Franges* affection, but her self; sith I appertain to another, and she shall never to me: I here shew thee my love through this true prospective of my heart; and which if it will not satisfy thy malice, then know that my weak Valour is neither capable nor desirous of further expostulation than that my Sword is as willing to bring thee deeds, as thy Pen was to send me words: for either single, or with Second, either on foot, or horse-back, I will still be ready to give reason to those who will not relish, nor receive any but their own: and in this resolution of mine, I know I shall either live with Reputation, or dye with Honour.

DE SALEZ.

Vaumartin having received and perused this Letter of refusall from *de Salez*, he out of the heat of his passion, and height of his folly, preputes it rather to cowardise, than discretion in him; and so his courage and revenge the more insulting and inflam'd thereat, he bending his brows (as if Contempt and *Envie* fate wreath'd in the furrows thereof) very speedily again returns him his Lackey, with this rash answer.

VAUMARTIN to DeSALEZ.

THy Answer gives mee no satisfaction, sith I know that to deny thy affection to the Lady La Frange, is to deny the light of the Sun in his brightest and hottest Meridian; neither are the grounds or foundations of my Challenge, either unjust or false, as thou in thy false Prospective, endeavourst to make me see or believe: for being ignorant who is thy Mistress, I know thou resolvest to make no Lady of the world thy wife but La Frange, so as I cannot rightly define, whether thy proceeding with me be more subtil or malicious, or to what end thou shouldest attempt the one, or practice the other towards me, unless out of a premeditated resolution and purpose, thereby to make thy glory the more apparent and conspicuous in my shame: Wherefore sith thy friendship is false to mee, I must, nay I will see if thy valour will prove true to thy self, and whether the effects of thy Sword, be as great in substance, as the vanity of thy Pen depaints them, in shew, and ostentation: so my Challenge is still my Resolution, and the performance thereof must be mine, except thou resolve to live with as much Infamy, as the conclusion of thy Letter promiseth, thou art ready to dye with Reputation and Honour.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and run over this Letter, and seeing that Vaumartin was still willfull and resolute to fight, thinks that he should degenerate from himself, his Blood, and Profession, if he did not now accept and answer this his Challenge: wherefore calling for Vaumartins Lackey, he rounds him thus in the eare; Tell thy Master, that if I live, I will not fail to break fast with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation. Thus we see these two inconsiderate Gentlemen agreed, their match concluded, and nothing but the night to hinder them from fighting, as if their glory consisted in their shame, and as if Nature had never taught them how to preserve their lives, nor Grace, their souls.

So the Morn peeping forth through the windows of Heaven, as soon as the Sun with his glistering beams began to salute the Woods and Mountains, our two resolute Champions bravely mounted, with each his Chirurgion, are in the field at the assign'd Rendezvous; and first comes Vaumartin, and then immediately De Salez, when their Chirurgions performing the dutie and office of Seconds, being some hundred paces distant, they give Spurs to their Seeds, and so drawing their Swords, swiftly part, like two flashes of lightning each towards other. At their first meeting; de Salez gives Vaumartin the first hurt in the right shoulder; and de Salez another in requitall, in the right side of the neck: when being both good Cavaliers, (and well neer as equall in years as courages) they turn short, and then fall to it again with bravery and resolution, when again Vaumartin runs de Salez through his left Arm, of a deep and wide wound, and he only slightly cuts his shirt upon his Ribbs, giving him only a raze or scar, but as yet, both free from any danger of death, so they mutually consent to breath: but their ambitions and courage of both sides, are so exasperated and inflamed, as although they are all bloody, yet this will not suffice: so they fall to it again, and in this close de Salez his horse stumbles with him; whereat Vaumartin, (though a dwarf in stature, yet not in Valour and policy) taking the advantage of this accident, gives him first a lick ore his pate, and then runs him at the short Ribbs: but de Salez reigning up his horse, proved favourable to him; for by that means Vaumartins Sword met and glanced on a Rib, without doing him any farther hurt. De Salez seeing the redoubling of his wounds, begins to redouble his courage, and disdaining thus to be out-braved and beaten by a Pigmey, he lyes home at Vaumartin, and at their very next close, runs him thorow the body, of a deep and mortall wound, a little above the Navell: whereat his Sword presently falls out of his hand to the ground, and he immediately likewise from his horse stark dead, without having the Grace or happiness, either to call on, or name God. O what pitty, what misery is it, that a Christian should die like a beast, having neither power to pray, nor felicity to repent. Thus we see the Challenger killed, and he who would have murthered a stranger, murthered himself by a stranger: a Lesson to teach others to beware, by the Tragical and mournfull end of this rash Nobleman. De Salez seeing Vaumartin dead, praiseth God for his victory; and so leaving his breathless corps to his sorrowfull Chirurgion, he gallops away to the next Village, where he causeth his wounds to be dressed, and from thence provides for his safety.

All Tholouse rings and resounds of this disastrous and Tragical accident: De Clugny is glad, that De Salez hath escaped death, yet sorrowfull that Vaumartin is killed, in respect he fears he

he undertook this quarrell for his Daughter *La Franges* sake: who hearing that *De Salez* wounds are no way mortall, infinitely rejoyceth, and triumpheth thereat, flattering her self (though with this false hope) that he affected her farr more dearer than he made shew of, or else that he would never have fought with *Vanmartin* for her sake, nor have killed him but for his own. And thus, though humanity made her grieve for *Vaumartins* death, yet that grief of hers was as suddenly converted into joy, when she saw he received it by the hand of *De Salez*, whom she respected and affected more dearer than all the Gentlemen of the World. Now, as for his father *Argentier*, the life of his son likewise wiped off the remembrance of *Vaumartins* death, and yet it grieved him inwardly, that he to whom he gave life, should give death to another: and farr the more, in that this unfortunate accident must now enforce him to beg pardon from that grave *Court of Parliament*, for this murther perpetrated by his son, sith he had formerly so often pleaded for justice against others, for the like crime and offence; but all these joyes of *Argentier*, *De Clugny*, and his Daughter *La Frange*, are nothing to those of *La Hay* for the life and victory of her dear *De Salez*: leaping as it were for meer content and pleasure, that she should shortly see, and injoy him for her Husband, and that God hath both reserved and preserved him to crown her with the sweetness of this desired felicitie.

Thus while *La Frange* and *La Hay* triumph and congratulate the return of *De Salez*, so *Argentier* publickly, and *De Clugni* privatly, imploy their chiefeft power, friends and authority, to procure his pardon first from the King, then from the *Parliament*, wherof they are two famous members; Which at last, (by the means and favour of the *Duke of Ventadour*) they obtain. So this murther of his, is remitted in Earth, but I fear me, will not be forgotten in *Heaven*: for though men be inconstant in their decrees, yet God will be firm and upright, aswell in the distribution, as execution of his judgments. Men as they are men may erre, but as they are *Christians* they should not; but God (either to please or displease them) neither can nor will.

De Salez no sooner hath escaped this danger, but forgetting his former follies, and his Fathers advice and house, he again, in a manner voluntarily imprisoneth himself with his Mistress *La Hay* in hers; whereat as his Father storms, so *De Clugny* and *La Frange* bite the lip; hoping that this good office in procuring him his pardon, would more strictly have united him to her self, and consequently sequestred him from *La Hay*; but nothing less, for he sings his old tune, and will rather run the hazard of his Fathers displeasure, than leave *La Hay* to take *La Frange*: whereat his Father *Argentier* reneweth his choler, and revives his indignation against him, as desiring nothing so much in this life, as to see him married to *La Frange*, but he shall never live to see it; for there are too many disastrous accidents preparing to cross and prevent it.

Whiles these things happen in *Tholouse*, there betides an unexpected and unwished business, which must call away *Argentier* to *Paris*: For the Lords of the Privie Counsell of *France* having received some informations and grievances against the body of the *Court of Parliament of Tholouse*, command them speedily to send up some Deputies to answer such matters as shall be objected against them; whereupon, the gravitie and wisdom of that Court, in obedience to their superiours, elect two *Presidents* and four Counsellours to undertake that journey and business, among whom *De Clugny* is chosen for one of the *Presidents*, and *Argentier* for one of the Counsellours; as indeed their integritie and profound *Wisdom* and *experience* had made them eminent in that Court. As for *De Clugny* at his importunat request (made to the Court) he was dispensed with, from that journey; by alleging that his Age and sickness made him altogether unfit to undertake it: but all the evasions and excuses, which *Argentier* could make, could not exempt him, but he must needs see *Paris*. But first, before his departure, he had a long and serious conference with *de Clugni*, how to effect the so long desired match of his Son and Daughter, the finishing whereof was referred till his return from *Paris*, which sweet news infinitely rejoyced and delighted the young Ladie *La Frange*, and the immediat night before he was to take Coach, he calls his Son *de Salez* to him, and with a perswasive and powerfull speech, requested him in his absence to love *la Frange*, which he in plain terms protested and vowed to his Father, he could not; then he conjures him, never to marry *la Hay*, which likewise he would not grant; and to conclude, sith his Father could not prevail in the two former, he commanded him upon his blessing, that he would never marry any wife whatsoever without his consent, the which indeed *de Salez* could not deny, but faithfully promised his Father; yea, and bound it with an oath, yet still hoping, that it was as possible for him to draw his Father to consent he should marry *la Hay*, as it was impossible for his Father ever to perswade him to marry *la Frange*: and so that night the Father takes leave of the son, and he the next morning of his Father, wishing him a prosperous journey, and a speedy return;

return: who suspecting, and fearing, that in his absence, contrary to his requests and prayers, his Son would only abandon *la Frange* to frequent *la Hay*; he being arrived to the city of *Toures*, thought himself bound in Nature, aswell for his own content, as his sons tranquillity and prosperity, again to signifie him his mind in some few lines of advice and counsell, and to send it him by the ordinary Carrier to *Tholouse*, which was then in that City, bound thither from *Paris*: his Letter spake thus,

ARGENTIER to de SALEZ.

IT is out of a Fatherly, and (as I may say) a religious care of thy good, that I now send thee these few ensuing lines, for thy Youth cannot see that which my Age knows, how many miseries are subject to wayt and attend on Vice, and how many blessings on Vertue; if *La Frange* be not fair, yet shee is comely, not contemptible: but sith her defects of Nature are so richly recompenced with the Ornaments of Fortune, and the excellencies of Grace; why should thy affection prefer *La Hay* before her, who hath nothing but a painted face to overveil the deformity of her other vices? If thou wilt leave a Saint to marry a Strumpet, then take *La Hay*, and forsake *La Frange*; but if thou wilt forsake a Strumpet to take a Saint, then marry *La Frange*, and leave *La Hay*; for look what difference there is between their births, thou shalt find ten times more between the chastity of the one, and the levitie of the other: if thou espouse the first, thou shalt find Content and Honour; if the second, shame and repentance: for I know not whether *La Frange* will bring thee more hapiness, or *La Hay* misery. This Letter shall serve as a witness betwixt God, my self, and thee; that if thou perform me not promise and oath, I will deny thee my blessing, and deprive thee of my lands.

ARGENTIER:

De Salez having received this his Fathers letter in *Tholouse*, exceedingly grieves to see him disgrace his Mistress, by the scandalous name of a strumpet, which he knows she is not, and therefore will never believe it; yea, he vows, that if it were any other in the World, who had offered him that intollerable affront, he would revenge it, though with the price and perill of his life. *La Hay* perceiving this discontent and alteration of mirth in him, but from what point of the Compass this wind proceeds, she neither knows, nor as yet can conceive: but withal, determineth to make the discovery; therof her greatest Ambition, and not her least Care; which she now well knows it behoves her to do, sith she finds *de Salez* less free, and more reserved and pensive in his speeches, than accustomed. But when in vain she had hereunto used many smiles and fetches, loe here falls out an unlook'd-for accident, which betrayes her the very pith and quintessence of the Mystery: For on a time, when he lay slumbring on the table, shee as accustomed, diving into his pockets for sweet meats, or rather for Gold (of both which, he many times went well furnished) she finds his Fathers (afore said) letter, which she knew by the direction; and so flying into another Chamber, and bolting the door after her, she there reads it both with grief and choler; when stung to the quick, and bitten to the heart and gall, to see her reputation and Honour thus traduced and scandalized by the Father of her pretended Husband; she with tears and interjected sighs and grones, flies back to *de Salez*, and holding the Letter in her hand, like a dissembling and impious strumpet as she was, there shews it him, takes Heaven and Earth to bear witness of her innocency, and of the irreparable and extreme wrong his Father hath offered her, in seeking to eclipse the Glory of her chastity, which she swears she will bear pure and unspotted, not only to his bed, but to her own Grave. But *Alas, alas*, these are the effects and passions of dissimulation, not of truth; of her prophaneness, not of her piety, which time will make apparent to *de Salez*; though now her beauty and tears be so predominate with his judgment and folly, as he cannot, because he will not, see it: So being still as constant in his sottishness, as she in her hypocrisie, he gives her many sweet kisses, and with a Catalogue of sugred words, seeks to appease and comfort her, whom he hath farr more reason to execrate and curse. But for her part, her heart is not so afflicted, for remembering herself, still her wits are her own, and so remembering the conclusion of the letter, and fearing that *de Salez* his promise and oath to his Father, might infringe and contradict his to her, she tells him, that her love is so fervent and infinite towards him, as she can give no intermission, nor truce to her tears, before he reveal her his oath and promise, which his Fathers letters informed her he had formerly made him.

De Salez seeing himself put to so strict an exigent and push, doth both blush for shame, and again look pale for anger, when for a small time, irresolute how to bear himself in a matter of this different Nature, wherein he must either violate his obedience to his Father, or infringe his

his fidelity and honour to his Mistress ; he at last (consulting with folly , not with discretion, and with Vanity, not with Judgement) doth so adore her beauty, and commiserate her tears, as he sottishly reveals her his oath, given his Father (*Verbatim* as we have formerly understood it) adding withall, that she hath far more reason to rejoyce, than grieve hereat ; That a little time shall cancell his said late promise and oath to his Father, and confirm his former to her: For sweet *La Hay* (quoth he) come what will, two moneths shall never pass, ere I marry thee; when sealing his speeches with many kisses, our hypocritical afflicted *Gentlewoman* is presently again come to her self, and in all outward appearance, her discontents are removed, her choler pacified, her tears exhaled, and her sighs evaporated and blown away.

But all this false, like her self, and treacherous like her beauty ; For this letter of *Argentier* to his son, and his promise and Oath to his Father, hath acted such wonders in her heart, and imprinted such extravagancies in her thoughts, as she cannot easily remove or supplant it, nor difficultly forget or deface it, whatsoever she speak or make shew of to the contrary; for thus she reasoneth with her self: That her whoredomes are already revealed to *Argentier*, and for any thing she knowes, may likewise be discovered to his son, how closely soever she either act or conceal them. That *La Frange* descent, wealth, and virtues, will in the end over-prise and weigh down her mean extraction, poverty and beauty ; and in the end, that the wisdom of the Father, will infallibly triumph over the folly of the son, except her policy interpose, and her vigilancy prevent it ; which to prevent and effect, she sees no other obstacle to her content, nor barre to her preferment, but only *La Frange*: for, quoth she, if *La Frange* shine in the firmament of *De Salez* affection, *La Hay* must set; or if *La Hay* will shine, *La Frange* must set: again, if she fall not, I cannot stand; and if she stand, I must needs fall; and as the Skie is not capable of two suns, so both of us cannot shine in the Horison of his heart and thoughts at once: except thus, that *La Hay* may live to see *La Frange* his wife, and her self his Strumpet; when burning with false zeal to *De Salez*, and true inveterate malice to *La Frange*, she forgetting God, swaps a bargain with the Devill, that *La Frange* must first go to her grave, ere *La Hay* come to his bed, and so resolves to sacrifice her as a *Victim* to her malice and jealousy, and to send her out of this world in an untimely and bloody Coffin. Hellish Aphorismes, Infernall Positions, odious to Earth, and execrable to Heaven.

For wretched and impious strumpet, wilt thou needs not only gallop, but flye to hell, and so redouble thy crimes purposely to redouble thy torments; as first of Whoredom, then of Murther? Wretched, yea thrice wretched woman, how darest thou see Earth, or think of Heaven; when thy acted crimes are so odious, and thy pretended ones so monstrous, as thou deservest to be shut forth of the one, and spued out of the other? For alas, consider what this poor Gentlewoman hath done to thee, that thou shouldst do this to her; She bears the image of God, and wilt thou therefore bear that of the devill to destroy her? Ah me, where is thy religion, thy conscience, thy soul; that thou wilt thus hellishly imbath thy hands in her blood, and imbrue thy heart in her murther? If it be not that her virtues cry sic on thy vices, thou hast no reason in Nature, and less in Grace, to attempt a deed so Tragically, an act so inhumane and execrable: But rest assured, that if thou proceed and finish this infernall and bloody stratagem of thine, although thou chance go unpunished of men, yet the Lord (in his due time) will find thee out, and both severely scourge and sharply revenge and chastize thee.

The effects of malice, and revenge in men, are finite, in women infinite; theirs may have bounds and ends, but these none, or at least, seldom and difficultly: for having once conceived these two monsters in their fantasies and brains, they long till they are delivered and disburthened of them; and so to bring their abhorive issue to perfection, they (for the most part) are sharp and severe in their designs, and sudden and malicious in their execution, hating all delays, so it be not to do evil: So this our bloody and vicious Strumpet *La Hay*, is resolute to advance, and not to retire in this diabolicall business of hers. Of all kind of violent deaths, she thinks none either so sure and secret as poyson; whether she consider the manner, or the matter: If the Devill himself had not invented this unparalleld cruelty, his agents and members had never known how to have administred and practised it. But having resolved on the drug and ingredient, she now bethinks her self of some hellish Emperick or Factor of Hell, to apply and give it her, and her inveterate and implacable hatred making her curious in the research and inquiry thereof, she is at last advertised, that there is an old Italian Emperick in *Mompellier*, tearmed *S. Barnardo Michaele*, who is his Arts master in that infernall profession, when wholly concealing this mystery and business from *De Salez*, she by a second means (with promise of store of Gold) sends away for *Michaele* from *Mompellier*, who in hope thereof, packs up his drugs and trinkets, and within three day arrives at *Tbolouse*; where she thinks no where so fit and secret as the Church to consult and resolve on this bloody business, the hour

is eight the next morn, and the place the *Cordeliers* (Or *Grey Fryers*) Church, appointed and agreed on betwixt them, where they both meet, but she (the better to disguise her self, and to blear the eyes of the World) wraps her self about in a great furred cloak, and muffles her self up with a large Coyf of Velvet, and a rich Taffata Scarf over it, as if she were some grave and reverend old Matron; so being brought to each others presence, they being both on their knees, he to his book, and she to her Beads, she proposeth him the poysoning of *La Frange*, daughter to the *President de Clugny*, for the which she promiseth to give him three hundred Crowns of the Sun to perform it; whereof he shall now have one in hand, and the other two when he hath dispatched her. *Michael* like a limb of the Devil, being deeply in love, and allured with this Gold, undertakes it; when swearing secrecy, and withall to perform it within ten dayes, she gives him the hundred Crowns tyed up in her handkercher, and so for that time they part.

Good God, what prophane *Christians*, what monsters of Nature, and Devils incarnat by profession are these, thus to pollute & defile the Church ordain'd for prayer, with the price and sale of innocent blood, a most prodigious and hellish impiety, since there is no sin so odious or execrable to God, as that which is masked with piety, and overveyled with the cloak of sanctity. And what a damnable young Strumpet, and old villain are they, in so holy a place to treat and conclude so hellish a business? but beware, for the Sword and Arrow of Gods just revenge, and revenging Justice, threatens ye with no less than utter confusion and destruction.

La Hay infinitely glad of this agreement, returnes from the Church, and *Michael* as glad of her Gold, (being informed of *La Franges* deformity, and to lose no time) trips away towards *President de Clugny* his house, taking that for a fit occasion to assay to make his Daughter become his Patient, and he her *Emperick*: who sleekly insinuating, and skrewing himself into his knowledge and acquaintance, (in which profession the *Empericks* and *Mountebanks* of Italy, come no way short, but rather exceed all other Nations of the world) he proffers him his best service and skill, to redress and reform the body of the young Lady his Daughter, adding withall (thereby to add the more belief and credit to his speeches) that he is so farr from despairing or doubting, as he is very confident thereof: and in the phrases and mysteries of his profession, gives him in outward appearance many inward and plausible reasons to induce him to believe it. The good old *President*, who preferring the cure of his Daughter before any other earthly respect, having heard of *Michaels* fame, begins to relish his reasons, and yet not ignorant that the *Mountebanks* and *Charletans* of Italy, are Cousin Germans to the *Alcumists* of France, who promise to make Gold of dross, and yet only bring forth dross for Gold, he holds it fit to take a consultation of the learnedst *Physicians*, and expert *Chirurgions* of the City, whereunto *Michael* willingly consents; so they sit, being six in number, *Michael* delivers them his reasons to redress the deformity of this young Ladies body (the *President* her Father being present) whose reasons are heard, and controverted of all sides betwixt them; the conclusion is, four are of opinion that this cure is repugnant to the grounds of *Physick*, and the principles of *Chirurgery*, and therefore impossible to be effected; the other two are of a contrary judgement, and held it feasible, and that many times God blesteth the Art and labours of a man, not only beyond expectation, but also beyond hope and reason: so *De Clugny* seeing that these two with *Michael* were three against four, he in respect of the tender care and affection he bore his Daughter, resolves to imploy him, and gives him an hundred double Pistollers in hand to attempt it; with promise of as much more when he hath performed it; whereof this miscreant and hellish *Emperick Michael* being exceedingly glad, he betakes himself to his business, visits the young Lady, who promiseth him to redouble her Fathers sum, if he make her body straight: when to reduce his impious contemplation, into infernall action, he outwardly applyeth Playsters and Sear-cloths to her body, and inwardly administreth her pills and potions, and (O grief to write it) therein infuseth deadly poyson, which he knows at the end of ten dayes will assuredly make a divorce between her body and soul, and so send that to the death of this world, and this to the life of that to come. So this sweet and innocent Lady (wishing good to her self, and hurt to none in the World) first finds a giddiness and swimming in her head, and within some six dayes after (in which time the poyson had dispersed it self throughout all the veins and pores of her body) many sharp gripes, and bitter throwes and Convulsions, whereat her Father grieves, and she weeps; only that graceless villain her *Emperick*, bids them be of good comfort, and that the more pain and grief she suffered, the better and speedier hope there was of her cure, but yet inwardly in his devillish heart, knows that the poyson effectually operated and wrought with her as he desired and expected, and that by these infallible signes and symptoms, his patient drew neer towards the period of her end. Whereupon he repairs secretly to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the rest of his mony; for that *La Frange* could not possibly

possibly live two dayes to an end, wherat she triumphing and rejoycing with much alacrity, again promisseth it him: and indeed the hellish Art of this execrable *Emperick* doth not now deceive him, though in the end, the malice of the Devill his Doctor will; for just as the tenth day was expired, this harmless sweet young Lady dies, to the incomparable and unspeakable grief of the good old *President* her Father; for that she was the Staff of his age, and the chief and only comfort of his life, who disconsolately and mournfully seemed to drown himself in tears hereat, cursing the hour that he first saw this accursed *Emperick Michael*, who had robbed him of his only joy and delight, of his dear and sweet Daughter *La Frange*. But this murderous *Michael* having learnt of the Devill to fear no colours, means not to step a foot from *Tholouse*, and so sends privatly for *La Hay*, of whom he craves the performance of her promise, for that (quoth he) he had performed his. Why (quoth *La Hay*) is that crook-backt dwarf *La Frange* dead? She is gone (quoth *Michael*) to her eternall rest: when *La Hay* not able to retain herself for excess of joy, runnes to him, gives him the other hundred Crowns, together with many kisses, which take (quoth she) as a pledge of my continuall good will towards thee, when again swearing secrecie, they both take leave each of other, and part.

The news of *La Franges* death, ratleth and resoundeth over all *Tholouse*, her Kinsfolke grieve at it, her friends lament it, and all who either knew her, or her fame, bewayle it, only *De Salez*, and execrable *La Hay* excepted, who knowing her to have been the only stop and hinderance of their marriage, they are so ravished with joy hereat, as they seem to contest and envy each other, who shall first bring the news hereof each to other: yea, the excess of *De Salez* his joy is as boundless, as that of *La Hayes* delight, so that he seems to flye to her Fathers house, where she with out-spread armes receives and entertaines him; and there they mutually congratulate each other for this her death, he affirming, and she believing, that *La Frange* being gone to Heaven, it shall not be long ere the Church make them man and wife on earth. In the mean time, he being wholly ignorant of her poysoning, and yet the old *President* her Father, and the rest of her friends suspecting it, they cause her body to be opened: and although they find no direct poyson, yet remarking a little kind of yellow tincture on her heart and liver, as also some shew thereof through her frozen veins, They cause *Michael* to be apprehended and imprisoned, and so procure a Decree from the Parliament to have him rack'd: At the news whereof, *La Hay* is extremely tormented and perplexed, as well foreseeing and knowing, that her life lay at the mercy of his tongue: wherefore to fortifie his secrecie, and thereby to secure her own fear and danger, she by a confident friend of his, sends him a hundred French Crowns more, and promisseth him to give him a rich Diamond worth as much again; who (as before) being extremely covetous, and the Devil (resembling himself) still harping to him on that string which most delights him, his heart is so devillishly obdurate, and his fortitude so armed and prepared, as his patience and constancy not only indures, but out-braves the cruelty of his torments, and so he is acquitted of this his pretended crime: but her hath not as yet made his peace with God.

And now is *De Salez* resolved to make a journey to *Paris*, to draw his Fathers consent that he may marry *La Hay*; but the wisdom of the Father shall anticipate the folly of the Son, for he having heard in *Paris* of *La Franges* death, and still fearing, that because of his frequent familiarity with that Strumpet *La Hay*, he will in the end marry her, He in *Paris* buyes a Captaines place for him in the Regiment of the Kings Guard, and likewise dealt with a very rich Counsellour of that Court of Parliament, nam'd *Monsieur De Brianfon*, that his Son may marry his eldest Daughter *Madamoyselle de Plessis*, a very sweet and fair young Gentlewoman, and the old folks are already agreed on all conditions, only it rests, that the young, sees and loves; To which end *Argentier* writes away with all speed to *Tholouse* for his Son *De Salez* to come up to him, who before he had received his Fathers Letter, (as we have formerly understood) was ready to undertake that journey: *La Hay* infinitely fearfull and jealous to lose her prey, with Crocodile tears in her eyes, and Hyena aspects in her looks, informs *De Salez*, that she feareth that his Father hath provided a wife for him in *Paris*, but he vows and swears to her, that neither his Father, nor the whole world, shall make him marry any other than her self, and so after many embraces and kisses, he takes horse and leaves *Tholouse*.

Being arrived at *Paris*, his Father very joyfully bids him welcome, and refers to conferr with him till the next morning; but such is *De Salez* rashness and folly, as he hath no sooner supped in company of his Father, but he prayes to speak with him. When the servants voyding the Chamber, he earnestly and humbly beseecheth him, sith that *La Frange* is dead, he will now be pleased that he may marry *La Hay*, whom, quoth he, I only affect and love before all the maids of the World: His Father exceedingly incensed hereat, vows that she had rather

rather see him fairly buried in his Grave, and that of all the females of the World, he shall not marry *La Hay*: and so for that night they betake themselves to their Beds; the Father grieves with his Sons folly, the Son with his Fathers avernesse. The next morn *Argentier* calls for his Son. When the doores shut, he bids him shut his eyes to his foolish familiarity with *La Hay*: and now to open them to the preferment he hath purchased him, and so relates him how he hath procured him the honour of a *Captaines* place, in the *Regiments* of the Kings Guard, as also a very fair young *Gentlewoman* for his wife, tearmed *Madamoysele De Plessis*, the eldest Daughter of *Monsieur De Briançon*, one of the richest Counsellors of *Paris*: But *De Salez* having his eyes and thoughts wholly fixed on *La Hay*, with a discontented look, returns his Father this perverse and disobedient replice.

That he will not accept of the *Captaines* place, nor once see *De Plessis*, but that he is constantly resolved, either to wed *La Hay*, or his grave; whereat his Father is so extremely incensed, as with much passion and choler, he commands him henceforth, not to dare so much as to name him *La Hay*, swearing by his *Saviour*, that if he do, for his obstinacy and disobedience, he will disinherite him, as indeed he might, having himself purchased three parts of his Lands and renews, through his care and industry in his profession, and so in much discontent and choler leaves him, going to his *Coleagues* of *Tholouse*, who are already wayting and attending his comming.

De Salez is all on fire at this his Fathers bitter resolution against him, and stormes and fumes, not only beyond the bonds of reason, Religion, and humanity, but also beyond himself. For sith *La Hay* is his sole delight and joy, and that his Father hath vowed he shall never marry her, his affection to her makes him resolve to dispatch his Father, yea, his head conceives such murderous thoughts, and his heart attracts, and assumes such degenerate and devillish blood against him, that like an execrable wretch, and a hellish Son, disdayning to take Counsell from *God*, and therefore taking it from the Devill his bloody Tutor and Abettor, he vowes he will forthwith rid his hands of his Father, and that he will therefore send him into another world, because he would give him no content in this.

Oh wretched monster of *Nature*, Limb of the Devill, nay a very Devill thy self, thus to resolve to take his life from him that gave thee thine; Foul stain of mankind, bloody Paracidious miscreant, can no respect either of thy naturall and filiall obedience to thy kind and dear Father, or of his white haire, and venerable old age, restrain thee? or no consideration of thy conscience or thy soul, of Heaven or Hell deterr thee from this bloody, inhuman, and damnable design of thine, in laying violent hands on him? O me, where are thy thoughts, where thy senses, where thy heart, thy soul, to act so execrable and infernall a *Tragedie*, on him without whom thou hadst not been! on thy Father, whom by the Laws of *Heaven* and *Earth*, thou oughtest both to love, honour, reverence and obey.

But *De Salez* being resolute in this inhumane rage, and implacable malice and fury, watcheth how he may take time at advantage, to effect and finish this his bloody business, and one night after supper, hearing his old Father complain that he found himself not well, and commanding his Clark *De Buissie*, very early in the next morning to carry his water to *Doctor Salepin*, a famous *Physician*, whose Chamber was far off, in the place *Maubert*, he himself lying in *Grennelles* street, *De Salez* thinks this a fit opportunity to dispatch his Father, the which, O a thousand griefs and pitties to speak of, he accordingly performeth. For the morn appearing, his Father having sent away his Clark with his water, and betaking himself to sleep till he return; His watchfull and murderous Son, having purposely made himself ready, and through the key-hole and cranies of the Chamber door, espying his Father sleeping, he intends that this shall be his last sleep: When softly stealing into his Chamber, he (incouraged and animated by the Devill) and approaching his bed, as exempt of fear or grace, without any more delay or circumstance, stifles his Father betwixt two Pillows; when leaving him breathless in his bed, his face exposed to the ayr, and the door shut, goes down, gives the Master of the house the good morrow, and so trips away as fast as he can, to the sign of the Swan within *Saint Honoryes* Gate; and from thence rides away to *Saint Clow*, (two leagues distant from *Paris*) to see *Gondies* Gardens, Fountains, and house wherein that execrable and damnable *Jacobine* Frier, *Jaques Clement*, murdered *Henry the third King of France*, but with an intent to return to his Fathers Lodging immediatly after dinner, and to plead ignorance of the fact, and withall, if occasion serve, to stand upon his innocency, and justification, as indeed he did. Now his Fathers Clark *De Buissie* returning in the morning from *Doctor Salepin*, entring his masters Chamber, finds him stark dead, and almost cold in his Bed: whereat he makes many outcries, and grievous exclamations; the man of the house hereat ascends the Chamber, infinitely laments

laments, grieves at this sorrowfull accident and spectacle, vowes to *De Buiffye* that he saw none, whosoever in his house, much less in his Masters Chamber, and that his Son *Monsieur de Salez*, departed as soon as he himself; they search his body, and find it no way wounded, so they believe and resolve that some ague hath carried him away; yet they hold it rather wisdom than folly to acquaint the *Lieutenant Criminall* therewith, fearing lest he might after suspect either violence or poyson; So he comes, confers with his Son *De Salez*, with his Clerk *De Buiffye*, and with the man of the house, he visits the dead Body, finds only his head somewhat swollen, which his Physicians affirm, may be his striving and struggling with death. When the Lieutenant, out of his zeal and integrity to Justice, having informed himself of Doctor *Salepin* of *de Buiffyes* being with him, as also from Saint *Clou* of his Son *De Salez*, being there timely in the morning, and withall, that his Trunks were all safe, and nothing wanting, they banish all suspicion, and without farther enquire, or doubt, commend the dead Corps to the Grave; whose Funerall, with exteriour shew of extreme grief and sorrow, *De Salez* performs in *Paris*, with all *Decencie* and *Decorum*, answerable in all respects to his Fathers rank and quality. But we shall shortly see this mask of his devillish Hypocrisie pulled off, and this inhuman paricide of his, both shamefully, and sharply revenged, by the just judgment and finger of God: The manner is thus.

This harmless and innocent old Father *Argentier*, is no sooner laid in his untimely grave, but his bloudy and execrable Son *De Salez*, within eight dayes after leaves *Paris*, and returnes to *Tholouse*; where already this sorrowfull news is disperfed and divulged, being for his vertues and integrity of life, generally bewailed of the whole City, only graceless and impudent *La Hay* triumphs hereat, and her verie heart and thoughts dance for joy hereof; she welcoms home her *De Salez* with a World of sweet and sugred kisses, who as glad of her presence, returnes her them with a plentiful and prodigall interest; but his lustfull love to her is so fervent, and his folly in himself so perverse and obstinate, as he hath scarce the patience, much less the respect and modesty to wear blacks for his Father six weeks, but casts them off, takes on gaudie, and Scarlet Apparrell, and very solemnly marries *La Hay*. Whereby in respect of the inequality of their descents and means; but especially, of her whorish conditions, he makes himself the laughter and May-game of all *Tholouse*.

But good God, what a prodigious and hellish match is this, sith man and wife, and both are Murtherers. O execrable and miserable wretches, O bloudy and impious miscreants, for sure if this marriage of yours prove happy, I may boldly and truly say, there will never any prove unfortunate and miserable. For alas, alas, what do those impious and damnable crimes of theirs deserve and portend, but misery, ruine, and confusion of all sides? neither shall the curiosity of our enquiry carry us far, before we see it surprize and befall them.

For before they had been fully married three Moneths, *De Salez* reaping his desires, and feasting himself with the pleasures of her youth, he directly, contrary to his hopes and expectation, is enforced to see and know, that which before he would have thought never to have known or seen: for thinking his wife to have been a modest and chaste *Diana*, he now sees she is a debauched *Lays*; yea, his misery is so great, as he needs no spectacle to see, that she daily makes him a Knight of the Forked Order; and almost every hour, despite of his care and jealousy, claps a Cuckows Feather in his Hat; which to prevent and remedy, he first administheth requests and persuasions, and then complains to her Father; But these are too weak reasons, and too gentle motives, to prevail with so insatiable a Strumpet; so as he is constrained to add threats to his requests, and in the end blows to his threats. But as it is impossible for the Leopard to change his skin, and the *Aethiopian* his hew, so *de Salez* sees it labour lost to think to reclaim his wife from her beastly sin of Adultery, wherein (notwithstanding all that possibly he can do) she takes such a delight and habit, as by this time she is grown so extremely impudent, as when her Husband is at home, she is abroad ranging; and he is no sooner abroad, but she is instantly at home revelling with her Ruffians: Yea, she is grown to that height of obscenity, as she contemns and sleights her Husband; that whether he be abroad or at home, she will play the whore before his face with open doors; which although it be too late for him to remedy, yet it bites him to the heart, and grieves him to the gall; and now it is that he a thousand times thinks of his Fathers advice and counsell in forsaking her; and as often wisheth he had followed it. Now it is that his unnaturall murdering of his Father, thunders forth horror, terror, & repentance to his foul and guilty conscience; and now it is that he wished from his heart, that he had been blind when he first saw her, & fairly laid in his grave, before he lay with her in bed. But these his complaints and griefs, bring him only vexation and miseries instead of comfort; for now he utterly despairs, and sees no hope of his wifes reformation: Whereupon he resolves

solves to divorce himself from her, and to that end takes counsell thereon: but it is not so secretly managed by him, but the Strumpet his wife hath present notice and inckling thereof, whereupon seeing her Husband exceeding rich, both in Lands, Coyn, Plate, and other rich household-stuff, she vowes not to quit her great Joynter, share and interest hereof thus. But before he had inrolled his sure in the Spirituall Court, or any way vented his own shame, and his wives infamy in publike, she like a true Courtisan, and debauched Strumpet as she was, vowes to prevent him that would prevent her, and to send him to his death, that would seek to divorce her; and in respect of his jealousy and malice, that as she had formerly poysoned *La Frange* for her Husbands sake, so she would now murther him for her own.

But miserable and execrable wretch, Oh to what a monstrous height and huge sum will all these thy beastly sins, and bloody enormities arise and amount unto? But *Lust*, *Malice* and *Revenge*, like three infernall Furies, so possess and preoccupate her senses, as she will not retire, till she hath sent her Husband unto another world in a bloody winding-sheet. To which end, watching the time when most of her servants were gone abroad to gather in the Vintage, she softly opening her Husbands Chamber door, steals in, and finding him soundly sleeping, approacheth his Bed, when drawing forth a Rasor from her sleeve, which she had purposely provided, she with an implacable and damnable malice steps to him, and cuts his throat, speaking only these words to her self, *Loe here the reward of thy jealousy*; when throwing the Knife, and her outward Taffata Gown into the house of Office, she leaving him weltring in his blood, very secretly conveys her self thorow the Gallerie to the Garden, where her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends her, and so hies away to the Church, thinking with a wretched impietie to cloak this her second murther, as her former, under the veil of Religion and piety; but her hopes, and the Devill that gave them her, will now deceive her.

De Sales her Husband striving and struggling for life against the pangs of death; fear and hast (contrary to her intent and mind) had so made his murtherous wifes hand shake and tremble, as she did not so fully cut his throat-bole, but he could yet both cry and groan, which he did verie mournfully, and which indeed was soon over-heard by a man and a maid-servant of his, who only remained in the house, who hearing their masters voyce, and hastily running up, at these his pitifull and lamentable out-cryes; stepping to his assistance, they hear him (with his best power) utter these fearfull speeches; *That Strumpet my wife hath kill'd mee: O that shee-Devill my wife hath murthered mee*. Whereat they cry out at the windows to the neighbours for help, alledging that their Master is murthred. The Neighbours assemble, and hear him report so much; so they send away for his Confessor, and the *Lieutenant Criminall*, to both whom he again confesseth, *That it is the Strumpet his wife who hath murthered him*. And then raising himself up in his Bed (with as much strength as his dying wound would permit him) he taking them both by the hands, with infinite sighs and tears reveals to them, that he it was, who at the seducing of the Devill, had stifled his Father *Argentier* to death in *Paris*, that he did it only to marry this whore his murtherous wife *La Hay*; that the killing of his Father, yea the very remembrance thereof infinitely grieves his heart and soul, and for the which he infinitely repenteth himself, and beseecheth the Lord of mercy, in mercy to forgive it him; and likewise prayed all that were present to pray unto God for him; and these were his last words, for now his fleeting and fading breath would permit him to say no more.

All that were present are amazed at this lamentable confession of his, to see that he should murther his Father, and his execrable wife, well near himself; so they all glorified God for the detection and discovery hereof: But the *Lieutenant Criminall*, and the Counsellors his associates step to the window, and consult to have him hanged, whles he is yet living, for the murthering of his Father. But *De Sales* saves them that labour; for there and then he sinks into his Bed, and dyes away before them; so they instantly search the house and City for this wretched Murtheress *La Hay*, whom impious and bloody Strumpet they at last find in the *Dominican Friars Church* at a Sermon, from whence with much obloquy and indignity they drag her to Prison, where they charge her with the murther of her Husband *De Sales*, which the Devill as yet will not permit her to confess; but being adjudged by them to the Rack, she at the very first torment confesseth it.

Upon which severall Murthers, the *Criminall Judges* of the *Tournells* proceeded to sentence: so first they adjudged the dead body of *De Sales* for so inhumanly murdring his Father *Argentier*, to be half a day hang'd by the heels to the common Gallows, and then to be burnt to Ashes, which is accordingly executed: then they adjudge his Wife *La Hay*, for murthering him, the next day to be strangled, then burnt: so that night some Divines deal with her in Prison about the state of her soul, whom they find infinitely obdurated through the vanity of her youth, and the temptations of the Devill; but they work

work effectually with her, and so and last (by the mercies of God) draw her to contrition and repentance, when willing her not to charge her soul with the concealing of any other crime, and shewing her the dangers thereof, she very freely, yet sorrowfully, confesseth, how she it was, that for three hundred Crowns had caused the *Emperick Michael* to poyson *La Frange*, for the which she told them she was now exceedingly repentant and sorrowfull: Whereof the Divines (sith it was not delivered them under the seal of Confession) advertising the Judges, they all wonder at Gods providence, to see how all these murders are discovered and burst forth, one in the neck of the other; so they alter her sentence, and for these her double murders, they condemn her to have her right hand cut off, and then to be burnt alive: and so they make curious inquiry and research to apprehend this old bloody varlet *Michael*.

In the mean time, that very afternoon, this miserable and murderous Curtesan *La Hay*, though to the grief of her sorrowfull Father and Sisters, yet to the joy of all *Tbolouse*, is brought and fastened to the stake, where her hand being first struck off, she with many sighes and teares delivereth these few words: That her crimes were so foul and odious, as she was ashamed to look either God or man in the face; That she was very sorrowfull for causing *La Frange* to be poysoned, as also for murdering of her Husband *De Salez*, whose wealth she only affirmed she loved, but not himself, the which she wholly attributed to the lust and vanity of her youth, to her neglect of prayer, and forsaking of God; which made the Devill so strong with her, and she with the Devill, and which was the sole cause and ground of this her miserable ruine and destruction; she with tears and prayers besought the Lord to be good unto her soul; and (lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven) likewise beseeches the whole assembly to pray heartily unto God for her: when recommending her soul into the hands of her Redeemer, the fire being alighted, her body was soon consumed to ashes, whose lamentable, yet just end and punishment, caused a number of spectators to weep, as yet pittying her youth and beauty, as much as they detested the enormity of her crimes.

And now for this devillish and murderous *Emperick Michael*, although as soon as he heard of *La Hayes* imprisonment, he (to save himself) left *Tbolouse*, and fled towards *Castres*, disguised in a *Friers* habit, with his Beard shaven: yet by the care of the Court of Parliament, or rather by the immediat finger and providence of God, he is found out, and brought back to *Tbolouse*, where for poysoning of *La Frange*, (the which he now without the Rack confesseth) he is adjudged to be broken on the wheel, there to remain till he be dead, and then his body to be thrown into the River of *Garrone*; the which the same day is accordingly executed and performed, to the infinit joy of all the spectators: but as he lived an *Atheist*, so he desperately dyed a Devill, without any shew at all, either of contrition or repentance; only he vomitted forth this wretched speech; That because the World had so much to say to him, he would say nothing to the World, but bad the Executioner dispatch him.

Now by the sight of this mournfull and bloody History, the *Christian Reader* may observe and see how Gods revenge doth still triumph against murder, and how hee in his due time and providence doth assuredly still detect and punish it. It is a History which may serve to deter and forewarn all young *Gentlemen*, not to frequent the companies of whores and Strumpets; and all Sons not to transgress the will of their Parents, much less not to dare to lay violent hands on them. It is a Glass wherein young *Gentlemen* and *Wives* may at life see, what bitter fruits and sharp ends ever attend upon Whoredom and Murder: it is a lively Example for all kind of *Empericks* and *Druggsters* whatsoever, to consider how severely God doth infallibly revenge and punish the poysoning of his *Saints* and *Children*. In a word, it is a Lesson and Caveat for all people, and for all degrees of people, but especially of *Christians*, (who profess the Gospell of *Christ*) not only to detest these foul sins of Revenge and Murder in others, but to hate and abhor them in themselves; which that all may endeavour to practice and perform, grant good God, who indeed art the only giver of all goodness.



Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XII.

Albemare causeth Pedro and Leonardo to murder Baretano, and he after marrieth Clara, whom Baretano first sought to marry: He causeth his man Valerio to poyson Pedro in Prison, and by a Letter which Leonardo sent him, Clara perceives that her Husband Albemare had hired and caused Pedro and Leonardo to murder her first Baretano, which Letter she reveales to the Judge, so he is hang'd, and likewise Valerio and Leonardo for these their bloody crimes.

With what face can we presume to tread on the face of Earth, or dare lift up our eyes to that of Heaven, when our thoughts are so rebellious to conspire, and our hearts and resolutions so cruell to imbrue our hands in the innocent blood of our harmless and Christian Brethren? Thoughts they are, which in seeming to please our senses, poyson our hearts, (and do therefore truly poyson our soules, because they so falsely please our senses,) Resolutions they are, which we cannot conceive or attempt with more inhumanity, than finish with misery. Sith in thinking to send them to their untimely graves, we assuredly send our selves to our own miserable and infamous ends; whereof in this ensuing History, we shall find many wofull *Presidents*, and mournfull examples, in divers infortunate and wretched persons, who were born to happiness, not to infamy; to prosperity, not to misery; If they had so much *Grace* to secure their lives, as *Vanity* and *Impiety* to ruin them. It is a History purposely produced and penned, for our detestation, not for our imitation; Sith it is a point of (true and happy) wisdom in all men, to beware by other mens harms. Read it then with a full intent to profit thy self thereby, and so thou mayest boldly, and safely rest assured, that the sight of their sins and punishments, will prove the reformation of thine own.

FRUITfull and fair *Lombardy* is the Country, and the great, populous, and rich City of *Millan* (the Capitall of that Dutchie) the place where the Scene of this mournfull and Tragicall History is layen, where perpetrated; The which to refetch from its first spring and Original, thereby the more truly to inform our curiosity, and instruct our knowledg, We must then understand, that long since the *Duke of Feria* succeeded the *Count de Fuentes*, as *Vice-roy* of that potent and flourishing Dutchie, for *King Philip the third of Spain* his Master. There was native and resident in that City an ancient Nobleman, tearmed *Seignior Leonardo Capello*, who in his younger years had married a *Spanish Lady*, and brought her from *Spain* to *Millan*, tearmed *Don Maria de Castiana*; He exceeding rich and noble, and she as noble and fair; he by his Fathers side allyed to *Cardinall Charles Borromeo* (since Sainted by *Pope Paul V.*) she by her mother to the present *Duke of Albucurque*; he infinitely honoured for his extraction and wealth, she no less beloved and respected for her beauty and vertues; and although there are but few marriages contracted between the *Millanese* and *Spaniards*, and those very seldome prove successfull & prosperous, in respect of the antipathy, which for the most part is hereditary betwixt the commands of the *Spaniards*, and the subjection of the *Millanese*; yet it seemed that this of *Capello* and *Castiana* was first instituted in Heaven, ere consummated on earth; for so sweetly did their years, humours, and affections conjoyn and sympathize, as although they were two persons, yet I may truly affirm and say, they had but one heart, affection and desire, which was mutually to please, and reciprocally to affect and love each other. And as Marriages cannot be reputed truly happy and fortunate, if they be not blessed and crowned with the blessings of children, (which indeed is not only the sweetest life of human content, but also the best and sweetest content of our human life) so they had not been long married, ere God honoured them and their nuptiall Bed, with a beautifull and delicate and young Daughter, tearmed *Dona Clara*, the only child of their loynes, and heir of their Lands and vertues; being indeed the true picture of themselves, and the joyfull pledge and seal of their intire and invaluable affections; who having overpast her infancy, and obtained the eighteenth year of her age, she was so exquisitely adorned with beauty, and so excellently endued and enriched with vertues, as distinctly for either, or joyntly for both, she was, and was truly reputed, the *Paragon of Nature*, the pride of *Beauty*, the wonder of *Millan*, the glory of her *Sex*, and the *Phoenix of her Time*. And because the purity and perfection of her beauty deserves to be seen through this dim Perspective, and the dignity of her vertues known of the Reader in this my impolished relation; For the first, she was of stature indifferently tall, but exceeding straight and slender; her hair either of a deep Chestnut Colour, or rather of a light black; But to which most adhering and inclining fancy mought, but curiosity could difficultly distinguish her complexion and tincture, rather of an amorous and lovely brown, than of a *Roseate* and *Lilly* die; but yet so sweetly pure, and purely sweet, (and withall rather fat than lean) that no earthly object could more delight and please the eye, or ravish the sense. And for her eyes, those two relucant lamps and stars of love, they were so black and piercing, that they had a secret and imperious influence, to draw all other eyes to gaze and do homage to hers; as if all were bound to love her, and she so modest, as if purposely framed to love none but her self. Neither did her Front, Lipps, Neck or Paps any way detract, but every way add to the perfection of her other excellencies of *Nature*; For the first seemed to be the promontory of the *Graces*; The second, the Residence of delight and pleasure; The third, the *Pyramides of State and Majesty*; And the fourth, the *Hills and Valley of love*. But leave we the dainties of her body; now to speak of the rarities and excellencies of her mind, which I cannot rightly define, whether the curiositie and care of her Parents in her education, or her own ingenious and apt inclination to *Vertue* and *Honour*, were more predominant in her; for in either, or rather in both, she was so exquisite and excellent, that in *Languages*, *Singing*, *Musick*, *Dancing*, *Wisdom*, *Temperance*, and *Modesty*, she was so fully compieat and rare, that to give her her due and no more, she could not be paralleld by any young Lady of *Lombardy*, or *Italy*, nor equalliz'd but by her self.

Thus if her noble extraction, and Fathers wealth made her surmount others, and her delicious sweet beauty and vertues excell her self, no marvell if those *Adamants*, and these excellencies draw divers of the best *Cavaliers*, and chiefeft *Gallants* both of *Millan* and *Lombardy*, to affect and seek her in marriage; and indeed although she be sought by divers of them with much respect and honour, answerable in all regard to her rank and quality; yet neither her Parents, or self, are so much importuned by any, as by *Seignior Giovanni Albemare*, a young noble Gentleman of the City, who was adorned and fortified with these humane privileges, to be well descended, rich, and of some twentie five years old; a match in the eye and censure of the world;

yea, and in all outward appearance, correspondent and equivalent; if his generous perfections and vertues had paralleled hers, or if the candour and sincerity of her affection had not justly transported her thoughts and heart from him, because she had formerly fixed and settled them on another Gentleman, younger of years than *Albemare*, but in all other respects, as well of Nature, as Fortune, every way his superiour, named *Seignior Alphonsus Baretano*, a young Gentleman of one of the noblest families of *Millan*, of some eighteen years old, whose Father was lately deceased, and had left him sole heir to many rich Lands and possessions; but (withall) exceedingly entangled in Law, and ingaged in many debts and mortgages, whereinto the vanity and prodigality of his youth had deeply precipitated and ingulphed him; which consequently reflecting and falling on his son, we shall see will prove a hindrance to his marriage, and an obstacle to his content and preferment. But to observe some order and decorum in the conduction and relation of this History, we must briefly be informed, that as of all the Beauties of *Lombardy*, *Albemare* only chiefly affected and loved *Clara*; so of all the Cavaliers of the world, *Clara* affected and loved no other but *Baretano*: for as conformity of years, manners, and inclinations, breed a sympathy in affections; so they in their tender youth often frequented on the others company, sometimes at the Dancing, and Musick Masters, but many times at Weddings, Feasts, and noble Assemblies; being well near as equal in age, as in complexion and stature. Again, the vicinity of their residence added much to the combining and inflaming of their affections; for they were opposite in nothing but in their mansion houses, from whose Galleries and windows many times publickly, but more often by stealth, their eyes could not refrain to tilt at each other, with the invisible launces of love and affection, which bred such a habit, and that habit so powerfull a second Nature, that it was now become impossible for them not to gaze each on other; so as if the innocency of their puerility, made them delight in each others sight and company with desire; so now their more ripe years inforce them to desire it with delectation; for when as yet they were so young, as they knew not the instinct and influence of Nature (which cannot be taught by a more powerfull or ingenious Tutor than her self) yet they never met but kissed, nor kissed, but as if their hearts and thoughts checked their lips for taking such short farewells each of other. But now when their years had proclaimed them both very capable to march under the Standard of *Hymeneus*; This *Venus* and that *Adonis*, for so her fresh beauty, and his flourishing youth (with as much right as fame in *Millan*) generally entituled them; They felt some pleasure wanting, which as yet they could not find; and therefore no marvell, if they desired to find that which they wanted; So as burning in affection each to other, *Clara* hearing spoken of a Husband, infinitely wished that *Baretano* were hers; and when he heard of a wife, he ardently longed, and fervently desired that *Clara* were his. Neither can I rightly say, whether he were more affectionat in his constancie to her, or she constant and resolute in her affection to him; so that as heretofore they hardly knew the way to kiss, now time (running on her sweet career) had taught them to desire to marry; and that whereas formerly *Baretano* only tearmed *Clara* his sweet Maid, and she him her dear Friend; Now love had suggested and given them new desires, and therefore new Epithets: for sometimes, as well in earnest as in jest, he could not refrain to tearm her his sweet wife, nor she him her dear Husband; and herein their tongues were only but the outward Heralds of their inward hearts, as their hearts were of their more secret and retired desires. And as fervent love, and true discretion, very seldom concur and meet; so although affection made them rich in inventing new inventions to meet and kiss; yet they were so poor, or rather so blind in discretion, as they could not bear their affections in secrecie and silence, but by this time they are bewrayed to their Parents, and divulged to their acquaintance; but if any grieve and storm at this unexpected news, it is first *Albemare*, then *Capello* and *Castiana*, betwixt whom there was a secret promise, and verball contract, that he and no other should marrie their Daughter.

Thus we see that *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become Competitors and Rivals in their affections, for either of them affect *Clara* as the Mistress of their thoughts, and both adore her as the Queen Regent of their desires. But as they sympathize in their hopes to purchase her to their wife; so they differ in the means and progress of their resolutions, how to obtain her. For whiles *Baretano* sues the Daughter before her Parents, so doth *Albemare* the Parents before their Daughter; but what effects and ends these beginnings will produce, ye shall shortly see, and they themselves very soon both feel and find.

Capello and *Castiana* (as we have formerly said) with much affliction and grief, understanding of their Daughters affection to *Baretano*, and reciprocally of his to her, they (with much impatience and passion) relate it to *Albemare*, whose affection to *Clara* hath made him so subtil towards them, as although his heart knows this news, yet he makes his tongue deny the knowledge

knowledge therof; when protesting of his intire and fervent affection to her, and that he must either wed her or his Grave, they consult on their important business, how they may dethronize *Baretano*, & inthronize *Albemare* in the chair & choice of *Clara*'s affection; As for *Capello* & *Castiana* they so highly affect *Albemar*'s great and free estate, and so disdainfully hate the intricate incumbrances of *Baretano*'s, as they vow their resolutions shall sail by the compass of his desires; & he in exchange, that his affections and desires shall still steer their course by that of their resolutions; So from the matter of their agreement, they proceed to the manner how to effect it; To which end her Father and Mother single their Daughter apart, and in mild and fair terms demand of her, what hath past betwixt her and *Baretano*, and whether she be so simple and inconsiderate to take so poor a Gentleman for her Husband, whose estate is so weak and small, as it cannot well maintain himself, much less her; *Clara* already prepared and armed by her affection to receive these or the like speeches from her Parents, having twice or thrice Metamorphosed the Lillies of her cheeks into Roses, very temperately and modestly returns them this discreet and respective answer.

That as she must needs affirm she is confident of *Baretano*'s affection to her, so she must as truly deny, that as yet he had ever motioned her for marriage; which if he had, considering that his birth, means, and virtues were such as every way deserved not only her equall but her superiour, she is enforced to reveal them, that she loves him so tenderly and dearly, as if her will and pleasure be not contradicted by theirs, it will be not only her joy but her felicity, to accept and take him for her Husband, before all others of the world.

But this modest answer of hers, they hold too peremptorie for a child to give, and Parents to receive; as if it favoured more of irregular zeal to *Baretano*, than of due respect and obedience to themselves; yet the sooner to divert her from her own desires and resolutions, to make her flexible to theirs, they as yet hold it fit, rather to continue mild than imperious towards her, and so by depraving the deserts and debasing the merits of *Baretano*, to seek to extoll and magnifie those of *Albemare*, as if the first were only a foyle, and the second a rich Diamond, worthy of her affection and wearing; and indeed so exquisite and excellent a Cavalier they depaint him to her in the richest frame and pomp of all his praises, as well of the endowments of mind, as of those of Fortune, that they leave no insinuating Oratorie unessayed, nor persuasive attempt unattempted, to make her shake hands with *Baretano*, and consequently to extend her armes and heart to receive and retain *Albemare*; But although she were young in years and experience, yet love in this fragrant and flourishing spring of her youth, had so refined her judgment, and indoctrinated and prompted her tongue, that her thoughts commanded and marshalled by her heart, and both by her desires and affection to *Baretano*, she confusedly intermixing, and interrupting her words with many far-fetched broken sighs, again returns her Parents this reply.

If your age will not, yet my youth, or rather my heart informes me, that *Baretano* as far exceeds *Albemare* in the privileges of the mind and body, as *Albemare* doth him in those of Fortune; but that my resolutions and answers may answer and correspond with my obedience, although I love *Baretano*, yet I will never hate, rather honour *Albemare*; but to make him my Husband, or my self his wife, if Earth have, I hope Heaven hath not decreed it; And I humbly beseech ye, that this may rest your resolution, as I assuredly think it shall and will remain mine.

Capello and *Castiana* (like discreet Parents) seeing their Daughter *Clara* wholly wedded (in a manner) to the singularity of her own will, they yet conceive it to be far more requisite to revert her reasons by fair means, than refute and resell them by force, sith love and discretion hath still reference to that, and this relation still to choler, many times to repentance: whereupon minding her of the blessings which infallibly attend filiall obedience, and the miseries and curses which individually wait on contempt and disobedience, hoping that time will effect that which Importunity cannot, they as then leave her to her thoughts, and she them to their care, caring for nothing so much, nay, I may well say, for nothing else, than to see her affection divorced from *Baretano*, and contracted and wedded to *Albemare*, who having curious correspondence and intelligence with them, he is ever and anon ascertained, not only what hath, but what doth pass betwixt them and their Daughter; and withall, is advised by them, to delay no time, but to frequent and haunt her as her Ghost and shadow; yea, and no more to conceal his affection and sute from her, but to acquaint *Millan* therewith, sith it was no disparagement, but rather an equall honour for him to match with *Clara*, and *Clara* with him. Which concluded betwixt *Capello* and *Castiana*, *Albemare* is so far from rejecting this advice and counsell, as he embraceth it with much joy and delectation, and vows (though with the perill of his life) to persevere and pursue her in marriage. To which end, authorized as well

by

by his own affection, as their authority, *Clara* is neither abroad nor at home, but he meets her, gives away all time from himself, to give himself to her; so as it seems to the eye of the world, that *Capello's* house is now become his, and that his Daughter *Clara* likewise shortly shall be; yea, he adds such curiosity to his care, and such care to his affection in courting her, as she cannot be either at Mass, or Vespers, but he is either with her, or near her, and when in solemn pomp or zeal she visits the *Domo* (or Cathedrall Church) of that City, and in it the Shrine of the new *Saint Charles*, then he waits and attends on her at the Porch stairs, sometimes with his Coach, but many times (as the custom of *Millan* is) on his Foot-cloth, and prancing Barbaric horse, to conduct her home; yea, and not to fail in any Complement of an accomplished Lover, besides the harmony of his own insinuation and solicitation, he greets her with rich presents, and salutes her with all variety of melodious Musick, and mellifluous voyces; but all this notwithstanding, although he every way use his best art and industrie, and her Father and Mother their best skill to make her flexible to his desires, and their pleasure; yet she, as having her thoughts fully bent and fixed on her dear and sweet *Baretano*, looks haggard and averse on *Albemare*, giving him such generall answers, and cold entertainment, as he seeth he hath far more reason to despair than hope to obtain her. Whereupon doubting of her affection, he hath again recourse to her parents love, who to confirm and seal it him, seeing fair means will not prevail with their Daughter, they resolve to use force, and so to add threats to their requests, and choler to their perswasions, to make her abandon *Baretano*, and embrace *Albemare*. But if the first prevail not with her, the second cannot; for she now tells them plainly, that she neither can nor will affect any man for her Husband but *Baretano*; and yet she is so far from any determinate resolution to marry him, as she affirms, that their will shall be her law, and their pleasure her resolution.

Whiles thus *Albemare* in the way of marriage seeks our fair and sweet *Clara* publikely, no less doth *Baretano* privately; and although with less vanity and ostentation, yet he hopes with far more fortunacie and success; as grounding his hopes upon these reasons; That in heart and soul *Clara* is only his, as both in soul and heart he is hers: so he entertains her many times with his letters, and yet not to shew himself a novice in discretion, nor a coward in affection, he making her content his commands, as she did his desires her felicity, he in remote Churches and Chapels, (for whose number *Millan* exceeds *Rome*) hath both the happiness and honour privately to meet her, where if they violate the sanctity of the place, in conferring and cherishing their affections, yet they sanctifie their affections, in desiring that some Church or Chapell might invest and crown them with the religious honour, and holy dignity of marriage. For having jested of Love heretofore, now like true Lovers, they henceforth resolve to love, not in jest, but in earnest; and as of their two hearts they have already made one, so now they mean and intend to dispose of their bodies, thereby to make one of two; And this is their sole desire, and this, and only this is their chief delight, & most pleasing desires & wishes.

But as it is the nature of Love, for Lovers to desire to see none but themselves, and yet are seen of many; so this their familiarity and frequent meeting is again reported to her father & mother, wherat they murmur with grief, and grieve with discontent and affliction; and now not to substract, but to add to their vexation, it is resolved between our two young amorous Turtle-Doves, *Baretano* and his fair *Clara*, that he should publikly motion them for her in marriage; which he in wonderfull fair tearme, and orderly Decorum, (as well by his friends as himself) performeth. When contrary to his wishes, but not his expectation, they give him so cold entertainment, and his sute such poor and sharp acceptance, as they (in affection and zeal to *Albemare*) not only deny him their daughter, but their house; an answer so incivill, and therefore so unjust, as might give a testimony some way of their care, yet no way of their discretion to themselves, or affection to their daughter. And here I must confess, that I can difficultly define, whether this resolution and answer of *Capello* and *Castiana*, more delighted *Albemare*, discontented *Baretano*, or afflicted *Clara*; who although in the entrance of their Loves, their hopes seem'd to be nipt, and their desires crost by the frowns of their parents, yet they love each other so tenderly and dearly, as these discontents notwithstanding, they will not retire, but are resolute to advance in the progress of this their chaste and fervent affections, and although their commands endeavour to give a law to her obedience, in not permitting her to be frequented of *Baretano*; yet her obedience is so enforced to take a more stronger of her affection, as despite her Parents malice, and jealousie towards them, when they are sweetly sleeping in their beds, then is their daughter *Clara* waking with *Baretano*, and he with her, oftentimes walking and talking in the Arbours, and billing in the close galleries of the Garden; which they cannot conceal or bear so closely, but her father and mother have exact notice and intelligence therof by some of their trusty servants, whom they had purposely appointed as Sentinels to espie and discover their meetings.

Whereupon

Whereupon (as much in hatred to *Baretano*, as in affection to *Albemare*) knowing that if the cause be once removed, the effect is subject soon to follow and ensue; they very suddenly and privatly send away their Daughter from *Millan* to *Modena* by Coach, there to be newwed and pent up with the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt, and besides her Waiting-gentle-woman *Adriana*, none to accompany and conduct her but only *Albemare*, hoping that a small time, his presence and importunate solicitations, would deface the memory of *Baretano*, to engrave his own in the heart and thoughts of his sweet *Clara*. Who poor soul, seeing her self exiled and banished from the society of her *Baretano*'s sight and company, wherein under Heaven she chiefly and only delighted; she hereat, doth as it were drown her self in the Ocean of her tears; storming as well at the cruelty of her parents, as at her own affliction and misfortune; and no less doth her *Baretano* for the absence of his sweet Saint, and dear Lady *Clara*: for as their affection, so their afflictions is equall; now mourning as much at each others absence, as formerly they rejoiced and triumphed in their presence. But although the jealousy of *Capello* and *Castiana* were very carefull to watch and observe *Baretano* in *Millan*; and the zeal and affection of *Albemaes* safely to guard, and sweetly to attend on *Clara* in *Modena*: Yet as fire suppressed, flames forth with more violence; and Rivers stopped, overflow with more impetuosity; so despite of the once vigilancie, and the others jealousy, though *Baretano* cannot be so happy and blessed to ride over to *Modena*, to see and salute his *Clara*; yet love, which is the refiner of inventions and wit, and the polisher of judgment, cannot yet detain him from visiting her with his Letters, the which in respect of the hard access and difficult passage to her, he is enforced to send her by subtil means, and secret messengers. And the better to overshadow the curiosity of his Arts, and the Art of his affection herein, he among many others, makes use of a Frier and a Hermite, for the conveyance of two Letters to *Modena*, to his Lady: which (as fit Agents for such amorous employments) they (with more cunning and fidelity, than zeal, and Religion) safely delivered her, and likewise returned him her answers thereof. And because the fervency of their affections and constancies, each to other, are more lively depainted and represented in these two than in any other of their Letters; therefore I thought my self in a manner bound, here to insert them, to the end to give the better spirit and Grace to their History, and the fuller satisfaction and content to the curiosity of the Reader. That which *Baretano* sent *Clara* upon her departure for *Millan* to *Modena* by the Frier, spake thus.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HOW justly may I tearm my self infortunate, Sith I am enforced to be miserable before I know what belongs to happines: For if ever I found any content, or Heaven upon Earth, it was only in thy sweet presence; which thy sudden absence, and unexpected exile, hath now made, at least, my Purgatory, if not my hell. Fair *Clara* judge of thy *Baretano* by thy self, what a matchless grief it is to my heart, and a heart-killing terrour to my thoughts, to see thee made captive to my rival, and that the Fates and thy Parents seem to be so propitious to his desires, and so inexorable and cruell to mine; That I must live alone in *Millan* without thee, and he alone in *Modena* with thee: which makes that, I know not, whether I more envy his joy, or lament and pitty mine own sorrows and afflictions. But if I have any sense or shadow of comfort in this my calamity, it only consists in this, that as thou carriedst away my heart with thee; so thou wilt vouchsafe to return me thine in thy letter by a reciprocall requitall and exchange. For if thou neither bring me thy self, nor send me that, I may be sought in *Millan*; but found no where but in Heaven. Were I privileged by thy consent, much more authorized by thy command, I would speedily rather flye than post to thee: for Fair and Dear *Clara*, as thou art my sole joy, and Sovereign felicity, so whiles I breath this air of life, thy will shall be my law, thy command my compass, and thy pleasure my resolution.

Baretano.

Her

Her Answer returned by the Frier to *BARETANO* at *Millan*, was to this effect.

CLARA to BARETANO.

IT is for none but our selves to judge how equally we participate and share of misery, in being deprived of each others presence. Thou tearmest mine absence either thy purgatory, or thy hell, and my afflictions and torments for thine are so great, and withall so infinit, as I have all the equity and reason of the world to repute them not only one, but both. Thou art mistaken in the point of my thraldome, for whiles *Albemare* vowes himself my captive, I disdain to be his, and both vow and triumph to be only *Baretano's*. I know not whether I have brought thy heart with me to *Modena*, but sure I am, I left mine with thee in *Millan*. If my Parents seem now pleasing and propitious to him, I am yet so far from despair, as I confidently hope the Fates will not prove cruell or inexorable to thee, and in thee to my self: but rather that a little time will change their resolutions and decrees, sith they cannot our affections and constancy. If *Clara* be thy sole joy and severaigh felicity, no less is *Baretano* hers: and albeit, I could wish either thou here with my self in *Modena*, or I there with thee in *Millan*; Yet such is my Aunt *Emelia's* care, and *Albemarcs* jealousy over me, that wert thou in this City thou couldest difficultly see me, but impossibly speak with me; wherefore refrain a whiles, and let thy Journey hither to me be ended ere began; yet with this proviso and condition, that the cause thereof, thy affection to me, be begun never to be ended: and think that my stay and exile here shall be as short, as either my best Art in my self can invent, or truest zeal to thee suggest. In which Interim let us solace our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadors of our hearts, I mean our letters: And this resolve my dear *Baretano*, that during our absence whiles thou dost feast on my *Idæa*, I will not fail to surfet on thine.

CLARA.

Baretano's other Letters sent *Clara* to *Modena*, by the Pilgrim, was couched and penned in these tearme.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HAd not thy requests (in thy last letter) granted out a Prohibition against my desires and wishes, I had long since left *Millan* to have seen *Modena*, and in it thy self my sweet and dear Lady; but I speak it to my present comfort, and future consolation and joy, that it is excess, not want of affection which insuseth this provident care and careful providence to thy resolutions, to the end that thy return make us as joyfull as thy departure sorrowfull, and consequently that the last prove as sweet unto our hearts and thoughts, as the first was bitter: And yet believe me dear *Clara*, that my affection is so intire and fervent to thee, because I know thine is reciprocally so to my self; that I deem it not only capable to make difficult things easie, but which is more, impossibilities possible: For, for thy sake what would I not attempt? and to enjoy thy sight and presence what would I leave unperformed? But if thou wilt not permit mee to come to thee to *Modena*, nor yet speedily resolve to return to me to *Millan*, Sorrow will then prevent my Joy, and Despair my Hope; For if thou hasten not thy arrivall and our interview, sickness will be my death. Wert thou as kind as fair, or as affectionate as I am fervent in affection, thou wilt then rather suffer me to live with thee, than to dye for thee: for in this rest confident, that if thou deny me that request, I cannot Nature this tribute, my affection this homage, or thy beauty this sacrifice.

BARETANO.

And *Clara* her Answer hereunto returned to *Millan* to *Baretano*, by the foresaid Pilgrim, was traced in these words;

CLARA

CLARA to BARETANO.

THe last command of my Parents, and the first resolution of my Aunt Emelia, and my suter Albemare, have now reduced me to so strict a Sequestration (or rather captivity) as only my thoughts, hardly my pen hath the freedom and power to signifie thee so much. But as calmes ensue tempests, and Sun-shine showres, so I beseech thee to brook it with as much patience, as I do with grief; and not only hope, but resolve, that violence is never permanent, and all extremes subject to revolution and change. Wherefore my dear Baretano, consider and think with thy self, that my stay from Millan, and thy prohibition from Modena, hath his two-fold excuse, that is in my will, but not as yet in my power to perform; and this will rather hinder, than any way advance the accomplishing of our desires; Sith a little time may effect that with my parents, which I fear importunity will never; neither can thy heart so much long for my sight, or wish for my presence, as my soul doth for thine: Sith to give thee but one word for all, thy self, and only thy self, art both the life of my joy, and the joy of my life. A thousand times a day I wish Modena were Millan, and again, as often that Albemare were metamorphosed into Baretano. Therefore I am so farre from preventing thy joy, as though at the price of my death, I am ready to sacrifice my life for the preservation of thine; as also for the banishing of thy despair. VVrite me not then of thy sickness, lest thou as soon hear of my death, and I knew not what request to deny thee, sith I have already granted and given thee my self, which is all that either I can give, or thou desire; cherish thy self for my sake, and I will thy remembrance for mine:

CLARA.

By these loving Letters of these our Lovers, the Reader may observe and remark, what a firm league, and strict and constant friendship there was contracted and settled betwixt them, and what a hell their absence was each to others thoughts and contemplations. In the meantime, whiles Baretano entertains Clara with Letters, Albemare doth with words, wherein he useth his best Rhetorick and Oratory, to draw her to his desires; and withall, to listen and espie out, if there pass any passages of Letters, or other correspondence betwixt them. Which although Clara her affection to Baretano vow, and her discretion to her self resolve to conceal and obscure from Albemare, yet loe here falls out a sinister and unexpected accident, which will discover and bewray it; yea, and of all sides, and to all parties produce grief, sorrow, choler, and repentance, which in effect (briefly) is thus.

Clara had reason in her former Letter sent by the Pilgrim, to tearm this her sequestration in Modena a captivity, sith the bounds of her Aunt Emelias two small Gardens, and the walls of her little Park, were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, and her self as it were, immured, for farther she was not permitted to go, except to the Church with her Aunt in her Coach, but still accompanied by Albemare, who left no minutes or occasions, as well to see her, as to be seen of her. Now to give some truce (though not peace) to her discontents, and thereby somewhat to calm the impetuosity of those tempests, which love had stirred up in her heart and thoughts for the absence of her Baretano, she never better accompanied than when alone, sometime past away the irksomness of her time in walking in the Gardens, but many times in the Park close shut, followed only by her Wayting-gentlewoman Adriana; for in respect of her Aunts unkindness, and Albemares jealousy, she would neither accept of her familiarity, nor of his company. Now to the nearest end of the Park, not farr distant from the second Garden, was a curious walk, ranked about with many rowes of Sycamore trees, and at the farther end thereof a close ore-shadowed Bower; yea so closely veiled, that the raies of the Sun could neither peep in, to scorch the pureness of her beauty, or to contend with the piercing lustre and resplendency of her eyes; and to this Bower, in a fair and clear day, Clara (about three of the clock after dinner) repaires, having in her hand to delude the time, the old amorous History of Hero and Leander, which was very lately illustrated, and newly reprinted in Millan, and wherein indeed for the conformity of their loves with her own, she took a singular delight to read; but that which gave sweeter musick to her thoughts, and felicity to her heart, and mind, were her Baretano's two Letters (which we have formerly seen) and which as then she had purposely brought with her to survey and peruse; yea, she reads them ore again and again; and to write the truth, more oftner than there are words, or I think syllables therein contained; but when she descends to his name, she cannot refrain from kissing it; yea, and such is her tender love to Baretano, as she bedews it with her tears; a thousand times she wished her self with him, or he with her, and bitterly blames the cruelty of her Parents, for separating their

their bodies, sith she not only hoped, but assured her self, that God had conjoyned, and united their hearts. But whiles she in the middest of these passionat extasies seems to be rapt up into the Heaven of joy, at the perusall of these Letters of *Baretano*; and then again to be plunged into the hell of sorrow, at the consideration and remembrance of his absence, she hears a voice, which she thinks is not farr off from her, when looking forth the Bower, and deeming it to be that of her Waiting-gentlewoman, whom she saw somewhat near her gathering of Strawberries and wild Lillies, she within a flight shoot from her, perceives it to be her *Lover*, (but not her love,) *Albemare*, who knowing her there in the Bower, and for want of other talk, speaking to the Eccho, she guessed by his course, (wherein she was not deceived) that he had an intent to salute and speak with her; which to prevent, because it wholly displeased her, to be cumbered with the company of so unwelcomed a guest as himself, she hastily folds up her Letters in her Handkercher, and clapping them (at least as she thought) into the pocket of her Gown, takes her book in her hand, and calling *Adriana*, trips away back towards the Garden, by the other side of the Park, purposely to eschew and avoyd him, as indeed she did.

Albemare grieves to see *Clara's* coynefs and cruelty toward him, although she were departed forth the Park from him, yet his affection is so fervent to her, as he will needs ascend the Bower, esteeming it not only a kind of content, but a blessing to his thoughts, sith he cannot be where she is, yet to be where she hath been; when thinking to mount the stairs of the Bower, he unexpected at the foot thereof, finds the two Letters whereof we have formerly spoken, which it seems slipt forth of *Clara's* Handkercher, as she was putting it into her pocket; *Albemare* taking up the Letters, and seeing them directed to his sweet *Clara*, he betwixt the extremes of love and joy, kisseth them again and again for her sake; when sitting down in the Bower, he betakes himself to read and peruse them, verily expecting and hoping to gather and draw something from them which might tend to advance the process of his affection towards her; But when he had read the first, he was so extremely perplexed and afflicted, as he had hardly the patience to peruse the second, and yet at length hastily and passionately running it over, and seeing by all the circumstances thereof, that it was in vain for him any longer to hope for *Clara*, sith she was *Baretano's*, and *Baretano* hers, he like one Lunatick, stamps with his foot, throws away his Hat, tears his hair for very grief and choler, now thinking to tear the Letters, and then to offer violence to himself; But when the fumes and flames of this his folly were over-blown, and that he had again recalled his wits to take place in the proper seat of his judgment and discretion; then taking up his Hat, and pulling it down his ears, he leaves the Bower and Park, and so going into the house, shews them the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt, who prays him not to despair, but that *Baretano's* Letters notwithstanding, he himself shall shortly marry her Niece *Clara*; only she prays him for the two Letters, because she affirms, she will to morrow send them to *Millan* to her Father and Mother; Wherein he saith, he will take advise of his pillow; when fasting out his Supper, he betakes himself to his Bed, to see whether he can sleep away those his passions and vexations: And by this time *Clara* going to lock up these two aforesaid letters in her Trunk, she finds her Hankercher, but misseth her Letters, whereat blushing for shame, and then again looking pale for sorrow, grief and anger, she speedily sends away *Adriana* to the Bower, to look them, who returns without them, and then she knows for certain that *Albemare* hath found them; whereupon for meer grief and anger, feigning her self sick, she withdraws her self to her Chamber, and there presently betakes her self to her bed.

I may well say that *Clara* and *Albemare* betake themselves to their beds; but I am sure not to their rest; For grief and love so violently act their severall parts in their hearts and thoughts, as sigh they do, but sleep they cannot; Yea their passions and sorrows are as different as their desires; for as *Albemare* now grieves that he hath found these Letters; so doth *Clara* that she hath lost them; and as he vows not to restore her them, so she neither dares, and yet disdaineth to demand them of him; Yea again, which is more, as their sorrows are different, so are their pretended consolations, at least if I may properly and truly term them consolations: For as *Clara*, although she have lost her *Baretano's* Letters, doth yet rejoyce that she still retains the Writer and Authour thereof ingraven and characterized in her heart; so doth *Albemare*, that now fully knowing *Baretano* to be his rivall, and who by all probability is like to bear his mistress from him, he hath (as he unjustly conceives) a just reason to be revenged, and a true occasion to fight with him; but as *Clara's* comfort and consolation herein proceeds from true affection, so doth the vanity and impiety of this resolution of *Albemares* from hellish malice & devillish indignation; yea, although the night doth or should bring counsel, yet as *Clara* passeth it over only with sighs, so doth *Albemare* with fumes of revenge against *Baretano*, vowing that he will in the morn towards *Millan*, and there trie his fortune, either to kill him, or to be killed of him, in a Duel; to which end he is no sooner ready, but he acquaints the

Lady

Lady *Emelia* with his intended journey, but not with his resolution to fight with *Baretano*, and the same he doth to (the Empress of his thoughts, and Queen of his desires) *Clara*, demanding her if she please to command him any service for *Millan*; who both blushing and paling hereat, her affection to *Baretano* having now made her expert in the subtilties of love, she well knows what wind drives *Albemare* to *Millan*; and therefore guided by discretion, and not by passion, she returns him this Answer; That having neither reason nor desire to command him, she only prays him to remember her humble duty to her Father and Mother, and so wisheth his journey prosperous; which answer of hers (being indeed no other than *Albemare* expected) he yet advanceth to kiss her at parting; which her civility, though not her affection, granted him; not so much as once dreaming or suspecting that he conceived the least thought or intent to fight with her sweet *Baretano*, and so he takes horse, having only one servant with him.

Albemare being arrived at *Saint Remie*, a small Town within fifteen miles of *Millan*, he resolves to dine there, which he doth; and to avoid the heat of the day, then betakes himself to sleep an hour or two; being awaked, he commands his man to make ready his horse, and seeing the host of the house in his Chamber, inquires of him if there were any Gentlemen in the house riding to *Millan*, who as soon turns him this unlook'd-for and unexpected answer; that there was a brave Gentleman in the house named *Signior Baretano*, who was to ride thither some two hours hence. *Albemare* no sooner hears the name of *Baretano*, but his very heart-blood flasheth up in his face, when demanding him again what manner of Gentleman he was, he told him he was a tall slender young Gentleman, with never a hair on his face, and out of this window, quoth he, you may now see him walking in the Garden; when *Albemare* looking forth sees indeed that it was his very rivall *Baretano*; when enquiring further of the Host what followers he had with him, he told him, that then he had none, but sometimes when he came thither, either to take the air, or breath his horse, he was attended by two or three; and so the Host leaves him, not once suspecting of any difference between them. *Albemare* seeing his enemy (because his rivall) brought to him, whom he formerly resolved to seek and find out, assumes a base and a bloody resolution to set upon him in the high way disguised, and there to venture his own life, to deprive him of his; which to effect he will have no eye-witnesses of this his ignoble and trecherous business; and therefore purposely sends away his man to *Millan* before him, and so slipping into the Town, provides himself of a Mask or Visard; then takes his horse, and rather like a thief than a Gentleman, lurks behind a Grove (some three miles from *Saint Remy*) attending *Baretano*'s coming, who poor harmless young Gentleman, harbouring and breathing no other thoughts and wishes than charity to all the world, and pure and fervent affection to his fair and dear *Clara*, likewise takes his horse, and draws homeward toward *Millan*; when being arrived to the place where *Albemare* secretly lay in ambush for him, he furiously and suddenly rusheth forth, and with his Rapier drawn in his hand, runnes *Baretano* into his right arm, who feeling the wound almost as soon as he saw his enemy who gave it him, he is at first, as it were amazed hereat; when thinking him by his mask to be a *Bandetti*, who were then very busie in *Lombardy*, but especially in the *Dutchy of Millan*, he told him that all the coyn he had, which was some ten double Pistols in Gold, and two Duckats in silver, were at his service, but to fight in his defence, he would not; Not, quoth he, that he was any way a Coward, but that he affirmed he was lately affianced and engaged to a young Lady; so that he perfectly knew that her affection was so dear and tender towards him, as either the loss or preservation of his life would be that of hers; *Albemare* galled and touch'd to the quick with this his heart-killing answer to him, is wholly inflamed with choler against him, when rushing towards him, he delivers him these words; Villain, it is not thy Gold, but thy life which I seek, and then straying himself to run *Baretano* thorow, lo the string of his Mask breaks, where *Baretano* apparently sees it is his Rivall *Albemare*; whereat such is his tender affection to his sweet and fair *Clara*, that he who before turned craven, and would not fight for his own sake, is now cheerfully resolved, not only to fight, but if occasion require, to die for hers; and so returning the villain to *Albemare*'s throat, he instantly draws, and joyns with him; and if *Albemare* be resolute in fighting, no less valiant and couragious is *Baretano*; for the remembrance of his *Clara*'s sweet Idea, and fresh delicious beauty, infuseth such life to his valour, and such generosity, and animosity to his courage, as he deals his blows roundly, and his thrusts freely, making *Albemare* know, that his Rapier is of an excellent temper, and yet his heart of a better; And *Albemare* seeing he must buy his victory dearer than he expected, and disdaining to be out-braved and beaten by a Boy, plucks up his best spirits and courage to him, and so likewise behaves himself manfully and valiantly, in such sort, that

within less than a quarter of an hour, *Baretano* hath given him five wounds, and he *Baretano* three, when the Count of *Martingue* passing that way in his Coach towards *Millan*, and seeing two Gentlemen so busily fighting, he cries out to his Coach-man, to gallop away with all celerity, and so parts them; when seeing them full of blood, sweat and dust, having his Chirurgion still in his train with him, he out of an honourable courtesie and charity, intreats and accompanies them to the next house, where he causeth their wounds to be drest and bound up; when by their Apparrell seeing them to be *Millanefes*, is desirous to know their quarrell, and proffers his best assistance to reconcile and make them friends; but their hearts are so great, and their malice so implacable, as they both thank the Count for his noble courtesie, but beseech him to pardon them, in obscuring their names and quarrell; and yet he is so Noble and generous, as he will not so leave them, but seeing them shrewdly wounded (though not he thinks mortally) he for their greater ease and safety, causeth two of his Gentlemen to mount their horses, and takes them both up into his Coach with him, and so brings them within the Gates of *Millan*, where after they had severally rendred him many thanks for his Courtesie and Honour, hee commends them both to their good Fortunes, and so leaves them.

Baretano and *Albemare* being thus arrived at *Millan*, they conceal their fighting, and so keep their Chambers, till they have secured their wounds; when *Albemare* visits *Capello* and his Ladie *Castiana*, and reports to them the health and duty of their Daughter, as also her aversness towards him, and withall shews her *Baretano's* two Letters to her, whereby it is apparent, that she is so wholly his, as he himself is sure never to obtain or enjoy her. Her Father and Mother at the first, seem to hang their heads at this news, and the perusal of the Letters; but at last bid him not despair, but be couragious, for he, and only he shall be their Son in law. But *Albemare* considering that for the term of at least six Moneths, hee, *Camelion-like*, had only been fed with the air of their vain promises, and that he perfectly knew, that *Clara* only intended to marry *Baretano*, and none but him; his love to her was so tender and fervent, as he cannot conceive the shadow of any hope how to obtain her for his wife in this world, before he have sent *Baretano* to another; when he being constant in his resolution thereof to himself, because he was resolute in his constancie and affection to *Clara*; no reason, no Religion, not his Conscience, not his Soul, can divert him from this bloody design, from this murderous and therefore damnable project; Feeding therefore on malice, and boyling with Revenge towards *Baretano*, hee, not as a Gentleman, but rather degenerating from the vertue and honour of that honourable degree and quality, bethinks himself either by Pistoll or poison, how he may treacherously dispatch him; whereon ruminating and pondering (as malice and Revenge may perchance slumber, but difficultly sleep) the *Devill*, who is never absent in such hellish stratagems and occasions, gives him means (though by a contrary course) how to dispatch him; For on a day, descending the stairs of the *Domo*, he sees *Pedro* and *Leonardo* (two Souldiers, or rather *Braves* of the Castle of *Pavia*) pass by him, with whom he had been formerly acquainted, but so poorly Apparell'd, as weighing their bloody humours by their necessity, he (in favour of mony) thinks them very fit *Agents* and *Instruments* to murder and make away *Baretano*, to which end, to play the *Practique* part, as well as the *Theorique*, and so to reduce this his bloody contemplation into action, he sends his man *Valerio* after them, and prays them to repair to him in the *Cloysters* of *Borromoes* Palace, for that he hath a business to impart them of great importance for their profits. *Valerio* overtakes them, delivers them his Masters pleasure; who nettled with this word Profit, they repair to the *Rendevoux*, and meet *Albemare*; when having refreshed their acquaintance, and he sworn them to secrecie, as he was a wretched and perfidious Gentleman, acquaints them with his desire, some ten daies hence to have them murder *Seignior Baretano* in the street by night, and to give it out, that it was done by some *Spuniards* of the *Viceroyes* Guard, and that he will give them an hundred Duckatoons in hand, and leave them as much more with his man *Valerio*, which they shall receive of him, when they have dispatch'd him; and for his own part, some four or five dayes hence he will away for *Modena*, to cast the better varnish and colour that he was innocent thereof, and had no finger at all in the business.

Pedro and *Leonardo* seeing that *Albemare* profered them Gold, which they so much wanted and desired, like two limbs of the *Devills*, and as a couple of hellish Blood-Hounds, not only promise, but swear to him punctually, in all respects to perform his desires, and so they touch their first hundred Duckatoons, which being the pledge and price of innocent blood, it will assuredly cost them dear, and draw down vengeance, ruine and confusion on their heads from Heaven, when they least think or dream thereof.

Albemare

Albemare having settled this his bloody and mournfull business with *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, he is again solicited by *Capello* and *Castiano*, to return to their Daughter in *Modena*; whereunto he willingly consenteth; when armed with their Letters to her, wherein they charge her on their commands and blessing, to dispose her self to affect and marry him, he within four daies departeth; But having secretly revealed his fight with *Baretano* to some of *Capello* his chiefest and most confident servants, they yet love and honour their young Lady *Clara* so well in her absence, as they send her the true relation and intelligence thereof, which is at *Modena* a little before *Albemare*, the which being unknown to him, he is no sooner arrived there, but he salutes first the Aunt *Emelia*, then her Neece and his Mistress *Clara*; to whom having delivered her Parents Letters, she stepping aside to the window, reads them, and so returning to him again, gives him this sharp and bitter welcome: *My Father and Mother command me to love thee; but how can I, since upon the highway, thou basely and treacherously attemptedst to kill my dear Baretano, whom I love a thousand times dearer than the whole world?* when with tears in her eyes, and choler in her looks, she very suddenly and passionatly flings from him; wherat *Emelia* wondreth, and he both stormes and grieves; and so they betake themselves to their Chambers, where *Albemare* throwing himself on his bed, saith thus to himself; Unkind and cruell *Clara*, if thou take my fighting with *Baretano* thus tenderly, how wilt thou brook the news of his death? On the other side, *Clara* grieves as much at her *Baretano*'s wounds, as she rejoyceth at his safety and recovery; yea, so tender is her affection to him, as she a thousand times wisheth, that the blood he lost, had streamed from her own heart. Again, knowing his wounds free from danger, she cannot but smile, and delight to see his dear and true affection to her, in remembering that he would not fight for his own sake, and yet was ready, yea, and valiantly hazarded to lose his life for hers; and in these amorous conceits and contemplations she pensively drives away the time, admiring and wondering that all this while she hears not from her *Baretano*; But alas, alas! she shall hear too too soon of him, though indeed never more from him; for these execrable wretches, *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, some four daies after *Albemare*'s departure to *Modena*, they, according to their promise and oath given him, like two most bloody and butcherly villaines, cruelly assault and murder this harmless and innocent young Gentleman, *Baretano*, in the streets of *Millan* by night, with no less than seven severall wounds, whereof four were clean thorow his body; and so give it out (as it was formerly concluded) that he was murdered by some *Spaniards* of the *Vice-royes Guard*; when the same night they repair to *Valerio*, acquaint him therewith, receive their other hundred Duckatoons, and so provide for their safety in the City; but that bloody money, and this cruell murther, will in the end cost them dearer than either they imagin or dream of.

Whiles *Millan* ratleth with the news of *Baretano*'s bloody and untimely end, as his own friends infinitely lament and grieve, so *Capello*, and his wife *Castiana*, cannot refrain from rejoycing thereat, as now assuring themselves, that *Albemare* shall shortly be their Son in Law; and for *Valerio*, he with all possible speed, writes away thereof to *Modena*, to his Master, who entertains this news with infinit joy and delectation, and presently acquaints the Lady *Emelia* therewith; wherat she rejoyceth, and he triumphs; but they both resolve as yet, to conceal it from *Clara*, because they know she will even dissolve and melt into tears thereat. But four daies after are not fully expired, but her Father and Mother advertise their Daughter *Clara*, their sister *Emelia*, and *Albemare* thereof, by a Gentleman, a servant of theirs, whom they purposely send to *Modena* to bring back *Clara* and *Albemare* to *Millan*. But it is for none but lovers, to conceive or judge, with what extreme excess of grief and immoderate sorrow our poor *Clara* understands this heart-peircing news of her *Baretano*'s mournfull and sorrowfull death; for she is no sooner advertised thereof, but she throws off her attire, tears her hair, and twice following falls to the ground in a swoond; so as *Emelia*, *Albemare*, *Adriana*, and her Fathers Gentleman, can hardly refetch and keep life in her; but being come again to her senses and self, and faintly opening her cloudy eyes to the beams of the Sun, who enamoured of her beauty (as well in pity as love) came to comfort and revive her; she wringing her hands, then crossing her armes, and lastly, looking up towards *Heaven*, betwixt sighing and speaking, breaths forth these mournfull passionate and affectionat speeches.

O my *Baretano*, my sweet and dear *Baretano*, and shall thy wretched *Clara* live, thou being dead? when the violence of her affection and sorrow making her forget her self, and her God, she secretly unsheathes her knife, and then and there would have stabbed her self to death, had not *Albemare* and her Aunt *Emelia* speedily stept to her assistance, and prevented her, by wresting it from her; when conducting her to the Garden to take the air, she praises *Albemare* to leave her, and in his absence often again repeating the name of her dear *Baretano*, she a thousand times wisheth that her life had ransomed his, vowing, that although she were a woman, yet if

she knew his murtherers, she would flie to their eyes, and tear out their hearts, in meer revenge of this inhumane and cruell death; when her sorrows are so infinite, and her grief so unsupportable, as she cannot long remain in one place, but withdraws her self from the Garden to her Chamber, whither her Aunt *Emelia* carefully accompanies her, lies with her that night to comfort her, who, poor afflicted young Lady, neither can nor will be comforted; so as the next morning, had not her Aunt powerfully prevented and stopped her, she had then undoubtedly entered the Nunnery of her own name, *Saint Clara*, and in that retired and obscure life, there ended her daies in *Modena*; resolving in true affection and zeal to her dead *Baretano*, never thence forth, either to see her Parents, or *Millan*; but being diverted and comforted by some Divines, and many Ladies of that City, she brooking her sorrows as patiently as she may, (with much solicitation) after ten daies, permits her self to be conveyed home to *Millan*, where, although she were very cheerfully received, and joyfully entertained of her Father and Mother, yet she likewise went neer to have there mewed her self up a spirituall sister in the Nunnery of the *Annunciation*; but that again she was prevented; whereat grieving, she takes on mourning attire, and vowes to wear it a whole year for his sake; when to make her self (as she was) both a true Lover, and a true Mourner to the memory of her dead *Baretano*, she oftentimes steals into *Saint Euphemias Church*, where he was buried, and there bedews his Tomb with tears, living so pensively, and disconsolately, that although she live in the world, yet it seems she neither is, nor long will be of the world.

But as women are but women, and as Time is a soveraign remedy for all diseases and sorrows; so about some ten moneths after, the incessant importunity of her Father and Mother, and the continuall tender respect and observant courtesie of *Albemare* towards her, make her somewhat neglect and forget the memory of *Baretano*, and now to look on him with a more pleasing and favourable eye, than before. But here (again) a consideration makes her affection die towards *Albemare*, almost as soon as it begins to live; For why (quoth she) should she affect or love him, who at *Saint Remy* gave her *Baretano* three severall wounds? But then Love againe steps in, and thus pleads with her for *Albemare*; That he received five wounds, and gave *Baretano* but three, which made him lose far more blood than *Baretano*; and yet that this attempt of his, was only occasioned through his affection to her, and only for her sake, as loving her dearer than his own life; which again gave her thoughts such satisfaction, as weighed down and vanquished, as well by the power and prayers of her Parents, as also by the endless sighs, letters, and presents of *Albemare*; the year is no sooner expired, and her mourning weeds and attire done away, but to their own hearts content, and the unspeakable joy of their Parents, they in *Millan* (with great pomp and bravery) are very solemnly married. But this marriage of theirs shall not prove so prosperous as they expect and hope; For God in his all-seeing Providence, hath decreed to disturb the tranquillity and serenity thereof, and to make them feel the sharp and bitter showers of affliction and misery, which briefly doth thus surprize and befall them.

Albemare and *Clara* have hardly been married together a year and quarter, but his hot love begins to wax cold and frozen to her, yea, albeit she affected him truly and tenderly, yet he continually neglecting her, and no longer delighting in the sweetness of her youth, and the freshness of her beauty, his lustfull eyes and thoughts carry his lascivious self abroad among Curtezans, when they should be fixed on her, and resident at home with his chaste and fair Lady; so as his infidelity proving her grief and torments, and his vanity and ingratitude her unspeakable affliction and vexation; she with infinite sighs and tears repeats her matching him, and a thousand times wisheth she had been so happy and blessed to have died *Baretano's* Martyr, and not so unfortunat and accursed to live to see her self *Albemares* wife; and yet were there any hope of his reformation, she should then prefix bounds to her calamities and sorrows; But seeing that his vices grew with his age, and that every day he became more vicious and unkind to her than other, her hopes are now wholly turned into despair, her mirth into mourning; yea, her inward discontents so apparently bewray themselves in her outward sorrowfull complexion and countenance, that the Roses of her cheeks are metamorphosed into Lillies, and her heart so wholly taken up with anguish, and surprized with sorrow, as she wisheth that her bed were her Grave, and her self in Heaven with God; because she could find no comfort here on Earth with her Husband; But beyond her expectation, God is providing to redress her grief, and to remedy her afflictions by a very strange and unlooked-for accident.

The Providence and Justice of God doth now again refetch bloody *Pedro*, to act another part upon the Stage and Theater of this History; For having spent that mony lewdly, which he before got damnably of *Albemare*, his wants are so great, and his necessity so urgent, as having played the murtherer before, he makes no conscience nor scruple now to play the thief, and so

by night breaks into a Jewellers shop, named *Seignior Fiamata*, dwelling in the great place before the *Domo*, and there carries away from him a small Trunk or Casket, wherein were some uncut *Saphyrs* and *Emeralds*, with some *Venic* Chrystall pendants for Ladies to wear in their ears, and other rich commodities; but *Fiamatta* lying over his shop, and hearing it, and locking his door to him for fear of having his throat cut, gives out the cry and alarm forth the window, which ringing in the streets, makes some of the neighbours, and also the watch approach and assemble; where finding *Pedro* running with a Casket under his arm, he is presently hemb'd in, apprehended and imprisoned, and the Casket took from him, and again restored to *Fiamata*; when knowing that he shall die for this robbery, as a just punishment and judgement of God, now sent him for formerly murdering of *Baretano*, he having no other hope to escape death, but by the means of *Albemare*, he sends early the next morning for his man *Valerio*, to come to the prison to him, whom he bids to tell his Master *Albemare* from him, that being sure to be condemned for this robbery of his, if he procure him not his pardon, he will not charge his soul any longer with the murder of *Baretano*, but will on the ladder reveal, how it was he who hired himself and *Leonardo* to perform it; *Valerio* reporting this to his Master, it affrights his thoughts, and terrifies his conscience and courage, to see himself reduced to this misery, that no less than his life must now stand to the mercy of this wretched Varlet *Pedro's* tongue. But knowing it impossible to obtain a pardon for him, and therefore high time to provide for his own safety, by stopping of *Pedro's* mouth; he resolves to heave *Ossa* upon *Pelion*, or to add murder to murder, and now to poyson him in Prison, whom he had formerly caused to murder *Baretano* in the street, to the end he might tell no tales on the Ladder, thinking it no ingratitude or sin, but rather a just reward and recompence for his former bloody service; so to feed *Pedro* with false hopes, thereby to charm his tongue to silence, and to lull his malice asleep, he speedily returns *Valerio* to prison to him, who bids him fear nothing, for that his Master had vowed to get him his pardon, as he shall more effectually hear from him that night; whereat *Pedro* rejoiceth and triumpheth, telling *Valerio*, that his Master *Albemare* is the most generous and bravest Cavalier of *Lombardy*. But to nip his joyes in their untimely blossoms, and to disturb the harmony of his false content, that very day, as soon as he hath dined, he is tried and arraigned before his Judges; and being apparently convicted and found guilty of this robbery, he is by them adjudged to be hanged the next morn, at a Gibbet purposely to be erected before *Fiamata's* house, where he committed his delict and crime; which just sentence not only makes his joy strike sail to sorrow, but also his pride and hopes let fall their Peacocks plumes to humility and fear; But his only trust and comfort, yea, his last hopes and refuge is in *Albemare*, who hearing him to be condemned to be executed the next morning; he is enforced to play his bloody prize that night, and so in the evening sends *Valerio* to prison to him, with a Capon, and two Fiascoes (or bottles) of Wine for him to make merry, informing him that he hath obtained his pardon, and that it is written, and wants nothing but the *Viceroyes* sign to it, which he shall have to morrow at break of day. But the Wine of one of the bottles was intermixed with strong and deadly poyson, which was so cunningly tempered, as it carried no distastfull, but a pleasing relish to the palat; *Valerio* like an execrable villain, proving as true a servant to his Master, as rebellious and false to his God, he punctually performs this fearfull and mournfull business; and having made *Pedro* twice drunk, first with his good news, and then with his poysoned Wine, he takes leave of him that night, and committing him to his rest, promiseth to be with him very early in the morning with his pardon. When this miserable and beastly prophane wretch, never thinking of his danger, or death; of God, or his soul; of Heaven, or Hell; betakes himself to his bed, where the poison spreading ore his vitall parts, soon bereaves him of his breath, sending his soul from this life and world to another.

Now the next morning very early, as the Gaoler came to his Chamber, to bid him prepare to his execution, he finds him dead and cold in his bed; and thus was the miserable end of this bloody and inhumane murderer (and thief) *Pedro*, who yet for example sake was one whole day hanged by the heels in his shirt, at his appointed place of execution, because his Judges deemed that he had cruelly poisoned and made away himself. And now doth *Albemare* again rejoyce and triumph, to see he hath avoided that dangerous shelf and rock whereon he was very likely to have suffered shipwrack, yea, and now he thinks himself so absolutely safe and secure, as he holds it impossible, that either his murdering of *Baretano*, or his poisoning of *Pedro*, can any way reflect on him, or henceforth produce him any further storms or tempests; but his hopes and joyes will deceive him, for God, who is the infallible revenger of innocent blood will not so leave him, but ere long when he least thinks or dreams thereof, not only in his providence detect these his foul crimes, but in his Justice severely punish them; and the Readers curiosity shall not go farr to see it; for as to a guilty Conscience, it is the pleasure of the Lord, that one misery befall him in the neck and nick of the other, so *Albemare*

is no sooner freed of *Pedro* in *Millan*, but behold he is a fresh intangled and assaulted with *Leonardo* (his other hired murtherer) in *Pavia*, who having there prodigally rioted away his hundred Duckatons, and also run himself far in debt; his Creditors joyn together, and so clap him prisoner, where having no other hope for his freedom and liberty, but to relie on *Albemare*, he writes him a Letter to *Millan*, wherein he acquaints him with his poverty and misery, and praises him (for the obtaining of his liberty) either to lend or give him fifty Duckatons; *Albemare* receives this Letter, but forgetting his former service; as also thinking it only a fetch of *Leonardo*, to fetch him over for so many Duckatons, as God would have it, he very inconsiderately burns this his Letter, and answereth it with silence; but he shall repent when it will be too late, and out of his power to remedy this his ingratitude and indiscretion.

Leonardo having at least fifteen daies expected an answer from *Albemare*, and receiving none, he is extremely incensed and enraged to see himself thus sleighted and forgotten of him, when exasperated by his misery, and animated by his extream poverty and indigence, in that he is now inforced to sell away his apparell, and so to uncloth his back, thereby to feed his belly, he intends no more to request and pray him, but now resolves to touch him to the quick the which he doth in these few lines which he sends him to *Millan* by a messenger of purpose.

LEONARDO to ALBEMARE.

IF my first Letter prevailed not with thee for the loan or gift of fifty Ducatons, to free me from this my miserable imprisonment; I make no doubt but this my second will, for being a Soldier, I give thee to understand that I hold it far more generous to hang than sterue; sith as a halter is only the beginning of my friends sorrows; so it will likewise be the end of my own miseries; yea, if thou speedily furnish and accomplish not my request, although it cost mee my life, I will no longer conceal, how thou didst hire *Pedro* and my self, for two hundred Duckatons, to give Signior *Baretano* his death, which at thy request we performed: Think than how near my secrecy concerns thy life, sith when I suffer death, I know thou hast but a short and poor time left thee to survive mee; Therefore thank thy self if thy ingratitude turne my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.

LEONARDO

Now, although *Leonardo* mean not as he write, yet this his messenger comming to *Millan*, and not finding *Albemare* at his house, he knows not (and is resolute) what to do, either to stay his comming in, or to deliver his Letter to some of his servants; But waiting at his door till late in the evening, and hearing no news of him, he gives it to *Valerio*, and (without telling him from whom, or whence it came) prays him safely to deliver it to his Master, and that he will repair thither the next morning for an answer. *Valerio* claps the Letter into his pocket, awaiting his Masters comming; but he is so bad a Husband to himself, and so disloyall and unkind a one to his chaste and fair wife, as he was out all night with his Curtizans, which good and vertuous Lady, even pierceth her heart with grief and sorrow. Now *Valerio* seeing his Master absent, his comming uncertain, and himself inforced to go forth about his affairs, he placeth the Letter upon a Cupboard near his Masters study, that it might be apparant to his eye when he came in, and so departs.

But here the mercy and providence of God invites the Christian Reader to admire and wonder at the strange discovery and detection of this Letter; for as *Albemare* (more for sport than charity) kept a man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who in indeed was so naturally peevish, as not *Millan*, hardly *Italy* could match him for simplicity. It so chanced, that this harmless fool gat into the room after *Valerio*, and saw him put up this Letter on the Cupboard; Now, as Children and Fools may in some sort be termed Cousin Germain to Apes; so as soon as *Valerio* was departed, this Fool (no doubt led wholly by the directio and finger of God, rather than by his own proper ignorance and simplicity) gets into the Chamber, and taking a stool to ascend the Cupboard, he brings away the Letter, which both in the Hall and Yard he tosses and dandles in his hand, as if this new-found play gave delight and content to his extravagant and simple thoughts; when, behold our sweet and vertuous *Clara* comming from Saint *Ambrose* Church, where she had been to hear *Vespres*, and seeing a fair Letter fast sealed in the Fools hand, she enquires of him from whence he had it? who singing and hopping, and still playing with the Letter, he could get no other answer from him, but, *That it was his Letter, and that God had sent it him, that God had sent it him*; which speeches of his he often redoubled.

When

When *Clara* weighing his words, and considering out of whose mouth they came, her heart instantly began to grow, and her colour to rise, as if God and her soul prompted her, that she had some interest in that Letter; whereupon snatching it from the Fool, whom she left crying in the Hall for the loss thereof; she seeing it directed to her Husband, goes to the Parlour, attended by *Adriana*, and there sitting down in a Chair, and breaking up the seals thereof, she begins to read it; but when she draws toward the conclusion thereof, and finds that it was her Husband *Albemare's*, who had caused her dear Lover and Friend *Baretano* to be murdered; then not able to contain her self for sorrow, she throws her self on the floor, and weeps and sighs so mournfully, as the most obduratest and flintiest heart could not choose but relent into pity to see her; For sometimes she look'd up to Heaven, and then again dejecting her eyes to earth, now wringing her hands, and then crossing her armes, in such disconsolate and afflicted manner, as *Adriana* could not likewise refrain from tears to behold her; when after a deep and profound silence, she bandying and evaporating many volleys of far fetcht sighs into the aire, she commanding *Adriana* forth, the door shut, with the two extremities of passion and sorrow, she alone utters these mournfull speeches to her self.

And shall *Clara* live to understand, that her *Baretano* was murdered for her sake, and by her unfortunate Husband *Albemare*? and shall she any more lye in bed with him, who so inhumanly hath lain him in his untimely and bloody grave? And *Clara, Clara*, wilt thou prove so ungratfull to his memory, and to the tender affliction he bore thee, as not to lament, not to seek to revenge this his disastrous and cruell end? When again, her tears interrupting her words, and her sighs her tears; she entering into a further consultation with her thoughts and conscience, her heart and her soul at last continuesther speech in this manner: O, but unfortunate and wretched *Clara*, what speakest thou of revenge? for consider with thy self, yea forget not to consider, *Baretano* was but thy friend, *Albemare* is thy Husband; the first loved thee in hope to marry thee, but thou art married to the second, and therefore thou must love him; and although his ingratitude and infidelity towards thee, make him unworthy of thy affection; yet ye two are but one flesh, and therefore consider, that malice is a bad advocat, and revenge a worse Judge: But here again remembring that a foul and odious crime, murder was, in the sight of the Lord, that the discovery thereof infinitely tended to his glory and honour; and that the poor Fool was doubtless inspired from Heaven, to affirm that God sent the Letter she knows that her bonds of conscience to her Saviour, must exceed and give a Law to those of her duty towards her Husband; and therefore preferring Heaven before Earth, and God before her Husband, she immediatly calls for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano's* Uncle, *Seignior Giovan de Montefiore*, and with sighs and tears shews him the Letter, who formerly, though in vain, had most curiously and exactly hunted to discover the murderers of his Nephew. *Montefiore* first reads the Letter with tears, then with joy; and then turning towards the Lady *Clara*, he commands her zeal and Christian fortitude towards God, in shewing her how much the discovery of this murder tended to his glory, and so presently sends away for the President *Criminall*; who immediatly repairing thither, he acquaints him therewith, shews him the Letter, and prays him to examin the Lady *Clara* thereon; which with much modesty and equity he doth, and then returnes with her to her house, and there likewise examineth the Fool where he had the Letter; who out of his incivility and simplicity, takes the President by the hand, and bringing him to the Cupboard tells him; *Here God sent the Letter, and here I found him*; when *Valerio* being present, and imagining by his Ladies heavie and sorrowfull countenance, that this Letter had, perhaps, brought her into some affliction and danger; he looking on the direction of the Letter, as also on the seal, he reveals both to the President and his Lady, that he received that Letter from one whom he knew not, and that he left it purposely on the Cupboard for his Master, against his comming. The President being fully satisfied herein, admires at Gods providence, revealed in the simplicity of this poor harmless Fool in bringing this Letter, which brought the murder of *Baretano* to light, (when knowing that God doth many times raise up the foolish and weak, to confound the wise and mighty things of the world) he presently grants out a Commission to apprehend *Albemare*; who being then found in bed with *Mariana*, one of the most famous Beauties and reputed Curtezans of *Millan*; He, both astonished and amazed by the just judgments of God, is drawn from his beastly pleasures and adulteries, to prison; where being charged to have hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to have murdered *Baretano*, he stoutly denies it. But *Leonardo's* Letter being read him, and he thereon adjudged to the Rack, his Soul and Conscience ringing him many thundering peals of terrour, he there at large confesseth it; when for this foul and bloody fact of his, he the same afternoon is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution, which administreth matter of talk, and admiration thorowout all *Millan*; when

Serjeants

Serjeants are likewise sent away to *Pavia*, to bring *Leonardo* to *Millan*, who not so much as once dream'd or thought that ever this his Letter would have produced him this danger and misery.

And now *Albemare* advertised of the manner how this Letter of *Leonardo's* was brought to light (without looking up to Heaven, from whence this vengeance justly befell him for his sins) he cursed the cruelty of his wife, the simplicity of the Fool, but most bitterly exclaims against the remissness and carelessness of his servant *Valerio*, in not retaining and keeping that Letter, which is the only cause of his death; yea, he is so far transported with choler against him, as although he hath but a few hours to live, yet he vows he will assuredly cry quittance with him ere he die.

Now the charity of his Judges send him Divines that night in Prison, to prepare and clear his conscience, and to confirm and fortifie his soul against the morn, in his last conflict with the world, and her flight and transmigration to Heaven; who powerfully and religiously admonishing him, that if he have committed any other notorious offence or crime, he should now do well to reveal it; He likewise there and then confesseth, how he had caused his man *Valerio* to poison *Pedro* with Wine in Prison, the very night before he was executed; whereupon this bloody and execrable wretch (according to his hellish deserts) is likewise apprehended and imprisoned.

And now Gods mercy and Justice brings this unfortunate (because irreligious) Gentleman *Albemare*, to receive condign punishment for those his two horrible murders, which he had caused to be committed on the persons of *Baretano* and *Pedro*, who ascending the Ladder, in presence of a world of spectators, who flocked from all parts of the City to see him take his last farewell of the world; The sight and remembrance of his foul crimes, having now made him not only sorrowfull, but repentant, he briefly delivered these few words.

He confesseth that he had hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to kill *Baretano* in the street, and seduced his servant *Valerio* to poison *Pedro* in Prison; wherof, with much grief and contrition, he heartily repented himself, and besought the Lord to forgive it him; he likewise besought *Leonardo* and *Valerio* to forgive him, in respect he knew he was the cause of their deaths; because he was sure they should not long survive him. He likewise forgave his Fool, as being assured, that it was not he in the Letter, but God in him that had revealed the Letter for his just punishment and confusion. And lastly, he with many tears, forgave his wife and Lady *Clara*, whom he affirmed from his heart, was by far too vertuous for so dissolute and vile a Husband as himself. He blamed himself for neglecting to love her, and cursed his Queens and Curtezans, as being the chief cause of all his miseries, when requesting all that were present, to pray for his soul, he was turned off.

But his Judges seeing that he had added murther to murther, they held it Justice to add punishment to his punishment; and so he is no sooner cut down, but they cause his body to be burnt, and his ashes to be thrown into the air, which is accordingly performed.

Now, because the Lord in his Justice, will punish as well the Agents, as the Authors of murther; whiles *Albemare* is acting the last Scene and Catastrophe of his Tragedy; His wretched hireling *Leonardo*, and his execrable servant *Valerio* are likewise arraigned, found guilty, and condemned to be hang'd for their severall murders of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; and so the very same afternoon they are brought to their Executioners, where *Leonardo* his former life and profession having made him know better how to sin than repent; he out of a souldier-like bravery (or rather vanity) thinks rather to terrifie death, than that death should terrifie him; begging pardon for his sins in generall of God and the world, and then bidding the hangman do his office, takes his last adieu of the world.

When immediatly *Valerio* ascends the Ladder, who having repentance in his heart, and grief and sorrow in his looks; as near as could be observed and gathered, spake these words.

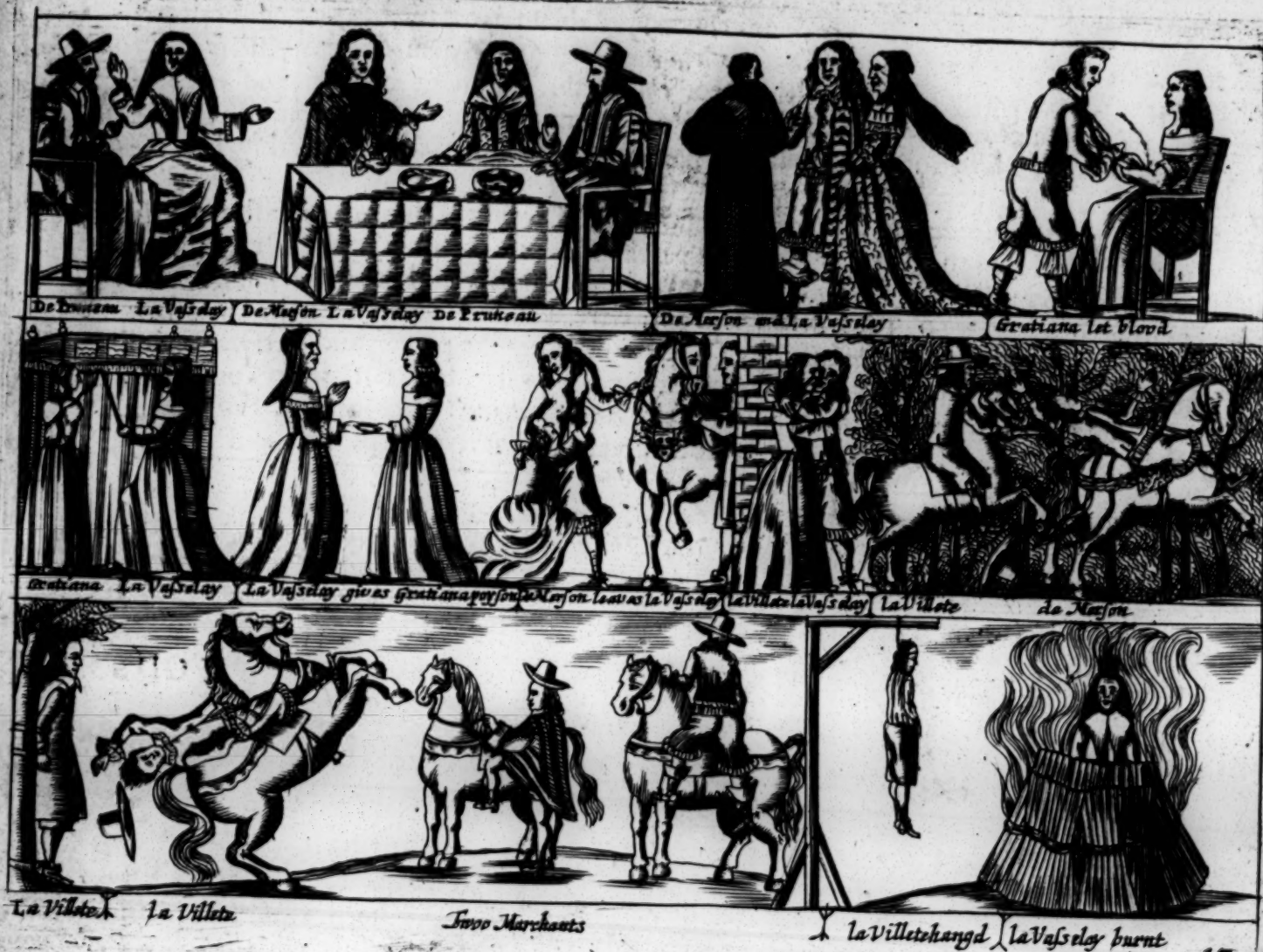
That being poor both in friends and means, the only hope of preferment under his Master, made him at his request to poison *Pedro* in Prison; That many times since he hath heartily grieved for it, and now from his very soul repents himself of it, and beseeching the Lord to forgive it him, That he was as guilty of his murther, as innocent of *Baretano's*; yea, or of the knowledge thereof, before his Master was imprisoned for the same; and that as this was his first Capitall crime, so sith he must now die, he rejoyced it was his last, and so praying all servants to beware by his miserable example, not to be seduced to commit murther, either by their Masters or the Devill; and beseeching all that were present, to pray for his soul, he resigning and commending it into the hands of his Redeemer, was likewise turned off.

And those were the miserable (yet deserved ends) of these bloody murderers; and thus did Gods justice and revenge triumph over their crimes, and themselves, by heaping and raining down confusion on their heads from Heaven, when the Devill (falsely) made them believe they were secure; yea, when they least dream'd thereof on earth. Oh that the sight and remembrance of their punishments, may restrain and deterr us from conspiring and committing the like crimes! so shall we live fortunate, and die happy; whereas they dyed miserably, because they lived impiously and prophantly.

And here fully to conclude and shut up this History, and therein as I think to give some satisfaction to the curiosity of the Reader, who may perchance desire to know what became after of the fair and vertuous *Clara*. Why her sorrows were so infinite, and her quality and nature so sorrowfull, as being weary of the world, and as it were weighed down with the incessant vanities, crosses and afflictions thereof; she (notwithstanding the power and perswasions of her parents) assumes her former resolution, to retire and sequester her self from conversing with the world, and so enters into the Nunnery of the *Annunciation* (so famous in *Millan*) where for ought I know, or can since understand to the contrary, she yet lives a pensive and solitary Sister.

GODS





Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIII.

La Vafelay poysoneth her waiting-maid Gratiana, because she is jealous that her Husband De Merson is dishonest with her; whereupon he lives from her: In revenge whereof she causeth his man La Villette to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The said La Villette a year after, riding thorow the same Wood, his horse falls with him, and almost kills him, when he confesseth the murther of his Master, De Merson, and accuseth his wife La Vafelay to be the cause thereof; So for these their bloody crimes, he is hangd, and she burnt alive.

HOW fallſly, nay, how impiously do we term our ſelves *Chriſtians*, when under that glorious and ſanctified Title, we ſeek to prophane and deface the glory of *Chriſt*, in cruelly murdering our Brethren his members? effects, not of Zeal but of Rage; not of Piety, but of madneſs, invented by the Devill, and perpetrated by none but by his Agents; lamentable effects, yea, I ſay, bloody and infernall crimes, which ſtill ruine thoſe who contrive, and confound thoſe who finiſh them: For let us but look from *Earth* to *Heaven*, from *Satan* to *God*, from *Nature* to *Grace*, and from our Hearts to our Soules, and we ſhall aſſuredly find it very difficult for us to define, whether *Charity* be a ſweeter *Vertue*, and *Malice* a fouler *Vice*; whether that be more ſecure, or this pernicious, fatall, and dangerous; whether that be a more apparent testimony of Gods ſaving *Grace* towards us, or this of our own inevitable perdition and reprobation. And as it is an odious ſin, and diſpleaſing ſacrifice in the ſight of *God*, for one ſtranger to kill another; O then, how much more execrable and diabolically muſt it be, for a Gentlewoman to poyſon her waiting-maid, and for a ſervant to piſtoll his Maſter to death, at the inſtigation of the ſame Gentlewoman his wife; for murders, no leſs ingratefull and cruel, doth this ſubſequent *History* report and relate; wherein we ſhall ſee, that *God* in the triumphs of his re-
venging

vengeing Justice, and out of sacred providence, hath in all points made their punishments as sharp and severe, as their crimes were bloody and deplorable. May we then read it to Gods glory, and our own consolation, which we shall assuredly perform, if we hate the like crimes in others, and detest them in our selves.

In the fair and pleasant City of *Mans*, (being the chief and Capital of the Province of *Maine* in *France*) in the very latter years that the *Marshall* of *Boyes-Daulphin* was Governour thereof, under the present King *Lewis XIII.* his Master (there dwelt a *Gentlewoman*, aged three-score and three years, termed *La Vasselay*, being well descended, and left very rich, (as well in Lands as moveables) by her late deceased Husband *Monsieur Froyset*, who was slain in the behalf of the *Queen Mother*, in the defence of *Pont de Sey*, assaulted and taken by the *King* her Son. Now, although this old Widow *La Vasselay* (in respect of her *Age*) was farr more fit to seek *God* in the *Church*, than a new Husband in her bed; yet she is weary of a single life, although it be not fully six moneths since she hath buried her second Husband; (for the Reader must understand, she had formerly buried her first, at least five and twenty years before, and is now again resolved to take a third) and albeit she knew that the civility of the Widows in *France* was such, that they seldome marry, but almost never within the term of a whole year; yet her conceit and fancy thinks it not only lawfull, but fit to break this too austere custome; and therefore she peremptorily resolves to live a wife, and not to die a Widdow. But this resolution of hers, were she either in the *Summer* or the *Autumn* of her years, had been as excusable and praise-worthy, as now it favoured of undecency and inconstancy, fith she was in the *Winter* thereof: For *Age*, despight of her *Youth*, and youthfull desires, had thrown Snow on her head, and new died the colour of the hair from black to white; yea, she was so farr from retaining any signes or reliques of an indifferent beauty, as the furrows of her face could not justly shew any ruines or demolitions thereof; and yet (forsooth) she will marry again. Now her birch and wealth, rather than her Vertues and Personage, invite many old Widdowers, and some rich *Gentlemen* and Counsellours of the famous *Presidiall* Court of that City to seek her in marriage; and indeed, both for Lands and mony, none her inferiours, but at least her equalls, and some her betters; But in vain, for the vanity of her thoughts suggests her, that either she is too young for them; or they too old for her, and therefore she will have none of them; yea, her lust seems so youthfully to give a Law to her age, and he lye to her years, as she casts off her mourning attire, decks her self up in gay apparell, powders her hair, paints her face, with a resolution (forsooth) to have no old *Dottard*, but a young *Gallant* to her Husband, as if therein she wholly placed, not only her content, but her felicity. But we many times see such irregular desires, and such incontinent designs met with unexpected misery, and unthought-of repentance.

Now during the time that the vain carriage and deportment of this old *Gentlewoman* and Widow, *La Vasselay*, made her self the laughter and by-word of all *Mans*; home comes a young *Gentleman* of this Countrey of *Maine*, termed *Monsieur de Merson*, from his travell in *Italy*, whose Father dwelt betwixt *La Vall* and *Gravelle*, termed *Monsieur de Manjrelle*, being a Gentleman well descended, and rich, and to whom *De Merson* was second son, who in a years absence in *Italy*, being purposely sent thither by his Father, to enrich his experience and capacity, (which is the true essence and glory of a Traveller, thereby to be the more capable to serve his Prince and Country, as also to be a comfort to his age, and a second prop to his House and Linage) he had made such poor and unprofitable use of his travells, as forgetting the obtaining of the language, and all generous exercises, perfections and qualities (so requisite and gracefull in Gentlemen) he delighted in nothing so much, nay, in nothing else, but to pass his time with Curtisans and strumpets, especially in *Venice*, *Rome*, and *Naples*, where for their sakes and his lascivious pleasures, he built up the greatest part of his Residence; where he so prodigally spent and exceeded his Fathers exhibition, as he returns into *France*, not loaden with *Vertues* and *Experience*, but with *Vices* and *Debts*; being otherwise ignorant, in all things which he should know, and knowing nothing but that wherein he should be ignorant. Only to the end he might thereby set the better counterfeit tincture on himself, and false lustre on his *Endowments* and *Proficiencie*, he superficially brought away, or rather borrowed some *Italian* Phrases and complements, which he thought would not only pass current with the Gentlemen and Ladies of *France*, but also draw them into admiration, as well of himself, as them. When immediatly upon his arrivall, that he might the better see and make himself seen of the World, he flaunts it out in brave Apparrell, both in *L'avall*, *Angiers*, and *Mans*; Yea, there is scarce any great feast or marriage in all those parts, but if he be not invited, yet he purposely invites himself thereat, thereby to make himself the more conspicuous

and apparent to the eyes of the World, especially of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, in whose acquaintance and favour he not only endeavours to initiate, but strives to ingraft himself; But his old Father *Manfrelle*, judiciously observing the vain behaviour, and deportment and carriage of this his Son, he exceedingly grieves thereat, because he had well hoped, that his Travells would have returned him as capable and discrete, as now he finds him ignorant, and which is worse, debosh'd; sith he well knew that either of these two vices was enough sufficient and powerfull, not only to ruin his reputation, but his fortunes.

Again, to add more sorrows to his grief, and more discontent to his sorrows, for the vanity and levity of this his Son, every week, nay, almost every day, brings him in new Bills of his debts; and a third falling in upon the neck of first and second, and a fourth on the third; which being greater than his estate, or at least his pleasure would permit him to pay, he takes his Son *De Merson* aside, and very sharply checks him for his old and new prodigalities; vows that he will neither sell nor mortgage his Lands to discharge his foolish debts, and therefore he bids him look to satisfy them, for that he is fully resolved not to see, much less to speak with any of his Creditors, how great or small soever the summes be he owes them. This cooling card of *Manfrelles* makes his Son *De Merson*, not only bite his lips for sorrow, but hang his head for anger and vexation, yea, his folly doth so eclipse and overveil his judgment herein, as instead of making good use hereof, he takes a contrary resolution, and so resolves to embrace and follow the worst; for whereas he should have made his pride and prodigality strike sail, and now rather seek to re-integrate himself into his Fathers favours, than any way futurely to incense or exasperate him against him, he only taking counsell of his *Youth*, *Passions*, and *Choler*, (which as false and treacherous guides, most commonly lead us to misery and repentance;) again precipitates and ingulphs himself afresh in new debts, both with his *Usurer*, *Mercer*, and *Taylor*, and no longer able to digest his Fathers checks and frowns, he very inconsiderately and rashly packs up his baggage, leaves his house, rides to *Mans*, and there resolves to pass his time that Winter; partly hoping that his Father will discharge his debts in his absence, but more especially to become acquainted with the beauties of that City, thereby to obtain some rich young heir, or old Widdow for his wife, whose estate and wealth might support his pride, and maintain his excessive prodigality and voluptuousness; and indeed although the two former of these his hopes deceive him; yet he shall shortly find and see, that the third and last will not.

Living thus in *Mans*, the bravery of his Apparrell and equipage, the freeness of his expenses, his comely talk, personage, black beard, and sanguine complexion, makes him as soon acquainted and affected, as known of many Ladies and Gentlewomen, and farr the more, because they know his Father *De Manfrelle*, to be a very ancient and rich Gentleman of that Country of *Maine*, and although he is not his heir, yet in regard he is his second Son, as also a Traveller, he was the more honoured and respected of all those he frequented; so that the very fame and name of *Monsieur de Merson* began to be already divulged and known in the City; yea, and because he was a great *Balladine*, or *Dancer*, there was no solemn assembly, either publique or privat, but still *De Merson* made one; and there was not a reputed beauty, or supposed courteous Lady in *Mans*, or thereabouts, but such was his vanity, as he soon wrought and insinuated himself into her acquaintance and familiarity, the which he made not only his delight, but his glory. And although that in a small time, the wiser sort of the *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* of the City found his wit and experience to come infinitely short of his brave Apparrell; yet the more illiterat and ignorant of them (who esteem all men by their lustre, and not by their brave worth) as preferring gay Apparrell, and the comeliness of the body, before the exquisite endowments and perfections of the mind; they hold him in so high a repute and esteem, as they think him to be the most absolute Gallant, not only of *Mans*, but of all the Country of *Maine*; so easie it is to captivate the conceits and judgments of those who only build their judgments in their conceits, and not their conceits in judgment.

And of this rank and number was our old widdow *La Vasselay*, who having many times heard of *De Mersons* fame, and comely personage, and seen him once at a Sermon, and twice at two severall Nuptiall feasts, where his skill and agility proved him to be one of the prime Dancers, she is so farr in love with him, as in her thoughts and heart, she wisheth she had given half her estate and Dowry, conditionally that she were his wife, and he her Husband; yea she is so ravished with the comeliness of his feature, and the sweetness of his complexion and countenance, as all the world is not half so dear to her as *De Merson*, nor any man whatsoever by many thousand degrees, so delicious to her eye, and pleasing to her heart and soul, as himself. And although she be in the frozen Zone of her age, yet her intemperate lust makes her desires

desires so youthfully intemperate, as forgetting reason and modesty (that the best virtue of our soul, and this the chiefest ornament of our body) she a thousand times wisheth, that either *De Merson* were impalled in her arms, or she incloystered in his.

But doting (yea I may well near truly say) dying old Gentlewoman, is this a time for thee to think of a young husband, when one of thy old feet is, as it were, in thy grave? or being in thy *Clymaeterical* year of threescore and three, art thou yet so fraughted with levity, and exempt of continencie, as thou wilt needs seek to marry one of five and twenty? Foolish *La Vassellay*, if it be not now time, yea high time for thee to sacrifice thy desires to continency; when will it be, if ever be? Didst thou resolve to wed a husband near of thine own age, and so to end the remainder of thy daies with him in chaste and holy wedlock, that resolution of thine were as excusable, as this in desiring so young a one, is worthy, not onely of blame, but of reprehension, and I may say, of pitty. Consider, consider with thy self, what a preposterous attempt and enterprise is this of thine, that when thou shouldst finish thy daies in devotion and prayer, thou then delightest to begin them in concupiscence and lust. O *La Vassellay*, mock at those rebellious and treacherous pleasures of the flesh, which seem to mock at thee, yea, to betray thee: and if there be yet any spark of thy youth, which lyes burning under the embers of thy age, why if thy chaste thoughts cannot, yet let modesty, or at least piety extinguish them: God hath already given thee two husbands, is it not now therefore time, yea, more than time, for thee to prepare to give thy self to God? Hitherto the chastity of thy youth hath made thee happy, and wilt thou now permit that the lust of thine age make thee unfortunate or peradventure miserable? and that the purity and candeur of that be distained and polluted by the foulness and obscenity of this? Alas, alas, incontinent and inconsiderate Gentlewoman, of a grave Matron, become not a youthfull Giggler; or if thou wilt not suffer the eyes of thy body, at least permit those of thy soul to look from thy painted cheeks, to thy snow-white hair, who can inform and tel thee that thou art far fitter for heaven than earth, sith those pleasures are transitory, and these eternal; for God, than a husband, sith he only can make thee blessed, whereas (in reward of thy lascivious lust) this peradventure may be reserved to make thee both unfortunate and wretched.

But the vanity of this old Gentlewomans thoughts and desires do so violently fix and terminate on the youth and beauty of young, and (as she immodestly terms him) fair *De Merson*, as the onely consideration of her delight and pleasure, weighs down all other respects; so that neither reason nor modesty, advice nor perswasion, can prevail with her resolution to divert her affection from him; but love him she doth, and (which is repugnant, as well to the instinct of Nature, as to the influence of Modesty, and rules of Civility) seek him for her husband she will; yea, she is already become so sottish in her affection, and so lasciviously fervent in her desires towards him, that her heart thinks of him by day, her soul by night; that admires him as the very life of her felicity, and this adores him as the onely content and glory of her life: she will not see the greatness of her own estate and wealth, nor consider the smallness of his means and hopes, in that he is not an heir, but a second brother; she will not enquire after his debts and vices, to know what those may be, what these are; she will not think what a preposterous disparity there is betwixt the fire of his youth, and the ice of her age; nor what a world of discontentments and afflictions are incident to proceed thereof: she will not consider, that in endowing him with all her wealth, that she thereby impoverisheth many, as well of her own kindred, as of those of her two former husbands, to whom in the right of Nature it more justly and properly belongs; and to conclude and shew it up this point, she will not imagine or dream, to how many laughters and scandals of the world she exposeth her self, who will not onely call her discretion but her modesty in question, for matching with so young a Gentleman as *De Merson*, to whom for age, she may not onely well be Mother, but (which is more) Grandmother. But contrariwise, this foolish old Gentlewoman having sent her wits a wool-gathering on his sweet and comely personage; his youth and her affection, like two impetuous torrents, and furious inundations, bear down all other respects and considerations before them: yea, they so submerge her reason, and quite drown her discretion, as she hath no eyes unshut to see the one, nor ears unstopped to hear the other, so that if she desire any thing in the world, it is (as formerly is observed) that she live to see *De Merson* her husband, and her self his wife: which to effect and accomplish, she knows no better nor fitter Agent to employ herein, than one *Monsieur de Pruneau*, an ancient Counsellour of the *Presidial Court* of that City, who was the only Counsellor both to her last husband and her self, and of whose discretion, integrity and fidelity, she had all the reasons of the world to rest confident and assured.

Now although the *Wisdom* and *Experience* of *De Pruneau* suggested him with what an extreme inequality there was betwixt *De Merson*'s youth, and *La Vassellay*'s age, which he could not more pertinently parallel and compare, than to Winter and Summer, the Spring and Harvest:

and therefore how many afflictions and miseries were subject to attend and wait on such preposterous marriages, whereof he had formerly seen divers lamentable examples and wofull experiences, as well of men as women, who had suffered shipwrack upon that *Sylla* and this *Charibdis*, he like an honest man, and indeed a truer friend to her than she was to her self, produceth some of the former alleged reasons to her consideration, thereby to divert the stream of her ill-grounded affection from *De merson*, and (in generall terms) to convey and conduct it to some elder personage, whose years (and therefore their dispositions and affections) might the better agree and sympathize. But when he sees that her love to *De Merson* was so firmly and immoveably settled, as that it not only appeared to him to be her grief but her torment to be any way crossed or contradicted therein, then he changeth his language, and because she will not harken to his advice, he therefore gives way to her resolution, promiseth her his utmost power, and best endeavours speedily to effect and compass her desires; when taking leave each of other, at last *La Vasselay* remembering she had forgotten something, calls him again, and prayes him that if *De Merson* be inquisitive to know her direct age, that he substract away at least ten years thereof; so that whereas she is sixty three, to affirm that she is very little above fifty; whereunto she her self blushing, *de Pruneau* not able likewise to refrain from smiling, promiseth her to be very mindfull thereof. To which end, he (with the first conveniencie) finds out *de Merson*, acquaints him how much he is obliged to *Madamoyse* *La Vasselay*, for her affection to him, layes before him the Nobility of her descent and blood, the greatness of her Estate and means, as also the excellency of her vertues; that fifty years is the most of her age, and that she is not by farr so old, as pleasing and lovely; that she affects him above all the men in the World, yea, and desires no man of the world for her Husband but himself; and that when he pleaseth, she desires the honour of his company to her house, with many other intimations and insinuations conducing that way.

De Merson having formerly understood of *La Vasselayes* rich Estate and Dowrie, as also of the truth of her age, he likes the first well, and although he distast, yet he will dissemble the second; he thanks *de Pruneau* for his pains, and *La Vasselay* for her love toward him; promiseth to requite the first, and if her wealth and vertues correspond with his relation, to deserve the second; alleging further, that although there be a great inequality in their age, yet such he is no heir but a second Brother, that it is rather likely than impossible for it to be a match betwixt them; and in the mean time to requite part of her affection, he promiseth to Sup with her the night following at her house, where he only desires his company and assistance, that they may the more effectually and secretly consult of this business, which he hopes will so much import, as well her good and his content, as her content and his good; and so for that time they part.

De Pruneau having received his pleasing and discreet answer from *De Merson*, he returns with the relation, and repetition thereof to *La Vasselay*; vows that his exterior feature is no way answerable, but comes far short of his interior Vertues and discretion; and that by all which he either can collect from his speeches, or gather from his deportment and behaviour, he is in his conceit the most accomplished Gentleman, not only of *Maine*, but of *France*; and so bids her prepare her Supper, and her self to entertain him the next night. Which answer of *De Mersons*, and relation of *De Pruneau*, is so pleasing to her heart and thoughts, as her age seems to be already ravished with joy at the conceits of his youth; when thinking every minute a month, and every hour a year, before she be made happy, and her house blessed with his presence, she leaves no cost unspared, or unspent, to make his entertainment answerable to his welcome; whereof whiles she is not only carefull, but curious in providing, let us cursorily speak a word or two how *De Merson* entertains and digesteth this unexpected motion and affection of *La Vasselay*.

He laughs in his sleeve to see her youthfull affections so flourishing in this *Autumn*, nay, in this *Winter* of her age, as to desire and seek so young a Gentleman as himself for her Husband; but he understands she is exceeding rich, and therefore resolves that this vertue is capable to overvalue and ransom that defect and error of hers. He sees that his Father will not pay his debts, and that he of himself cannot; that they growing more clamorous, will shortly become scandalous; which will not only directly prevent, but infallibly ruine his fortunes. He considereth how displeasing her age will be to his youth, as also that there is no hell comparable to that of a discontented bed, and then again, his debosh and lustfull thoughts, suggest him this remedy: That *Man*, hath beauties enough for him to recreate himselfe, and to pass his time with, although she have him sometimes in her bed, yet he may have younger lasses & ladies in his arms, both when, and were he pleaseth. He considereth that rich widdows are not so soon found as

sought

sought, nor so soon obtained as found; and that if he refuse *La Vasselay* this day, he may not only repent it to morrow, but perchance all the daies of his life; and although his will may, his power shall not be able to repair or redress this error of his, all his life after; He is not ignorant that Gentlewomen of her age and wealth are subject to be as soon lost as won in a humour; and therefore then lost, because not then won. Again that the elder she is, the sooner she will die, and he then is at liberty to marry as young a Virgin as he pleaseth, and that her wealth would then prove a true prop. and sweet comfort to his age. And to conclude and finish this consultation of his, she is without children to molest and trouble him, and therefore to be desired, she is vertuous, discreet, and of an excellent fame and reputation, and therefore deserves to be accepted and not refused.

Upon the grounds of which reasons and considerations, he makes good his promise to *De Pruneau*, and comes the next night both to visit, and sup with *La Vasselay*; who having purposely deckt her self up in her youthfull and gayest Apparrell; receives him, with all demonstrations of affection and joy. At his first arrivall he affords her two or three kisses, whereat she infinitely both rejoyceth and triumpheth; and in a word, he finds that his welcome not only exceeds his deserts, but his expectation; and believe me it was worth the observation, to see how superficially his youth looked on her age, and how artificially and lustfully her age gazed on his youth. Now, by this time Supper is served in, wherein her affection was again discovered him in the curiosity and bounty thereof. Where *De Pruneau* to give life to their mirth, tels them both, that he hope this their first meeting and interview will produce effects answerable to both their contents and desires; Whereat *De Merson* cannot refrain from blushing, nor *La Vasselay* from smiling; They are all very pleasant and jocond at Table, and she to give the better edge and relish to his affection, strives to seem farr younger than indeed she is, and then he knows her to be; yea, she doth so cunningly entermix and disperse youthfull speeches amidst her aged gravity, as if she were not old, or at least, newly made young. Now whiles she feasted her eyes on his fresh countenance and fair complexion, he sends his abroad to look on her plate, rich hangings, and household-stuff, wherewith he saw her house was richly and plentifully furnished: Supper ended, and the cloth taken away, they are no sooner fallen from their Viands, but they fall to their talk. *De Merson* kindly and familiarly taking his new old *Mistress* in his *Armes*, as if he had already given her a place in his heart and affections; which makes her beyond her self, both merry and joyfull. I will not trouble the Reader with the repetition of what speeches and complements here past betwixt them; because in this, and my future Histories I will follow the same method of brevity which I have proposed and observed in my former. Let then his inquisitive curiosity understand, that they parted very lovingly, and affectionately this first time; and *De Merson* although he were a deboshed Gentleman, yet he is not so simple to omit, but rather so well advised to pric into the true depth, and naked truth of her estate; and the rather, for that he hath known many Gentlemen who have been fetch'd over, and gull'd in this nature, and in marrying one Widdow have match't themselves to two thieves, and credulously thinking her rich, have in the end found her a very begger; Whereupon he takes three daies respite to resolve, and so with some kisses and many thanks for her affection, and her kind entertainment and great cheer, he for that night takes his leave of her, whose fair carriage and discreet resolution in temporizing, *La Vasselay* applauds, and *De Pruneau* approves; So *De Merson* having spent the first and second day in surveying the Writings of her Dowry, the Leases of her Lands and houses, and the Bonds and Bills of Debts due to her, with all her ready Mony, Plate, and other moveables; he finds her estate to answer his expectation and her report, and that she is really worth in Land, six thousand Franks yearly, and her moveables worth at least eighteen thousand more, he the third day publikly contracts himself to her; and having advertised his Father thereof, who likes the wealth better than the Widdow, within eight dayes after privately marryes her, which administred cause of speech and wonder in and about *Mans*; some blaming her of indiscretion and levity, to match so young a Gentleman, others taxing him of folly to marry so old a Widdow; some extolling and applauding his judgement, in enriching himself with so great an estate; which would not only deface his debts, secure his youth and age from the storms of want, and the tempests of necessity, but also in the one and the other maintain him richly, prosperously, and gallantly. And others again believing, and presaging, that this their gerat inequality and disparity of years, would either of the one side or other, or both, produce many discontents and afflictions, instead of hoped-for joyes and prosperities. Thus every one speaks differently of this preposterous match, according to their passions and fancies dictate them; but which of all these opinions and judgments speaks truest, we shall not go farr to understand and know.

We have seen the consummation of this marriage, *Youth* wedded to *Age*; *May* to *December*, and young *De Merson* to old *La Vasselay*; in which contract and nuptials, either of them are so vain, and both so irreligious, as caring wholly for the pleasures of their bodies, they have not therein so much as once thought of their souls, or of Heaven, Yea, God is not so much as once nominated or remembred of them. All the ends of marriages are only two; *Gods glory*, and the propagation of children; and because they cannot hope for the second, must they therefore needs be so impious, as to forget the first? Aye me, if his youth had attained no more Grace, could her age retain no more goodness; or how can they flatter themselves with any hope, that this marriage of theirs can possibly prosper, when only her aim and end therein is lust, and his wealth? If a building can subsist and flourish, which hath a rotten and reeling foundation, then this match of theirs may prosper, otherwise cannot; for what more rotten, than the beastly pleasures of her lustfull, and yet decayed age, and what more reeling and fickle than the constant inconstancy of his lascivious youth? which make my thoughts justly fear, and my heart truly presage and appeehend, that repentance, not pleasure; affliction, not joy; misery, not prosperity, is at the heels to attend and follow these their Nuptials; As mark we the sequell, and it will briefly inform us how.

De Merson hath not been married two whole moneths to *La Vasselay*, but he begins to repent himself that ever he matched her, far he now sees, though before he would not, that it is impossible for youth to fadge and sympathise with her age, he sees that she hath a descrepit, sickly and decayed body, and that she is never free of the Cough and Rheum, as also of an issue in her left arm, which is not only displeasing, but loathsome to him. Yea, when she hath taken off her Ruff and head attire, and dighted her self in her night habiliments, then he vowes he is afraid of her Lamb-skin furred cap and waist-coat; and takes her withred face for a *Vizard* or a *Comet*, which yeelds no delight but terrour, to his eyes, swearing that he serves only for a bedpan to heat her frozen body, which of it self is far colder than a *Marble Statue*; Yea, he is so far out of love with her, because, to write the truth, he never truly loved her, that her sight is a plague to him, her presence by day a Purgatory, and her company by night a very Hell.

But deboshed and dissolute *Gentleman*, these vicious and impious conceits of thine, come immediatly from *Hell* and *Satan*, and are no way infused in thy thoughts by *Heaven* much less inspired in thy heart by God; Consider, consider with thy self, that if *La Vasselay* be old, yet she is now thy wife, and that whatsoever *De Pranean* or her self informed thee of fifty years, yet thou knowest she could not be less than sixty three, and more she is not. In which regard marriage (the holy institution of *Heaven*) having now made you of two, one, if thou wilt not love her age, at least thou shouldst reverence it; or if thou canst not affect her, thou shouldst not hate her. Hath she imperfections? what woman in the world lives without them? or is she pestred with diseases, who can be either exempted from them, or prevent them? Thou hast vowed in the Temple of the Lord, and in the presence of him and his people, not only in love, but to honour her; and is thy inconstancy and impiety already such, as forgetting that promise and vow of thine, thou dost now not only dishonour, but despise and contemn her; and that thou only madest that vow purposely to break it? O *De Merson*, if thou art not capable of Counsell, yet do but believe the truth, and thou wilt find, that if thou wilt not love her, because she is too old to be thy wife; yet thou shouldst respect and regard her, because she is old enough to be thy Grandmother: for as it is incivility not to reverence *Age*; so it is impiety to disdain and malign it; and if in any man towards a meer stranger, how much more a Husband to his own wife? And because it is easier to espie our Wives imperfections, than to find out, or reform our own; if thy Wife *La Vasselay* be guilty of any fault towards thee, it is because she loves thee too well, and affects thee too dearly.

We have seen *De Mersons* distast of his wife *La Vasselay*, Let us now see how she likes, or rather why she soon dislikes him; for he bears himself so strangely, and withall, so unkindly towards her, as her desires of his youth come far short both of her expectation and hopes; for if he lie with her one night, he wanteth six from her; is still abroad and seldom or never at home with her; yea, he is of such a gadding humour, and ranging disposition, and his thoughts and delights are transported elsewhere, not at home; with other young Dames of *Mans*, not with her self; and the vanity of his pleasures do so far surprize and captivate him, that he is already become so vitious, as he makes day his night, and night his day, living rather like a voluptuous Epicure, than a temperate or Civill Christian; Neither, quoth she, is it jealousy but truth which makes her prie so narrowly into such lewd and lascivious actions, wherein the further she wades, the more cause she finds both of grief and vexation, which makes her wish, she had been blind when she first saw him; and either he or her self in Heaven, when they so unfortunately married each other here upon Earth.

How

How now fond and foolish old *Gentlewoman*, are thy joyes so soon converted into sorrows, and thy triumphs into tears? why, thou hast just cause to thank none but thy self for these thy crosses and afflictions; sith thy lustfull and lascivious desires were not only the authour, but the procurer of them; for hadst thou been more modest, and less wanton, thou mightest have apparently seen, and providently foreseen, that *De Mersons* youth was too young for thy age, because thy age was too old for his youth; so that hadst thou been then but half so stayed and wise, as now thou art sorrowfull, thou needest not grieve for that which thou canst not redress, nor repent for that which is out of thy power to remedy. But rash and inconsiderate woman, how comes this to pass, that thou art ready to entertain jealousy, when death stands ready to entertain thee? Could all the course of thy former youth be so happy, not to be acquainted with this vice, and doth now thy frozen age think it a vertue to admit and embrace it? Ay me, I grieve to see thy folly, and lament to understand thy madness in this kind: for what is jealousy, but the rage of our thoughts, and brains, the disturber of our peace and tranquillity, the enemy of our peace and happiness, the traitour to our judgment and understanding, the plague of our life, the poyson of our hearts, and the very bane and Canker of our soules? Jealousie, why, it is the daughter of frenzie, and the Mother of madness, it is a vice purposely sent from hell to make those wretched on earth, who may live fortunate and happy, and yet will not; yea, it is a vice which I know not whether it be more easie to admit, or difficult to expell, being admitted. But *La Vassellay*, expell it thou must, at least, if thou think to live fortunate, and not to die miserable. Wert thou as young as aged, thy jealousy might have some colour and excuse in meeting with the censures of the world; whereas now not deserving the one, it cannot receive the other. And as those women are both wise and happy, who wink at the youthfull escapes of their Husbands; so thy jealousy makes thee both meritorious and guilty of thy afflictions, because thou wilt be so foolish to espie, and so malicious to remember these of thine. Is *De Merson* given and addicted to other women? why pardon him, because he is a young man; and as hee is thy Husband, and thou his wife, believe that he is every way more worthy of thy prayers, than of thine envie.

Thus we see upon what fatall and ominous tearms these late married couple now stand; *De Mersons* youth scorning and spurning at his wife *La Vassellay's* age, and wholly addicting himself to others, and her age growing infinitely jealous of his youth; so that for any thing I see or know to the contrary, these different vices have already taken such deep and dangerous root in them, as they threaten not only the shipwrack of their content, but of their fortunes, if not of their lives.

Now for us to find out the particular object of *La Vassellay's* jealousy, as her foolish curiosity hath already the generall cause, we must know, that she hath a very proper young *Gentlewoman* who attends her, of some eighteen years of age, tearmed *Gratiana*, of a middle stature, somewhat enclining to fatness, having a fresh sanguine complexion, and bright flaxen hair, she being indeed every way exceeding lovely and fair; and with this *Gratiana*, she fears her Husband is more familiar than either modesty or chastity can permit; and yet she hath only two poor reasons for this, her credulity and jealousy, and God knows they are poor and weak ones indeed; The first is, that she thinks her own withred face serves only but as a foil, to make *Gratiana's* fresh beauty seem the more precious and amiable in his eyes. The second is, that she once saw him kiss her in her presence in the Garden, when she brought him a Handkercher, which his Page had forgotten to give him. Ridiculous grounds, and triviall reasons, for her to build her fear, or erect her jealousy on, or to invent and raise so foul a scandal and calumny; and yet not to suppress, but to report the whole truth, *De Merson* was lasciviously in love with *Gratiana*, had often tempted her defloration, but could never obtain her consent therunto; for she was as chaste as fair, and impregnable either to be seduced by his gifts and presents, or to be vanquished and won by his treacherous promises, protestations, and Oaths: for she told him plainly and peremptorily, when she saw him begin to grow importunate, and impudent in this his folly, That although shee were but a poor Gentlemans daughter, yet she thanked God, that her Parents had so vertuously train'd her up in the School of Honour, that she would rather die, than live to be a Strumpet to any Gentleman or Prince of the World; which chaste answer, and generous resolution of hers, did then so quench the flames of his lascivious and inordinate affection to her, as thenceforth he exchanged his lust into love towards her, and vowed, that he would both respect and honour her as his Sister. Now although they both keep the passage of this business secret from his wife her Mistress, yet notwithstanding, as it is the nature of jealousy, not to hearken to any reason, nor approve of any belief but of her own; therefore she is confident, that hee lies with *Gratiana* more often than with her self; which she vows she cannot digest, and will no longer tolerat. To which end, (with a most malicious and strange kind

of treachery) shee makes fair weather with *Gratiana*; and (thinking to cool her hot courage, and to allay the heat of her luxurious blood) looking one day stedfastly in her face, she tells her, that she hath need to be let blood, to prevent a Fever; whereunto, although chaste and innocent *Gratiana* was never formerly let blood, she notwithstanding willingly consents thereunto; which to effect, *La Vasselay* (like a base Mistris, and a treacherous step-dame) sends for an Apothecary, named *Rennet*, gives him a watchword in his ear, to draw at least sixteen Ounces of blood from *Gratiana*, for that she was strongly entred into a burning Fever; But he being as honest as she was treacherous and cruell, told her, that the drawing of so great a quantity of blood from her, might not only impair her health, but endanger her life. But she replies, it was so ordered by a Doctor; whereupon he opens her right-arm veyn; and as he had near drawn so much from this poor harmless young Gentlewoman, she faints twice in a chair betwixt their armes, and all the cold water they threw in her face, could very hardly refetch her, and keep life in her; this old hard-hearted Hag still notwithstanding crying out, that it was not blood enough: having no other reason for this her treachery and cruelty, but that indeed she thought it not enough, or sufficient to quench the unquenchable thirst and flame of her jealousy; of which this is the first effect towards this innocent young Gentlewoman, but we shall not go farr to see a second.

Gratiana is so farr from dreaming of her Mistris jealousy toward her Master, and her self; or from once thinking of this her treacherous letting her blood, as she thanks her for her affection and care of her health; and now the very next day after *De Merson* dying at home with his old wife (which he had not done in many dayes before) and seeing *Gratiana* look so white and pale, demands her if she be not well, and then questioneth his wife what ayles her Gentlewoman to look so ill, which she seems to put off with a feigned excuse; but withall (as if this care of her Husband towards *Gratiana*, were a true confirmation of their dishonesty, and her jealousy) she retains the memory thereof deeply in her heart and thoughts; yea, it is so frequent, and fixed in her imaginations, as she cannot, she will not any longer suffer or endure this affection of her Husband to *Gratiana*; nor that *Gratiana*'s youth shall wrong *La Vasselay*'s age in the rites and duties of Marriage. Wherefore casting sad aspects on him, and malignant looks on her, she to please and give satisfaction to her jealousy (which cannot be pleased or satisfied with any thing but revenge) resolves to make her know what it is, for a waiting-Maid to offend and wrong her Mistris in this kind; when not to diminish, but rather to augment and redouble her former cruelty toward her. Her Husband riding one day abroad in company of divers other Gentlemen of the City, to hunt Wolves which abound in those vast and spacious woods of *Maine*, she under pretence of some other business, calls *Gratiana* alone into her inner Chamber, when bolting the door after her, she with meager and pale envy in her looks, and implacable fury and choler in her speeches, chargeth her of dishonesty with her Husband; calling her whore, strumpet, and baggage; affirming, that the time and hour is now come for her to be revenged of her. Poor *Gratiana* both amazed and affrighted at this sudden and furious, both unexpected and undeserved alarm of her Mistris, seeing her honour, and (as she thinks and fears) her life called in question, she after a world of sighes and tears, tearms her accusers Devils and witches, vowes by her part in Heaven, and upon the perill of her own soul, that she is innocent of that crime whereof she accused her, and that neither in deed or thought, she was ever dishonest or unchaste with any man of the world, much less with her Master. But this will not satisfie incensed *La Vasselay*, neither are these speeches or tears of *Gratiana* of power to pass current with her jealousy; but reputed them false and counterfeit, she calls in her Chamber-maid, and Cook-maid, whom she had purposely led there, and bids them unstrip *Gratiana* naked to her waste, and to bind her hand and foot to the Bed post, which with much repining and pittie, they are at last enforced do. When commanding them forth the Chamber, and bolting the door after them, she not like a woman, but rather as a fury of hell flies to poor innocent *Gratiana*, and with a great burchen rod, doth not only raze but scarifie her armes, back and shoulders; when harmless soul, she (though in vain) having no other defensive weapons but her tongue, and her innocency, cries aloud to Heaven and Earth for succour. But this old Hag as full of malice as jealousy, hath no compassion of her cries, or pittie of her sighs; yea neither the sight of her tears, or blood, (which trickling down her cheeks, and shoulders, doth both bedew, and ingrain her Smock) are of power to appease her fury and envy, untill having spent three rods, and tyred and wearied both her armes, shee in the heat of her choler, and the height of her revenge, delivers her these bitter and scoffing words; *Minion this, this is the way, yea the only way to cool the heat of thy courage, and to quench the fire of thy lust*; When calling in her two maids, she commands them to unbind *Gratiana*, and to help on her cloaths. When triumphing in her cruelty, she furiously departs and leaves them; who

cannot

cannot refrain from tears, to see how severely and cruelly their *Mistress* had handled this her poor *Gentlewoman*.

Gratiana, the better to remedy these her insupportable and cruel wrongs, holds it discretion to dissemble them, and so providing her self secretly of a horse and man, she the next night steals away, rides to *La Ferte*, and from thence to her Father at *Nogent le Retrou*, where he was superintendant of the *Prince of Condes* house and Castle in that Town; and where the *Princess Dowager* his mother built up the greatest part of her sorrowfull Residence, whiles he was detained prisoner in the Castle of *Boys de Vincennes* near *Paris*. *La Vasselay* gives at this her sudden, and unexpected departure, the which she fears her Husband *De Merson*, and her Father *Monsieur de Brema*y will take in ill part; wherein she is no way deceived, for the one grieves, and the other storms thereat; yea, when *De Merson* (through flattery and threats) had drawn from the Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, the truth of his wives cruel whipping of *Gratiana*, as also the cause thereof, her jealousy, He justly incensed and enraged, flies to this his sottish and cruel wife, tells her, that jealousy comes from the Devil, whose part he affirms she hath acted, and acting this upon innocent *Gratiana*, then whom their lives not a chaster maid in the world; That although she were poor, yet, that she was as well descended as herself. In which regard, if she did not speedily right and redeem her wrongs, and seek means to pacifie and recall her, that he would forthwith leave her, yea, and utterly forsake her; which cooling-card of his to his wife, makes her look on her former erroneous cruelty towards *Gratiana*, rather with outward grief, than inward repentance. But seeing that her jealousy must now stoop and strike fail to her Husbands *Choler*, and that to enjoy his company, she must not be exempted and deprived of hers; she contrary to her desire and will, (which still retains the fumes and flames of jealousy, as that doth of revenge) is inforced to make a vertue of necessity, and so to bear up with the time, feigning herself repentant and sorrowfull for that she had formerly done to *Gratiana*; she to reclaim her, buyes her so much wrought black Taffety for a Gown, and so much Crimson Damask for a Petticoat, and with a bracelet of Pearl which she accustomed to wear upon her right arme, she sends it to *Nogent* to her by *La Vilette*, a Gentleman of her Husbands, and accompanieth it with a letter to her Father, *Monsieur de Brema*y, which contained these words.

LA VASSELAY to DE BREMAY.

HAVING vindicated Truth from Error, and metamorphosed Jealousie into Judgment, I find that I have wronged thy *Gratiana*, whereat I grieve with contrition, and sorrow with repentance, sith my Husbands vows and Oaths have fully cleared her Honour and Chastity, which my foolish incredulity and fear rashly attempted both to eclipse and disparage; in which regard, praying her to forgive, and thy self to forget that wrong, I earnestly desire her speedy return by this bearer, and ye both shall see, that I never formerly hated her so much, as henceforth I will both love and honour her. I have now sent her some small tokens of my affection; and ere long she shall find greater effects and testimonies thereof, for knowing her to be as chaste as fair; In this *De Brema*y I request thee to rest confident, that as she is now thy daughter by Nature, so she shall be henceforth mine by adoption.

LA VASSELAY.

*De Brema*y having received this Letter, and his Daughter *Gratiana* these kind tokens from her *Mistress La Vasselay*; his choler, and her grief and sorrow is soon defaced and blown away; so he well satisfied, and she content and pleased, he sends her back from *Nogent* to *Mans* by *La Vilette*, by whom he writes this ensuing Letter to his *Mistress La Vasselay* in answer of hers.

DE BREMAY to LA VASSELAY.

THY Letter hath given me so much content and satisfaction, as thy undeserved cruelty to my daughter *Gratiana* did grief and indignation. And had she been guilty of that crime, whereof thy fear made thee jealous, I would for ever have renounced her for my Daughter, and deprived her of my sight: for as her Vertues are her best wealth, and her Honour her chiefest renew; so if she had failed in these, or saltred in this, I should then have joyned with thee to hate her, as I do now to love her: But her Tears and Oaths have cleared her innocency, and in hers, thy Husbands. In which regard, relying upon her own merits, and thy professed kindness, she forgetting, and I forgiving things past, I now return her thee by thy servant *La Vilette*; hoping that if thou wilt not affect her as thy adopted Daughter, yet that thou wilt tender her as thy obedient and observant Handmaid,

DE BREMAY.

Gratiana.

Gratiana's hopes, and his Fathers credulity of *La Vasselay's* future affection towards her, as also her gifts and promises, so far prevail with them, as she is now returned to her, from *Nogent* to *Mans*: But I fear she had done far better to have still remained with her Father; for she might consider, and he know, what little safety, and apparent danger there is to rely upon the favour of an incensed jealousy. *La Vasselay* (in all outward shew) receives and welcomes *Gratiana* with many expressions of love, and demonstrations of joy, thereby to please her Husband; who indeed likes so well of her return, as he likes his wife the better for procuring it. And now to the eye of the world, and according to humane conceit and sense, all three parties are reconciled and satisfied, as if *La Vasselay's* jealousy had never heretofore offended her Husband, nor her cruelty wronged *Gratiana*; or as if he had never known the one nor she felt the other. But we shall not go far to see this calm overtaken with a tempest, and this Sunshine surprised with a dismal and disastrous shower.

For three months were not fully expired, since *Gratiana's* return to *Mans*, but *La Vasselay's* old jealousy of her, and her Husband *De Merson*, which seemed to be suppressed and extinguished, doth now flash and flame forth a new with more violence and impetuosity; yea, he cannot look on *Gratiana*, much less speak to her, but presently this old jealous Beldame in her heart and thoughts proclaims them guilty of Adultery; whereat she indiscreetly suffers her self to be so far transported with Indignation and Envy, as she vows she will no longer tolerate or digest it. And now it is that like a fury of hell she first assumes damnable and execrable resolutions, not only against the Innocency, but against the life of innocent and harmless *Gratiana*; who poor soul is the nearer her danger, in respect she holds her self farthest from it; yea, this jealous old Hag, this Fury, nay, this the Devill *La Vasselay*, hath not only consulted, but determined and concluded with her bloody thoughts, that she will speedily send *Gratiana* into another world; because her youth shall no longer abuse and wrong her age in this. When forgetting her self, her soul, and her God, thereby purposely to please her senses, her jealousy, and her Tutor the Devill, she vows, that no respect of Reason or Religion, no consideration of Heaven or Hell, shall be capable to divert her from dispatching her; yea, and as if she not only rejoiced, but glorified in this her pernicious and bloody design, she thinks every hour a year before she hath performed it; To which end, providing her self of strong poyson, and watching, and catching at the very first opportunity, as soon as ever *Gratiana* found her self not well, she under a colour of much affection and care to her, makes her some white-broth, wherein infusing and intermixing the aforesaid poyson, she (gracelessly and cruelly) gives it her, the which within six daies, fainting and languishing, makes a perpetuall divorce and separation betwixt her soul and her body, leaving this to descend to earth, and that to ascend to Heaven, to draw down vengeance to this hellish and execrable *La Vasselay*, for so inhumanly and cruelly murdering this her harmless and innocent waiting-Gentlewoman *Gratiana*.

De Merson understanding of *Gratiana's* death, almost as soon as of her sickness, he very sorrowfully bites the lip thereat; for considering this accident in its true nature, his thoughts suggest him, and his heart and soul prompts him, that his wife *La Vasselay* had undoubtedly occasioned her death, and so metamorphosed her jealousy into murder; yea, and notwithstanding the fair and sorrowfull shew which she puts thereon to the contrary, yet the premises considered, he is very confident in this his belief and fear; when grieving at the cruelty of this disaster, and abhorring the author of so monstrous and bloody a fact, the very sight of this his old wretched wife is odious, and the remembrance of this her cruell crime, detestable and execrable unto him. Again, when he considereth *Gratiana's* beauty and chastity, and that she was sent to her untimely Grave for his sake, this doth not only redouble his sorrows, but infinitely augment and increase his afflictions, so that beginning to fear his wives envy, as much as he hated her jealousy, in that it was not only possible, but likely, that it might also futurely extend and reflect on him, as it already had on harmless and innocent *Gratiana*, he assumes a resolution to leave and forsake her, the which she shall shortly see him put in execution; when the better to curb and vex her, he secretly packs up all her Bills, Bonds, Leases, and Conveyances, as also, all her Money, Plate, Jewels, and richest Householdstuff; and so giving out a prohibition to all the Tenants, not to dare to pay her any Rent, he allowing her only a bare maintenance, very suddenly (when she least expected or dreamt thereof) takes horse and rides home to his Fathers, where he resolves to make the greatest part of his residence; and all the tears and prayers of his wife, are not of power to reclaim or retain him.

La Vasselay seeing the unkindness of her Husband *De Merson*, in making her a Widdow, almost as soon as a Wife; as also his ingratitude, in depriving her of the use and fruition of her own Estate and means, and leaving her so poor an allowance as could scarce

scarce warrant her a competent maintenance, she is almost ready to die for meer grief and sorrow thereof, but how to remedy it she knows not; And now she repents her folly and indiscretion, in matching her aged self to so young a man as *De Merson*; now she doth not only accuse, but condemn her own jealousy, which drew her to this foul fact of murdering her harmless, and as she now believes her innocent Wayting-maid *Gratiana*; for which, this ingratefull departure, and hard usage of her Husband, is but the least, and as she terms it, but the forerunner of greater punishments, which God hath ordained and reserved for her; yea, it is not only a grief to her thoughts, but a vexation to her heart and soul, to see her self made the mocking-stock and laughter of all *Mans* and *Maine*, who rather excuse her Husbands youth, than any way pity or commiserate her age; and to see that the friends of her prosperity turn their backs and faces to her, in her affliction and poverty; and if she have any hope yet left, to assist and comfort her in these her calamities, it is by endeavouring to reconcile and reclame her Husband to her by Letters; when taking pen and paper, she within a month of his departure sends him these few lines:

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

Since at thy request I both recanted my Jealousie to thy self, and repented my cruelty to my maid *Gratiana*, what have I committed or done, that should deserve this thy ingratefull, and as I may truly say, Heart-killing departure? for having made a most exact Scrutiny in my thoughts and soul, either of them inform me, and both assure me, that the freeness and fervency of my affection, towards thee, deserved not so cruell but a farr more courteous requitall. If my Age be any way displeasing to thy youth, yet deprive me not of the felicity of thy sight and presence, wherein I not only delight, but glory. And although I can be content that thou surfeit with my wealth, yet make me not so miserable, as to starve both in and for thy presence. If any have given thee any sinister or false impressions, either of my self or actions; why if thy affection to me will not deface them, at least let thy pity: Yea, return my sweet and dear Husband, and what errors or faults soever thou saiest I have committed, I will not only redeem them with kisses, but with tears.

LA VASSELAY.

De Merson having received this his wives Letter, it works such poor effects in his affection, as he doth rather rejoyce than commiserate her estate and sorrows; yea, he so sleights her, and her remembrance, as once he had thought to have answered her Letter with silence; but at last he (some eight daies after) returns her this answer.

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

What hope can I have of thy Affection, when I see thou art inviolably constant to thy Jealousie? and if the Scrutiny of thy thoughts and soul be as true as thou pretendest, yet I fear, that this Jealousie of thine, is not the greatest, but the least of thy crimes. Thou writest to mee, that I give a cruell requitall to thy affection, but pray God, thou have not given a more sharp and inhumane one to *Gratiana's* service and Chastity. Neither is it thy Age, but thy Imperfections and Vices, which are both displeasing and odious to my youth; for I could brook that with as much patience, as I can digest these with impossibilities. If thou wantst means, I will grant thee more; but for my presence, I have many reasons to deny thee. I know none but thy self, which hath given mee any impressions of thy actions; and if those were false, they would prove thy true happiness, as now they do thy misery, which, my affection doth pity though cannot redress it. It is but in vain for thee, either to expect or hope for my return; and sith thy faults and errors are best known to thy self, let thy repentance redeem them towards God; for neither thy kisses nor tears, can or shall to me.

DE MERSON.

This Letter of *De Merson* to his wife *La Vasselay*, is so farr from comforting, as it doth extremely afflict her; And although his discontents be such, as she sees it almost impossible to reconcile and reclaim him; yet being exceedingly perplexed and grieved with this her solitary and disconted life, she yet hopes, that a second Letter may obtain that of him, which her self could not; when six moneths time being now slipt away since his departure, she feigning her self sick, writes unto him again to this effect.

LA VAS SELAY to DE MERSON.

THy absence hath so deprived my joyes, and ingendred my sorrows, that sickness threatens my life to be neer her period; So among a world of discontentments, let me yet bear this one Content to my grave, that I may once more see thee, whom so tenderly I both desire, and long to see; and if I cannot be so happy as to live, at the least make me so fortunate, as to die in thine Armes; which I know not whether it be a greater Charity for thee to grant, or a cruelty to deny mee this request of mine; For my dear De Merson, if thou wilt not be pleased to be my Husband, yet be not offended to remember that I am thy wife; and withall that as I desire thy return, so that I have not deserved thy departure; But if thou wilt still be inexorable to my requests, these Lines of mine, which I writ thee, rather with Tears than Ink, shall bear witness betwixt thy self and me, of my Kindness, of thy Cruelty, and how my Life sought thy Affection, though my Death could neither find, nor obtain it.

LA VAS SELAY.

De Merson reads this Letter with laughter; yea, he is so insensible of her Lines, Requests and Tears, as if another had sent him news of her dearth, as she her self did of her sickness, it had been farr more pleasing, and better welcome to him. but thinking how to gall her to the quick, to the end he might henceforth save her labour to write him any more Letters, and himself to receive and peruse them, he returnes her this sharp and bitter answer.

DE MERSON to LA VAS SELAY.

It is thy Errour, not my Absence, which hath exchanged thy Joyes into Sorrows; and if thy life draw neer her period, they cannot be farr from theirs. My sight is a poor content for thee to bear to thy grave, sith as a Christian, thou shouldest delight to see none but thy Saviour, nor be Ambitious to live in any armes but his; and if thou hold not this to be Charity, I know others cannot repute it Cruelty. That I am thy Husband I grant, and that thou art my Wife I not deny: but yet I fear thy heart knows though thy Pen affirms the contrary, that I have farr more reason for my departure, than thou to desire my return. And if thou wilt yet know more, if the Ink wherewith thou writest thy Letter be Tears, pray God thou didst not bedew Gratiana's Winding-sheet and Coffin, both with her tears and blood; for badst thou not been cruelly, yea, inhumane to her, I would never have been unkind to thee. And to conclude, live as happy, as I fear her death will make thee die miserable.

DE MERSON.

The receipt and perusall of this Letter, doth not only grieve, but afflict and torment La Vasselay; for the remembrance of De Merson his suspicion and apprehension that she had a hand in the death of Gratiana, doth, as it were, pierce her heart, as well with fear as sorrow; For as her poverty lay before at his mercy, so now she knows doth her life; and that sith he will not love her, he may chance so maligne and hate her, as to reveal it. Whereupon, to secure her self, and to warrant the safety of her life, she soon exchangeth her love into hatred, and her affection and jealousie into envie towards him; yea her enraged and incensed thoughts, ingender and imprint such bloody designes of revenge in her heart, as abandoning the fear and grace of God, she impiously concludes a match with the Devill, to dispatch and murder him; and from which bloody and damnable design, no regard of God or her soul, nor respect of Heaven or Hell, can, or shall divert her; when overpassing a small parcell of time, wherein she ruminated and pondered, how he should send him from this life to another; at last her malicious curiosity makes her thoughts fall on La Vallette, being his Gentleman, who still followed him, as holding him a fit Agent to attempt, and instrument to finish this bloody business, which so much imported her content and safety, grounding her reasons upon the greatness of his heart and mind, and the weakness of his Purse and means; as if poverty were a sufficient cause and privilege to commit so treacherous and bloody a fact; When knowing him to be then in Mans, receiving up his Masters Rents, she sends for him; to whom (the door bolted) she tells him she is to request his secrecy in a business which infinitely tends to his good. He promiseth it her; but she will have him swear thereunto, which he doth; when with sighs and tears making a bitter invective, and recapitulation of her Husband, his Masters undeserved indignity and cruelty towards her; she then and there, makes a proposition to him, to murder him for her; and that she will give him a thousand Crowns to off. & it. La Vallette seeing the greatness of the danger in that of the crime, seems not only discontented, but amazed hereat

hereat; for although he love Gold well, yet he will not purchase it at so dear a rate, and base and damnable a price as that of his Masters blood; when seeing she could not prevail, she again puts him in mind of his oath to secrecy; which he again vows never to infringe or violate; and withall, like a good servant, seeks to dissuade and divert her from such bloody thoughts and attempts. Had *La Villette* remained in the purity and candeur of this his Religious and Christian Resolution, not to imbrue or distain his hands in the innocent blood of his Master, it would have made him as happy, as we shall shortly see him miserable in attempting and executing the contrary; for as a propension and resolution to *Vertue*, breeds not only Honour, but safety; so the contrary effects thereof produce not only shame, but misery. To foresee sin, is a pious wisdom; but to prevent and eschew it, is alwayes a most wise and blessed piety.

And whereas *time* should rather decrease than increase, and rather root out, than plant *Malice* in our thoughts, and *Envy* in our resolutions; yet directly contrary, that of *La Vasselay* to her Husband *De Merson*, doth not die, but live, will not fade, but flourish; for a month or two more being run out and expired, and *La Villette* again in *Mans*, her malice unto her Husband is so inveterate and implacable, as she again sends for him to her house, where (in great secrecy and intended affection) she tels him, that if he will murder his Master, she within six moneths will marry him in requitall, and not only live his faithfull wife, but die his obedient and constant hand-maid. Now, although her first profer of a thousand crowns could not procure of *La Villette*, these her sugred speeches, which she intermixeth with kisses, and the consideration of so many thousands, which her estate not only promiseth, but assureth, doth; so as forgetting his former vertue, to remember his future vice, he (like a damnable villain) swears to her to effect it; which wretched Verball contract, they interchangeably seal with Oathes and kisses, which (if they had any fear of God, or care of their salvations) they should have detested with horror, and abhorred with detestation. Neither will his malice (or the Devill the Author thereof) give him leave to protract or deferr it: for having resolved to murder him as he rides abroad; his Master on a time being invired to a generall hunting, by the *Baron* of *Susanna* (Son and heir to *Monsieur de Varennes*) at his said Town of *Susanna*, as he came riding homewards towards his Fathers house of *Manfrelle*, he in the midst of a great Wood, near unto the small village of *Saint Georges*, riding behind his Master, dischargeth his Pistoll, loden with a brace of bullets, thorow his reynes, which makes him instantly fall off dead from his horse to the ground. When this hellish servant *La Villette*, seeing his Master devoyd of breath, and groveling and weltring in his blood, he having acted the part of a sinfull Devill, in committing this cruell murder, now resolves to assume and represent that of a subtil Hypocrite in concealing it; when determining to report that they were both assaulted, and his Master slain by thieves, he to make all his actions conduce and look that way, chargeth his Pistoll again with another brace of Bullets, and shoots thorow his own hat, gives himself a cut ore his left hand, and then breaks his Rapier, takes his own Pistoll, and his Masters Rapier, and throws it into a Pond close adjoyning; takes likewise his Masters Purse and Watch out of his pocket, and hides it secretly; and then the more cunningly and knavishly to blear and deceive the eyes of the World, thereby to make this his hypocrisie pass the currenter, he having purposely provided himself of two small cords; with the one he binds both his own feet, and with the other (by a pretty slight) flaps therein his armes behind his back, and then setting himself against a Tree, he very pitifully weeps, groans, and cries out upon the thieves and murderers of his Master *De Merson*; when three Gentlemen of Brittain, travelling that way towards *Paris*, repair to his assistance, whom they find out by his cries; to whom he relates, that five thieves had assaulted his Master and himself, that fought in the defence as long as his Sword held; that his Master was killed with a Pistoll, then robbed, and himself shot thorow, and wounded, and bound as they saw. When these three *British Gentlemen*, grieving at this mournfull accident, and bloody spectacle, they instantly cut the cords wherewith he was bound, and so having conveyed the dead Corps to the next Cottage, they run up and down the Wood to find out these thieves and murderers, but in vaine: so *La Villette* having thanked these Gentlemen for their affection and charity towards his dead Master, and living self, He with a wonderfull exterior shew of sorrow, takes care for the speedy and decent transporting home of his breathless Master to *Manfrelle*; where his mournfull Father receives and buries him with infinite grief, lamentation and tears.

In the mean time, this murderous *La Villette* gives privat intelligence thereof to the bloody *La Vasselay*, who although she inwardly receives this news with extream content and joy, to see her self freed of so unkind and ingratefull a Husband; yet publikely to the eye of the World (thereby the better to delude and deceive the World) she contrariwise takes on blacke, seeming to be exceedingly mournfull, pensive and sorrowfull thereat; but God will shortly discover

discover the falshood of these her tears, and in the triumphs of his revenge, pull off the mask of this her dissembling and treacherous Hypocrisie: For as *Mans*, *Laval*, *Angiers*, and all the adjacent Towns and Countries grieve at this lamentable Murther of *De Merson*: so they as much admire and wonder to see his old widow *La Vasselay* so shortly married and espoused to his Gentleman *La Villette*, whose Nuptials are celebrated and consummated far within the term of six months after. For the curious wits of these Cities and Countries, considering what a preposterous course & resolution this was for her to marry her Husbands man, and withall so soon; as also that there was none other present but himself, when his master *De Merson* was murdered, it is umbragious, and leaves a fear and sting of suspicion in their heads, that there was more in the wind than was yet known, and therefore knowing no more, they defer the detection thereof to the providence and pleasure of God, who best, yea, who only knows in heaven how to conduct and manage the actions here below on earth: and now indeed the very time is come, that the Lord will no longer permit these their cruel and bloody Murthers to be concealed, but will bring them forth to receive condign punishment; and for want of other evidence and witnesses, they themselves shall be witnesses against themselves. And although *La Vasselayes* poysoning of *Gratiana*, and *La Villettes* pistolling of his Master *De Merson*, were cunningly contrived, and secretly perpetrated; yet we shall see the last of these bloody murthers, occasion the discovery and detection of the first, and both of them most severely and sharply punished for these their bloody crimes and horrible offences. The manner is thus:

These two execrable wretches, *La Villette* and *La Vasselay* have not live married above some seven or eight moneths, but he being deeply in Law with *Monsieur De Manfrelle*, his Predecessors Father for the detention of some lands and writings, he takes an occasion to ride home to his house of *Manfrelle* to him, to conferre of the differences, and by the way falls into the company of some Merchants of *Laval* and *Vittry*, who were returning from the Fair of *Chartres*; when riding together for the space of almost a whole dayes journey, the secret providence and sacred pleasure of God had so ordained, that *La Villette's* horse who bore him quietly and safely before, on a Sunday, first goes backwards, in despite of his spur or swich, and then standing an end on his two hind legs, falls quite back with him, and almost breaks the bulk and trunk of his body; when having hardly the power to speak, his breath failing him, and seeing no way but death for him, and the hideous image thereof apparently before his eyes, the Spirit of God doth so operate with his sinful soul, as he there confesseth how his wicked wife *La Vasselay*, had caused him to murder his Master *De Merson*, whom he shot to death with his Pistol; that she first seduced him with a thousand Crowns to perform it, which he refused; but then her consent to marry him, made him not only attempt, but finish that bloody business, whereof now from his very heart and soul he repented himself, and beseeched the Lord to forgive it him.

But here, before the Readers curiosity carry him further, let me, in the Name and fear of God, both request and conjure him, to stand amazed, and wonder with me at his sacred providence, and inscrutable wisdom & judgment which most miraculously concurs & shines in this accident, and especially in three essential and most apparent circumstances thereof. For, it was on the very same Horse, the same day twelve month, & in the very same wood & place, where this execrable wretch *Villette* formerly murdered his Master *De Merson*: Famous and notorious circumstances, which deserve to be observed, and remarked by all the children of God, yea, and to be imprinted and ingraven in their hearts and memories, thereby to deter us from the like crimes of Murther.

Now these honest Merchants of *Laval*, and *Vittry* (as much in charity to *La Villette's* life, as in execration of that confessed Murther of his Master *De Merson*) convey him to an Inn in *St. Georges*, when expecting every minute, that he would dye in their hands, they send away post to advertise the Presidial Court of *Mans* hereof (within whose Jurisdiction *St. Georges* was) who speedily commanded *La Villette* to be brought thither to them alive or dead: but God reserved him from that natural, to a more infamous death, and made him live til he came thither; where again he confesseth this his foul Murther of his Master *De Merson*, and likewise accuseth *La Vasselay* to be the sole instigator thereof, as we have formerly heard and understood. Whereupon he is no sooner examin'd, but this bloody old Hag is likewise imprisoned; who with many asseverations and tears, denies, and retorts this foul crime from her self to him. But her Judges are too wise to believe the weakness and invalidity of this her foolish justification: So whiles they are consulting on her, *De Bremay* having notice of all these accidents, but especially of *La Vasselay's* imprisonment, he (still apprehending and fearing, that she undoubtedly was the death of his Daughter *Gratiana*) takes post from *Nogent* to *Mans*, where he accuseth her thereof to the Criminal Judges of the Presidial Court; who upon this her double accusari-

on, adjudged her to the Rack, when at the very first torment thereof, she (at last preferring the life of her soul, before that of her body) confesseth her self to be the Actor of her first crime of *Murder*, and the *Author* of the second; when, and whereupon the *Judges* (resembling themselves) in detestation, and for expiation of these her foul crimes, condemn him to be hanged, and she to be burned alive; which the next day, at the common place of Execution (near the *Halls* in *Mans*) is accordingly executed, in the presence, and to the content of a world of people of that City, who as much abhor the enormity of these their bloody crimes, as they rejoyce, and glorifie God, for this their (not so severe, as deserved) punishments.

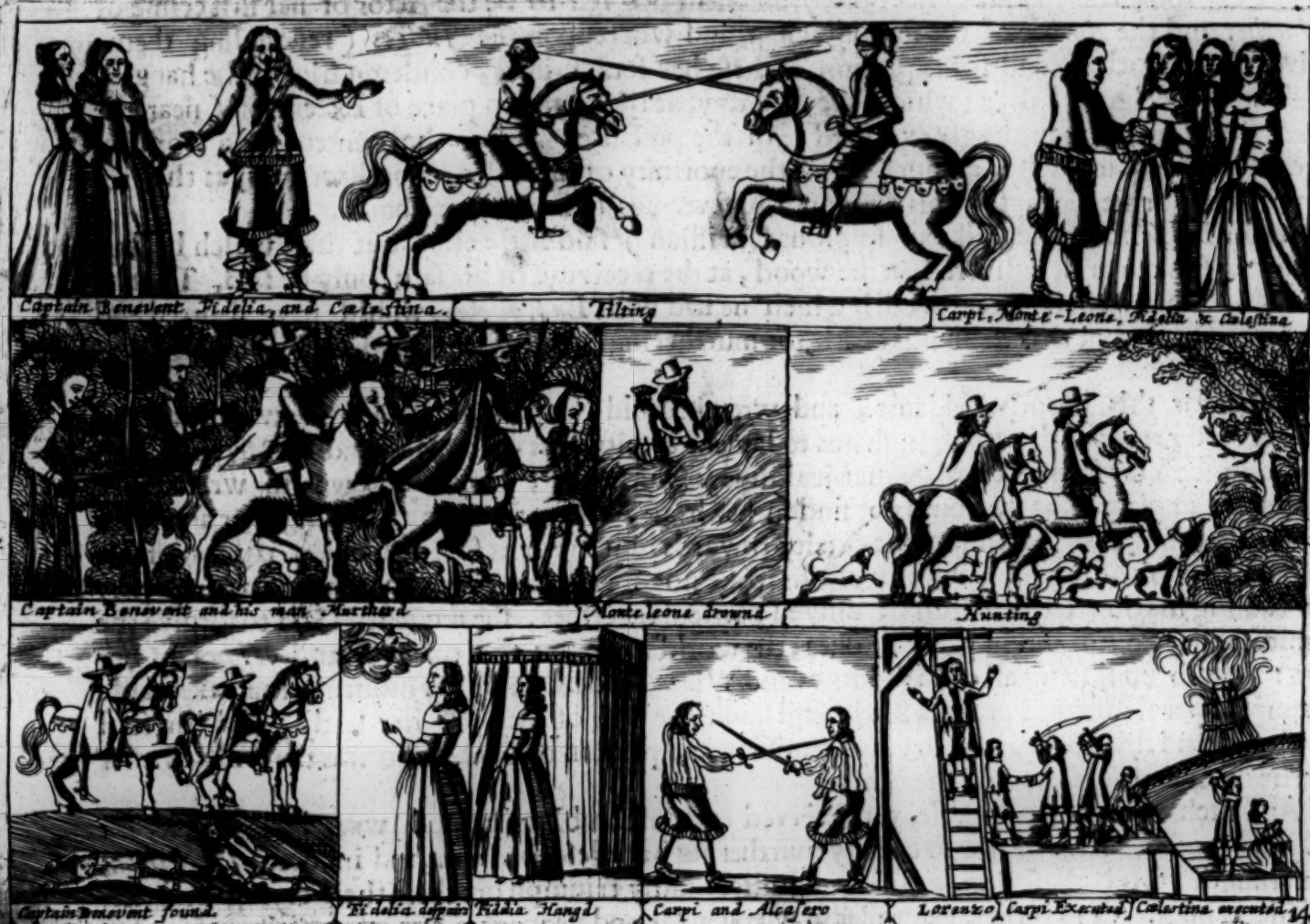
As for *La Villette*, he (like an impious Christian) said little else, but that which he had formerly spoken and delivered in the wood, at the receiving of his fall; only he said, That he had well hoped, that his great wealth which he had with *La Vasselay*, would have sheltered and preserved him from this infamous death, for murdering her Husband, and his Master, *De Merson*.

But as for this bloody Beldame, and wretched old Fury, *La Vasselay*, she was content to grieve at *Gratiana's* death, though not to lament or pity that of her Husband *De Merson*; yea, and although she seemed to blame her jealousy towards her; yet her age was so wretchedly instructed in piety, as she could not find in her heart, either to make an *Apology*, or any way to seem repentant for her inhumane cruelty towards him: For as she demanded pardon of *De Bremai* for poisoning his Daughter, so she spake not a word tending that way, to *Manfrelle*, for causing his Son to be Pistoll'd; only in particular termes, she requested God to forgive the vanity of her youth; and in generall ones, the world to forget the offences and crimes of her age: And so conjuring all old Widdows and Wives, to beware by her mournfull and execrable example; her flames and prayers made expiation for the offence of her body, and her soul mounted and fled to *Heaven*, to crave remission and pardon of God, who was the only *Creator* of the one, and *Redeemer* of the other.

And such were the deplorable, yet deserved ends of this bloody, and wretched couple, *La Vasselay* and *La Vellette*, for so cruelly murdering harmless *Gratiana*, and innocent *De Merson*; and thus did Gods all-seeing, and sacred Justice, justly triumph ore these their crying and execrable crimes. O that their examples may engender and propagate our reformation; and that the reading of this their lamentable *History*, may teach us, not only how to meditate thereon, but also how to amend thereby.

S

Gods



Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIV.

Fidelia and Caestina cause Carpi and Monteleone, with their two Lacquies, Lorenzo and Anselmo, to murder their Father, Captain Benevente, which they perform. Monteleone, and his Lacquie Anselmo are drowned; Fidelia hangs her self; Lorenzo is hang'd for a robbery, and on the Gallows confesseth the murdering of Benevente; Carpi bath his right hand, then his head cut off. Caestina is beheaded, and her body burnt.

Our best parts being our Vertues, and our chief and soveraign Vertue, the purity and sanctity of our selves, how can we neglect those, or not regard this, except we resolve to see our selves miserable in this life, and our souls wretched in that to come; and as Charity is the cymment of our other vertues, so Envie (her opposite) is the subversion of this our charity; from whence flowes rage, revenge, and many times murther, (her frequent (and almost) her inseparable companions;) but of all degrees of malice and envie, can there be any so inhumane and diabolicall, as for two graceless Daughters to plot the death of their own Father; and to seduce and obtain their two Lovers to act and perform it? whereof in this ensuing History, we shall see a most barbarous and bloody president, as also their condign punishments afflicted on them for the same. In the reading whereof, O that we may have the grace by the sight of these their fearfull crimes and punishments, to reform and prevent our own, that we may look on their cruelty with charity, on their rage with reason, on their errors with compassion, on their desperation with pity, and on their inhumanity with piety; that the meditation and contemplation thereof, may terrifie our choler; quench, both the fire of our lust, and the flames of our revenge: so shall our faith be fortified, our passions reformed, our affections purified, and our actions eternally both blessed and sanctified: to which end, I have written and divulged it. So Christian Reader, if thou make this thy end in perusing it, thou wilt then not fail to receive comfort thereby; and therefore fail not to give God the Glory.

Many years since the Duke of *Offuna* (under the command of *Spain*) was made *Viceroy* of the noble Kingdom of *Naples*, the which he governed with much reputation and honour, although his fortunes or actions (how justly or unjustly I know not) have since suffered and received an Eclipse. In the City of *Otranto*, within the Province of *Apulia*, there dwelt an ancient rich and valiant Gentleman (nobly descended) termed Captain *Benevente*, who by his deceased Lady *Sophia Elianora* (Niece to the Duke of *Piombino*) had left him two Daughters, and a Son, he termed *Seignior Richardo Alcasero*, they two, the Ladies *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, names indeed, which they will no way deserve; but from whom they will solely dissent and derogate, through their hellish vices, and inhumane dispositions to blood and murder. We may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. *Alcasero* lives not at home with his Father, but for the most part at *Naples*, as a chief Gentleman retaining to the *Viceroy*, where he profiteth so well in riding and tilting, (a noble vertue and exercise (beyond all other *Italians*) naturall and hereditary to the *Neapolitans*) that he purchased the name of a bold and brave Cavalier; but for *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, the clocks of their youth having struck twenty, and eighteen, the Captain their Father, (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their years and descent far from him) keeps them at home, that his care might provide them good Husbands, and his eye prevent them from matching with others. It is as great a blessing in children to have loving Parents, as for them to have obedient children, and had their obedience answered his affection, and their duty his providence, we had not seen the Theatre of this their History so besprinkled and gored with such great effusion of blood.

This Captain *Benevente* their Father (for his blood, wealth and generosity) was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of *Apulia*, and for his many services, both by Sea and Land, was held in so great esteem in *Otranto*, that his house was an *Academy*, where all the Gallants, both of City and Country resorted to back great Horses, to run at the Ring, and to practise other such Courty and Martiall Exercises, whereunto this old Captain, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: so as the beauty of his two Daughters, *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, could not be long, either unseen, or unadmired; for they grew so perfectly fair, of so sweet complexions, and proper statures, that they were justly reputed and held to be the *Paragons* of Beauty, not only of *Apulia*, but of *Italy*; so as beauty being the Gold and Diamonds of Nature, this of theirs (so sweet in its influence, and so excellent and delicious in that sweetness) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them; so had they been as rich in Vertue, as in Beauty, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their friends nor enemies should have lived to have seen them die so miserably; for now that proves their ruine, which might have been their glory. They are both of them sought in marriage, by many *Barons* and *Cavaliers*, as well at home as abroad, but the Captain their Father will not give care, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that such motion be moved him: They are so immodest, as they grieve hereat, and are so extremely sorrowfull, to see that a few years past away, makes their Beauties rather fade than flourish; where Vertue graceth not Beauty, as well as Beauty Vertue, it is often a presage and fore-runner of a fortune as fatal, as miserable.

But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodest, to give way to such incontinent and irregular conceits; so on the other side, the Captain their Father, was too severe, and withall, too unkind, I may say cruell, to hinder them from Marriage, sith their beauty and age had long since made them both meritorious and capable of it. It was in them immodesty; in him unkindness, to propose such ends to their desires and resolutions; for as he hath authority to exact obedience from them, so have they likewise reason to expect Fatherly affection and care from him. But he is more affected and addicted to his wealth and covetousness, than inclined to regard his Daughters content, and therefore is fully resolved, not as yet to marry them; which is a resolution better left than imbraced, and infringed than kept of him; sith it may bring forth effects contrary both to his hopes and desires. It is commonly dangerous for Parents, to content themselves with their childrens discontents; for where Nature is crossed, it many times degenerates, and proves unnaturall, as the *Cataracts* of *Nilus* make it submerge and wash Egypt with her inundation: But *Fidelia* and *Celestina*, will make triall of one invention and conclusion more before they will give way to their distast, or strike sail to their choler or revenge. They see their Father is resolute, and severe in nipping their hopes and crossing their desires of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevail with him, that their Brother *Alcasero* may; to which end, the sooner to obtain and crown their desires with content, they consult together, and so by a confident friend of theirs, send him this Letter to *Naples*.

FIDELIA and CÆLESTINA to ALCASERO.

Despairing of our Fathers resolution to marry us, we have no other refuge or recourse, but to thy self and thy affection, in requesting thee powerfully to sollicite him herein, that he may not preferre

his Gold before our content, and consequently his hopes before our despair; neither could our hearts or thoughts perswade us, either to imploy or acquaint any other but thy self with these our desires, which Modesty would have suppressed, but that Truth contradicted and opposed it; for his severity and cruelty is such towards us, that although we are sought in marriage by divers Cavaliers our Superiours, yet he will not permit us to be seen, much less to be wedded of any. Joyn then thy power to our wishes and prayers, and thy affection to the procuring of our contents, and we then doubt not, but to be as happy in a Brother, as otherwise we fear we shall see our selves unfortunate, yea, miserable in a Father: and as thou canst not forget our descent and Blood, so we zealously pray and beseech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our Youth.

FIDELIA, CALESTINA.

Their Brother receives this Letter; he is too brave, generous, and courteous, to be unkind to any, especially to young Ladies, and most especially to his Sisters, whose content he makes and reputes his own. He comes to *Otranto*, deals effectually with the Captain his Father herein, who gives them this answer, That he hath provided the Baron of *Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Bartholomeo Monteleon* for *Calestina*; and that within fifteen daies they are to come to *Otranto* to see them; which news doth exceedingly rejoyce, first himself, then his Sisters; but their joy shall not last long, but be buried as soon as born. Within the prefixed time, these two noble men come, but they are hatefull, and not pleasing to *Fidelia* and *Calestina*; for the Baron of *Carpi* is crook-back'd, and squint-eyed, and *Monteleon* is lame of one leg. These Ladies value their beauty at too high a rate, to bestow it on such deformed Husbands; and although *Venus* accepted of *Vulcan*, yet they will have none of these, because they deem no hell to that of a discontented bed; heretofore they wished for Suters, and now they wish they were well rid of these, and so sacrificing to their own contents, they set up this resolution in their hearts and soules, that they will rather die Maidens, than live to see themselves wives to such Husbands. Their Father receives *Carpi* and *Monteleon* courteously, and entertains them nobly, according to their rank and merits; he tells his Daughters plainly, that they shall marry these, and none others. Thus the Bark of these their resolutions is surpris'd and beaten with two contrary winds, he will be obeyed of his Daughters, and they will be commanded of their Father in all things, but not in this of their Marriage.

It is never good for Parents, to force the affections of their children in their marriages, sith it is a business, which not only lives, but dies with them; but withall, their own wills must neither be their law, nor their guide, for their Parents have (or at least should have) more experience and judgment than they, to see who are, and who are not fit matches for them: But where authority opposeth affection, or affection reason, there such marriages are still ushered on with discontent, and waited and attended on with misery. Likewise, there is a great respect and consideration to be observed by Parents, in the inclinations and natures of their children: for some will be perswaded or reprov'd with a word, whereas others will become more head-strong and rebellious with menaces and threats. Had this Captain attempted and practis'd the first, and not the second towards these two Ladies his Daughters, peradventure they had never leapt from reason to rage, from obedience to contempt, nor from hope to despair; yea, I dare presume to averr with truth and safety, that we should have seen them all as happy, as I now fear we shall see them miserable.

But to proceed with their History, they are pressed by the Captain their Father, and importuned by the two noble men their Suters, to finish and confirm these contracts. But *Fidelia* and *Calestina* with a true semblance of distast, and yet a false shew of curtesie, give the deniall to their Father in particular terms, and to them in generall. He storms at their disobedience, and they impute this excuse of theirs to modesty, rather than unkindness. They flatter themselves with this hope, that sith they are fair, they must be courteous, and cannot be cruell; or if the contrary, that the Captain their Father will so mannage his Daughters affections, as all things shall sort to their desires and expectations: but they shall come too short of their hopes; for they are neither reserved for the Ladies, nor the Ladies for them; but whiles thus they are busie in advancing the process of their affections, *Fidelia* and *Calestina* attempt a contrary enterprise, for they with tears and prayers, request their Brother *Alcasero*, importunately to sollicite their Father in their behalf, that he will not enforce them to marry those whom they cannot affect, much less obey; which like a noble and dear brother, he performs with much zeal and perswasion; but he cannot prevail with him, nor bring them any other answer, than that they must and shall marry them, and only them.

Had this resolution of their Father been more courteous and less rigorous towards his daughters, this History of theirs had not deserved so much pity and compassion, nor would have drawn so many sighs from the hearers, or tears from the Readers: for seeing their Father cruelly-re-

solved

resolved to offer violence to their affections, they begin to hate him, because he will not better love them. And here (O here) they enter into devillish machinations, and hellish conspiracies against him: for as he plots their discontents, so do they his destruction. *Fidelia* and *Celestina* see their blood, and cause one, and therefore so they pretend shall be their fortunes; they would reveal their intents and designs each to other; but the fact is so foul and unnaturall, as for a while they cannot, but they need no other Oratory than their own sullen and discontented looks, for either of them may read a whole Lecture of grief and choler in each others eyes, till at length tired with the importunity of their Father, and the impatience of *Carpi*, and *Monteleon*, *Fidelia* as the more audacious of the two, first breaks it to her Sister *Celestina*, in this manner. That she had rather die, than be compelled to marry one whom she cannot affect; that the *Baron* of *Carpi* is not for her, nor she for him; and that sith her Father is resolute in this match, (although she be his Daughter) she had rather see him laid in his Grave, than her self in *Carpi*'s bed. There needs not many reasons to perswade that which we desire. For *Celestina* tells her Sister plainly, that she (in all points) joyns and concurs in opinion with her, adding withall, that the sooner their Father is dispatched, the better; because she knows they shall never receive any content on *Earth*, till he be in *Heaven*; and so they conclude he shall die.

But alas, what hellish and devillish Daughters are these, to seek the death of their Father, of whom they have received their lives? who ever read of a *Paricide* more inhumanely cruel, or impiously bloody? so if ever murder went unrevenge, this will not; for we shall see the Authors and Actours thereof most severely punished for the same. Men and women may be secret in their sins, but God will be just in his decrees, and sacred in his judgments. What a religious resolution had it been in them, to have retyred, and not advanced in this their damnable attempt? but they are too prophane to have so much pity, and too outrageous to hearken to this religious reason; yea, they are too impious to hearken to *Grace*, and too revengefull and bloody minded, to give ear either to *Reason*, *Duty*, or *Religion*. So now, like two incensed and implacable furies, they consult how, and in what manner they may free themselves of their Father; *Fidelia* proposeth divers degrees and severall sorts of murders, but *Celestina* likes none of them; in some she finds too much danger, in others too little assurance; and therefore, as young as she is, she invents a plot as strange as subtile, and as malicious and diabolically as strange; she informs her, that to be rid of her Father, there cannot be a securer course, than to engage the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Knight of *Monteleon* to murder him; *Fidelia* wonders hereat, saying, it will be impossible for them to be drawn to perform it, sith they both know and see, that the Captain their Father loves them so well, as will or nill, they must be their Husbands. But *Celestina*'s revengfull plot is further fetch'd, and more cunningly spun; for she hath not begun it, to leave it raw and unfinished, but is so confident in her devillish industry, as she affirms she will perfect and make it good. *Fidelia* demands how? *Celestina* answereth, That they both must make a feigned and flattering shew, to change their distast, and now to affect *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, whom before they could not; that having in this manner drawn them to their lure, when they attempt to urge marriage, they shall both agree to inform them, that it is impossible for them to obtain it, whiles the Captain their Father lives, sith albeit in outward appearance he make a fair shew to make them their Husbands; yet that he means and intends nothing less; for that he hath given them express charge and command (at any hand) not to love or affect them; which is the main and sole cause, that hath so long withheld them from making sooner demonstrations of their affections towards them; and this (quoth she) will occasion and provoke them to attempt it; adding, that by this means they may give two strokes with one stone, and so not only be rid of our Father, but likewise of *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, who peradventure may be apprehended, and executed for the fact; and for our safegard and security, we will powerfully conjure and swear them to secrecy.

There is no web finer than that of the Spider, nor treachery subtiler than that of a woman, especially if she contemn Charity for Revenge, her Soul for her Body, God for Satan, and consequently Heaven for Hell; how else could this young Lady lodge so revengfull a heart in so sweet a Body, or shroud such bloody conceits and inventions under so fair and so beautiful complexion?

But the Panther, though his skin be fair, yet his breath is infectious; and we many times see, that the foulest Snake lurks under the greenest and beautifullest leaves. *Fidelia* gives an attentive ear to this her Sisters bloody Stratagem and design; she finds it sure, and the probabilities thereof apparent and easie, and therefore approves of it. So these two beautifull, yet bloody Sisters vow, without delay, to set it on foot, and in practice. It is the Nature of Revenge to look forwards, seldome backwards; but did we measure the beginning

by the end, as well as the end by the beginning, our affections would favour of far more Religion, and of far less impiety, and we should then rejoyce in that which we must now repent, but cannot remedy. They take time at advantage, and pertinently acquaint *Carpi* and *Monteleon* with it. The passions of affection prove often more powerfull than those of Reason, they suffer themselves to be vanquished and led away by the pure beauty and sweet *Oratory* of these two discontented and treacherous Ladies, without considering what poison lurks under their speeches, and danger under their tongues. They commit a gross and main error, in relying more on the Daughters youth, than the Fathers gravity; on their verball, than his reall affection; and so they ingage themselves to the Daughters, in a very short time, to free them of the Captain their Father. It was a base vice in Gentlemen of their rank, to violate the Laws of Hospitality, in so high a degree, as to kill him who loved them so dearly, and entertained them so courteously; and it is strange, that both their humors were so strangely vicious as to concur and sympathize in the attempt of this execrable murder: But what cannot vice perform, or Ladies procure of their Lovers? at least if they love Beauty better than Vertue, and Pleasure, than Piety.

Captain *Benevente* is many times accustomed after dinner to ride to his Vineyard, and now & then to *Alpiata*, a neighbour village, where he is familiarly (if not too familiarly) acquainted with a Tenants wife of his, whom he loved in her youth, and cannot forsake in her middle age; perseverance in vice never makes a good end: a single sin is distastfull; but the redoubling thereof, is both hatefull and odious to God. *Carpi* and *Monteleon* take their two Lacquies, *Lorenzo* and *Anselmo* with them, as soon as they know the Captain to be abroad, only accompanied with his confident Gentleman *Fiamento*; and disguising themselves, they watch him at the corner of the wood; where of necessity he must pass. The event answereth their bloody expectations & desires: they see *Benevente* and *Fiamento* approaching, riding a soft trot, when like so many Fiends and Devils, they all four rush forth the thickets, and (without any other form) with their Swords and Pistolls, (after some resistance) kill them dead to the ground; but this is not the end of their hellish malice and envie; neither is the unsatiable thirst of their revenge yet quenched; for they take these two murthred bodies (who are afresh reeking, and weltring in their blood) and carry them to a Neighbour hill, and so throw them down into a deep quarry full of thick bushes and brambles, whereas they thought no mortall eye should ever have seen them more, and then there they consult upon their flight. *Carpi* resolves to take coast for *Naples*, and there for a time to shroud himself among the multitude of the Nobility and Coaches, which grace and adorn that City; And *Monteleon* resolves to hie towards *Brundusium*, with intent, that if these murders were revealed, and himself detected and accused, he would there embark himself either for *Venice* or *Malta*: but he hath not as yet made his peace and reckoning with God.

Leave we *Carpi* and his Laquay coasting for *Naples*, and let us see what accident will speedily befall *Monteleon*. It is impossible for murder to go long unpunished; *Monteleon* and his Laquay *Anselmo* shall ere they ride farr, see this position verified in themselves; He is provided of two fair Gennets, one for himself, the other for his Laquay, and having taken his leave of *Carpi*, away he goes for *Brundusium*; but he hath not ridden past twelve miles before his own horse fell down dead under him, which doth somewhat afflict and amaze him; but this is but the least part of his misery, and but the very beginning of his misfortune; he is enforced to make a vertue of necessity, so he rides his Laquays horse, and he follows him on foot. It is impossible for a guilty conscience to be secured from fear; he rides narrow lanes, and by-ways, but at last near the Village *Blanquettelle*, he meets with a swift Ford, which is passable for horse, but not for foot; Here *Monteleon* is constrained to take up his Laquay *Anselmo* behind him, which he doth; but being in the midst thereof, the horse stumbles, and falls with both of them under him; which is done so suddenly, that *Monteleon* had no time to cast off his Laquay, and so they are both drowned, and have neither the Grace nor power to breath, or speak a word more.

Gods Judgments are secret and inscrutable: had they had time to repent, they had only lost their lives, whereas now it is rather to be feared, than wished, they likewise run the hazard of their soules. But as it is a vertue to think and censure charitably of the dead, so it must needs be a vice to do the contrary. Heretofore they thirsted for blood, and (lo) now they have their fill of water. All Elements are the servants of God, but these two of fire and water, are the most terrible, the most impetuous. This is a testimony of our weakness, and of Gods power.

By this time, Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* are found wanting, and no news to be heard of them; his house rings and resounds with sorrow, all his servants and friends mourn and lament for his absence, and his two accursed Daughters, they seem to be all in tears thereat; but we shall shortly see this their hy pocrisie and dissimulation both detected and

and revenged. They lay all the Countrey to purchase news of their Father, and speedily by poast advertise their Brother *Alcasero* hercof at *Naples*, who amazed hereat, comes away with all possible speed and expedition; His two Sisters and himself wonderfully mourn and lament for the absence of their Father, and now seeing five daies past and no news of him; they begin to suspect and fear, that he is made away and murdered; and because *Fiamento* was alone with him, they suspect him of the fact, which they are the sooner induced to believe, in regard he is fled, and not to be found; but they shall soon see the contrary, and that as he was a faithfull servant to their Father his Master, during his life, so he was a true companion to him in his death. And although *Alcasero* his Son use all possible zeal and industry to finde out his Father, yet such Earth cannot, now Heaven will reveal the news and sight of him. For as some neighbouring Gentlemen (his kinsfolks and friends) are hunting of a Stag near *Alpiata*, they pursue him on Horsback some five or six hours, and at last being tired, he runs for refuge and shelter, thorow the bushes and bryars, into the same old Quarry, where the dead bodies of Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* were thrown. The Gentlemen hunters descend from their Horses, and with their Swords drawn, enter purposely to kill the Stag, which they perform; when casting aside their eyes, they see two dead mens bodies, one near the other, whose leggs, hands, and faces, the Crows had pittifully mangled and defaced. They are amazed at this mournfull and unlooked-for spectacle, when approaching to discern them, they by their cloaths finde and know them to be Captain *Benevente*, and his Gentleman *Fiamento*. They are astonished and amazed hereat; and so one of them rides back post to *Otranto*, to acquaint *Alcasero* his Son hercof; who melting into tears, returns with him near to *Alpiata*, where, to his unspeakable grief, he sees the dead bodies both of his Father and *Fiamento*, which before all the Hunters he caused to be searched, and finds that his Father (with a Pistoll bullet) was shot thorow the head in two places, and run thorow the body with a Rapier in three; and that *Fiamento* had five deep wounds with a Rapier, and one shot thorow the head. *Alcasero*, and the whole company grieve and lament at this sorrowfull news; they know well that *Fiamento* did not set upon the Captain his Father, and that neither of them had Pistols: and though they might imagin it done by thieves, yet they were quickly cleared of that jealousie and suspicion, because they finde rich Rings on his Masters fingers, and store of Gold in his pockets: So they referring the discovery of this bloody and damnable murder to Time, and to God, the Author and giver of Time, *Alcasero* causeth the dead bodies, first of his Father, then of *Fiamento*, to be laid in a Coach, which he had purposely caused to be brought thither; and so accompanied with all the Gentlemen, returns with it to *Otranto*, where all the whole City lament and bewail this tragicall disaster: and because these dead corps of theirs have received wrong in being so long above ground, *Alcasero* that night gives them their due burials, interring *Fiamento* decently, and his Father honourably, according as the necessity and strictness of the time would permit him.

It is now *Alcasero's* curiosity and care to seek out the murderers of his Father; and for his Sisters they are so irreligious and wretched, as they think to mock God, and delude the world with their immoderate, yet counterfeit mourning; but it proceeds not from their hearts, much less from their souls. The morrow after their Fathers buriall, they are all three informed; *Montelon* and his Laquay *Aufelmo* are drownd as they pass the River *Blanquettelle*, whereat he wonders, and his two Sisters rejoyce and triumph, especially *Celestina*, who now sees herself freed, not only of the Captain her Father whom she hated, but also of the Knight *Montelon* her Suter, whom she could not love: She is so impious and graceless, as she doth rejoyce, but will neither repent nor pittie at these accidents; yea, she so sleightly and trivially passeth over the remembrance of her Fathers untimely and bloody death, as if murder were no sin, or that God had ordained no punishment for it; She wears her mourning attire and weeds, more for shew than sorrow; for her Father was no sooner laid in his Grave, but she builds many Castles of pleasure in the Air of her extravagant and ambitious thoughts, vowing that ere long she will have a Gallant of her own choosing to her Husband; but she may come short of her hopes, and perchance finde a halter for her neck, before a wedding Ring for her finger. As for her Brother *Alcasero*, his thoughts are roving and roaming another way; for he finds it strange that the Baron of *Carpi* comes not to condole with him for his Father, and to continue his suite and affection to his Sister *Fidelia*, whereat he both admires and wonders, and not only takes it in ill part, but also begins to suspect, and to cast many doubts and jealousies thereon; and what the issue thereof will be, or what effects it will produce, we shall shortly see. But a moneth or two being blown away, *Carpi* hearing no suspicion or talk of him, and thinking all things in a readiness for him to be assured and contracted to his Lady and Mistress *Fidelia*; he takes a new Laquay, and apparelling him in a contrary Livery, sends him secretly to *Otranto* with this Letter to her:

CARPI

CARPI to FIDELIA.

THere are some reasons that stay me for not comming to Otranto, to condole with thee for the death of thy Father, which what they are, none can better imagine than thy self: when thy sorrows are overblown, I will come to thee, in hope to be as joyfull in thy preseuce, as thy absence makes me miserable. I have given thee so true and so reall a proof of my affection, as thou shouldest offer me palpable injustice, and to thy self extreme injury to doubt thereof. For what greater testimony canst thou futurely expect, than to believe I will ever preferr thy love before mine own life, if thy constancy answer mine, Heaven may, but Earth cannot cross our desires. I pray signifie me how thy Brother stands affected to our affections; thy answer shall have many kisses, and I will ever both honour and bless that hand that writ it.

CARPI.

The Lacque comes to Otranto, and finds out *Fidelia*, to whom (with much care and secrecie) he delivers his Masters Letter, and commends, and requesteth an answer. *Fidelia* receives the one, and promiseth the other, but she is perplexed and troubled in mind. Here her thoughts make a stand, and consult whether she shall open this Letter or no. Her Conscience hath heretofore yeilded to the death of her Father; and now Religion begins to work upon the life of her Conscience, which indeed is that of her Soul. Had she persevered in this course of piety, her repentance might have pleaded for her disobedience, and her contrition redeemed her crime; but she forsakes the Helm that might have steered her to the Port of happiness and safety, and so fills the sayles of her resolutions with the wind of despair, which threaten no less than to split the Bark of her life on the Rocks of her destruction and death. She now begins to hate company, which before she loved, and to love solitariness, which before she hated; yea, the living picture of her dead Father doth so haunt her thoughts, and frequent her imaginations, that wheresoever she is, it is present with her. Remorse, as a *Vulture* gnaws at her heart and conscience; yea, though nothing do fear her, yet she fears all things. She sees no man running behind her, but she thinks he purposely followes her to dragg her to Prison; she is afraid of her own shadow, and thinks, that not only every tower, but every house will fall upon her: she will not come into any Boat nor pass any River, Brook or Well, for fear of drowning. This despair of hers causeth her to be cold in her Religion, and frozen in her Prayers, which should be both the preservative and *Antidote* of the Soul: her speeches for the most part are confused and distracted, and her looks, fullen, fearfull, and gasty (the proper signes and symtoms of despair.) *Carpi's* Lacque having stayed two dayes in Otranto for his answer, holds it his duty to importune *Fidelia* to be dispatched, the which that night she promiseth him; and now in a sad and melancholy humour she breaks off *Carpi's* Letter, and peruseth it; which not only renews, but revives the remembrance of her Fathers death; whereat she enters into a strange, and so implacable a passion, as she once had thought to have thrown his Letters into the fire, and her self after. Now she is resolved to write back to *Carpi*, and then presently she changeth her resolution, and vows she will answer him with silence. But the Devill is as subtrill as malicious; and so she calls for Pen and Ink, and out of the dreggs of discontent, and the gall of despair, writes and returns him this answer:

FIDELIA to CARPI.

My Fathers death hath altered my disposition; for I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage. I pray trouble not thy self to leave Naples, to come to condole with me in Otranto: for the best comfort that I can receive, is, that it is impossible for me to receive any. I never doubted of thy affection, nor will give thee any just cause to suspect, much less to fear mine. If this will not suffice, rest assured I have resolved, that either my Grave, or thy self shall be my Husband. How my Brother stands affected to thee, is a thing difficult for me to understand or know, sith I am only his Sister, not his Secretary, but in all outward appearance, I think he neither loves thee for my sake, nor my self for thine. Live thou as happy, as I fear I shall die miserable.

FIDELIA!

What

What a fearfull Letter is this, either for *Fidelia* to send, or *Carpi* to receive: but her distempered and distracted spirits can afford no other; and therefore she dispatcheth away the Lacque with this. And now (as if her thoughts transported her to hell) she cannot be alone, for the Devil is still with her; he appears to her in a shape of an Angell of Light; and proffers her Mountains of *Wealth*, and Worlds of *Honour*, if she will fall down and adore him. To rebell against God is a sin: but to persevere in our rebellion, is not only a contempt, but a treason in the highest degree against God. The best of Gods people are commonly tempted; but those are, and prove the worst, who are overcome with temptation. *Fortitude* is a principall and *sovereign vertue* in *Christians*; and if we vanquish the Devil, it is good for us that he assaulted us, sith those Victories (as well spirituall as temporall) are ever most glorious and honourable, which are achieved with greatest danger. Had *Fidelia* followed the current of this counsell, and the stream of this advise, she had never been so weak with God, nor so unfaithfull to her self, as to destroy her self: but forsaking God, and contemning prayer, which is the true way to the truest felicity, what can she hope for but despair, or expect but destruction? Her Brother *Alcasero*, and many of her kinsfolks, neighbours and friends (with their best zeal, and possible power) endeavour to perswade and comfort her; they exhort her to read religious books, and continually to pray; She hearkneth to both these counsels, but neither can, or will not follow either; Her sleeps are but broken slumbers, but distracted dreams, and ever and anon it seems (to the eyes of her mind and body) that the Captain her Father doth speak to her, and follow her. In a word, she is weary both of the world, and of her life; yea, despair, or rather the Devil hath reduced her to this extream misery, and miserable extremity, that she is ready to kiss that hand that would kill her, or that Death which would give her death; She never sees a knife in the hands of another, but she wisheth it in her own heart: her Conscience doth so terribly accuse her, and her thoughts give in such bloody evidence against her conscience and her self, for occasioning her Fathers murder, that she resolves she must die, and therefore disdains to live. And now comes her Sister *Calestina* to her, to perswade and conferr with her, but she will prove but a miserable comforter. *Fidelia* sees her with hatred and detestation, and when she begins to speak, very peremptorily and mournfully cuts off her speeches thus; *Ab Sister, would we had slept when we plotted our Fathers death, for in seeking his ruine, we shall assuredly find out our own: Provide you for your safety, for I am past hope of mine; and so get you out of my sight.* I know not whether the beginning of this her speech favoured more of *Heaven*, than the end thereof doth of *Hell*: for sure if we pass hope, we come too short of salvation; and if we forsake that, this infallibly will forsake us.

This poor, or rather this miserable Gentlewoman, having alwayes her murdered Father before her eyes, (which incessantly haunts her as a Ghost, and yet she enforced to follow it as her shadow) is powerfully allured and provoked by the instigation of the Devil, in what manner, or at what rate soever, to dispatch her self, being so wretchedly instructed in faith and piety, and she adds and believes, that the end of her life will prove not only the end of her afflictions, but the beginning of her joyes. But, O poor *Fidelia*, with a thousand pities and tears, I both pittie and grieve to see thee believe so infernall an Advocate: for what joy either will he, or can he give thee? Why, nothing but bondage for liberty, torments for pleasures, and tortures for delights; or if thou wilt have me shew thee whereat his flatering oratory, or sugred insinuation tendeth, it is only to have thee destroy thy body in earth, that (as a triumph and *Trophee* to the enlargement of his obscure Kingdom) he may drag thy body and soul to hell fire. But *Fidelia* is as constant in her sin, as impious in her resolution; and so (all delays set apart) she seeks the means to destroy her self: she procures poyson and takes it, but the effect and operation thereof answers not her desires. I know not whether she be more impatient to live than willing to die. We never want invention, seldom means to do evil; a little pen-knife of hers, shall in her conceit perform that which poyson could not; she seeks it, and now remembers it is with her pair of Knives, in the pocket of her best gown: she flies to her Wardrobe, and so to her pocket, but finds not her Knives, only she finds her *Naples-silk* girdle in stead thereof. The Devils instruments are never far to seek; she thinks it as good to strangle her Throat, as to cut it. And here comes her mournfull and deplorable Tragedy, she returns swiftly to her Chamber, bolts the door, and so (which I grieve and tremble to relate) fastens it to the teaster of her Bed, and there hangs her self; and as it is faithfully reported, at that very instant, and for the space of an hour, it thundred and lightned so cruelly, as if Heaven and Earth were drawing to an end, that not only the chamber where she hung, but the whole house shaked thereat. The thunder being past, and the skies cleared, Dinner is served on the Table, and *Alcasero* and *Calestina* ready to sit, they call for their Sister *Fidelia*, but she is not to be found. One goes to her Chamber, and returns, that her Key is without side, and the door bolted

bolted within, and yet she answers not. They both flie from the Table to her Chamber, and call and knock, but no answer. *Alcasero* commands his men to break open the door, which they do, and there sees his Sister *Fidelia* hanging to the Bed-stead stark dead. They cry out as affrighted and amazed at this mournful and pitifull spectacle, and with all speed take her down; but she is breathless, though not cold; and they see all her face and body, which were wont to be as white as Snow, now to be coal black, and to stink infinitely. These are the wofull effects, and lamentable fruits both of *Despair* and *Murther*. O, may Christians of all ranks, and of both Sexes, take heed by *Fidelia's* mournfull and miserable example, and withall remember, that murther will still be revenged and punished, especially that which is perpetrated by children toward their Parents; a sin odious both to God and man, sith it not only opposeth Nature, but Grace; Earth, but Heaven.

No sooner (with grief and mourning) hath *Alcasero* buried this his naturall, yet unnaturall Sister *Fidelia*, but as his other Sister *Celestina* weeps for her death, so she again rejoyceth that her Sister hath no way revealed the great business, which so much concerns her, I mean the murther of the Captain her Father. But *Time* will detect and revenge both it and her. And that we may not seem extravagant in the narration and unfolding of this History, flie we from *Otranto* to *Naples*, and leave we the fatall and wofull Tragedy of *Fidelia*, to speak a little of the *Baron of Carpi* her Lover, who hath yet a great part to act upon the Theatre of this History.

He hath no sooner received *Fidelia's* Letter by his Lacquie, but he much wonders and grieves at the contents thereof: he sees her cold in her affection towards him, and hot in despair to herself, and thinks, that as it is in her power to rejoyce him with her affection, so it may be in his to comfort her with his presence: but her request and his conscience inform him, that it is yet too soon to leave *Naples* to see *Otranto*; and yet that he may not fail in the complement and duty of a Lover, he resolves to visit her by Letter, though not in person, and so writes her these few lines.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

Vere thy request not my Law, I would see *Fidelia* to comfort her, and comfort my self to see her: But sith I must be so unfortunate, as in one Letter to receive two different sorrows, my refusall, and thy despair, what remedy (or Antidote) can I more aptly administer, than Patience to the first, and Prayer to the second: If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occasion of sorrow than thy self, and yet I am so far from despairing, as I hope *Time* will give thee consolation and me Content. Endeavour to love thy self, and not to hate me; so shalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and I security out of danger. I hope thy brother will not follow thy Fathers steps; his affection to thee, shall be mine to himself. Let thy second Letter give me half so much joy, as thy first did grief, and I shall then triumph at my good fortune, as much as I now lament and pitty thine, and in that mine own.

CARPI.

He sends this Letter of his to *Otranto*, by his Lacquie *Fiesco*, who carried his first; but he must go into another world if he mean to deliver it to *Fidelia*: He comes to *Otranto*, and repairs to Captain *Benevente's* house; where as he is walking in the second Court, *Alcasero* being very solitary and pensive at a window, leaning his head on his hand, and deeply and seriously thinking what two-fatall disasters were befallen his house, as the loss of his Father and Sister, he by chance espies this Lacquie *Fiesco*; at whose sight his heart beats, and his blood very suddenly flasheth up in his face; he exceedingly wonders hereat, and attributing every extraordinary motion in himself, a step or degree to the discovery of his Fathers Murther, whereon his thoughts were alwaies fixed, and could never be withdrawn; he sends a Gentleman of his, named *Plantinus*, to enquire whose Lacquie it was, and what was his business. *Plantinus* descends and examineth him, but he is close, and will reveal nothing. He entreats him to enter and tast the Wine, which he doth; when ingaging, and leaving him in the Celler, he trips up to his Master, and acquaints him with his answer, adding withall, that some fifteen dayes since he saw him here before. *Alcasero* commands this Lacquie to be brought before him, he examines him, but he will not discover himself; he threatens him with the whip, and imprisonment, but he cannot prevail. It is a vertue in a servant to conceal his Masters secrets. *Alcasero* is angry at his silence and fidelity, yet commends him; he bethinks himself of another course and subtilty, as well knowing that fair words may obtain that which threats cannot; he praises him to dine with his servants, and enjoyneth *Plantinus* to bring him to him in the Garden after dinner, the which he doth. *Alcasero* takes him apart, and tells him, that some fifteen daies past he

he saw him here : *Fiesco* answereth him with silence. *Alcasero* finds much perturbation in his heart, and distraction in his looks and speech ; he thinks this boy can reveal something which hee ought to know, and therefore thinks to surprize him with a silver hook ; hee proffers him twenty Duckets, and layes it down before him, to discover himself and his business.

Gold is, but ought not to be a powerful bait to indiscretion and poverty. It is a small point of small wisdom in Noblemen to commit secrets of importance to those who have too much folly, and too little judgement to conceal them. The sight of this Gold doth not only dazle *Fiesco's* eyes, but eclipse his fidelity : so he holds it no sin towards God, nor treachery towards his Master to reveal it ; but takes it, and informs him that he is the Baron of *Carpi* his Lacquay, who sent him from *Naples* thither, with a Letter from him to the Lady *Fidelia*, his Sister. *Alcasero* grows pale hereat, and is very curious and hasty to see the Letter : *Fiesco* delivers it him, who steps aside, and reads it ; whereon he plucks his hat down his fore-head, and so making three or four paces, reads it ore again. He is perplexed to know as much as he sees, and grieved not to see and find as much as he desireth to know. He now confirms his former suspicion of *Carpi*, and believes that he is a chief Actor or Agent in his Fathers Tragedy. But he knows it wisdom to use silence in the discovery of a crime of this nature ; and therefore calls *Fiesco* to him, bids him stay that night, and to speak with him in the morning before he depart.

Alcasero withdraws himself from the Garden to his Closet, and there again peruseth this Letter of *Carpi's* : he finds it full of suspicion and ambiguities, and perceives it hath a relation to former Letters ; yea, there is a mystery in this Letter, the which he must unlock and find out ere he be satisfied ; for although *Carpi* be squint-ey'd, yet he fears he hath looked too right on his Father. He flies to *Fidelia's* Closet, Trunk, and Casket, and finds a former Letter of *Carpi's* to her, and the copy of one of hers to him ; and the perusal of these two Letters are so far from diminishing his suspicion, as it doth augment and increase it ; for now he verily believes that *Carpi* and his Sister *Fidelia* have jointly had a great hand in his Fathers murther. But all this while he doth not once so much as suspect or imagine that his other Sister *Celestina* hath played any part in this Tragedy : but Time is the daughter of Truth, as Truth is that of Heaven. In the morn he calls for *Fiesco*, to whom he gave this farewell ; Tell the Baron of *Carpi* thy Master, that my Sister *Fidelia* is in another world, and not in this, and that shortly I resolve to see him at *Naples*, and that in the interim I will reserve his Letter. *Fiesco* departs, but knows he hath so highly betrayed and wronged his Master, as he dares not see him, and so shews him a fair pair of heels. Such Lacquays far better deserve a halter than a Livery. *Carpi* wonders at his Lacquays long stay : In which mean time *Alcasero* comes to *Naples*, where he is yet irresolute, whether to accuse *Carpi* by order and course of Law, or to fight with him ; but he resolves to do both ; and that if the Law will not right him for the murther of his Father, his sword shall. He goes to the Criminal Judges, and with much passion and sorrow accuseth the Baron of *Carpi* for murthering of the Captain *Benevente* his Father ; and for proof hereof, produceth his two Letters to his Sister *Fidelia*, and the Copy of one of hers to him. Whereupon the Judges grant power to apprehend *Carpi* ; so he is taken & constituted prisoner ; & now he hath leisure to think on the baseness, & foulness of his fact. But he is so far from dejecting himself to sorrow, or addicting himself to repentance, as he puts a brazen face on his looks and speeches, and so peremptorily intends and resolves to deny all. Had he had more grace, or less impiety, he would have made better use of this his imprisonment, & have shewn himself at least humble, if not sorrowful for his offence and crime. But he holds it wisdom in greatest dangers to shew most courage and resolution, and so makes himself fit to grapple and encounter with all accidents and occurrences whatsoever.

Men may palliate their sins, but God will find them out & display them in their naked colours. *Alcasero* is an importunate solicitor to the Judges to draw & hasten on *Carpi* his arraignment : But they (resembling themselves) proceed therein modestly and gravely : they consult, & consider the three Letters ; they find conjectural sentences enow to accuse, but no solid proof to condemn him ; they hold, that their opinions ought not to be swayed with the wind of every presumption, and that it is not fit so trivially to set the life of a man at six and seven. Besides, as they approve of *Alcasero* his affection to his father, so they dislike of his impetuosity and vehemency towards *Carpi*. They all resolve to lay the Sword of Justice in the ballance of Equity ; and then ordain, that *Carpi* shall be rackt, to see whether they can draw more light from his tongue, than from his pen. But he endures these his tortures & torments with wonderful constancy, & still denies all. Had his cause been more religious & humane, and not so bloody, this fortitude & courage of his had been as praise-worthy, as now it is odious and execrable. The Court by sentence (pronounced in open *Senat*) acquit and clear *Carpi* of this murther ; whereat *Alcasero* exceedingly repines and murmures.

It is not enough that *Carpi* hath now escaped this danger ; for *Alcasero* remains still constant in his conceit , that he is the murderer of his Father, and therefore vows and resolves to fight with him : He lets pass some six weeks time, till he be sound of his limbs , and then resolves to send him a challenge. Had *Carpi* been innocent, it had been more honourable and requisite, that he had challenged *Alcasero*, than *Alcasero* him; but his cause being unjust, and his conscience fearfull , he dares not run the hazzard, to be desirous or ambitious to fight with *Alcasero* ; which if he had attempted, *Alcasero* will anticipate and prevent him ; who making *Plantinus* his second , he out of the Ashes of his sorrow , and the fire of his revenge, sends him to *Carpi* with this Billet of D. fiance.

ALCASERO to CARPI.

Although the Law have cleared thee for the murder of my Father , yet my Conscience cannot, and my Rapier will not. I should be a monster of Nature, not to seek revenge for his death, of whom I have received my life. Could I give peace to my thoughts, or unthink the cause of my disaster, I would not seek to bereave thee of thy life, with the hazard of mine own: But finding this not only difficult, but impossible, pardon me if I request thee to meet me single, at eight of the clock after supper, at the West end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof shall be thine, and the refusall mine ; or if thou wilt make use of a Second, he shall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thrust or two with him.

ALCASERO.

Whiles the Baron of *Carpi* is triumphing to see how he hath bleared the eyes of his Judges, and so freed himself from the fears and danger of death , behold, *Plantinus* findes him out, and delivers him *Alcasero* his Challenge. He takes it, and with a variable countenance reads it, whereat he finds a reluctance and combat, not only in his thoughts, but his Conscience , whether she should accept or refuse it. His Honour bids him do the first ; but his Conscience wills him to perform the second ; it were better to be born a Clown than a Coward. Besides if he should refuse to fight with *Alcasero*, he upon the matter makes himself guilty of the Captain his Fathers death. He knows he hath an unjust cause in hand, but he prefers his Honour before his Life, when setting a good face upon his resolution, he addresseth himself to *Plantinus*, thus.

Sir, I presume you know this business ; for I take you to be *Alcasero*'s Second. He hath (replied *Plantinus*) done me the honour to make choice of me , in stead of a more worthy. Well (quoth the Baron of *Carpi*) tell thy Master from mee, That although I have not deserved his malice, yet that I accept his challenge , and will perform it , only I must fight single, because I am at present unprovided of a Second. *Plantinus* (as full of Valour as Fidelity) prayses him, that he may not see his hopes and desires frustrated , but that he may enjoy part of the feast . But *Carpi* gives him this answer, which he bids him take for his last resolution ; That he will hazzard himself, but not his friend. So *Plantinus* returns with joy to his master , and discontent to himself ; when nothing proving of power to quench the fire of these two Gentlemens courage and revenge, they meet at the time and place appointed. *Carpi* fights with passion and vehemency ; *Alcasero* with judgment and discretion. *Carpi* looks red and fiery with choler, and *Alcasero* pale and gaffly, not for fear of his cause, but for the remembrance of his sorrows ; and to conclude and shut up this combat in the issue thereof, Justice is not now pleased to shew the effects of her power and influence, nor God that of his Justice, only it is reserved for another time, and for a more shamefull manner ; so *Carpi* hath the best of the day, for he is only hurt in his right hand, and scarred over both his lips, as if the providence and pleasure of God had ordained, that that hand which committed the murder, and that mouth which denied it, should be purposely punished, and no part else. As for *Alcasero*, he had five severall wounds, whereof one being thorow the body, made *Carpi* believe it was mortall, and the rather, for that he fell therewith speechless to the ground ; so leaving him groveling & weltring in his blood, he departs , resting very confident that he was at his very last gasp of life, and point of death. But *Carpi* his Chirurgeon (being more humane and charitable than his Master) leaps over the next hedge, and comes to his assistance : He leans him against a bank , binds up his wounds and wraps him in his cloak, and so runs to a Litter, which he saw neer him, and prayses the Lady that was in it, that she would vouchsafe to take in *Don Alcasero*, who was there extreemly & dangerously wounded ; and this did *Carpi* his Chirurgeon perform, in the absence of *Alcasero*'s own Chirurgeon, who out of some distast or forgetfulness, came not at the hour and place assigned, according to his promise. It was the Lady *Marguerita Esperia*, who out of her noble and charitable zeal to wounded *Alcasero*, presently descended her Litter , commanded her servants to lay him in softly, and to convey him to his lodging, and she her self is pleased to stay in the

the fields till her servants return it her. It was a *courtesie* and a *charity* worthy of so honourable a Lady as her self: and in regard whereof, I hold it fit, to give her remembrance and name a place in this History. All *Naples*, yea, the whole Kingdom rings of this combat; the Baron of *Carpi* and *Alcasero* are (jointly) highly commended and extolled for the same; the last for his affection and zeal to his dead father; the first, for giving *Alcasero* his life when it was in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. But God will not permit *Alcasero* to die of these wounds, but rather will have him live to see *Carpi* die before him, though in a far more ignoble and shameful manner.

As soon as *Alcasero's* wounds are cured, and he pretty well recovered, he leaves *Naples*, and returns to *Oiranto*, where his Sister *Celestina* did as much shake and tremble at the imprisonment of the Baron of *Carpi*, as she now rejoices at his liberty; especially, sith she is assured, that he hath no way accused her, nor used her name for the death and murder of her Father, which indeed makes her far more pleasant and merry than before, and within six months after marries with *Seignior Alonso Ludovici*, whom she ever from her youth had loved and affected, and with whom she lives in great pleasure, state, and pomp; and no less doth her brother *Alcasero*, who for the courtesie which *Dona Marguerita Esperia* shewed him when he was so dangerously wounded, in requital thereof doth now marry the fair *Beatina*, her only daughter, with whom he lives in the highest content and felicity, as any Gentleman of *Italy*, or of the whole world can either desire or wish.

But this Sun-shine of *Carpi's* prosperity, and *Celestina's* happiness and glory shall not last long; for there is a storm breaking forth, which threatneth no less than the utter ruin, as well of their fortunes as lives. Where men cannot God will both detect and punish Murthers; yea, by such secret means and instruments, as we least suspect or imagine. They are infallible *Maxims* that we are never less secured, than when we think our selves secure; nor nearer danger than when we esteem our selves farthest from it. And if any be so incredulous, or as I may say, so ir-religious as not to believe it, have they but a little patience, and they shall instantly see it verified and made good in the Baron of *Carpi*, and the Lady *Celestina*, who thinking themselves now safe and free from all adverse fortunes, and fatal accidents whatsoever, and enjoying all those contents and pleasures which their hearts could either desire or wish to enjoy, or which the world could prostitute or present them, they in a moment shall be bereaved of their delights and glory, and enforced to end their daies on a base scaffold, with much shame, infamy, and misery. The manner is thus.

God many times beyond our hopes and expectations, doth square out the rule of his Justice, according to that of his will. All men are to be accountable to him for their actions, but hee to none for his decrees and resolutions: it is in him to order, in us to obey; yea, many times he reproves us, but yet with no intent to pardon us. Curiosity in matters of Faith and Religion, proves not onely folly but impiety; for as we are men, we must look up to God, but as we are Christians, we must not look beyond him. Hee oftentimes makes great offenders accuse themselves for want of others to accuse them; and when he pleaseth, he will punish one sin by another, the which we shall now see verified in *Lorenzo*, the Baron of *Carpi* his Lacquay; that wretched and bloody *Lorenzo*, who as we have formerly heard, assisted this his Master to murder Captain *Benevente* and *Fiamento*, near *Alpiata*; who ever since being countenanced and authorized by his Masters favour, in respect of this his foul fact, wherein his bloody and murderous hand was deeply and jointly embrewed with him; he from that time becomes so debauch'd and dissolute in his service, as he spends all that possible he can procure or get; yea, and runs likewise extremely in debt, not onely with all his friends, but also with all those whom he knows will trust him: so as his wants being extremely urgent, and enforced to see himself reduced to a miserable indigence and poverty, He being one day sent by the Baron his Master to the Senate house with a Letter to his Counsellor, he there in the throng and crowd of the people cut a purse from a Gentlewomans side, wherein was some five and twenty Ducketons in Gold, was taken with the manner, and apprehended and imprisoned for the fact, and the next morn his Proceſs was made, he found guilty, and condemned to be hanged: So he is dealt withall by a couple of Friars in prison, who prepare his soul for *Heaven*: He sees the foulness of his former life, and repents it. The Baron of *Carpi* his Master, no sooner understands this news, but he shakes and trembles, fearing lest this his Lacquay should reveal the Murder of the Captain and his man: whereupon he resolveth to flye; but considering again, that if his Lacquay accuse him not, his very flight will proclame and make him guilty; he stayes, and as he thinks, resolves of a better course. He goes to the prison, and deals with his Lacquay to be secret in the business he wots of; protesting and promising him, that in consideration thereof, he will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* tels him, that he needs not fear; for as hath lived,

so he will die his faithful servant : But we shall see him have more grace, than to keep so graceless a promise. *Carpi* flattering himself with the fidelity and affection of his Lacquey, resolves to stay in the City : but he shall shortly repent his confidence. He was formerly betrayed by *Fiesco*, which me thinks should have made him more cautious and wise, and not so simple to entrust and repose his life on the incertain mercy of *Lorenzo's* tongue : but Gods Revenge draws neer him, and consequently he neer his end ; for he neither can nor shall avoid the Judgement of Heaven.

Lorenzo on the gallows, will not charge his soul with this foul and execrable sin of murder ; but Grace now operating with his soul, as much as formerly Satan did with his heart, he confesseth, that he and the *Baron of Carpi* his Master, together with the Knight *Monteleon*, and his Lacquey *Anselmo*, murdered the Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento*, and threw them into the Quarry, the which he takes to his death is true : and so using some Christian-like speeches of repentance and sorrow, he is hanged.

Lorenzo is no sooner turned over, but the *Criminal Judges* advertised of his speeches delivered at his death, they command the *Baron of Carpi* his lodging to be beleagured, where he is found in his study, and so apprehended, and committed prisoner ; where fear makes him look pale, so as the Peacocks plumes both of his pride and courage strike sail. He is again put to the Rack, and now the second time he reveals his foul and bloody murder, and in every point acknowledgeth *Lorenzos* accusation of him to be true : So he is condemned, first to have his right hand cut off, and then his head, notwithstanding that many great friends of his sue to the *Viceroy* for his pardon. The night before he was to die the next morn, one of his Judges was sent to him to prison, to perswade him to discover all his Complices in that murder, besides *Monteleon* and his Lacquey *Anselmo* ; yea, there are likewise some Divines present, who with many Religious exhortations perswade him to it : So Grace prevails with Nature, and Righteousness with Impiety and sin in him ; that he is now no longer himself, for contrition and repentance hath reformed him ; he will rather disrespect *Celestina*, than displease God : whereupon he affirmeth, that she and her deceased sister *Fidelia*, drew him and *Monteleon* to murder their father, and his man *Fiamento*, and that if it had not been for their allurements and requests, they had never attempted either the beginning or end of so bloody a business : and thus making himself ready for Heaven, and grieving at nothing on Earth, but at the remembrance of his foul Fact, he in the sight of many thousand people, doth now lose his head.

This Tragedy is no sooner acted and finished in *Naples*, but the Judges of this City send away Post to those of *Otranto*, to seize on the Lady *Celestina* (who in the absence of her husband for the most part lived there :) A Lady whom I could pity for her youth and beauty, did not the foulness of her Fact so foully disparage and blemish it. She is at that instant at a Noblemans house, at the solemnity of his daughters marriage, where she is apprehended, imprisoned, and accused to be the author and plotter of the Captain her Fathers death ; neither can her tears or prayers exempt her from this affliction and misery. She was once of opinion to deny it, but understanding that the *Baron of Carpi* and his Lacquey *Lorenzo* were already executed for the same in *Naples*, she with a world of tears freely confesseth it, and confirms as much as *Carpi* affirmed : whereupon in expiation of this her inhumane *Paricide*, she is condemned to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her ashes thrown into the ayr ; for a milder death, and a less punishment the Lord will not (out of his Justice) inflict upon her, for this her horrible crime, and barbarous cruelty committed on the person of her own father, or at least seducing and occasioning it to be committed on him ; and it is not in her husbands possible power to exempt or free her hereof. Being sent back that night to prison, she passeth it over (or in very truth the greatest part thereof) in prayer, still grieving for her sins, and mourning for this her bloody offence and crime ; and the next morn being brought to her execution, when she ascended the Scaffold, she was very humble, sorrowfull, and repentant, and with many showres of tears requested her brother *Alcasero* and all her kinsfolks to forgive her, for occasioning and consenting to her fathers death, and generally all the world to pray for her ; when her sighs and tears so sorrowfully interrupted and silenced her tongue, as she recommending her soul into the hands of her Redeemer, whom she had so hainously offended, she with great humility and contrition, kneeling on her knees, and lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, the Executioner with his sword made a double divorce betwixt her head and her body, her body and her soul ; and then the fire (as if incensed at so fiery a spirit) consumed her to ashes, and her ashes were thrown into the ayr, to teach her, and all the world by her example, that so inhumane and bloody a daughter, deserved not either to tread on the face of this earth, or to breathe this ayr of life.

She was lamented of all who either knew or saw her, not that she should die, but that she should first deserve, then suffer so shamefull and wretched a death: and yet she was far happier than her sister *Fidelia*, for she despaired, and this confidently hoped for remission and salvation. Thus albeit this wretched and execrable young Gentlewoman lived impiously, yet she died *Christianly*: wherefore let us think on that with detestation, and on this with charity. And here we see how severely the murder of Captain *Benevente* was by Gods just revenge punished, not only in his two daughters who plotted it, but also in the two Noblemen and their two Lacqueys who acted it. Such attempts and crimes deserve such ends and punishments, and infallibly finde them. The only way therefore for Christians to avoid the one, and condemn the other, is with sanctified hearts, and unpolluted hands, still to pray to GOD for his Grace, continually to affect prayer, and incessantly to practise piety in our thoughts, and godliness in our resolutions, and actions, the which if we be carefull and conscionable to perform, God will then shrowd us under the wings of his favour, and so preserve and protect us with his mercy and providence, as we shall have no cause to fear either *Hell* or *Satan*.

T 2

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XV.

Maurice, like a bloody villain, and damnable son, throws his Mother Christina into a Well, and drowns her: the same band and arm of his wherewith he did it rots away from his body; and being discriased of his wits in Prison, he there confeseth his foul and inhumane murther, for the which he is hanged.

IF we did not wilfully make our selves miserable, God is so indulgent and mercifull to us, as he would make us more happy; but when with high and presumptuous hands we violate the Laws of Nature and Grace, of Earth and Heaven, in murdering through envy those, whom through Duty and affection we are bound to obey, honour, cherish and preserve; then it is no marvel, because we first forsook God, that he after abandoneth us to our selves, and sins, and to the fruits thereof, Calamity, Misery, Infamy, and Perdition: and that we may see humane cruelty to be justly met with, and punished by Gods upright and divine Justice, Lo here in this ensuing History we shall see a wretched Son kill his harmless and dear mother. A very fearfull and lamentable Paricide, a most cruel and execrable Faét, for the which we shall see him rewarded with condign punishment, and with a sharp and infamous death, although not half so deplorable as deserved. It is a bitter and bloody History, the Relation and Remembrance whereof, in the most barbarous and flinty hearts, is capable, not only to ingender Compassion, but Compunction; yea, not only Contrition but tears, at least if we have any place left in us for Pity, or room for Piety; the which if we have, doubtless the end of our reading will not only bless, but crown the beginning, and the beginning the end thereof.

Upon the North-east side of the Lake *Leman*, vulgarly known and called the Lake of *Geneva* (because it payes its full tribute, and makes its chiefest *Rendezvous* before that City, whereof it environeth at least one third part) There stands a pretty small and strong Town, distant a little daies journey from it, termed *Morges*, which properly belongs to the jurisdiction of *Bern*, one of the chiefest *Cantons* of that warlike people and country of *Switzerland*, wherein of very late years, and recent memory, there dwelt a rich and honest Burger, or Burgemaster (for of Gentry those parts and people are not, because they will not be capable) named *Martin Halsenorfe*, who by his wife *Christina Snuytjaren*, had one onely child, a son, named *Maurice Halsenorfe*, now of some fourteen year old; whose father although he were by profession a souldier, and enrolled a Lieutenant to one of those *Auxiliarie* Bands of that Country which are in pay to the *French King*, yet neverthelesse his chiefest ambition and care was, to make this Son of his a Scholar, because the ignorance and illiterature of his own age, made him to repent it in himself, and therefore to provide a remedy thereof in his Sons youth, sith he now knew and saw, that a man without learning, was either as a body without a soul, or a soul without knowledge and reason, which are her chiefest virtues, and most sacred *Ornaments* and *Excellencies*: So he brings him up to their own *Grammar School* in *Morges*, where in some three or four years his affection and care to study, makes him so good a *Proficient*, as he becomes not onely skilfull, but perfect therein, and almost as capable to teach his Schoolmaster, as he was to instruct him; yea, and to add the better *Grace* to the *Grace* of that *Art*, he was of so mild and so modest a carriage, and the blossomes of his youth were so sweetly watered with the *Heavenly dew* of *Virtue* and *Piety*, as if his manners and himself were wholly composed thereof; so that for *Learning* and *Goodnesse* he was, and was justly reputed, not onely the *Mirroure*, but the *Phoenix* of all the youth of *Morges*; and as he esteemed himself happy in his Parents, so they reciprocally hold themselves, not onely happy, but blessed in this their Son. But because the inherent corruption of our nature, and the perverseness and multiplicity of our sins are such, as they cannot promise us any true joy, much less assured and permanent felicity: so the Sunshine of this their temporary content, equally divided in thirds betwixt the father, mother, and son, will shortly receive a great eclipse, and a fatal disaster, which will be to them so much the more bitter and mournfull, sith both the cause and effects thereof were of each of them unthought of, of them all unexpected.

For God in his sacred decree and providence, seeing *Martin Halsenorfe* the father, his strength arrived at his full meridian and height, and his daies to their full number and period: He, as he sate at dinner jocund and merry with his wife and son, is suddenly taken with a deadly swoon, which presently deprives his body of this life, and sends his soul to enjoy the sweet felicity, and sacred joy and immortality of the life to come. A *Document* which may teach us not to rely upon the rotten privileges and strength of youth, but so to prepare our lives that death at all places, and in all times, may stil find us armed and ready to encounter it. A *Document* which may teach us with the erected eyes as well of our faith as body so to look from *Earth* to *Heaven*, that our souls be not only ready, but willing to forsake this stinking *Tabernacle* and prison of our mortality, to fly and be admitted into heaven, that heavenly *Jerusalem*, and *Celestial City*, where they may enjoy the blessed *Communion* of the *Saints*, and the greatest blessings of all joyes, and the most sovereign joy of all blessings, then to see our *Creator* and *Saviour*, *God* the Father, and *Christ Jesus* his Son face to face, wherein indeed all the joyes and blessings of our souls are comprised and included.

The death of *Halsenorfe* the Father, is not onely the *Argument*, but the cause of his widow *Christina's* grief, of his Sonne *Maurice* his sorrow, of her tears and groans, of his sighs and afflictions; yea, and not to derogate from the truth, I may step a degree farther, and say, That this his death is a fatal herauld, and mournful harbinger, which portends and prepares both of them many disastrous calamities and woful miseries, the which in a manner, are almost ready to surprize and befall them.

This sorrowful widow being thus deprived of her dear Husband, who was both her comfort and her joy, her stay and her Protector, her head and her glory; although he left her a good Estate, sufficient enough to warrant her against the fear of poverty, and to secure her self against the apprehension of worldly indigence; and wherewithall to maintain both her and her son, with somewhat more than an indifferent competency; yet she saw her friends forsake her, and her Husbands familiar acquaintance abandon her, as if their friendship dyed with him, and that their remembrance of him was wholly raked up, and buried in the dust of his grave. A most ingrateful disease and iniquity of time, rather to be pittied than cured, and reprov'd than reformed, so fading and inconstant are the unfriendly friendships of the world,

who for the most part are grounded on profit, not on honour, on avarice, not on virtue, on their own gold, not on the want of their Christian neighbours and brethren : but enough of this, and again to our History.

Now, if *Christiana* (for only by that name I will henceforth intitle her) have any comfort or consolation left her, to sweeten the bitterness of her Husbands death, it is onely to see him survive and live in her Son *Maurice*, in whose virtues and years, her hopes likewise begin again to bud forth and flourish ; when remembering what an earnest care and desire her Husband had to see him a Scholar, as she inherits his goods, so she will assume and inherit that resolution of his : and although she love her Sons sight, and affect his presence tenderly and dearly, yet she can give no peace to her thoughts, nor take any truce of her resolutions, till she send him from *Morges* to the University of *Lofanna*, some three Leagues distant from thence, there to perfect his studies and learning, the seeds whereof already so hopefully blossomed forth, and fructified in him. To which end, her deepest affection and care having hearkned out one *Deodatus Vareseius*, a Bachelor of Divinity of that University, whom fame (though indeed most falsely) had informed her to be an expert Scholar, and an excellent Christian, she agrees with him ; when allowing her Son an honest exhibition, and furnishing him with Books, a Gown, and all other necessaries, she sends him away to *Lofanna*, charging him at his departure, to be carefull of his learning, carriage, and actions, and above all, to make piety and godliness in his life and conversation, the Regent of all his studies ; when with tears of natural affection, they take leave each of other.

Maurice being arrived at *Lofanna*, finds out his Tutor *Vareseius*, who receives and welcomes this his Pupil courteously and kindly : but alas, the hopes of *Christiana* the Mother, are extremely deceived in the virtues of *Vareseius* ; because his Vices will instantly deceive both the merits and expectation of her Son, or rather change nature and qualities in him, and thereby shortly make him as vicious in *Lofanna*, as formerly he was virtuous in *Morges* : for I write with grief and pitty, that to define the truth aright, it was difficult to say, whether he were more learned or deboshed, a more perfect Scholar, or prophane Christian ; for although the dignity of his Bachelorship of Theologie, did hide many of his dissolute pranks, and obscene imperfections, yet his exorbitant deportment and industry, could not so closely overvail and obscure them, but his intemperate affection to drinking, and beastly inclination to drunkenness, began now to become obvious and apparent to the Eyes and Heads of his College, yea, to the whole University : A most pernicious and swinish vice, indeed too too much incident and subject to these people the *Swissers* ; but if it had been immured and confined within these Rocks and Mountains of *Germany*, it had proved not onely a happiness, but a blessing to the other Western parts of the Christian world, where it spreads its infection like an uncontrollable and incurable Gangrene, yea, like a most contagious and fatal pestilence : so as in *Vareseius* there was nothing more incongruous and different, than his doctrine and his life, his profession and conversation, his Theorie and his Practice, his knowledge and his will. But if the head-springs and fountains be corrupted with this vice and drunkenness, no marvel if the Rivers and Streams of *Common-weals* be infected and poysoned therewith ; yea, if it be not debarred, but have admittance and residence in the Classes of Universities, from which Nurseries and Gardens of the Muses, both the Church and State fetch their chiefest Ornaments and Members ; how can we expect to see it rooted out from the more illiterate Commons, whose grosse ignorance makes them far more capable to learn Vice, than Virtue ; or rather Vice, and not Virtue ; sith there is no shorter nor truer Art to learn it, than of their Arts Masters, because the example and president of ill doings in our Teachers and Superiours, doth not only plant, but ingraffe and root it, not only privilege, but as it were, authorize it in us, still with a fatal impetuosity, with a dangerous violence, and pernicious event and issue : for if remedies be not found in learned Physicians, it is then in vain to seek them in the rude and unlearned people ; and if the Preceptor himself be not sanctified, it is rather to be feared than doubted, that his Disciple will not. This (yea this) is a most mournful and fatal rock, whereon divers virtuous and religious parents have even wept themselves to death, to see their children suffer shipwrack ; yea, this beastly and brutish sin of Drunkenness, is still the Devils *Usher* and *Pander* to all other sins ; and therefore how cautious and carefull ought the Heads of Schooles and Universities be, to expel and root it out from themselves, and to hate and detest it in others, sith in the remiss winking thereat, I may (with as much truth as safety) affirm, that toleration is confirmation ; and connivency, cruelty ; as we shall not go far to see it made good and verified in this ensuing mournful History ; the which in exacting Ink from my Pen, doth likewise command blood from my heart, and tears from mine eyes, to anatomize and unfold it.

Difficely hath *Maurice* been three months in *Lofanna* with *Vareseius*, but his virtues are eclipsed

eclipsed and drowned in vice; yea, he not onely thinks, but holds it a virtue to make himself culpable and guilty of this his Tutors *Vice* of *Drunkenness*, wherein within lesse than three moneths he proves so expert, or indeed so execrable a *Scholar* in his beastly *Art*, as both day and night he makes it not onely his practice, but his delight; and not onely his delight, but his glory. He who was before so temperate in his drink and conversation in *Morges*, as for the most part, he wholly drank water, not wine; now he is so viciously metamorphosed in *Lofanna*, as contrariwise, he only drinks wine, no water; yea, and which is lamentable to remember, and deplorable to observe in this young *Scholar*, he drinks (or to write truer, devoures it) so excessively, as his Cups are become his Books; his Carrouling, his Learning; the Tavern, his Study; and Drunkenness the only *Art* he professeth; which filthy and infectious disease, spreading from the *Preceptor* to the *Pupil*, from old *Varesius* to young *Maurice*, hath so surpris'd the one, and seized on the other, as it threatens the disparagement of the first his reputation, and the shipwrack of the seconds fortunes, and it may be of his life.

Now *Varesius*, who will not be ashamed to pittie his beastly *Vice* in himself, doth yet pittie it with shame to behold it in his *Scholar Maurice*, and yet hath neither the *Grace* to reform it in himself, nor the will or power to reprove it in him; but instead of stopping and preventing it, doth in all things give way to the current and torrent of this swinish sin, which inevitably draws after it these threefold diseases and miseries: The poyson of our bodies, the consumption of our purses, and the Moth and Canker of our reputations; or if you will, these three not far different from the three former. The bane of our wits, the enemy of our health and life, and the consumer of our Estates and friends: And within the compass of one whole year, to all those diseases and miseries doth the drunkenness of our deboshed young *Scholar Maurice* subject and reduce him; so as it being the nature of sin (not checked and vanquished with repentance) rather to grow than wither, to flourish than fade or decay with our age: the longer *Maurice* lived in *Lofanna*, the deeper root his beastly vice of drunkenness took in him, and he the dearer affection to it, so as that competent exhibition which his mother yearly allowed him, became incompatible with this his excessive prodigality and intemperancy: Yea, his extreme superfluity in this kind, was without intermission so frequent, as three quarters of his years pension could not discharge one of his expences and debts, so strong a habit (converted now to a second Nature) had this bewitching beastly sin of drunkenness exacted and gotten of him, as if this were his felicity, and that he onely triumphed to become a slave to this his slavish appetite and swinish profession, which to support and maintain, he not only feeds, but starves his mother with variety of subtil and insinuating Letters, thereby to draw divers sums of moneys from her, as indeed he doth; some under pretext of necessity to buy new books, which he affirmed he wanted; others under pretence of his weakness and sickness, and such like colourable excuses; which unthrifty prodigality of his, doth as fast empty her purse and store, as her industrious frugality can possibly fill them; whereof having all the reasons of the world to become sensible, she at last, making her judgement consult with her affection, begins now to fear, that her Son was become lesse virtuous, and more deboshed than she hoped of, and that these his Letters and Petitions for mony, were onely tricks to deceive the hopes, and betray the confidence she reposed in his virtuous carriage and godly inclination; whereof being in fine informed and certified from such *Students & Burgers* of *Lofanna*, whom she had set as *Sentinels*, to have *Argus*, yea, *Lyneus* eyes over his actions and deportments, she at last with few thanks to his Tutor *Varesius*, many complaints & exclamations to her son, & inexpressible grief & sorrow to her self, commands him home from *Lofanna* to *Morges*, where with much bitterness and secrecy, she taxes and rates him for his drunkenness and prodigality, in that he had vainly spent in one year, more than either his father or her self could collect or gather up in many.

But see the lewd subtilty, and wretched deceitfulness of this dissolute son towards this his dear and tender mother; for then and there, seasoning his speeches with virtue, and his behaviour with obedience and piety, he modestly seems not onely to tax her credulity, conceived against the candeur and integrity of his actions, but also with a kind of tacite choller, to malign and traduce those who unjustly and falsely had cast so foul an aspersiion on his virtues and innocency; and the better to make those his speeches, and this his *Apology* and *Justification* passe current with his Mother, his discretion now describes so fair a Law to his *Vanity*, and his reason to his intemperate and irregular desires, as to the eye of the world, and to her more curious and observant judgment, he seems to be the very picture and statue of *Virtue*, although God and his foul soul and conscience well knows, that he is the true, essential and real *Image* of *Vice*: and the better to cloak and overveyle this his dissimulation from the eyes of God and his Mother, although he continue to take his Cups by night, yet in *Morges*, and especially in his Mothers house and sight, he casts them off by day, and the better & more firmly to reintegrate himself

himself into her approbation and favour, he mornings and evenings is seen at his prayers, and spends the greatest part of his time in hearing and frequenting of Sermons, the which affords such sweet content to her conceits and thoughts, as she repents her self of her unkindness towards him, and not onely acquits him of his drunkenness, prodigality and dissoluteness, but also accuseth his accusers, whom she now as much condemns for *Envy* and *Malice* towards her Son, as she highly (and as she thinks justly) applauds him for his religious piety towards God.

But sith Hypocritie is worse than Prophaneness, as making us rather Devils than Saints; or indeed not Saints, but Devils; and that no sacrifice is so odious, nor object so hateful to God, as he who denies and dissembleth it in his looks, and yet professeth and practiseth it in his heart and soul: so we shall see to our grief, and this wretched hypocrite find to his misery, that thinking to deceive God, he shall in the end deceive himself; and in attempting to betray his Mother through his false *Virtue*, his true *Vice* will at last betray him, and make him as miserable, as he flattereth himself it will make him fortunate.

Now, the better to root and confirm this opinion of his temperancy in his mothers conceit and minde, and so the more secretly to overveil his excessive affection and addiction to *Drunkenness*, he under the pretence of some necessary and profitable occasions, gets leave of her, sometimes to ride over to *Bern*, *Soleure*, *Fribourge*, *Apenfall*, and other capital Towns of the *Cantons*, where he falls afresh to his cups, and there continually both day and night swills his brains, and stuffs up his belly with wine, as if he took no other delight or glory, but to drown his wit and learning with his money, and his health with both; and yet again, when he returns to *Morges*, he makes such fair weather with his mother, and casts so temperate a cloak and colour on his speeches & actions, as if it were impossible for him to drink more than would suffice nature, or to desire more than would meerly quench his thirst. And thus by his hypocritical policy having wrought himself into his Mothers good opinion and favour, as also some store of money out of her purse and coffers, he with a feigned shew of humility and discretion, takes leave of her, and to perfect his studies and learning, returns again to *Lofanna*, where he is no sooner arrived, but upon his new return, he finds out his old carousing companions, who like so many pestilent Vipers, and contagious Moths and Caterpillars, are vitiously, and therefore fatally resolved, not only to eat out the bottom of his purse, but also the heart of his happiness, and as I may justly terme it, to devour the very soul of his felicity: and with these tippling Brats of *Bacchus*, doth our lewd and deboshed Scholar *Maurice*, continually drink drunk, not only forgetting his learning but himself, and which is worse, his God, having neither the power to remember to repent, or grace to pray, nor to remember any thing but his cups; so beastly is he inclined, so swinishly and vitiously is he affected and addicted; and what doth this either prognosticate, presage, or promise to produce in him, but inevitable affliction, misery and ruin of all sides?

As the shortest errors are best, so those *Vices* which have longest perseverance and predominance in us, prove still the most pernicious and dangerous. It is nothing to crush a Serpent in the egge, but if we permit it to grow to a Serpent, it may then crush us; a plant may be removed with ease, but an old tree difficultly. To fall from sin to repentance, is as great a happiness, as it is a misery to fall from repentance to sin; and indeed to use but one word for the affirmation and confirmation of this truth, there can no greater misery befall us, than to think our selves happy, when (through our sins) we are miserable.

Here in *Lofanna*, *Maurice* esteems this his beastly sin of drunkenness to be a *Virtue*, not a *Vice* in him; yea, in paying for all shots and reckonings in Taverns, he sottishly and foolishly thinks it the shortest and truest way to be beloved and honoured (though indeed to be contemned) of all; and therefore without fear or wit, yea, without the least spark of *Grace*, or shadow of consideration, his stomach (like the Devils sponge) and his insatiable throat (like a bottomless gulf) so devours his wine, and his wine his money, as that which should be the *Argument* of his glory, he makes the cause of his shame; and his mony which should fortifie his reputation, he converts and turns to ruin it. But as poverty (in a just revenge of our *Vanity*) rejoiceth to look on us, because we first disdained either to look on, or regard it; so he having spent the fragrant Summer of his folly and prodigality, in wasting the monies his mother gave him in wine; now the deprivation thereof makes him feel the frosty winter of that want, which he can better remember than remedy, rather repent than redress. The Fellows and Students of his College look on him and his drunkenness, some with the eyes of pitty, others with those of joy, according as their friendship or malice, their Charity or Envy either conduct their passions, or transport and steer their resolutions and inclinations. As for his Tutor *Varesius*, how can he possibly seek to reclaim this his Pupil from *Vice* to *Virtue*, when he is so wretchedly dissolute, as by the publike vote and voice of the *University*, he himself is already wholly and solely relapsed from *Virtue* to *Vice*?

In which respect this vicious young Student *Maurice*, having neither *Vertue* nor *Tutor*, money nor credit, discretion nor friend to secure him from the shelves of Indigence, or the rocks of Poverty and Misery; whereon he is rashly and wilfully rushing; he like a true deboshed Scholar, or indeed, as a Master of Art in the Art of deboshedness, first sells his Books, then his Gown and Cloaths, and next his bed, being desirous to want any thing but wine; and confidently (though vainly and foolishly) assured, that if he have wine enough, that then he wants nothing. A miserable consideration and condition, a wretched estate and resolution, only tending and conducing to direful misery, and to deplorable poverty and desolation.

But to replenish his purse, to repair his credit and apparel, and to continue his cups and drunkenness, he hath no other hopes or refuge, than again to cast himself on the affection and courtesie of his mother, whom he re-visits with several Letters, which are only so many humble insinuating Petitions, again to draw and wrest moneys from her. But he is deceived in his hopes and expectation, or at least they distinctly and severally, and his mother joyntly with them, conspire to deceive him. For I write it with grief, because (by an uncontrollable relation of the truth) she dictates it to my pen with tears, that as well by all those of *Morges*, who came from *Lofanna*, as by all those of *Lofanna* who came to *Morges*, she is most certainly and sorrowfully advertized of her sons deboshed and dissolute life, of his neglect of Learning, and too frequent affecting and following of drunkenness; of the sale of his Cloaths, Bed, and Books; of the irreparable loss, both of his time, moneys and reputation; and withal, how the dregs and fumes of wine hath metamorphosed his countenance, and not graced, but filthily disgraced it with many fiery Rubies, and flaming Carbunkles; as also how it hath stuffed and bombasted up his belly and body, as if the dropie and he contended who should first seize each on other; and therefore she being (with a mournfull unwillingness) enforced, not only to take notice, but sorrowfully to rest assured and confident of these disastrous premises, the infallible predictions and Symptomes of her Sons utter ruine and subversion, She peremptorily and absolutely refuseth his requests, answereth his Letters with many sharp complaints, and bitter exclamations against his foul sin of Drunkenness, which threatens no less than the ruin both of his Reputation, Friends, Learning, Fortune, and Life, if not of his Soul.

Maurice, seeing himself wholly abandoned of his Mother, he knows not how to live, nor yet how to provide the means to maintain life, which not only surpriseth his thoughts, but amazeth and appaleth his cogitations with fear; yea, he takes this discourtesie of hers, so near at heart, and withal is so extremely impatient to see himself forsaken of her, whom he knows the Laws of Nature hath commanded to affect and cherish, as forgetting himself to be her Son, and she his Mother; yea, forgetting himself to be a man, and which is more, a *Christian*; his wants and *Vices* so far transport him beyond the bounds of *Reason* and *Religion*, of *Nature* and *Grace*, as he impiously and execrably degenerates from them all, and secretly vows to his heart and soul, or to say truer, to the Devil, (who inchanteth the one, and infecteth and intoxicateth the other) that he will speedily send her into another world in a bloody Coffin, if she will not believe his wants, and maintain him as her Son in this. So alas here it is, that he first gives way to the Devil to take possession of his thoughts and heart, and here it is, that he first assumes bad blood, and suggests bloody designs, against the safety and life of his dear and innocent Mother. When like a miserable wretch, and a wretched and impious villain, his thoughts and studies (like so many lines running to their centre) are now in continual action and motion, how to finish and bring this deplorable Tragical business to an end: yea, the better to feed this his insatiable bloody appetite, and to quench the quenchless thirst of his Matricidious revenge, he forgets all other projects and affairs, to follow and hasten on this; which (to give one word for all) takes up both his study and his time in *Lofanna*, casting away his Books which would seem to divert him from it, as if he courted *Pluto* not *Apollo*; *Proserpina*, not *Pallas*; *Erynnis*, not *Urania*; the *Furies*, not the *Muses*: and as afflictions seldom come alone, but many times (as the waves of the sea) fall one in the neck of another; so to make him rather advance than retire, in the execution of this his unnatural and damnable attempt, his excessive and frequent drunkenness makes him so notoriously apparent to the Heads of the *University* in general, and of his own *College* in particular, that they give him his *Conge*, and (without lending any ear to his *Apology* or *Justification*) expel him thence. So that being now destitute of all friends and means, he is enforced to see himself reduced to this point of misery, that he must either beg or starve, which to prevent, (because he as much disdains the first, as he is resolved to provide a remedy for the second) he leaves *Lofanna* (where his vices and debts have made the stones too hot for him) and on foot goes home to his Mother to *Morges*, hoping that his presence may prevail more with her than his absence; and his tongue make that ease, which his pen (in his Letters) found not only difficult but impossible.

Being arrived at *Morges*, his loving and indulgent Mother receives him with tears, not of joy, but of grief; for his drunkenness hath so deformed his face and body, as at the first sight she difficulty knew him to be her son; and although he take pains to conceal that beastly vice of his, and so to plaister and varnish it over with a feigned shew of repentance and reformation; yet she sees to her affliction, and observes to her misery, that he loves his Cups better than his life, and that as soon as she once turns her back from him, he falls close to them, and so tippleth and carouseth from Morning to Night. Three days are scarce past, before he makes two requests to her; the one for new cloaths, the other for money; when to the end that her wisdom might shine in her affection, as well as her affection in her wisdom, she chearfully grants him the first, but peremptorily denies him the second, because she well knows it would be so much cast away on him, sith he would instantly cast it away on Wine; and to write the truth, the grant of his apparel doth not so much content him, as the refusal of her money doth both afflict and inflame him: He is all in choler hereat, and the fumes of revenge do so implacably take up and seize upon his thoughts, and they on it, as now without the fear of God, or care of his soul, he like a damnable villain, and an execrable son, swaps a bargain with the Devil, to destroy and make away his mother. Hellish resolutions, and infernal conceits, which will not only strangle those who embrace, but confound those who follow them. His impiety made him formerly assume this bloody fact, and now his necessity and want of money (in that he cannot, as it were, drown himself in the excess of drunkenness) enforceth him to a resolution to finish it. His faith is so weak towards God, and so strong with the Devil, as he will not retire with Grace, but advance with impiety, to see as well the end, as the beginning of this bloody business: He consults hereon with his delight, not with his reason; with his will, not with his conscience; with his heart, not with his soul. He sees he hath no money, and knows, or at least believes, that his mother hath enough, and therefore concludes, that if she were once dead, it were impossible that his life should want any. So these two wretched Counsellors, *Covetousness* and *Drunkenness*, (or rather *Covetousness* to maintain his *Drunkenness*) like two infernal fiends and furies, hale him on head-long to perpetrate this bloody and mournfull murder of his dear and tender Mother, the end whereof will bring him as much true misery and infamy, as the beginning doth flatter and promise him false content and happiness. His youth hath no regard to her age, and less to her life, neither will he vouchsafe to remember, that he first received his of her: yea, all the blood that flows in his heart, and streams in his veins and body, cannot any way have the power to prompt him, that it is derived and descended from hers. And if *Morges* will not divert him, *Lofanna* should; if his years cannot instruct him, yet his Books might; and if *Nature* prevailed not with his heart, yet he thinks *Grace* should with his conscience, to present him the foulness of this attempt, and the unnatural cruelty thereof, in resolving to embrew his diabolical hands in her innocent blood; or if the influence of these earthly considerations could not allay the heat of his malice, or quench the fire of his revenge towards her, yet he thinks looking from prophaness to piety, from earth to heaven, from the time present to the future; from the corruption of his Body, to the immortality of his Soul; from Sin to Righteousness, from Revenge to Religion, and consequently from Satan to God, he should hate this bloody design and project of his as much as now he loves it, and seek the preservation of his Mother, with as much obedience and affection, as now he contrives and pursues her untimely end with impiety and detestation. But his Vices will still triumph over his Vertues; and therefore it is rather to be feared than doubted, that they will in the end make him too miserable, ever to see himself so happy.

Miserable *Maurice* therefore (as the shame of his time, the disgrace of his Sex, and a prodigious monster of Nature) having hellishly resolved on the matter, now with a devilish fortitude and hellish assurance passeth on to the manner of her Tragedy. He will not give ear to God, who seeks to divert him from it; but will hearken to the Devil, who useth his best Oratory to perswade and entice him to it. But as the Devil is malicious in his subtilty, so should we be both wise and cautious in our credulity; for if we believe him, he will betray us; but if we believe God, we shall then betray him: he is impatient of delays, yea, his malice is so bloody, and his revenge so cruel, as he thinks every hour a year, till he hath sent her from Earth to Heaven. He proposeth unto himself divers ways to murder her, and the devil, who is never absent, but present in such Hellish occasions, makes him as well industrious as vindictive and implacable in the contriving and finishing thereof. Now he thinks to cut her throat as she is in bed: Then to poison her at Table, either in her meat or drink. Then again he is of opinion to hire some to kill her as she is walking in her Vineyards; or else to cause two Water-men to drown her, as she is taking the ayr in a Boat on the Lake, which twice or thrice weekly she is accustomed to do; but yet still he is irresolute, either which, or which not to resolve on, till

till at last, after a weeks dilatory protraction, having with a fatal and infernal ratiocination banded and rebanded these several bloody projects in his brains and contemplations, he rejecteth them all, as more full of difficulty and apparent danger, than of warrantable safety, when considering there was a deep Well in the outer yard, adjoyning to the Garden, he holds it fittest for his purpose to drown her therein, whereon the Devil and he strike hands, and set up their rest and period.

Whiles thus this gracious Mother *Christina* endeavours with her best care and prayers to divert her graceless Son *Maurice* from this his intemperate and beastly sin of Drunkenness, hee (as if he were no part of her, but rather a limb of the Devil) with a monstrous and inhumane ingratitude, sets his inventions and brains on the tenterhooks, to espie out the occasion & time to dispatch her. When burning with a flaming desire to quench the insatiable thirst of his revenge in her blood, he (taking time and opportunity at advantage) seeing all his Mothers people abroad to gather in the Vintage, the Well open, and she with a Prayer book in her hand, walking in the Garden next adjoyning, the Devil infuseth such courage to his heart, his heart such cruelty and inhumanity to his resolutions, that all things seemed then to conspire to see an end to this his so long desired and afflicted business of murdering and dispatching his mother, he taking on him the part of a mad-man, whom it seemed sorrow had suddenly afflicted, and grief distracted, he with his hat in his hand, hastily and furiously rusheth into the Garden to his Mother, and cries out to her, that there is one of the neighbours children fallen into the Well, which he espied from his chamber window: whereunto (harmless good woman) she adding belief to his false and perfidious speeches; and (being beyond her self) afflicted and amazed with this sudden and sorrowful news, she throws away her Book, and hand in hand with him (her sighs interrupting her words, and her tears her sighs) she (as if pity added wings to her feet) trips away to the Well, both to see this mournfull spectacle, and chiefly to know, if it any way lay in her possible care to assist, or power to preserve the said child from death: when bringing her to the Well, he better like a fury, than a man, and rather resembling a meer Devil than a son, fastneth his left hand on the Well-post, and as she looks into the profundity thereof, he with his right hand tips and throws her in; and so without any more doing, claps down the cover thereof; when rejoicing in his heart that he had sent her to death, because he sees it now not in the power of the whole world to save her life, He (the better to overveil this his impious villany) ascends her chamber, breaks open her cupboards, trunks, & chests, takes away most of her mony, & silver plate, which he privately hides away for his own behoof & use, & so scattereth a few pieces of mony, & some of her clothes and apparel in the floor, thereby subtilly to insinuate and intimate to the world, that it were thieves who had robbed and drowned his mother; when stealing a horse out of the stable, he gets him out of the back door, which he leaves open, & from thence rides to his mothers people in the Vineyards, to whom he relates he hath been all that morn abroad to take the air, & is now come to pass the remainder of the day with them, & to be merry; to which end he sends for wine from the skirts of the town; & so they carouse & frolick it till towards night, & then they return home, where they find both doors open, his Mother their Mistress wanting, & no creature in the house, wherat they much admire. So they seek & call her in the Orchards & Gardens, but in vain, for they find no news of her; when the maids one way, & he and the men-servants another way, seek her where she is accustomed to frequent; but to no purpose; for they can neither see nor hear of her; il at length the maids rushing into her bed-chamber, they find her cupboards, chests & trunks broken open, & some of her mony and apparel strew'd here and there on the floor; wherat amazed, they cry out at the windows that thieves had been there & robbed their Mistress her chests & trunks: which *Maurice* and the men-servants of the house over-hearing, they ascend & admire at the sight thereof; neither doth his outward fears, or their inward apprehensions, stop or stay at the meer loss of the goods, but they fear the absence of his Mother, & their Mistress *Christina*, & are already become jealous of her safety, & fearful that the thieves have offered her some violence & cruelty. Whereupon late at night, hearing no news of her, her son goes & acquaints the Baylif of *Morges*, & the rest of the Criminal Officers therewith, who of all sides inquire for her, & make a secret search in the town, to find out the thieves; leaving not a room nor place of the house unsought for her; but their diligence proves vain; for they can purchase no news of her, much less of the thieves. They remain in the house all night, & they all with sorrowful & watchful eyes expect every minute to hear of her. Eight of the clock the next day strikes, but as yet she is not seen or heard of: So they again, in presence of the Baylif search all places & corners both in the house, gardens, orchards, & yards; but still to no effect, when behold the sacred providence of God, in revealing her to be drown'd in the Well, beyond the expectation of all that were present; for as they are in the midst of their doubts & fears, yea, in the very depth of their research, lo, one of the servant maid, named *Hester*, having that instant morning taken a nap of an hours sleep in a chair, starts suddenly out

of her sleep and rest, trips to them, and saies, she then and there dreamed, that her Mistris *Christina* was cast into the Well and drowned; the which she affirmed with many words, and more sighs, out-cries, and tears; which peircing into the ears and thoughts of the Baylif and servants, and into the very heart and conscience of this our execrable *Maurice*, they look pale with grief and amazement, and he straineth the highest key of his art and policy to keep his cheeks from blushing for shame thereat; and the better to hood-wink their eyes and judgement from the least spark or shadow of this his guiltiness herein, he with many shewes of hypocritical tears, prays the Baylif that upon *Hesters* dream and report, the Well may be searched; adding withall, that it was more probable than impossible, that those thieves who robbed his Mothers house, might likewise be so devillishly malicious to murther her, and throw her into the Well: which the Baylif seriously considering, as first the mayds dream, then the sons request and tears, he instantly in the presence of all those of the house, as also of many of the next neighbours, whom he had purposely assembled, caused the Well to be searched and sounded, where the hook taking hold of her clothes, they instantly bring up the dead body of his mother and their Mistris *Christina*; the skull of whose head was lamentably broken, and her brains pitifully dashed out with her fall. All are amazed, her servants grieve, and her hellish son *Maurice* weeps and cries more than all the rest at this mournfull spectacle. The Baylif carefully and particularly examines *Hester*, if God in her dream revealed her not the manner how, and the persons who had thus thrown her Mistris into the Well; she answereth negatively, according to the truth, that she had already delivered as much as she knew of that mournfull business. When *Maurice*, to shew his forwardnesse and zeal, for the detection and finding out of his mothers murtherers, he pretends that he suspects *Hester* to be accessary, and to have a hand herein. But the Baylif and Common-council of *Morges*, having neither passion nor partiality to dazle and inveagle the eyes of their judgement, finding no reason or ground of probability to accuse her, or which might tend or conduce that way, they free her without farther questioning her, and so (as it hath been formerly remembred) they all concurring in opinion, that the thieves who robbed her, had undoubtedly thrown her into the Well, They give leave to *Maurice* to bury his breathlesse Mother, which he doth with the greatest pomp and decency, requisite as well to her rank and quality, as to his affection and duty; and the better to fan off the least dufl or smoak of suspition, which might any way fall upon the lustre of his innocency, hee at her Funeral (to the eye of the world) sheds many rivolets of tears. But, alas, what is this to this his foul and execrable sin of murthering his Mother? for although it bleer the eyes, and inveagle the judgements of the Baylif and his associates, the Criminal Judges of *Morges*, yet God the great and Sovereign Judge of Heaven and Earth, will not be thus deluded, cannot be thus deceived herein. No, no, for albeit he be mercifull, yet his Divine Majesty is too just to let crimes of this hellish nature goe either undetected or unpunished.

Wee have seen this execrable son so bloody hearted and handed, as with a devillish rage, and inhumane and infernal fury, to drown his own dear, and tender Mother, with as much cruelty as ingratitude, to throw her from the World into a Well, who himselfe after terribler gripes and torments (to the hazard and peril of his life) threw him from her womb into the world; and the Providence and Justice of God will not lead the curiosity of the Reader far, before we see this miserable miscreant overtaken with the impetuous storm of Gods revenge, and the fiery gusts and tempests of his just indignation for the same, notwithstanding that his subtil malice, and malicious subtilty, have so cunningly contrived, and so secretly acted and compacted it with the Devil, that no earthly person, or sublunary eye can any way accuse, much less convict him thereof; as mark the sequel, and it will briefly and truly inform thee how.

As soon as he hath buried his Mother, his black mourning apparel doth in his heart and actions work such poor and weak effects of repentance and sorrow for her untimely death, as where divers others lament and grieve, he contrariwise rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, and by her decease being now become Lord and Master of all, he like a gracelesse villain, falls again to his old carousing companions, and vein of drunkenness, wherein he takes such singular delight and glory, as he makes it not onely his pastime and exercise by day, but his practice and recreation by night. And as God hath infinite means and waies to scourge and revenge the enormity of our delights and crimes, so we shall shortly see for our instruction, and observe for our reformation, that this ungodly and beastly vice of drunkennesse of his, which is his most secret bosom and darling sin, will in the end prove a ravenous *Vulture* to devour, and a fatall *Serpent* to eat out the bowels, first of his wealth and prosperity, and then of his life; for it not onely takes up his time, but his study, insomuch as I may as truly averre to my grief,

grief, as affirm to his shame, that he levelleth at nothing more, than to make it his felicity, which Swinish excess and intemperancy, (as a punishment inseparably incident and infallibly hereditary to that sin) doth within three moneths make him sell away all his Lands, yea, and the greatest part of his Plate and householdstuff; so his drunkenness first, but then chiefly Gods Justice and revenge pursuing his foul and inhumane crime of drowning his mother, makes him of being left rich by her, within a very short time become very extream poor and miserable; so as he runs deeply into debts, yea, his debts are by this time become so exceedingly urgent and clamorous, as contrary to his hopes and fears, when he least dreams thereof, he is imprisoned by his Mercer and Draper, for the blacks of his mothers Funeral, to both whom he is indebted the sum of three hundred crowns, which is far more than either his purse can discharge, or his credit and estate now satisfie. When abandoned of all his friends, his means spent and consumed, and nothing left him to exercise his patience in Prison, but despair; nor to comfort him, but the terrors of his bloody and guilty Conscience, He is clapt into a stinking Vault or Dungeon, where (in horror and detestation of his bloody crime) the glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun, disdains to send his radiant and glittering beams to comfort him; so as he who was before accustomed to fare deliciously, and, as it were, to swill and drown himself in the best and most curious Wines, now he must content himself only with coarse bread and water; and yet his misery is so extream, and that extremity of his so miserable, as he hath hardly enough to maintain and sustain life: But we shall see that this first affliction of his, will instantly be followed and overtaken by a second.

Whitsunday being arrived, he petitioneth his Gaoler (for that day) to have the liberty of the yard, and the freedom of the ayr, which is granted him; when at night descending the Rairs, again to be pent up in his obscure dungeon, his foot slips, and he receives a fearfull fall, whereof the bone of his right arm is broken in two pieces, and having no Chirurgeon to look to it, it putrifies and rots, so as for the preserving of his life, he within fifteen days is enforced to have it cut off a little below the shoulder; and this was the very same hand and arm which threw his mother into the Well. A singular act of Gods revenging Justice, and just revenge shewen herein. O that it may be deeply imprinted in our hearts, and engraven in our soules, that the Reader hereof, of what Sex or quality soever, may as it were stand amazed at the consideration of *Maurice* his impious sin towards God, and of Gods due and true revenge and requital thereof in his just Judgement and affliction towards him.

But this is not enough for *Maurice* to suffer, nor for God to inflict on him for this his bloody and inhumane crime, in murdering his Mother; nor to say the truth, it is but the *Prologue* to the deplorable, yet deserved punishment, which is immediatly ready to surprize and befall him. For to the end, that the truth may inform our curiosity, and our curiosity us, of the *Catastrophe* of this Tragedy, we must understand, that it was the pleasure and providence of God, that the breaking and cutting away of *Maurice* his arm, proved the break-neck of his patience, and the cutting away of his content and judgement. The devil caused him most inhumanely to drown his Mother, the which he might have refused to perpetrate, but would not; and now God in expiation thereof sends him Rage for Reason, Despair for Comfort, and Madness for Sobriety, the which he would flie and eschew, but cannot. He hath committed this execrable crime beyond the Rules and Laws of *Nature*; and therefore God hath ordained, that he should feel many degrees of punishments, and this is not only the Law, but the rule of *Grace*. Of all degrees of afflictions, madness is the most to be pitied, and the worst to be cured, sith it makes a man go far beyond reason, and therefore to come far too short of himself: it is held by some to be a sickness of the Liver, of others, an over-fuming of the blood, and of others a debility of the brain: But in this our execrable wretched *Maurice*, it was the infectious malady of his soul, which God sent purposely into his brains, to be revenged of his heart, for so inhumanly drowning his Mother: for although his divine Majesty hath infinite more ways to punish murder, than man hath to commit it; yet that he might make the detection of this of wretched *Maurice* as strange as the plotting and finishing thereof was cruelly inhumane, and inhumanely cruel, he purposely sends it him; for although since his imprisonment, hunger had so taken down his stomach, and quelled his courage, as his former volubility of speech was now reduced to a kind of sorrowfull and pensive silence; yet as soon as his brains and senses were possessed and captivated with this prodigious Lunacy, and outrageous phrensie, then his fits were so violent, and that violence so implacable, as his speeches were so many fearfull outcries and howlings, and his words so many uncouth and unheard-of ravings; so that whosoever either heard or saw him, he might justly conceive and affirm, that he had thunder in his tongue, and lightning in his eyes: For his crime made this affliction and phrensie of his so

miserable, so impetuous, as he spake nonsense perfectly, and looked rather like a Fury than a man: yea, his foul conscience and polluted soul rung him so many Panick fears and terrors of despair, as he was afraid of all things, and angry with himself, because he could be no more afraid of himself; So as that Dungeon which could imprison his body, was not capable to contain his thoughts, much less to immure his fears; and in this miserable plight and perplexity he remained for the space of ten days and nights, without any intermission or hope of remedy, which infinitely disturbed his fellow-prisoners, and chiefly his Gaoler, whose ears had never been accustomed to hear such discordant tunes, much less to be taken up with such distastefull and fearfull melody.

He acquaints the Common Council of the Town hereof, and importunately solicites them, that they will remove his distracted prisoner *Maurice* to some more fitter and more convenient place: Who remembring what *Maurice* had been, and now considering and seeing what he is, they who heretofore would not be so charitable to relieve his poverty, are yet now so religiously compassionate, as they pity his madness; so they command him from a Dungeon to a Chamber, from his Pallat of straw to a Feather-bed, from his Bread and Water, to wholesome Meats and Broths; but all this will not suffice; and to shew themselves not only good men, but good Christians, they to restore him to his wits and senses, make yet a further progression in charity. They cause him to be conferred with by many good Divines, who are not only eloquent, but powerfull to perswade him to pray often, and to practise other Christian duties and offices; but his cries are so outrageous, and his ravings so extravagant, as he is as incapable to relish their reasons, as they are to understand his rage: When the very immediate Finger and Providence of God, makes them yet so sensible of his unparallel'd misery, as they are resolved to remove him from his Prison to an Hospital, thereby to take the benefit of the ayr in the Gardens, Walks, and Fields, hoping that they might prevail with him, to recall his wits, and re-establish his senses in their proper seats of *Understanding*, and stations of *Judgement*: When here, (oh here) I conjure thee Christian Reader, to stand amazed and wonder with me, at the sacred and secret Justice of the Lord, expressed and demonstrated in this accident: For as his under Gaoler (by the Magistrates command) takes him by the hand, with an intent to conduct him forth from the Prison to an Hospital, his bloody crime (like so many Blood-hounds) pursuing his guilty Conscience and Soul; his Thoughts so enformed his knowledge, and his knowledge so confirm his belief, that the drowning of his Mother is detected, and that they now draw him from his Prison to the place of Execution to suffer death for the same. Which apprehension and fear, God putting into his conceits and heart, in despite of his madness, he wanting an Accuser, lo here he himself both accuseth and condemneth himself for the same. For the very Image of that conceit redoubling his fear, as his fear did his phrensie and madness, he in the midst of those fits, and the height of that Agony and Anxiety, cries out with a loud voice, *I have drowned my mother in the Well, I have drowned my mother in the Well, God will have me to confess it before he suffers you to hang me; I speak it on earth, and by my part of Heaven, what I now confess is true.* Which words no sooner escaped his tongue, but he instantly returns again to his out-cries of phrensie and madness. His Gaolers and the rest are amazed at these fearfull speeches, and bloody confession of his; which notwithstanding that they attribute to madness, yet they lead him to the Hospital, he still raving and crying as he passeth the streets. But oh! Let us here farther, admire with wonder, and wonder with admiration, at the providence and mercy of God here again miraculously made apparent and manifested in this execrable wretch *Maurice*, for he who outrageously cried in his prison, and licentiously raved in the street, is no sooner entred into the Hospital, but the pleasure of God had so ordained it, as his madness fully falls from him, and he absolutely recovereth again his wits and senses, in such firm and settled manner, as if he had never formerly been touched or afflicted therewith.

His Gaolers make report to the Magistrates, first of his Confession of drowning his Mother, and then of his sudden and miraculous recovering of his perfect memory, judgement and senses, as soon as he set foot within the Hospital: Whereupon they as much astonished at the one, as wondring at the other, do instantly repair thither to him, and there arraign and accuse him, for that inhumane and bloody Fact of his, whereof his own Evidence and Confession hath now made him guilty. But they take him for another, or at least, he will not be the same man: He denies this horrible and bloody Crime of his, with many Oaths and Asseverations, which they maintain and affirm he hath Confessed, says, that they either heard a Dream, or saw a Vision, whereof he neither dreamt nor thought of, and that he was ready to lose all the blood and life of his body; to finde out, and to be revenged of the murderers of his mother.

But the Magistrates are deaf to his *Apology*, and in considering the violence of his madness by its sudden abandoning him, as also his free and uninforced confession of drowning his Mother, they conceive that Gods Providence and Justice doth strongly operate in the detection of this foul and inhumane Murther; and therefore contemning his requests and oaths (in the vindication of his innocency) they cause him to be refetched from the Hospital to the Prison, and there adjudge him to the Rack, when although his heart and soul be terrified and affrighted with his apprehension and accusation, yet the Devil is so strong with him, as he cannot yet find in his heart to relent, much less to repent this foul and inhumane crime of his; but considering that he acted it so secretly, as all the world could not produce a witness against himself, except himself, he vows to be so impious and prophane in his fortitude and courage, as to disdain these his torments, and to look on them and his Tormentor, with an eye rather of contempt than fear: But God will be as propitious and indulgent to him, as he is rebellious and refractory to God; for here we shall see both his Conscience and resolutions taught another rule, and prescribed a contrary Law; yea, here we shall behold and observe in him, that now *Righteousness* shall triumph over *Sin*, *Grace* over *Nature*, his *Soul* over his *Body*, *Heaven* over *Hell*, and *God* over *Satan*; for at the very first sight of the Rack, the sight and remembrance of his bloody crime makes him shake and tremble extremely, when his soul being illuminated by the resplendent Sun-beams of Gods mercy, & the foggy mists of Hell and Satan expelled & banished thence, he falls to the ground on his knees, first beats his breast, and then erecting his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he (with a whole deluge of tears) again confesseth, that he had drowned his Mother in the Well, from and for the which he humbly craveth remission, both from Earth and Heaven.

And although there be no doubt but God will forgive his soul for this his foul Murther, yet the Magistrates of *Morges*, who have gravity in their looks, Religion in their hearts and speeches, and Justice in their actions, will not pardon his body; so in detestation of this his fearfull crime, and inhumane paricide, they in the morning condemn him, that very afternoon to be hanged. At the pronouncing of which sentence, as he hath reason to approve the equity of their Justice in condemning him to dye, so he cannot refrain from grieving at the strictness of the time which they allot him for his preparation to death. *But as soon as we forsake the devil, we make our peace with God.*

All *Morges* and *Losanna* rings of this mournful and Tragical news, and in detestation of this mournful, inhumane, and bloody crime of our execrable *Maurice*, they flock from all parts and streets to the place of execution, to see him expiate it by his death, and so to take his last farewell of this life.

The Divines, who are given him for fortifying and assisting his soul in this her flight and transmigration from Earth to Heaven, have religiously prevailed with him, so as they make him see the foulness of his crime, in the sharpness of his contrition and repentance for the same; yea, he is become so humble, and withall so sorrowful, for this bloody and degenerate offence, as I know not whether he think thereof with more grief, or remember it with detestation and repentance. At his ascending the Ladder, most of his Spectators cannot refrain from weeping, and the very sight of their tears proves the *Argument* of his; as his remembrance of murdering his Mother, was the cause.

He tells them he grieves at his very soul, for the foulness of his fact in giving his Mother her death, of whom he had received his life. He affirms that drunkenness was not only the root, but the cause of this his beggary and misery, of his crime and punishment, and of his deboshed life, and deserved death, from which with a world of sighs and tears he seeks and endeavours to divert all those who affect and practice that beastly Vice. He declares, that his Mother was too virtuous so soon to go out of the world, and himself too vicious (and withall too cruel) any longer to live in it; that the sins of his life had deserved this his shameful death; and although he could not prevent the last, yet that he heartily and sorrowfully repented the first. He prayed God to be mercifull to his soul, and then besought the world to pray unto God for that mercy; when speaking a few words to himself, and sealing them with many tears and far-fetched sighs, he lastly bids the world farewell, when enviting the Executioner to do his Office, he is turned over.

And such was the vicious life, and deserved death of this Execrable Son, and bloody villain *Maurice*: wherein I must confess, that although his end were shameful and sharp; yet, it was by far too too mild for the foulness of his crime, in so cruelly murdering his dear mother *Christina*, whom the Laws both of *Nature* and *Grace* commanded him to preserve and cherish. Yea, let all Sons and Daughters of all ages and ranks whatsoever look on this bloody and disastrous example of his, with fear; and fear to commit the like by the sight of his punishment.

It is a History worthy, both of our meditation and detestation, whether we cast our eyes on his drunkenness, or fix our thoughts and hearts on his Murther : Those who love and fear God are happy in their lives, and fortunate in their deaths ; but those who will neither fear nor love him, very seldom prove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other ; and to the rest of our sins, if we once consent and give way to adde that scarlet, and crying one of Murther ; that blood which we untimely send to Earth, will in Gods due time draw down vengeance on our Heads from *Heaven* ; *Charity* is the mark of a *Christian*, and the shedding of innocent blood, either that of an *Infidel*, an *Atheist*, or a *Devil*. O therefore let us affect and strive to hate it in others, and so we shall the better know how to detest and abhor it in our selves, which that we may all know to our comforts, and remember to our consolations, direct us, O Lord our God, and so we shall be directed.

FINIS,



THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sin of Murther;

EXPRESSED
In thirty severall Tragickall Histories, (digested into
Six Books) which contein great variety of mournfull and
memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Book IV.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS.



LONDON:

Printed by Sarah Griffen for William Lee, and are to be sold at his Shop in
Fleet-street, at the sign of the Turke-Head, near the Miter-Tavern. 1656.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
PHILIP

EARL OF
PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY,
Lord Chamberlain to the KING, one of His Majesties most
Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the most
Noble Order of the Garter.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,



*Aving formerly dedicated the Third Book of these
my Tragical Histories (of Gods Revenge against
Murther) to your Incomparable Lord and Brother,
William Earl of Pembroke (who now lives with
God) I therefore held my self bound (by the double
obligation of my duty and your own generous merits)
likewise to present this Fourth Book to your Prote-
ction and Patronage, because as England, so Eu-*

*rope perfectly knows that you are as true an heir to his Vertues, as to his For-
tunes, and to his Goodness, as to his greatness, and that therefore it may
properly be said he is not dead, because they (as well as himself) do stil sur-
vive and live in you, with equal lustre and glory, as having made either a
happy Metamorphosis, or a blessed Transmigration into your Noble breast and
resolutions: and therefore as it was my sincere respects and zeal to his Honour
that then drew me to that ambition; so it is entirely the same which hath
now both invited and induced me to this presumption to your Lordship, ha-
ving no other end or object in this my Dedication, but that this Book of mine
having the honour to be countenanced by so great a personage, and the felicity
to be protected by so honourable a Mæcenas, may therefore encounter the*

more safely with the various humours it shall meet with, and abide more securely the different censures of this our too fastidious age.

How these Histories (or the memorable accidents which they contain and relate) will relish with your Lordships palate or judgement, I know not; Only because you are a Noble Son of Gods Church, and an excellent Servant to your Prince and Country, I therefore rather hope than presume, that your Honour will at least be pleased to see, if not delight to know and consider, how the Triumphs of Gods Revenge and punishments doth herein secretly and providently meet with this crying and scarlet sin of premeditated Murther, and with the bloody and inhumane Perpetrators thereof, who hereby (as so many merciless Butchers, and prodigious Monsters of Mankind) do justly make themselves odious to Men, and execrable to God and his Angels.

God hath (deservedly) honoured your Lordship with the favour of two great Earthly Kings your Sovereigns, as first of our royal King James, the Father, and now of our present most Renowed King Charls his Son, and yet this external honour and favour of theirs is no way so glorious to you, as that (mangre the reigning vices of the world) you serve the true God of Heaven, in purity of your heart, and fear and adore him in the integrity of your soul. And to represent you with naked Truth, and not with Eloquence or Adulation, This Heavenly Piety of yours I beleeve is the prime reason, and true Essential cause of all this your earthly Honour, and sublunary Greatness, & that this is it likewise which doth so rejoice your heart, and inrich and replenish your House with so numerous and noble an Issue, of hopeful and flourishing Children, who (as so many Olive-branches of Virtue, and Syents and Plants of Honour) doe both environ your Bed, and surround your Table, and who promise no less, than futurely to magnifie the blood, and to perpetuate and immortalize the Illustrious Name and Family of the Herberts to all Posterity.

Go on resolutely and constantly (Noble Lord) in your religious Piety to God, and in your candid and unstained Fidelity to your Prince and Country, that your life may triumph o'r your death, and your Virtues contend to out-shine your Fortunes, and that hereafter God (of his best favour and mercy) may make you as blessed and as glorious a Saint in Heaven, as now you are a great Peer and Noble Pillar here on Earth; which none shall pray for with more true zeal, or desire or wish with more real and unfeigned affection, than

Your Honours devoted
and most humble Servant,

JOHN REYNOLDS.



Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVI.

Idiaques causeth his son Don Iuan to marry Marfillia, and then commits Adultery and Incest with her: She makes her Father in Law Idiaques to poyson his own old wife Honoria; and likewise makes her own brother De Perez to kill her Chamber-maid Mathurina; Don Iuan afterwards kills De Perez in a Duel: Marfillia hath her brains dash't out by a horse, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt: Idiaques is beheaded, his body likewise consumed to ashes, and thrown into the air.

Let Malice be never so secretly contrived, and the shedding of Innocent blood never so wretchedly perpetrated, yet as our Conscience is to us a thousand witnesses, so God is to us a thousand Consciences, first to bring it to light, and then their Authors to deserved punishments for the same, when they least dream or think thereof. For as there is no peace to the wicked, so they shall find no peace or tranquility here on earth, either with God or his creatures, because if they would conceal it, yet the very Fowles of the air, yea, the stones and timbers of their chambers will detect it: For the Earth or Air will give them no breath nor being, but they shall hang between both, because by these their foul and deplorable facts, they have made themselves unworthy of either. A powerful example, and a pittifull precedent whereof we shall behold in this ensuing History, where some wretched miscreants and graceless creatures making themselves guilty of those bloody crimes (by the immediate Revenge and Justice of God) received exemplary, and condign punishments for the same: May we read it to Gods glory, to the comfort of our hearts, and the instruction of our souls.

In the City of *Santarem*, which (by tract of time, and corruption of speech) some term *Saint Aren*, and which (after *Lisbon*) is one of the richest and best people of *Portugal*; there dwells

dwelt a Gentleman of some fifty five years old, nobly descended, and of a great estate and means, named *Don Sebastian Idiaques*, whose wife and Lady being aged, of well near fifty years, was termed *Dona Honoria*, and well she deserved that honourable name, for all sorts of virtues and honours made her youth famous, and her age glorious to all *Portugal* and *Spain*. They had lived together in the bonds of Matrimony almost thirty years, with much honour, content and felicity, and for the fruits of their affection and marriage, they had two sons and four daughters; but God in his pleasure & Providence (for some reserved reasons best known to his All-Divine Majesty) took from Earth to Heaven all their Daughters, and one of their Sons, so a snow they have left them but one Son, named *Don Iuan*, a gallant young Gentleman, of some twenty five years old, of disposition brave and generous, who after his first youthfull education under his Father, had his chief breeding under the Duke of *Braganza*, to whom he was first a Page, and then a chief Gentleman retaining to him, whom (in regard of the death of his Brother and Sisters) his Father called home unto him, to be his comfort and consolation, and the prop and stay of his age, as also of the Lady his Mother, who had formerly acted a great part in grief, and a mournfull one in sorrow for the death of her children; and indeed *Don Iuan*, this son of theirs, for all regards of Courtship, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and of the prime Cavaliers of *Portugall*.

- As for *Idiaques* the Father, though in all the course and progress of his life, and in all the life and conduction of his actions, he bewrayed many morall and generous vertues, yet as one discordant string marres the harmony of the best-tuned Instrument, and the concert of the sweetest melody and musick; and as one foul Vice is naturally subject, and fatally incident to eclipse and drown many rich and fair vertues, so (in this his old age, when time had honoured him with white hairs) he deboshed himself so much, and so sottishly sacrificed his irregular affections to heart-killing concupiscence, and his exorbitant desires to soul-destroying adultery, that he very often made himself a false and inconstant Husband to his wife, and a true, yea, too true a friend to Curtisans and Strumpets. His vertuous Lady *Honoria* extremely grieves hereat, that now in his later years he should thus lasciviously forget himself, both towards her, and towards God. She useth all perswasions, prayers and tears, to disswade and divert him from it, but seeing that all proves vain, and that he rather proves worse than better thereat, her discretion makes her brook it with as much patience as she can, and therefore she seems not to see, or know that whereof (to her grief and discontent) she cannot be ignorant. But here comes an accident which will breed both of them, and their Son *Don Iuan*, misery of all sides.

Some six leagues from *Santarem* was a wonderfull fair young Gentlewoman being a Widdow aged but of twenty two years, named *Dona Marcellia*, well defended, but by her late deceased Husband left but small means, yet she bears out her port bravely, and maintains her self highly and gallantly; and indeed she is the prime young Lady for beauty in all those parts; Now the base Ambassadors, and Emissaries of *Idiaques* his beastly and obscene lust (the true Vipers and Cankers of Common-weals) give him notice of her, and of her singular beauty, as well foreseeing and knowing that it would be sweet and pleasing news unto him. He visits and courts her, but as young as she is she puts him off with peremptory refusals, and in vertuous and modest tearms checks his age for this his lascivious sute and motion to her: But he is as constant in his affection to her, as she is disdainfull to him; for his heart is so insnared and intangled in the fetters of her fresh and delicate beauty, that although she refuse him, yet he will not forsake her; but after many pursutes and visits, she at last well perceiving that he loved her tenderly and dearly, and that he still most importunately frequented her house and company, she as a subtile and cunning young Gentlewoman, tels him plainly and privatly, that she will acquaint him with a secret of her heart, and a request of her mind and affection, which if he will cause to be performed, she then vowes she will for ever be at his disposing and command. *Idiaques* thinking that she will crave some money of him, or some yearly pension or annuity, he constantly promiseth to grant and perform her request; so she (taking time at advantage) and first swearing him to secrete, then (with many smiles and blushes) she tells him, that if ever he think to enjoy her love and her self, he must use the means to marry his Son *Don Iuan* to her which being effected, she with much pretended shew of piety and affection, religiously swears to him, that she will never have the power or will to deny him any thing, but that his requests shall be to her as so many commands, and (but only for himself) if his Son *Don Iuan* be her Husband, she with many imprecations and asseverations swears, that she will sacrifice her best blood and life, rather than distain his bed, or offer him the least shadow of any scandall or dishonour whatsoever. *Idiaques* wondreth with admiration, and admires with wonder at this her strange Proposition, the which he findes so knotty and intricate, as measuring Grace by Nature, his judgement by his Lust and

and Concupiscence, and his Soul by his Affections, he knows not what to say or do herein: so he answereth her with more love than wisdom, and for that time leaves her in general terms. He goes home, walks pensively in his Garden, and there consults *Pro* and *Con* on this business; fain he would preserve his sons honour, and keep the honour of his bed immaculate, but then the sweet Roses and Lillies of *Marfillia's* youth and beauty act wonders in his heart, and bears down all other reasons and considerations before it: He visits her again and again, but he finds her inviolably constant in her former resolution. All the favour and courtesie which he can gain from her, are a few extorted kisses, which so inflame and set on fire his aged heart and affections, as at last like a graceless Father, he faithfully promiseth her to use his best Art and Power to procure his son to marry her. To which end he takes him aside, and in the softest and sweetest terms he can devise, paints out *Marfillia's* praises and virtues to him in the purest and rarest colours, adding withal, that although she be not exceeding rich, yet that her personage is so exquisite, and her perfections so excellent, as that she every way meriteth to be wife to a Prince. *Don Juan* (by what fatal Fortune I know not) relisheth this motion of his Father, to seek the Lady *Marfillia* for his wife, with much delight and joy, and far the more and the sooner, in regard he (in divers Companies) hath formerly heard the fame of her beauty extolled, and the glories of her Vertues advanced to the Skie; so he takes time of his father to consider hereof, and rides over sometimes with him to Saint *Estiene* to visit her; He finds her wonderfull fair and beautifull, and wonderfull coy; of a very sweet and Majestical carriage, and of a delicate and curious speech, fit baits to ensnare the heart, and to betray the judgement of a more solid understanding than that of *Don Juan*. She acts her part as wisely as he doth amorously and passionately; For the more she makes shew to retire and conceal her affection from him, the more he is provoked to advance and discover his to her; but he cannot be so much enamoured of her beauty, as she is with the great Estate of Lands and Demains whereunto God and his Father have made him heir.

Whiles thus the father privately, and the son publicly are seeking to make *Marfillia* his wife, the old Lady *Honorata* the mother, by many strong reasons seeks to divert him from her. She hath perfect notice of her husbands long and often frequenting of *Marfillia's* house and company, and therefore fearing the vanity of his age, and doubting the frailty of her youth and chastity, her jealousy and Judgment at last finds out and concludes, that his familiarity with her is far greater than honour can warrant, or honesty allow of; Upon which foundation she in her discontented looks and silence, bewrays unto her son *Don Juan*, her constant and resolute averseness from him to marry her, the which she peremptorily and religiously forbids him upon her blessing, adding withal, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miseries and calamities attend their nuptials, than as yet it is possible for him either to know or conceive; the which she prays him to read in her looks and silence, to remember it when he sees her not, and to take it as the truest advise, and securest Counsel of a dear Mother to her only Son. *Don Juan* ruminates on these speeches and advise of his Mother, as if there were some deep abstruse mystérie or ambiguous Oracle contained and hidden therein, the which because he hath equal reason as well to fear that this match of his with *Marfillia* may prove fatal, as to hope and believe that it may prove fortunate, he makes a stand thereat, as vowing to proceed therein with advisement, and not with temerity and precipitation; and so forbears for a moneth or two to visit her: But the more the Son flies off in his affection from *Marfillia*, the more doth she do the like from his father in requital, whereat he grieves with discontent, and she seems to bite her lip with sorrow. *Idiaques* chargeth his son to tell him from whence this his sudden strangeness and unkindness towards *Marfillia* proceedeth; the which he answers with a modest excuse, as favouring more of discretion than disobedience, but yet wholly concealeth his Mothers counsel and advise to him from his Father, the which notwithstanding he vehemently suspecteth it proceeds from her and her Jealousie. *Marfillia* is enraged to see her self deprived of *Don Juan*, whom in her ambitious thoughts, hopes, and wishes she had already made her Husband; and howsoever *Idiaques* his Father seeks to conceal and palliate this business towards her, yet she believes it is his fault, and not his Sins. She lays it to his charge, and knitting her brows, she conjureth him to tell her from whence his Sonnes unkindness to her proceeds: He tells her, he is confident, that it is his old Mother who hath diverted him from her, whereat she is exceedingly enraged; When seeing this old Letcher so open and plain with her, she soothing him up with many kisses, tells him, that this old Beldam his wife must first be in heaven, before he can hope to enjoy her, or she his Son here on Earth; when (being allured and provoked by the treacherous suggestions and bloody temptations of the Devil) she proffers him to visit her, and to poyson her, which he opposeth and contradicteth; and contrary to all reason and sense, and repugnant to all Humanity and

and Christianity, yea, to Nature and Grace, (as a Husband fitter for the Devil, than for this good old Lady his Wife) he undertakes and promiseth her speedily to perform it himself; yea, the devil is now so strong with him, and he with the devil, that because he loves *Marfillia*, therefore he must hate his own dear wife, and vertuous Lady *Honorio*, and because he hates her, therefore he must poyson her; a lewd part of a man, a fouler one of a Christian, but a most hellish and bloody one of a Husband to his own wife, who ought to be neer and dear unto him, as being his own flesh and blood, yea the other half of himself. He cannot content himself to seek to abuse and betray his Son, but he must also murther the mother. So wanting the fear of God before his eyes, and repleat with as much impiety and cruelty, as he was devoid of all Grace, he is resolute in this his hellish rage and malice against her, and so to please his young Strumpet, he will send this good old Lady his wife to Heaven in a bloody Coffin; so without thinking of Heaven or Hell, or of God, or his soul, he procures strong poison, and acting the part of a Fury of Hell, and a member of the Devil, he as a wretched and execrable Husband, administ'reth it to her in preserved Barbaries, which he saw her usually to love and eat, whereof within three days after she dies, to the extream grief and sorrow of her Son *Don Juan*, who bitterly wept, for this his mothers hasty and unexpected death, but the manner thereof he knows not, and indeed doth no way in the world either doubt or suspect thereof.

His Father *Idiaques* makes a counterfeited shew of sorrow and mourning to the world, for the death of his wife, but God in his due time will unmask this his wretched hypocrisie, and detect and revenge this his execrable and deplorable murther. Now as soon as *Marfillia* is advertised of the Lady *Honorio's* death, she not able to contain her Joyes, doth infinitely triumph thereat, and within less than two moneths after her burial, *Idiaques* and *Marfillia* work so politicly with *Don Juan*, as he marries *Marfillia*, although his mothers advise to him in the garden, do still run in his mind and thoughts; and now he brings home his lustfull Spouse and Wife to his lewd and lascivious Fathers house at *Sentarem*, where (I write with horror and shame) he most beastly and inhumanly very often commits Adultery and Incest with her, and they act it so close that for the first year or two, his Son *Don Juan*, hath no news or inkling thereof; and now *Marfillia* governeth and rules all, yea her incontineny with her Father *Idiaques* makes her so audacious and impudent, as she commands not only his house, but himself, and domineers most proudly and imperiously over all his Servants. Her waiting-maid *Mathurina* observes and takes exact and curious notice, of her young Ladies lustfull, and unlawfull familiarity with her Father in Law *Idiaques*, the which her mistress understanding, she extreamly beats her for the same; and twice whips her stark naked in her Chamber, and drags her about by her hair, although this poor young Gentlewoman, with a world of tears and prayers, begs her to desist and give over.

God hath many ways and means to set forth his glory, in detecting of Crimes, and punishing of offenders, yea he is now pleased to make use of this young maidens discontent and choler against her incensed Lady and Mistress, for we shall see her pay dear for this cruelty and tyrannie of hers towards her; for *Mathurina*, being a Gentlewoman by birth, she takes those blows and severe usage of her Lady in so ill part, and lodgeth it so deeply in her heart and memory, as she vows her revenge shall requite part of that her cruelty and tyrannie towards her; Whereupon (with more haste than discretion, and with more malice than fidelity) she in her hot blood, goes to *Don Juan*, her young Master, tells him of this foul business betwixt his young Wife and old Father, to the disgrace and shame of nature; and makes him see and know his own dishonour, in their brutish and beastly Adultery and Incest. *Don Juan* extreamly grieves hereat, yea he is both amazed and astonished at the report of this unnatural crime as well of his young wife as aged Father. He cannot refrain from choler and tears hereat, to see himself thus infinitely abused by her beauty, and betrayed by his lust; and if it be a beastly, yea prophane part, for one man, and friend to offer it to another, how much more for a Father to offer it to his own, yea to his only Son? He expected more goodness from her youth, and grace from his age, but as his wife hath hereby infringed her vow, and oath of wedlock, so hath his wretched father exceeded and broken those rules and precepts of Nature; yea, he is so vexed with the report, and inflamed with the consideration and memory hereof, that he abhors her infidelity, and in his heart and soul detesteth his inhumanity; so as the knowledge hereof doth so justly incense him against her, and exasperate himself against him, that resolving to right his own honour, as much as they have blemished and ruined it, and therein their own, he scorns to be an eye-Witness, much less an accessary of this his shame and their infamy: So he here enters into a discreet and generous consultation with himself, how to bear himself in this strange and dishonourable accident; when perceiving and finding that

that both his wife and Father, had by this their beattly Adultery and Incest, made themselves for ever unworthy of his sight and company; he here for ever disdaining henceforth to see her, or speak with him, very suddenly (upon a second conference, and examination of *Mathurina*, who stood firmly and vertuously to her former deposition and accusation against them) takes horse and rides away from *Santarem* to *Lisbone*, where providing himself of monyes and other necessaries, he takes poast for *Spain*, and there builds up his residence and stay at the Court at *Madrid*, where we will for a while leave him, to speak of other accidents which fall out in the course of this History.

Idiaques seeing the sudden departure of his Son, and *Marsillia* of her Husband, *Don Iuan*, and being both assured that he had some secret notice and intelligence of their lascivious dalliances and affection, he exceedingly grieves, and she extreemly storms thereat, because they know that this foul scandall will wholly reflect and fall upon them; and now by this his sudden and discontented departure from them, will be made notorious and apparent to all the world. But how to remedy it they know not, because he hath neither signified him where he is gone, nor when he will return; the which the more bewrayeth his small respect, and discovereth his implacable displeasure towards them. But as there is no malice and revenge to that of a Woman, so *Marsillia* assuring her self that it was her Maid *Mathurina* who (to the prejudice and scandall of her Honour) had unlocked this mystery to her Husband *Don Iuan*, she enters into so furious a rage, and so outrageous a fury against her, as she provides her self of Rods, and intends the next morn'e're she be stirring out of her bed, to wreak her fierce anger and indignation upon her. But this sharp and severe resolution of hers, is not so closely carried by her, but *Mathurina* hath perfect notice thereof, and to prevent this intended correction and cruelty of her incensed Lady and Mistris, she the night before takes horse, and so rides home to the Town of Saint *Saviours* to her Father; and there, from point to point relateth him all which had past betwixt her Lady and her self, and betwixt her Husband, her self, and her Father in Law; and that now disdaining any more to serve her, as her body, so her tongue is at liberty; for she is not, and she will not be sparing to publish her Mistris, and her Father in Law's shamefull familiarity and adultery together. But this indiscretion, and licentious folly of her tongue will cost her far dearer than she thinks of, or expecteth.

For her late Lady and Mistris *Marsillia*, being now perfectly certified of *Mathurina*'s infidelity and treachery towards her in the point of her dishonour and shame, she (to salve up her reputation, and to provid for the same) will not wholly rely upon her own judgment and discretion herein, but resolves to acquaint *Don Alonso De Perez*, her own only Brother herewith, and to crave his ayd and assistance, as also his advice, betwixt whom and her self there was so strict a league and Sympathy of affection, that (if reports be true) I write it to their shame, and mine own sorrow, it exceeded the bounds of Nature and Honour, and of Modesty and Chastity; only the presumption hereof is great and pregnant; for if there had not been some extraordinary ties and obligations betwixt them, it is rather to be believed than doubted, that for her sake and service, he would never have so freely exposed himself to such eminent fears and dangers, as we shall immediatly see him do; and although (of honour and disposition) he were brave and generous, yet I believe he would not have undertaken it. For the Reader must understand, that to this Brother of hers, *Don Perez*, *Marsillia* speedily acquaints the infidelity and treachery of her Maid *Mathurina*'s tongue against her Fame and Honour, which had so unfortunately occasioned her Husbands, *Don Juans*, disconted departure from her. She protesteth most seriously and deeply to him of her and her Father in Law *Idiaques* innocency in this pretended crime and scandall; Tels him, that *Mathurina* is the only author and reporter thereof, and therefore till that base and lewd tongue of hers be eternally stopped and silenced, she shall never enjoy any true content to her heart, or peace to her thoughts and mind, heart either in this world, or this life: When his affection to her makes him to yield such confidence to her Speeches, vows, and complaints, that he holds them to be as true as Scripture; yea, and the undoubted Oracles of Truth and Innocency; when to please and satisfy her, he bids her be of good cheer and comfort, and that he will speedily take such order that *Mathurina*'s scandalous tongue shall not long eclipse her fame, or any further blemish the lustre of her reputation: When this base and bloody Gentleman, *De Perez*, to make good this his promise to his execrable Sister, he secretly rides over to St. *Saviours*, and there by night wayting near her Fathers door, when *Mathurina* would chance to issue forth, he in a dark night espying her (without any more ceremony or farther expostulation) runnes her thorow the body two severall times, whereof poor harmlesse innocent soul she falls down dead to his feet without once speaking or crying. So *De Perez* seeing her dispatched, he presently takes horse (which his man there led by him) and poasts away to *Santarens*, being neither seen nor discovered. And thus this bloody villain

most deplorably embred his guilty hands in the innocent blood of this vertuous young Gentlewoman, who never offended him in thought word, or deed in all her life; and albeit that her Father *Signeor Pedro de Castello* makes curious enquiry and research for the Murtherer of his Daughter, yet *De Perez* (mounted at advantage) hath recovered *Santarem* in safety. But God will due time find him out to his shame and confusion; yea, and then when his security and courage little dreams thereof.

As soon as he comes to *Santarem*, he acquaints his Sister *Marsillia* of his dispatching of *Mathurina*, who is infinitely glad thereof, and extremely thankfull to him for the same, and now her malice and revenge looks wholly on her Husband *Don Juan*, for offering her this unkind and scandalous indignity of his departure, and for tacitly taxing and condemning her of incontinency with his Father *Idiaques*, which her adulterous heart, and incestuous soul and conscience doth inwardly confess acknowledge, though the perfidiousness and hypocrisie of her false tongue do publickly deny it; yea, with her best art and policy, and with her sweetest smiles and kisses, she hath by this time so exasperated this her bloody Brother against him, that out of his vanity and folly he prophanely vows unto God, and seriously protests and swears unto her, That if he knew where he were (for the vindication of her honour and innocency, would ride to him and fight with him, except he would resolve to give him and her some valuable reparation and honourable satisfaction to the contrary, which he seals and confirms to her with many amorous smiles, and lascivious kisses. But as we are commonly never nearer danger than when we think our selves farthest from it: So God being as secret in his decrees, as sacred in his resolutions, we shall shortly see *De Perez* to verifie and confirm it in himself; for as in the heat of this his sottish affection to his sister, he is ready to fight with her Husband *Don Juan*, if he knew where he was; so the news of his residence in *Madrid*, when he least thinks thereof, is accidentally brought him by a Servant of his own whom he purposely sends to *Santarem* with these two ensuing Letters, The one sent and directed from him to his Father, the other to his wife *Marsillia*. That to his Father spake thus.

DON JUAN to IDIAQUES.

VV As there no other woman of the whole world for you to abuse but my Wife, and was your faith so weak with God, or you so strong with the Devill, that you must therefore make her your Strumpet, because she was my Wife? If Nature would not inform you that I am your Son, yet you are my Father, and it should have taught you to have been more naturall to me, more honourable to the world, more respectfull to your self, and more religious to God, and not to have made your self guilty of these foul crimes of Adultery and Incest with her, the least whereof is so odious to God, and so detestable to men, that I want tearmes, not tears to express it. For hereby as you have made my shame infinite, so likewise you have made your own infamy eternall, the consideration whereof gives me so much grief, and the remembrance sorrow, that holding you for ever unworthy of my sight, and she of my company, I have therefore left Portugall for Spain, and forsaken *Santarem*, to live and die here in *Madrid*. And when hereafter God shall be so mercifull to your soul, to let you see that the Winter of your age makes you fitter for your Grave than for my bed, and for your winding-sheet, than for my Wife, you will then hold this resolution and proceeding of mine towards you as honourable, as this your crime to me is unnaturall, the which if you henceforth redeem not with an Ocean of bitter tears, and a world of repentant and religious Prayers to God, I rather fear than doubt, that his divine Majesty will make you as miserable, as you have made me unfortunate.

DON JUAN.

His Letter to his Wife spake this language.

DON JUAN to MARSILLIA.

VV Hat Devill possessed thy heart with lust, and thy soul with impiety, to make thee violat thy vow which thou gavest me in marriage, by committing those damnable sins of Adultery and Incest with my naturall Father, And if the consideration that I was thy Husband could

Adultery and Incest with my naturall Father : And if the consideration that I was thy Husband could not in Grace deterr thee from it, yet (me thinks) the remembrance that he was my Father should in Nature have made thee both to abhor and detest it. And although my tender affection to thee, and filiall obedience to him, made me expect more goodness from thy youth, and Grace from his age, yet God is a just Judge, and your hearts are true witnesses of these your unnaturall crimes and foul ingratitude towards mee, which hath cast so greut a blemish and scandall on mine honour, and dashed my joyes with so many untimely afflictions, and immerited sorrows, that I have abandoned Portugall and Santarem for thy sake, and betaken my self to live and die in Madrid in Spain for mine; where I will strive to make my self as contented as discontent can make me, and so leave this thy enormous crime, and the punishment thereof, to God, in whom thou mayest be happy, but without whom thou wilt assuredly be miserable. And think to what just calamities and miseries thine inordinate lusts and lascivious desires and delights have already deservedly reduced and exposed thee, Sith henceforth I will no more esteem thee my Wife, or my self thy Husband, and that God will assuredly look on thee with an eye of indignation, and the world, of contempt.

DON JUAN.

Idiaques having read and perused that Letter of his Son, and Marsillia this of her Husband Don Iuan, they are therewith so touched in heart with shame, and stung in conscience with sorrow for their foul crimes of Adultery and Incest, that they blush each at other, and both of them most bitterly curse the name and memorie of Mathurina, who was the first author of this report to him, and which so suddenly incensed him, and occasioned his departure. So to bear up their reputations to the World, and their fames to him, they resolve (without either asking leave or pardon of God) to justify their innocency hereof to him, and so to pursue and solicit his return. To which effect they write and return him (by his own servant) their two severall Letters in answer of his, whereof that of Idiaques his Father carried this message.

IDIAQUES to DON JUAN.

THOU dost wrong thy self and the truth, God and thy Conscience, and thy wife and mee, in so basely taxing us of these foul sinnes of Incest and Adultery, whereof we are as truly innocent, as thou falsely and maliciously deemest us guilty. For I have not abused her nor made her my Strumpet, although not God, but the Devill (in the slanderous tongue of Mathurine) hath made thee to believe so. For Nature hath taught mee more Grace and goodness, not so little impiety, for that I know they are sins more odious to God, and detestable to the world, than either thy sorrows can express, or thy anger depaint me. Neither have I made thy shame infinite, or canst thou make my infamy visible, much less eternall, although herein thou shew me thy indignation, together with thy disobedience, by leaving Portugall for Spain, and Santarem for Madrid, whereof because thou wilt not make thy duty, I will content my self to make thy discretion Iudge betwixt us. If thou have not done me more wrong, than either thy self, and the truth right herein, and offered a scandall likewise to thy wives honour, who made thy company her chiefest joy, as now she doth thy absence her sharpest miserie and affliction. How then can I go to my Grave with content, when thou forsakest her bed with malice, and my house with disdain? My innocency in thy accusation hath no way irritated or offended God, and, if therefore with tears and Prayers thou wilt resolve to ask God, thy Wife, and me forgiveness for this thy foul crime, and monstrous ingratitude towards us, then mine armes shall be as open as ever they have been to receive, and my house to welcom thee, and therein thou shalt make thy self as truly happy, as thou falsly and uncharitably thinkest that God will make me miserable.

IDIAQUES.

The Answer of his wife Marsillia to him was couched in these tearmes.

MARSILLIA to DON JUAN.

IT is neither Lust nor the Devill which can make me infringe or violate my Vow given thee in marriage, although thou art as far from the truth as from God to believe it. But how shall I hope that thy tongue will excuse me of these thy pretended foul crimes of Adultery and Incest, when to my astonishment and grief I see thou like wise condemnest thy old Father to be guilty thereof with me?

And if this be any way affection to mee, or obedience to him, let all other Husbands judge, and all Sons define and determine. But to return thee truth for thy falsehood; His age expected and deserved more grace, and my youth and Vertues more affection and goodness from thee, than to have believed those false calumnies and impostures upon the bare report and malicious relation of my hand-maid Mathurina, which are now dead with her, and are as false as thy rashes and her revenge makes thee believe them true, for it is neither I nor thy Father who have any way blemished thine honour, or vanquished thy joyes, but rather thy self, and thy too too unkind and hasty departure from Santarem to Madrid, which (to the prejudice of the truth, and of my content and honour) hath occasioned it. For my heart and soul will testifie both with mee and for me, that my affection and constancy is both as spotless, firm, and true to thee, as thy jealousy is false towards my self, and therefore as thou leavest my pretended crime, so will I thy reall ingratitude both to time and to God, and if yet thou wilt be so wilfully cruell to live from me, and consequently not to esteeme me thy wife, yet as it is my zeal and duty to begg and pray thee to return to mee, so I will make it my Integrity and Conscience still to hold and love thee for my Husband, and so preserving my heart for thee, as I do my soul for God, I hope with assurance and confidence that I shall have no cause to fear either his indignation, or the worlds contempt, in regard I have neither merited the one, nor deserved the other.

MARSILLIA.

Upon the writing and contents of these two Letters of *Idiaques* to his Son, and of *Marsillia* to her Husband *Don Iuan*, the Reader may please to observe and remember with how much policie, and with how little piety they seek to over-veil and deny these their Adulteries and Incest towards him, thereby to make their actions and themselves appear as innocent, as they are guilty both to them and to God. But God being the Author of Truth, and the Father of Light, and whose Sacred Throne and Tribunall is environed with more glorious Suns than we see glistering Stars in the Firmament, He will one day unmask this their hypocrisie, and bring their foul sins of Adultery and Incest, both to light and punishment. Now as *Marsillia* is exorbitantly lascivious in her affection to her Brother *de Perez*, and he reciprocally so to her, so with a world of false sighs and tears she shews him her Letter, and her Fathers in law *Idiaques*, which they had sent to her Husband *Don Iuan* to Madrid, and with many femal oaths and asseverations protesteth to him of both their innocency herein, which her Brother believes, yea, her feigned sorrows and false tears had so farr trenched and gained upon his credulity, that in contemplation and commiseration of her wrongs, he was then so vain and impious, as once he thought to have carried these two Letters himself into Spain, and there to have fought with *Don Iuan* for the reparation of his Sisters honour. But at last leaving passion to consult with reason, and temerity again to be vanquished and swayed by judgment, first that these Letters of theirs should see Spain, and then to attend his Brother in Law *Don Iuan* his answer to them, and as he shall therein find him either perverse or flexible to his wives desires, and his Fathers expectations, he will then accordingly bear himself and his resolutions towards him, and hereon both himself and his Sister *Marsillia* do joyfully determin and conclude. So *Don Iuan*s own servant returns these two aforesaid Letters from Santarem to Madrid to his Master, who breaking up the Seals, and perusing them, he doth not a little wonder at his wives impudency, and his Fathers impiety, in so strongly denying these their foul crimes to him: But he is not a little astonished, and withall afflicted and grieved, when he falls upon that point and branch of his wives letter, which reports the death of her maid *Mathurina*, for in his heart and conscience he now verily thinks and believes, that his wife in her inveterat malice and revenge to her, hath caused her to be murdered, and sent her to Heaven in a bloody winding sheet. But alas, if it be so, how to revoke or remedy it he cannot. Once therefore he was minded to have neglected their letters, and so to have answered them with perpetuall oblivion, and a disdainfull silence. But then again considering with himself that this might rather increase than extenuate their hopes of this return, he betakes himself to his Study, where taking pen and paper, he, neglecting his Father, traceth his wife this letter in answer of hers, and again sends it her into Portugall by his own servant, which assureth them of his resolution not to return.

DON JUAN to MARSILLIA.

THE receipt of thy second Letter hath not diminished, but confirmed and augmented my confidence of my Fathers shame, and thy infamy, in your foul sins of Adultery and Incest, perpetrated against me, and which is worse, against God, so that I am fully resolved for ever to forsake his house and

and thy company, and to live and die here in Madrid, as grief and disconsolation will permit mee; For I prize the (unjust) Apologie of thy (pretended) Innocencie at so low a rate, and value it at so base an esteem, as I disdain it for thy sake, and thy self for thine own. I do as much grieve, as I both doubt and fear, thou rejoycest at thy Maid Mathurina's death; and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my Father and thy self have been the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to believe, that God (who is as just in his resolutions, as sacred in his decrees, will in the end revenge it to his glory, and punish it to your confusion.

DON JUAN.

This Letter of his doth inflame his wife with malice and indignation; for now her Father and she see these their lustfull and lascivious crimes seated and confirmed in his belief, and his stay in Spain fixed in his anger, and eternized in his resolution: When as close as they bear it, yet knowing full well that the World will take notice of it, and ere long make it their publicke scandall and infamy; He is so devoid of Grace, and she of goodness, that to prevent it, he wisheth his Son in Heaven with his Mother, and she her old Father in law in Grave with her young maid Mathurina. But these vain hopes of theirs may deceive them, which as yet, they two are not so wise to think of, nor so cautious or religious to consider, but rather more resembling brute beasts than Christians, they still continue their obscene and incestuous pleasures, the which I take small delight or pleasure to mention in regard of modesty, or to repeat, in respect of Nature and Honour. Here Marfilla again repairs to her Brother De Perez, as to her Oracle and Champion; she shews him both these two last Letters of her Husband to his Father and her self, and conjureth his best advice and speediest assistance for the recovering of her honour, in that of her Husbonds affection and company, or else that she were freed from him, and he out of this life and this world, that so her scandall and wrongs might die with him, and for ever be raked up in the dust of his Grave, and buried with him in eternall oblivion and silence. Don Perez (in heart and mind) is so much his Sisters, as he is no more himself, when making his affection do homage to her beauty, and his judgment and resolution to pay tribute to his affection, he prays her to refer this charge and business to the care of his discharge; when giving her many kisses, and willing her to read his heart in his eyes, he gives her the good night; and the next morning being impatient of all delays, he takes one Seignior Gasper Lopez, a noble Gentleman, and a valiant intimate friend of his with him, and relating him his intent to fight with his Brother Don Juan, and the cause thereof, They undertake this journey of Spain, and so arrive at Madrid, where Lopez prays Perez to make him his second in that Duell; De Perez thanks him for this his affection, but tels him he will hazard himself, but not his friend; so writing a Challenge to Don Iuan, he seals it up, and requesteth Lopez to deliver it to him, and the same night to return him his answer. Lopez accordingly finds out Don Iuan in his own Chamber, and gives it to him in fair and discreet terms, who wondring it came from his Brother-in-law De Perez, but far more to understand that he was now in Madrid, he no way dreaming of a Challenge, but rather thinking that his wife his Sister had sent him thither to him to work her reconciliation, and consequently his return to her to Santarem, he hastily breaks up the seals thereof, finds it charged with this language.

DE PEREZ to DON JUAN.

I Have seen thy inveterat malice to thy Wife, my Sister, in thy false and scandalous Letters to her, and Portugall hath read it in thy sudden and cholerick departure from her into Spain; wherefore considering what she is to thee, and I to her, I hold my self bound (both in honour and blood) to make her wrongs and quarrels mine. To which end I have left Santarem to find thee out here in Madrid, purposely to pray thee to meet mee to morrow betwixt six and seven in the morning, at the farthest West end of the Prado, with thy Rapier, a confident Gentleman of thy friends, and thy Chirurgion, without a Second, where thou shalt find me to attend thy coming, and relying upon the equity of my cause, and the ingratitude and infamy of thine, I make no doubt but to teach Don Juan what it is for him (without ground or truth) to cast a base aspersion and wrongfull blemish upon the lustre of his Wife, and my Sister, the Lady Marfilla's honour, whose descent and extraction is as good as thine, and her education and Vertues farr more sublime and excellent. Thy generosity obligeth thee to the honourable performance hereof, and mine honour reciprocally to perform this Obligation.

DE PEREZ.

X 3

Don

Don Juan having received and perused this Challenge of his Brother-in-law *De Perez*, and finding his furious resolution to exceed his judgment, he knowing himself innocent, his cause good, and his courage and valour every way to be superiour to the others, highly disdain- ing to be out-braved by any Nobleman or Gentleman breathing, in the point of Honour and generosity, he with a cheerfull countenance returns *Lopez* to his Brother *de Perez* with this ac- cepting answer.

DON JUAN to DE PEREZ.

M*Y* hatred to *Marfillia*, and departure from her, was justly occasioned through her treachery and infidelity to mee, and therefore my Letters to her to that effect are as true as she is false in de- ny- ing it; notwithstanding, sith she is thy Sister, and my wife, I as much approve of thy affection to her, as I condemn thy temerity to me, and thy indiscretion to thy self, in making her quarrell thine, and by forsaking *Santarem*, to fight with me here in *Madrid*. And because thou shalt see and find that I have as much courage as innocency, I therefore accept of thy challenge, and am so farr from learning any point of valour of *De Perez*, as to his shame and my glory, I hope to teach him, that I have no way cast a false aspersion or blemish on the lustre of her reputation, but she on her self, and conse- quently that I will neither affect her, nor fear thee. For God lending mee life, I will to morrow break- fast with thee at thine own time and place appointed, where my honour and generosity invites me to come, and thine to meet me.

DON JUAN.

These two inconsiderate Gentlemen having thus embarked themselves in the strong resolu- tion of this weak quarrell and rash Duell, which earthly honour cannot as justly approve and allow of, as divine Religion and Christian piety and charity disavow and execrate; Their malice and revenge each to other is so violent and impetuous, that without any thought ei- ther of God or their Soules, or of Heaven or Hell, they pass over the night, if not in watchful- ness, yet in broken and distracted slumbers, yea the morn no sooner peeped from Heaven through their windows to their Chambers, but they leap from their beds to the *Prado*, where *de Perez* with his friend *Lopez* come first on horse-back, and immediatly after them *Don Juan* in his Coach, with a young Gentleman his friend, tearmed *Don Richardo de Valdona*: So these two Duellists disdain- ing to be tainted with the least piece of dishonour, or shadow of cowardise, they at first sight of each other, throw off their doublets, and in their silk stockings and pumps, with their Rapiers drawn, they without any further complement or expostulation approach each other. But here before they begin to reduce malicious contemplation into bloody action, I hold it fit to inform my Reader with a circumstance that now past between them, wherein doubtless the Providence of God was most conspicuous and apparent; For as by the Law and custom both of *Spain* and *Portugall*, all Rapiers should be of one length, yet *De Perez* curiously casting his vigilant eye upon that of *Don Juan*, either his fear, or his judgment, or both, in- form him that that Rapier is longer than his, whereat *Don Juan* grieves farr more than *De Pe- rez* can possible either rejoyce or wonder, for he is so farr from any way blemishing his honour with this, or with any other point or shadow of dishonour, as now he gives his Rapier to mea- sure, and to write the truth, his is found one inch longer than that of *De Perez*, when biting his lip for anger, he (resembling himself) proffers to fight with that either of *Lopez* or *Valdona*, which was sufficient reason for one Gentleman of Honour to give, and for another to take; but when he sees that this proffer of his will neither secure *De Perez* fear, nor confirm his content, then as a Noble and generous Gallant, he freely exchangeth Rapiers with him, gives *De Perez* the longer, and contents himself to fight with the shorter, whereat *De Perez* rests sa- tisfied, and well he may, sith this action and his receipt thereof, doth as much testifie *Don Ju- an*'s glory, as his own dishonour and shame; and now they again approach each other to fight.

At their first comming up *Don Juan* runs a firm thrust to *De Perez* breast, but he (bearing it up with his Rapier) runs *Don Juan* in the cheek towards his right ear, which draws much blood from him, and he in exchange runs *De Perez* thorow his shirt sleeve without hurting him: At their second meeting they again close without hurting each other, and so part fair without offering any other violence: At their third assault *De Perez* runs *Don Juan* thorow the brawn of his left Arm, who in exchange requites him with a deep wound in his right side, from whence issued much blood; and now they breath to recover wind, and to the judgments of

of *Lopez* and *Valdona*, (as also of their Chirurgions) they hitherto are equall in valour, and almost in fortune. So although these spectators do of both sides earnestly entreat them to desist and give over, yet they cannot, they will not be so easily or so soon reconciled each to other; So after a little pausing and breathing, they (with courage and resolution) fall to it afresh, and at this their fourth encounter *Don Perez* gives *Don Iuan* a deep wound in his left shoulder, and he requites him with another in exchange, in the neck; and although by this time their severall wound hath engrained their white shirts with great effusion of their scarlet bloud, yet they are so brave, so generous, or rather so inhumane and malicious, that they will not yet give over, as if they meant and resolved rather to make death fear them, than they any way to fear death: but their fifth close will prove more fatal; for now after they had judiciously traversed their ground, thereby to deceive each other of the disadvantage of the Sun, whiles *De Perez* directs a full thrust to *Don Iuan*'s breast, he bravely and skilfully warding it, in requitall thereof, runs him clean thorow the body, a little below his right pap, when closing nimble with him, and pursuing the point of his good fortune he whips up his heels, and so nails him to the ground, when he had not the strength to begg his life of *Don Iuan*, and God knows he much grieved that it was not then in his power to give it him, for this his last wound being desperately mortall, he presently dyed thereof, having neither the remembrance to call on God, much less to begg mercy of him for his sinfull soul; but as he lived abominably and prophanely, so he died miserably and wretchedly. And although I confess it was too great an honour for him to receive his death from so brave a noble Gentlemans hands as *Don Iuan*, yet it is a most singular providence, and remarkable punishment of God, that he dyed by the hands of his own lascivious Sisters Husband, and which is yet more, by his own sword, as if God had formerly decreed, and purposely ordained, that the self same Sword should give him his death, wherewith so lately and so cruelly he had bereaved that harmless innocent young Gentlewoman *Mathurina* of her life, although in regard of this his foul and lamentable murder, he (with less honour and more infamy) every way deserved to have died rather by a halter than a Sword; But Gods Providence is as unsearchable as sacred.

Don Iuan having rendred thanks to God for this his victory, he out of his noble courtesie and humanity, lends *Lopez* his Coach to transport the dead body of his Brother-in-Law *De Perez* into the City, and taking his horse in exchange, he by a privat way gets home to his lodging. But this their Duell is not so secretly carried, but with in three hours after all *Madrid* rattles thereof; who knowing the Combatants to be both of them noble Gentlemen of *Portugali*, it gives cause of generall talk, and argument of universall envie and admiration in all Spaniards, especially in the nobler sort of Souldiers and Courtiers. When the very day [after that *Don Iuan* had caused this his Brother to be decently buried, *Lopez* repairs to his Chamber to him, and in a fair and friendly manner enquires of him if he please to return any Letter of this his friends death, and of his own victory to *Santarem* to *Don Idiaques* his Father, or the Lady *Marfilla* his wife, and that his best service herein shall attend and wait on his commands: *Don Iuan* thanks *Lopez* for this his courtesie, but tells him, that for some reserved reasons he will send no Letter to either of them, but otherwise wisheth him a prosperous return to *Portugall*; so *Don Iuan* remains in *Madrid*, and *Lopez* returns for *Santarem*, and there from point to point relates them the issue of that Combat, as the victory of his Son *Don Iuan*, and the death and buriall of *De Perez*, adding withall, that he was so reserved and strange, that he would write to neither of them hereof. At the relation and knowledge of this mournfull news, *Idiaques* cannot refrain from much sorrow, nor *Marfilla* from bursting forth into bitter tears and lamentations thereat: for seeing her dear and only Brother thus slain by the hand of her own unkind Husband; by losing him she knows she hath lost her right arm, and he being dead she knows not to whom to have recourse, either for counsell, assistance, or consolation. And yet as much as he sorrows and she grieves at this disastrous accident, they notwithstanding are yet so far from thinking it a blow from Heaven, or from looking either up to God, or down to their own sinfull hearts, consciences, and souls for the same, that without making any good use, or drawing any divine or profitable morall thereof, they still continue their beastly pleasures and damnable Adultery and Incest together, as if there were no God to see, nor no deserved torments or miserie reserved to punish it. But they and we shall immediatly see the contrary.

To the great grief of our hearts, and compunction of our soules, we have in this History seen wretched *Idiaques* (by the instigation of the Devill) to poyson his Wife the Lady *Honorias*; and likewise his Daughter-in-Law *Marfilla* to have caused her Brother *De Perez* to have cruelly murthred her waiting-maid in the street; as also by the Providence of G O D *Don Iuan* to have slain the said *De Perez* in the field, and our curiosity and expectation shall

shall not go far, before we shall see the just Revenge and punishments of God condignly to surprise wretched *Idiaques*, and graceless *Marfillia* for the same; for his divine Justice contending with his Sacred Mercy, it hath at last prevailed against these their foul and bloody crimes; so now, when they are in the midst, yea, in the height and jollity of all these their foul delights and security, like an unlooked for storm and tempest, it will suddenly befall them. Life hath but one way to bring us into this World, but death hath infinit to take us from it, and what is this but a true argument and reason of Gods glory and our misery, of his power, and of our frailty and weakness? and therefore because we are as repleat of sin as he is of sanctity, and as subject to imperfections, as all perfections are both properly co-incident and subject to him, It will be an act of morall wisdom, and of religious piety in us, rather to glorifie than examin his sacred Providence, and rather to admire than pry into his divine decrees and resolutions. And because his correction and punishment of all sins, especially of this crying and scarlet sin of Murther, is as just as secret, and as inscrutable as Just; therefore to draw towards the period of this deplorable History, God is first pleased to exercise and begin his Judgements on miserable *Marfillia*, and then to finish it in wretched *Idiaques*. But his divine Majesty is likewise pleased and resolved both to impose and make as great a difference in their punishments, as he found a parity and conformity in their crimes.

It is *Marfillia's* pleasure (or to say more truly, the providence and pleasure of God) that she rides from *Santarem* to *Coimbra* to visit a sick Gentlewoman her Cousin German, who dwelt there, being only accompanied with her man *Andrea* on horse-back, and her foot-boy *Piscator* to attend her, and as she comes within a small half League of that Town, having sent away her man *Andrea* before, and her foot-boy *Piscator* being a very little distance behind her, there suddenly starts up a Hare between (or close to) her horse leggs, which so amazed her horse, (which was as hot and proud as the Gentlewoman his Mistress whom he bore) as coming off with all four, he throws her to the ground, and kicking her with his hind feet at her fall, he strikes her in the fore-head, and so dasheth out her brains; God so ordaining, that she had not the power to speak a word, much less the grace or happiness to repent her of her horrible sins, Adultery, Incest, and Murther. And thus was the lamentable and fearfull end which God gave to this graceless young Lady, the which I cannot as yet pass over, without annexing and remembring one remarkable point and circumstance herein, in which the Justice and Mercy of God to both sexes, and all ages and degrees of people, doth miraculously resplend and shine forth; for that very horse which threw and killed her, was the very same which she formerly lent to her Brother *De Perez*, and whereon he rid to *Saint Saviours* when he (by her instigation) killed her waiting Maid *Mathurina*. Good God, how just, and wonderfull are thy decrees! Dear Lord, how immense and sacred is thy Justice!

But this is but the forerunner, and as it were but the enterance into a further progression of this History: For as her foot-boy *Piscator*, extreemly wept, and bitterly cried, at the sight of this mournfull and tragicall death of his Lady and Mistress, God had so decreed and provided, that the next that passed by, and who were sorrowfull spectators thereof, were two Corigadors (or Officers of Justice) of the City of *Coimbra*, riding that way in their Coach to take the air; Who in compassion of the deplorable death of this fair unknown young Gentlewoman, they descend their Coach, and having enquired and understood of her sorrowfull Foot-boy what she was, they then with much respect and humanity cause her dead Corps to be decently laid into their Coach, which they shut, and so mounting their Servants Horses they return again to *Coimbra*. From whence they send her Man *Andrea*, in all possible post hast to *Santarem* to acquaint his Master and her Father-in-law *Don Idiaques* with his lamentable death of his daughter-in-Law *Marfillia*, and to pray him to repayr speedily thither to them to take order for her buriall. *Andrea* is no sooner departed for his Master, but these two Corigadors consult on the fatality of this accident, and very profitably consider for themselves, that the horse who killed her, and all her apparell and jewels, by the custome and royalty of their City, were devolved and forfeited to their jurisdiction; to which effect they cause her Rings, Chains, and Bracelets to be taken from her, and then her pockets likewise to be carefully searcht for Gold and Jewels; so as murther cannot be long concealed or undetected; we may therefore here behold the wonderfull Providence, and singular justice of God, for in one of her pockets they find, folded up in a rich cut-work handkerchif, the last letter which her Husband *Don Juan* had written and sent her from *Madrid*; at the sight of this letter one of these Corigadors is desirous to have it read publikely, but the other (being more human and respective to the concealing of Ladies secrets, which many times prove that of their honours) he contradicts it, till at last God enlightning their judgments, and prompting and inspiring their hearts, that the perusall of this Letter might (peradventure) import and report something which might

might tend to his service, and conduce to his glory; they fall then on a *medium* betwixt both their opinions, and so withdrawing themselves to a privat Chamber, they there secretly o'read this Letter, wherein with admiration and amazement they understand of the obscene Adultery and Incest of *Idiaques* with this his Daughter in law *Marfillia*, which was the cause of her Husband *Don Iuan* his absence from her in *Spain*: But at length when they proceed farther therein, and so fall upon these words of *Don Iuan* to her in this his Letter; *I do as much grieve as I both doubt and fear thou rejoycest at thy handmaid Mathurina's death; and as I am ignorant of the manner, so if my Father and thy self have been the cause thereof, you have then all the reasons of the world to believe, that God will in the end punish it to your confusion*; then (led by the Spirit of God) they both concur in one opinion, that this their Adultery, and this Murder of *Mathurina* did not only firmly reflect, but equally take hold both on *Idiaques* and *Marfillia*, and therefore that this her late deplorable and disastrous end, was only a blow from God, and the very true fore-runner, and undoubted Harbinger of his own to come. When resolving to seize and imprison *Idiaques* as soon as he should arrive thither to *Coimbra*; They hushing up this Letter and business in their own bosoms, do then hold it fit to send for *Marfillia's* foot-man *Piscator* to come to them, which he speedily doth. They carefully enquire of him if his dead Lady had not sometimes a waiting Gentlewoman named *Mathurina*, he answered them yes, and that she was lately murdered in the streets of *Saint Saviours*, and that her murderers were as yet unknown: They demand of him again whose Daughter she was; he informs them that her Father is a Gentleman who dwells in *Saint Saviours*, and that his name is *Seignior Pedro de Castello*, which being as much as they sought for; putting their servants to watch over this foot-man, that he might not escape to give the least inkling of their demands to his old Master *Idiaques*, they presently send away Poast to *Saint Saviours* for *Castello*, and (in honour to Justice) these two Corigadors as Christian Magistrates, having put all things in order for the vindication of the truth of these deplorable matters, that very night *Idiaques* arrives at *Coimbra*, and descends from his Coach to the house of one of these Corigadors, where the dead body of his daughter *Marfillia* lay; at whose mournfull sight, as soon as his passionat grief and sorrow had caused him to shed and sacrifice many rivulets of tears, when he least dreams or thinks thereof, these two Corigadors cause him to be seized on, and instantly commit him close prisoner, without acquainting him with the cause hereof; where all that night his guilty heart and conscience (as so many Fiends and Furies) assuring him that it was for poisoning of his own Lady *Honorina*; there horror and terrour, grief, and despair, and anguish, do act their severall parts upon the Theatre of his soul.

The next morn *Castello* (*Mathurina's* Father) likewise arrives at *Coimbra*, to whom the Corigadors communicate this Letter of *Don Iuan* to his wife, which he sent her from *Spain*, wherein they tell him the murder of his Daughter *Mathurina* seems probably and strongly to reflect upon *Idiaques*, and his daughter-in-law *Marfillia*, when they farther acquainting him with her tragicall death, as also with his imprisonment, *Castello* (with a world of tears and cries) exclaims, that undoubtedly they were the authors, if not the actors of his daughters lamentable murder, and so very passionatly and sorrowfully craves justice of them on *Idiaques* for the same, which they are as willing to grant and perform, as he to desire: So after dinner in the publike Tribunall of Justice, they send for *Idiaques* legally and juridically there to appear before them; where this sorrowfull Father (with much passion, and more tears) doth strongly accuse him for the murder committed and perpetrated on his daughter *Mathurina*; the which *Idiaques* with many high and stout answers denieth; he allegeth many oylie words, and sugred and silken phrases, to justify and Apologize his innocencie: Which these Corigadors (led by the finger of God) hold rather to be farr more ayrie than solid, and farr more plausible than reall or true; so they (still remembring his Son *Don Juans* Letter to his Wife *Marfillia*) do (without regard to his quality or age) adjudge him to the Rack. The which *Idiaques* (fearing infinitely more the murder of his own Lady *Honorina*, than that of *Mathurina*) endures the tortures and torments thereof with a fortitude and resolution farr beyond his strength and age, and with an admirable constancie stands firmly to the deniall of this fact and accusation; so seeing the Rack taken away, and himself from the Rack, he is therefore very confident and joyfull, that his danger is likewise o'repast and o'reblown: But these vain hopes of his will yet both deceive, and in the end betray him, for as yet his conscience hath not made peace with God. For the griefs and sorrows of this mournfull Father for this lamentable murder of his daughter have now made him both industrious in his solicitation, and religious in this his prosecution against *Idiaques* towards these Corigadors, to whom again hee becomes an earnest, and yet an humble Petitioner, that they will give him eight dayes time more to fortifie his accusation, and that all that time he may still

still remain Prisoner without Bail or Surety ; which they finding reasonable , and consonant to all equity and law, they freely grant him. When *Castello* having God for his Counsellor , and whom in a small time *Idiaques* shall find for his Judge, calling to mind some words of his deceased Daughter touching the suspicion of poysoning her old Lady by her Husband, to make way for this match with *Don Juan*, he doth no more accuse him for murdering of his daughter *Mathurina* ; but some two daies after he frames and presents a new Inditement and accusation to his Judges against him , for poysoning his old wife the Lady *Hondria*. Which these Judges admiring and wondering at, they then partly, nay almost confidently believe, that there is some great crime, and foul fact in this business against *Idiaques*, which God will in fine detect and bring to light, by the solicitation and industry of this honest poor Gentleman *Castello*. So they admit again of his second Inditement against him, and by vertue hereof convent him before them at their Tribunall of Justice.

Idiaques understanding hereof, his guilty conscience now denounceth such thundering peals of tear and amazement to his appalled heart and trembling soul, as they will give no peace either to himself or to them ; and the Devill, who had ever heretofore promised him his best aid and assistance, now flies from him, and leaves him to stand or fall to himself : And here it is that his courage begins to fail him, and that his fear and shame is almost resolved and ready to proclaim himself guilty of this his last and worst accusation, the poysoning of his own Wife the Lady *Hondria* : But again the hope of life is yet so sweet to him, as the fear of death is displeasing and bitter, and therefore (with a wretched resolution, and a miserable confidence) he again artificially endeavoureth to blear the eyes of these his Judges, with his chiefest Eloquence, & sweetest Oratory ; who having given him his full career to speak in his own defence and justification, when they perfectly knew he yet spake not one valuable word or reason, either to defend or justify himself ; Then one of these clear-sighted Corigadors (in the behalf of both of them) returns him this grave reply and pious exhortation.

That as they have not the will to accuse him, so they have not the means or power to excuse him, for being (at least) accessory to both, or either of these murders, of his Lady *Hondria*, or *Mathurina* ; that the sudden death of the first, and the violent and untimely one of the last, the voluntary absence of his Son *Don Juan* in *Spain*, with his killing of *Petez* there, and now the fearfull and lamentable end of his daughter-in-law, *Marsillia* (whose body is yet unburied, and her blood scarce cold) left a dangerous reflexion, and a pernicious suspicion on his life and actions, at least of Adultery and Incest, if not of Murder (whereof his Son *Don Juans* Letter which he writ to his Wife *Marsillia*, which they have there to shew, is a most strong and pregnant witness) and that the least of these crimes are capable to ruine a greater personage than himself. That he could cast no mist of delusion before Gods eyes, though he artificially endeavoured and laboured to cast a veil before theirs. That the shedding of innocent blood was a crying Sin, which despite of sorcery and of hell would (in Gods due time) draw down vengeance to Earth from Heaven on their Authors. That he were guilty of his accusation, he had no better plea than confession, nor safer remedy than repentance. That contrition is the true mark, of a true Servant of God, and though we fall to Nature and Sin as being men, yet we shall rise again to grace and righteousness being Christians. That to deny our crimes, is to augment them, and consequently their punishments, both in Earth, and in Hell, and that he was not a Christian, but an Infidell, who would attempt to save his life with the loss of his soul, with many other religious exhortations concurring and looking that way.

But all this, notwithstanding, *Idiaques* his Faith and Conscience, was yet so strong with Satan, and therefore so weak with God, that he left no excuse, policy or evasion untried to blear the eyes of these Corigadors, and so to make his innocency to pass current with them. But his eloquence and asseverations cannot prevail with the solidity of their Judgements, for God will not suffer them to be led a way with words, nor seduced or deluded with shadows. But from the circumference of circumstances, they now flie to the centre of truth, and to the Author and giver, yea to the life and soul thereof, God. So they again adjudge him to the rack for his second accusation of Murder, as they formerly had done to him for his first. At the pronouncing of which sentence, If we may judge of his heart by his face, he seemed to be much afflicted, appalled and daunted, which his Judges perceiving, before they expose him to his torments, they in Honour to his Age and quality, but farr more to Truth and Justice, (whom they know to be two Daughters of Heaven) they now hold it a point of Charity and Piety to send him two Divines to his Prison to work upon his Conscience and Soul, which they do : And God in the depth of his goodness, and the richness his mercy, was so mercifully propitious and indulgent to him, that he added such efficacy

to their perswasions, and power to their exhortations, as at the very sight of the rack, he with tears in his eyes, than there confessed unto them, That he was innocent of *Mathurinaes* murder, but guilty of poysoning his own wife the Lady *Honorio*, for the which he said he most heartily and sorrowfully repented himself. Whereupon his Judges (and the rest present) admiring with wonder and praising God with admiration for the detection of this his foul bloody and lamentable crime, they pronounce sentence against him. That for expiation thereof, he at eight of the clock the next morning, shall have his head cut off at the place of common execution in that Town. When *Idiaques*, who (yet adhered so much to Satan) that he could never be deusted of his sins before he were first deprived of his sinfull life, doth yet still flatter himself with some further hope of life, and so he appeals from the judgment and sentence of this Court of *Coimbra* to that of *Santarem*, as being native and resident thereof; as also because he committed his murder there, for which they (not his competent Judges) adjudged him to death: Whereat although the Corrigadors of *Coimbra* for the preservation of the privileges of their Court and Town, do obstinately expose and vehemently contest it, yet at last well knowing, and being conscious with themselves, that smaller Towns and Courts in *Portugall* are bound and subject to depend of the greater; They therefore making a vertue of necessity, and contenting themselves to give way to that which they cannot remedy, do ordain that *Idiaques* should be conveighed and tryed at *Santarem*.

But yet before they suffer him to depart their Town, they in honour to Justice, in wisdom to themselves, and in reputation to their Town and Court, do seriously and religiously charge him in the name and fear of God to declare truly to them, whether his unburi'd Daughter in Law *Marfilla* were not likewise accessory with him in poysoning his Wife, the Lady *Honorio*, which at first he strongly denies to them. But then they send away for the two Divines who had formerly dealt with him & his Conscience in Prison, who exhort him to carry a white and candid soul to Heaven, and threaten him with the torments of Hell fire if he do not. When with sighes and tears, he confesseth that to them, and that it was he himself who administred that poyson to his wife, but that his daughter in Law *Marfilla* bought it for him. So these Judges upon the validity of this free and solemn confession (in detestation of this her lamentable crime, do reverently resolve to second, and glorifie God in his Judgements towards her, and therefore they presently condemn her dead body to be burnt that afternoon in their Market-street, the common place of execution, which accordingly is then and there performed in presence of a great concourse of people, who infinitely rejoyce that God so miraculously destroyed the life, and their Judges the body of so execrable a female Monster.

By this time we must allow, and imagin that old Lecher, and new murderer *Idiaques* (by vertue of his appeal) is brought to his own City of *Santarem*, and I think either with a ridiculous hope or a prophane and impious resolution to see whether God will punish him there with death, or the Devill preserve and save him from it. He hath many friends in this Court, who are both great and powerfull, and therefore builds all his hopes of life, on this reeling quicksand, this snow, this nothing, that his great estate of money and lands will undoubtedly act wonders with them for his pordon. But still he hopes, because still the Devill deceives him; He is arrived here at *Santarem*, where this fair City which might heretofore have proved his delight and glory, is now reserved for his shame, and appointed and destined for his confusion; They cannot brook the sight, much less the cohabitation and company of such monsters of nature, and devills incarnat of men, who glory in making themselves guilty of these foul sinnes, and crying crimes. Adultery, Incest, Murder. So that *Idiaques* (who hath made himself a principall of this number, and a monster of Art in these sins) thinking here in *Santarem* to find more mercy and pity during his life, shall find less of both of them after his death. For the criminall Judges of this Court who reverence and honour Justice, because Justice doth daily and reciprically perform the like to them, do confirm the sentence of *Coimbra*, that the next morn he shall lose his head, but in detestation and execration of these foul and bloody crimes, they add this clause and condition thereto, that both his head and body shall be afterwards burnt, and his ashes thrown in the aire, which gives matter of talk and admiration, not only to *Santarem*, but to all *Portugall*. And thus most pensively and disconsolately is *Idiaques* reconveyed to his prison where Church-men are sent him by the Judges of that Court, to direct his soul in her flight and transfiguration from earth to Haaven, whom they find (or at least they make) very humble, mournfull, and repentant. According to which sentence he is the next morning brought to the place of execution, which for the greater example and terrour to others, and of ignominy to himselfe, was before his own house, wherein he had acted and perpetrated all his enormous crimes. Where the Scaffold is no sooner erected, but there flock an infinit number of people from all parts of the City,

to

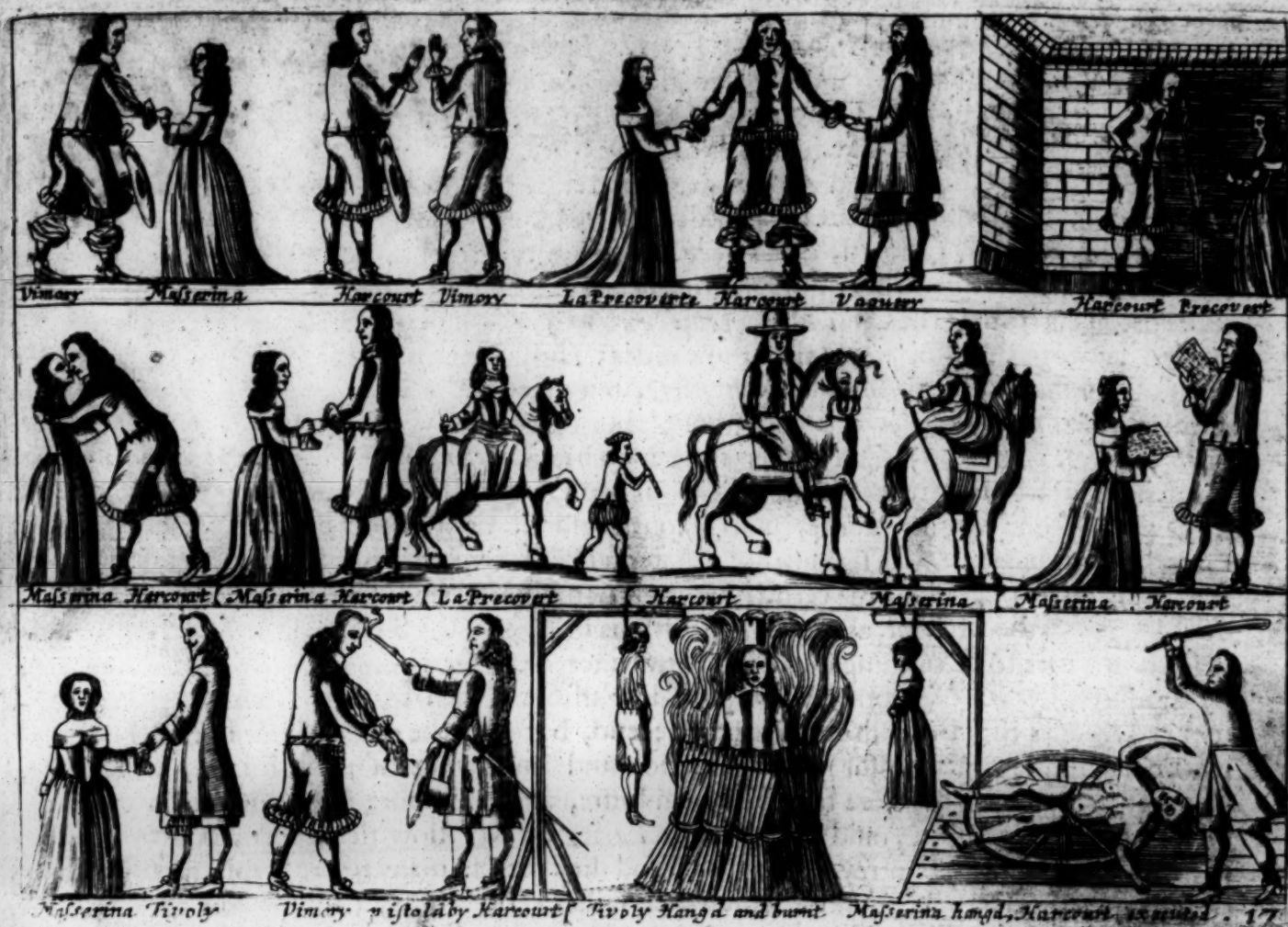
to be spectators of this last scene of his Tragedy. He came to the Scaffold (between two Friars) in a sute of black Taffeta, a Gown of black wrought tuff Taffeta, and a great white set Ruff, which yet could not be whiter than his broad Beard: At his ascent on the Scaffold, his Grave aspect and presence engendered as much sorrow and pity, as his beastly crimes did detestation in the hearts and tongues of the people, to whom (after he had a short time kneeled down and prayed) he made a short speech to this effect.

That although the poysoning of his own Wife, and his adultery with his Sons wife, were crimes so odious and execrable, as had made him unworthy any longer either to tread on earth, or to look up unto Heaven, yet although he deserved no favour of his Judges for his bodie, he humbly repented, and begged some of God for his soul; and for the more effectually obtaining thereof, he zealously prayed all those who were present to joyn their prayers to his. He confessed that it was *Marfilia's* beauty, which first (at the instigation of the Devill) drew him to that adultery with her, and this poysoning of his own wife *Honorio*, whereof from his heart and soul, he now affirmed he implored remission of God, of the Law, of his Son *Don Juan*, and of all the world, and prayed them all to be more godly and less sinfull, by his example, and to kneeling down and praying a little while to him self, he rose up, and putting off his Gown, Ruff, and Dublet, which he gave to the Executioner, he binding his head and eyes with his Handkerchif, bade him do his office, which he presently performed, and with one blow of the Sword, made a perpetuall double divorce betwixt his head and his shoulders, his body and his soul: when presently, according to his sentence, both his head and his body were then and there burnt and consumed to fire, and his ashes thrown into the ayre.

And this was the deplorable life and death of *De Perez*, *Idiaques*, and *Marfilia*, of whom the spectators (according to their severall humours and affections) spake diversly, all condemning the bloody cruelty of *De Perez* towards innocent *Mathurina*, and of *Idiaques* towards his virtuous wife *Honorio*. Again, some pitied, and others execrated *Marfilia's* youth, beauty, and lust; but both sexes, and all degrees of people (as so many lines terminating in one Center) magnified the providence and Justice of God, in so miraculously and condignly cutting off these monsters of nature, and bloody butchers of mankind.

And if the curiosity of the Reader will yet farther enquire, what afterwards became of *Don Juan*; The reports of him are different, for at first I heard that his discontent and grief was so great, yea, so extream for the death of his Parents and wife, that he cloistered himself up a *Capuchin* Fryer in their Monastery at *Madrid*: So contrariwise I have since credibly been enformed, that he shortly after these disasters left *Spain*, and still lives in *Santarem* in *Portugall* in great honour, welfare, and prosperity; But which of these his resolutions are most inclining and adherent to the truth, it passeth beyond my knowledge, and therefore shall come too short of my affirmation.

Gods



Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex-
ccrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVII.

Harcourt steals away his brother Vimoryes wife Mafferina, and keeps her in Adultery; She hireth Tivoly (an Italian Mounsebank) to poyson La Precoverte, who was Harcourts wife; Harcourt kills his brother Vimory, and then Marries his widow Mafferina; Tivoly is hanged for a Robbery, and at his Execution accuseth Mafferina for hiring him to poyson La Precoverte, for the which she is likewise hanged; Noel (who was Harcourts man) on his death-bed suspecteth and accuseth his said Master for killing of his brother Vimory, whereof Harcourt being found guilty, he is broken alive on a Wheel for the same.

MAn being the Workmanship, and Figurative Image of God, what an odious sin, yea what an execrable crime is it therefore for one (out of the heat of his malice or fumes of his revenge) to poyson, or murder another, such Nature doth strongly impugn, and Grace (with a high hand) infinitely contradict it! Therefore were not our hearts and understandings either wholly deprived of Common sense, or our souls of the gracious assistance and favour of God, we would not thus so furiously and prophanely make our selves guilty of these infernal sins, but rather (with our best endeavours) would seek to avoid them as Hell, and (with our most pious resolutions) to hate and detest them as the Devil himself, who is the prime Author and Actor thereof. But some such Monsters of Nature, and Disciples of Satan there are here on Earth. A fearful and lamentable Example, whereof his ensuing History will shew us. The which may all good Christians read to Gods glory, and remember to the instruction of their Souls.

There is a Parish tearmed Saint *Simplician* a mile from the City of *Sens* in th Dutchy of
Y *Burgundy*

Burgundy (which is honoured with the title and See of an Archbishop) where (within these few years) there dwelt and died an aged Gentleman, (more Noble by birth, than rich in his Estate and Demayns) termed *Monsieur de Vimory*, who left only two sons behinde him, the eldest named *Monsieur de Harcourt*, and the second *Monsieur de Hautemont*, who were two very proper young Gentlemen, excellently well bred and qualified, as well in Arts as Armes, or in any other vertue or perfection which was requisite, both to shew and approve themselves to be the sons of their Father. And (to content my Reader with their characters) *Harcourt* was tall, but not well-favoured, but of a milde and singular good disposition; *Hautemont* was of a middle stature, neatly timbred, of a sweet and amiable countenance, but by nature hasty and head-strong; *Harcourt* had a light Auburn beard, which (like a Country Gentleman) he wore negligently after the Oval cut; *Hautemont* had a coal black beard, which (Courtier-like) he wore in form of an invaled Pyramides; *Harcourt* was thirty two years of age, very chaste and honest; *Hautemont* was twenty five, but many times given to women, and ready to be debauched and drawn away by any, though but of an indifferent quality and complexion. To *Harcourt* (the eldest son) their father gave his chiefeft Mannor house, with eight hundred Crowns of yearly Renew, and all his Goods and Chattels. To *Hautemont* (his second Son) he gave his second Mannor house, worth four hundred Crowns yearly, and fifteen hundred Crowns in his purse, by his Testament: Estates which though it came from their blood, yet it exceeded that of most of the Gentlemen their neighbours, and is held in *France* at least the double, if not the triple of as much here with us in *England*. So having neither the happiness, or the care to be accompanied with any sister or other brothers, they interchangeably swear a strict League of brotherly love and dear affection each to other, which by their Vertues and Honors they swear shall never receive end, but with the end of their lives: They many-times consult together for the conduction and improving of their Estates, which they promise to manage with more frugality then lustre, and with more solid discretion than vain ostentation or superfluity, and not to live in *Paris*, or to follow the Court, but to build up their residence in the Countrey. To which end they cut off many unprofitable mouths, both of servants, horses, and hounds, which their father kept. They likewise vow each to other to be wonderful chary and carefull in their marriages, as well fore-seeing and knowing it to be the greatest part of their earthly felicity or misery. So here we may see and observe many fair promises, rich designs and resolutions, and many sweet covenants voluntarily drawn up between these two brothers, which if they make good and perform, no doubt but the end thereof will be successfull and prosperous unto them; or if otherwise, the contrary.

But before I wade farther in the stream and current of this History, I must first declare, that by the death of *Vimory* the Father, and by the custom of *France*, we must now wholly abandon and take away the title of *Hautemont* from the second brother, futurely to give him that of *Harcourt* the eldest, and that from *Harcourt* the eldest, to give him that of *Vimory* their Father, for (by the right and vertue of the premised Reasons) these are now become their proper names and appellations, which the Reader is prayed to observe and remember.

A year and half is not fully expired and past away since their father past from Earth to Heaven, but the eldest brother *Monsieur de Vimory* being extreemly ambitious and covetous of wealth, and understanding that a rich Councillor of the Court of Parliament of *Diion*, named *Monsieur de Basigni* was dead, and had left a very rich widow (of some forty years of age) named *Madamoyelle Masserina*, he earnestly seeks her in marriage. She is of short stature, corpulent and fat, of a coal-black hair, and if fame towards her be a true and not a tattering goddesse, she hath, and still is, a lover of *Venus*, and a Votaresse who often sacrificeth to *Cupid*s lascivious Altars and Shrines. *Harcourt* is very averse and bitter against this match for his brother. They have many serious Consultations hereon: He alledgeth to him the inequality of her age and birth in comparison of his, her corpulency, the ill-getting of her Husbands goods, who was held to be a corrupt Lawyer, and (as the voice of the world went) who gained his wealth by the tears and curses of many of his ruined and decayed Clients; and when he saw that nothing would prevail to dissuade his brother from her, he rounds him in his ear, that it was spoken and bruted in *Diion*, that she was not as chaste as rich, nor so continent as covetous; *Vimory* is all enraged hereat, and chargeth *Harcourt* his brother to name the Reporters of this foul scandal vomited forth (quoth he) against the vertues and honour of chaste *Masserina*: *Harcourt* replies, that he is not so bold as to name them, but he will know the names, much less upon belief; so *Vimory* being

being wilfully deaf to his brothers advice and requests, (and preferring *Masserina's* wealth to her honesty) he marries her. But she is so wise for her self, as first (both by promise and contract) she ties him to this condition; that he shall receive all her Rents, which are some twelve hundred Crownes *per Annum*, she to put her ready money to Use into whose hands she pleaseth, and he also to have the one half of the interest money, but the Principall still to remain in her own right, propriety, and possession, and as well in her life as death, to be wholly at her own disposing.

Not long after *Harcourt* being at a great Wedding (of a Gentleman his Cousin German) at the City of *Troyes* (in *Campagne*) he there at the balles (or publike dancing) espies a most sweet & beautifull young Gentlewoman whom he presently fancieth and affects for his Wife: He enquires what she is, and finds her to be named *Mademoyselle Lay Precoverte*, Daughter to an Aged Gentleman of that City, tearmed *Monsieur de la Vaquery*. *Harcourt* courts the Daughter, seeks the Father, finds the first willing, and the second desirous, but at last he plainly and honestly informes *Harcourt*, that his Daughters chiefest wealth, are her vertues and beauty; that he hath not much Land, and lesse Money; that he hath two great suits of Law for store of Lands depending in the Parliament of *Diion*, which promise him store of money, and that he will futurely impart a great part thereof to him, if he will marry his Daughter, the which (for the present) he tels him, he is content to make good and confirm to him both by bond and contract. *Harcourt* loves his fair young Mistrisse *La Precoverte* so tenderly and dearly, as he is ready to espouse her, on those tearmes, but he will first acquaint his brother *Vimory* therewith, and take his advice therein. *Vimory* informs his brother *Harcourt*, that he knows *Monsieur De Vaquery*, of *Troyes*, to be a very poor Gentleman, that most of his lands are morgaged out, and in great danger never to be redeemed; that his Law suits are as uncertain, as the following thereof chargeable. *Harcourt* extols the beauty of *La Precoverte* to him to the skie; *Vimory* replies, that beauty fades and withers with a small time, & that those who prefer it to wealth, are many times enforced to feed on repentance in stead of content and joy, and to look poverty in the face instead of prosperity. But *Harcourt* having deeply settled his affection on *La Precoverte*, he rejecteth this true and wholesome counsell of his brother, and so marries her: When forgetting his former promise to his brother, he in a small time, turnes a great Prodigall, abandoneth himself to all filthy vices, and beastly course of life, and as a most debauched and gracelesse Husband (within one year) he for no cause quarrelleth very often with this his fair and dear Wife, then whom, neither *Champagne* nor *Burgundie* had a more beautifull or vertuous young Gentlewoman; she was of stature tall and slender, of a bright flaxen hair, a gracious eye, a modest countenance, a pure Lillie-roseat complexion, of a milde nature, and sweet disposition, respectfully courteous to all the world, and exceedingly devout and Religious towards God, as perpetually making it her practise, delight, and glory, to consume a great part both of her time and of her self in prayer, and in the service of God.

And although she were formerly sought for in marriage by many as good Gentlemen as *Harcourt*, yet she could fancy none, nor affect any man for her Husband but himself. Never Wife was more carefull or more desireous to please a Husband than she, and as (for one whole year) it was her former content and joy to see him to be a provident, kind, and loving Husband to her, so now it is her matchlesse grief and calamity, to see his good nature perverted, his Resolutions transported, and his Affections drowned in debauched and vicious Company. She leaves no sweet advice, nor courteous Requests and Perswasions unattempted to reclaim him from these his foul vices of Drunkenesse, Swearing, Dicing, evill Company, and Whoredome; for of no lesse sins in quality, nor fewer in number, she (with extream grief and sorrow) sees him to be guilty: But all this will not prevaile, no not her infinit tears and sighes which many times she spends and sheds to him both at boord and bed, yea, and sometimes on her knees, but still (with a wretched violence, and sinfull impetuosity) he goes on in his vicious courses, and ungodly life and conversation; neither caring for his health, or his estate and meanes, but willfully neglects the first, and prodigally wastes and consumes the second, whereat she wonderfully grieveth and lamenteth. She often requesteth *Vimory* his brother, and *La Vaquery* her Father to perswade and divert him from these his ungodly courses and enormous vices, which threatens no lesse than the utter ruine, and inevitable shipwrack of all their fortunes: but they likewise cannot prevaile, although his brother *Vimory* (with whom they live and sojourn) every hour and time he sees him, do strongly deal and labour with him to that effect: For now he giving no limits to his vices and prodigalities, he sels away his Lands peece-meale, whereat his brother *Vimory* stormeth and rageth against him, and his vertuous sweet Wife most pitifully weepeth and lamenteth. But as a base Gentleman, and a most unkind and ungratefull Husband, he laughs at her teares, smileth at her sighes, and contemneth and scorneth both

both them and her self. And it now falling out, that *La Vaquery* her Father losing both of his Law suits at *Diion*, where they (by the votes and sentence of that Court of Parliament) are adjudged against him, whereby he was utterly ruined both in his hopes and estate for ever; *Harcourt* hereat so flights and neglects his Wife, as he tearmes her beggars brat, threatneth to send her home to *Troyes* to her Father, and setting all at randome, cares not what becomes either of himself or her, who poor sweet Gentlewoman is so extreemly afflicted, and as it were weighed down with all these calamities and miseries (especially with the vices and discourtesies of her Husband) as in her heart she daily wisheth, and in her soul hourly prayeth unto God, that she were out of this life, and in Heaven, infinitely lamenting, and a thousand times a day repenting that ever it was her hard fortune to see her Husband, and her woefull chance to marry him. But how to remedy or redresse these her miseries she knows not.

For now do her Husbands vices and prodigalities make him daily grow poorer and poorer, in so much (as in lesse than three years) he is become the shame of himself, the contempt of his enemies, the pitty of his Friends and Kinsfolkes, and the extreame grief of his sweet and dear Wife, so that he hath well neer spent all, and almost left nothing to maintain himself, much less to maintain her, whose griefes are so great, and sorrowes so infinit, as her Roseat Cheekes look now thin and pale, her sweet eyes are become obscure and dim, yea, and in so pitifull and lamentable a manner, that she falls exceedingly sick, and her discontent and disconsolation is almost so remediless, as she would, but cannot be comforted, for that her Husband whom she thought would have proved the argument of her Joy and Prosperity, is now become the cause her endlesse grief, and the object of her matchless calamity and misery. Thus leaving her sorrowes, sighs and tears, to be diminished through time, or dissipated and defaced by God, The order of our History invites and conjures me now again to speak of this her base and debauched Husband, who hath many beastly and bloody parts to act herein.

Whose lewd life and prodigalities enforcing him now to behold poverty, because heretofore he disdained to look on frugality and providence: Seeing his wealth wasted, his lands either sold or mortgaged, himself forsaken of his Brother and Friends, his reputation lost, his debts great, his Creditors many, and who now began to grow extreame clamorous and scandalous to him: He knowes not which way to look, or how or where to turn himself, to find out some invention and meanes to repair the decayes and ruines of these his miserable fortunes, and so to bear up and screw himself again into the eye and repute of the world. When his necessity gaining upon his heart and nature, and Satan upon his Conscience and Soul, he knowing his Brothers Wife *Masserina* to be rich and wanton, he will become so unfaithfull to his own Wife, so ingratefull and treacherous to his own Brother, and so dishonourable and ignoble to himself, as to attempt to gain her affection from him and to draw her to his own lewd and lascivious desires, whereon his irregular hopes did more than partly grow confident, because he flatters himself with this true, yet foolish belief, that as he was seven years the younger, so he was twice seven times a properer man than his Brother. When taking time at advantage, as his Brother and her Husband *Vimory* were rid to *Diion*, he finding her in a wonderfull pleasant humour, and exceedingly disposed to be merry, when (God knowes) his own sweet and sorrowful Wife, was (according to her frequent custome) disconsolately at her prayers and book in her own chamber, & her doore shut to her, then, then I say, he taking his said Sister in Law *Masserina* to a window in a private Parlor, he there (for himself, or the Devill for him) breaks his mind to her, and is so far from shame, as he glories to make her acquainted with his deep affection, and lascivious suit to her: Neither doth he faile of his hopes, or they of his voluptuous desires, for he findes this his Sister in Law so dishonestly prepared, and so lustfully resolved and disposed to grant him his desires, that sealing her affection to him with many smiles, as he did his to her with more kisses, she is so impudent, so gracelesse, as at this his weary first motion, she vowes to him she hath not the power to deny him any thing, and therefore most cheerfully and willingly gives him her heart and her self, and he doth the like to her, which they mutually ratifie and confirm between them with many private kisses, and amorous dalliances, as also with many secret protestations, and solemn oathes: But because Satan is, therefore God will not be present at this their vicious contract, and lascivious combination.

Thus *Harcourt* and his Sister in Law *Masserina*, having no regard to their honours or reputations, to their Hearts or Consciences, to their Soules or to God, he pollutes his Brothers bed in possessing his Wifes body, and makes it both his delight and practice to defile and contaminate his glory, in that of her shame, and of his own infamy. And now his pockets and purse are again fill'd and cram'd with coin, for he gives her kisses for her gold, and she returnes him gold for

for his kisses. Hereupon he puts himself again into new & rich apparell, but yet is so base, unkind, and ingratefull to his own sweet and vertuous Wife, that he will give her neither gold nor new apparell, but permits her to go in her old. But to add more miseries to her misery, and more new griefes and calamities to her old (because she is equally an eye-sore both to himself and to her) he will no longer permit her to live with him, that he may the more often and the more freely and securely familiarize with his old Sister, or rather now with his new love *Masserina*: So (without any regard to her birth, or respect to her youth and vertues, or without considering that God hath made her his Wife, and therefore the other half of himself) he sends her home to her father at *Troyes*, giving her but a poor little Nagge, and a ragged foot-boy, onely with so much money as could hardly carry her thither, giving her neither money nor apparell, nor any thing else which was becoming or fit for her, although through the black and obscure clouds of his vices and ingratitude, the bright and relucient Sun-beames of her excellent perfections and vertues in her self, and of her constant affection to him, will for ever most radiantly resplend and shine to all the world, especially to those who had the honour to know her living, or who shall now or hereafter reade her History after her death. And never were those her sweet perfections and vertues either more conspicuous and glorious in her, than now at her enforced exile, and sorrowfull banishment and departure from her Husband: For although he were cruelly unkinde, or unkindely cruell to her, yet knowing and considering him to be her Husband, she therefore holds it her duty and conscience still to attend and wait on him as his Wife, and not, either so soon or so suddenly to separate her self from him. When her eyes see, her judgement knowes, her heart doubts, and her soul feares, that then more than ever his vices wanted her prayers, and his sins her vertues and presence, to seek to rectifie and reform them. But although she descended so low from her self to him in her affection and humility, as with bitter sighs and teares to cast her self on her knees to beg and request him, that (as by the lawes of marriage and nature, and of conscience and grace) she was obliged and bound, so that she might enjoy the content and happinesse to live and die with him, being infinitely contented, and extreemly desirous, as she then affirmed, (and again and again repeated and confirmed to him) to participate and bear her part and share, as well in his poverty as prosperity, yet he (as an ignoble Gentleman, & a base & vicious Husband) having wholly taken away his heart and affection from this his sweet and vertuous Wife *Lay Precoverte*, and fully and absolutely given it to his lascivious sister-in-law *Masserina*, he (I say) is so heard hearted, ingratefull and treacherous towards her (as without any respect to her teares, or regard to her prayers) he will no way permit her to live with him in *St. Simplician* or *Sens*, at his Brothers, nor yet vouchsafe to be pleased to go & live with her at *Troyes* at her Fathers: But here we may observe his malice in his disdain, and his disdain in his malice towards this dear and sweet young Gentlewoman his wife, (of whom God knowes, and the world sees, he is no way worthy) for he will grant her neither of these her two most reasonable and loving requests, but indeed (rather as a Devill than a man, and a Tyrant than a Husband) he with thundering looks and speeches, commands her away his sight and presence, without once giving her so much as one poor kiss, as he was bound in affection, or (which is yet lesse) a poor farewell at their parting, as he was obliged both in Conscience and Christianity. So this sweet disconsolate Gentlewoman (in a manner breaking her breast with her sighes, and drowning her cheeks with her tears) only with her poor little Nag and ragged Foot-boy, is by her flinty-hearted Husband turned out of his Brother *Vimory*'s house at *Saint Simplician*, and so in this slender manner, and base equipage enforced softly, discontentedly, and sorrowfully to ride home to the poor Gentleman her Father at *Troyes*, yea, and such was the malice, and policy of *Harcourt*, her cruell Husband, that this suddain departure of hers was purposely acted when his Brother *Vimory*, and his Wife *Masserina* were at another Mannor house of his some eight leagues off, to the end, that they might not see, or take leave of her, nor she of them, so allowing our sweet and sorrowfull *La Precoverte* by this time at *Troyes* with her aforesaid Father; I will for a time there leave her, to the exercise of her patience, to the piety of her prayers, and to the pleasure and providence of God.

Now doth our disloyall and treacherous *Harcourt*, at his pleasure frolique it out in *Saint Simplician* with his lascivious Sister-in-Law, and Strumpet *Masserina*, yea they are now grown so impudent, so carelesse, so gracelesse, in these their obscene Dalliances, that if *Vimory* the Husband and Master do not, yet his Servants cannot chuse but take deep notice and exact and perfect Knowledge thereof; Onely he observes a late alteration in his Brothers fortunes, that he is become far braver in his Apparell than accustomed, and hath more store of Crownes in his Pocket at his command than heretofore, both to play and spend at his pleasure. Onely from whence this his golden Myne should proceed he knowes not; except having

heretofore made some progression, and experiments in the Chymical Science (or mystery of Alchymy) hee had now found the *Elixar* of the Philosophers Stone, but his curiosity in this *Quere* proceeds no further, much less the Judgement, but least of all his Suspicion or Jealousie.

But the gracelesse Vanity and Ambition of *Harcourt* will yet flye a pitch and degree higher in the air of Ingratitude and treachery towards his Brother *Vimory*. For a little Gold cannot redeem his Lands, nor make up the money and great breaches of his former prodigalities, neither will a few kisses and embraces of that lustful Dame his Sister *Masserina* appease his unchast appetite, or satisfie his insatiable lust, and lascivious desires. Wherefore at one time and cast, to set nature and honour at stake, and so commanding his heart and thoughts to trample on both of them, without any respect or regard to either, he contrives and assumes this vicious and treacherous resolution, that having already taken the actual possession of her body, hee should then likewise do so of her gold, yea of all her whole estate, and so fly away with her, whose Estate (through his long dishonest familiarity with her) he now knows to be great, yea far greater than his Brother *Vimory* her husband either ever knew or dreamt of; Wherefore with much superficial affection, and artificial flattery and insinuation, he no sooner breaks this motion to her, but her lustful heart corresponding with his, and her lascivious desires likewise aiming and intending that way, she freely gives him her consent thereunto, and to that end she very secretly draws in all her monies and gold, together with all her Plate, Rings, and Jewels most carefully and privately packs it up, and so they flye away together; In a morning when her husband and his brother was with his servants gone forth a Hawking and Hunting for all that day, he without ever making his wife, or she her husband once acquainted therewith. *Vimory* is amazed, and *La Precoverte* extremely perplexed and afflicted at the strangeness of their (undreamt of) base clandestine departure: And although (in regard of his affection to his wife) he were once resolved to send and make after them for their stay and apprehension, yet at last, to avoid the universal scandal of the world (which thereby instead of stopping one tongue, would assuredly let loose many, he leaves the success of this treacherous Accident to Time, and the due reward and true punishment thereof to God. Now the first place of safety and shelter which *Harcourt* and *Masserina* flye unto, is the strong City of *Geneva* (which depends not of *France* or *Savoy*, but of God and it self) where they take two chambers, and live together, having no servant at all to attend or follow them, but onely *Noel*, who for many years before had been, and still was his man. But to live here in *Geneva* with the more privacy and assurance (because they observe it to be a City exceedingly politiquely, virtuously, and religiously governed) they find out this excuse for their stay, that he is heir to some lands (which by the death of an Uncle of his) is devolved and fallen to him in the estate, and dutchy of *Millan* (betwixt *Pavia* and *Alexandria*) whither he goes to sell it away, in regard (as he falsely allegeth) that both this Gentlewoman (whom he resolves to leave there, and presently upon his return to marry) and himself are Protestants, and for a month or six weeks, this false gloss, and true imposture passeth current with those of *Geneva*, whom all that time they freely permit and suffer to enjoy the Laws and privileges of Hospitality in their City, and the sooner and with far less suspicion and doubt) because they observe, that they very often frequent their Sermons and Churches, although in their hearts and devotions, God knows, they both are directly Roman Catholiques. But at the end of this small time, understanding that the two Syndicks, and the rest of the Magistrates of that City began to pry more narrowly into their stay, and more neerly into their actions; Then they thinking to mock God and their souls, and so to make Religion onely to be a cloak to overveil their villany, he then and there resolves to marry her before he goe to *Millan*, which indeed affords sweet musick to the heart, and melody to the thoughts and mind of this lascivious dame *Masserina*, the which she esteemed to be the chiefest felicity she could desire upon earth) excusing the alteration of this his resolution upon her sickness and indisposition (which also was as false and counterfeit, as the pretence of their Protestant Religion was feigned and hypocritical) and to that end he acquaints the Ministers and the Ancients of the Church therewith; But they being as regular in their actions as he was exorbitant, and as pious in their intentions as he was prophane in his, question him to shew some authentick Certificate from that Protestant Church or Churches in *Poitou* where they averre they formerly dwelt) that they were both of them Protestants by Religion, and that their Marriage was honourable and no way clandestine; affirming to him, that it was against the Rules of their Religion, the Constitutions of their Church, and the Laws of their City, to doe otherwise, either to them, or to any strangers whatsoever: Which *Harcourt* well perceiving, He now comes too short in his Arithmetick, and having none to shew them in that nature, he sweats under the saddle, and so slacks his importunacy therein, and puts it

it off with a specious excused dilatory delay; When acquainting his *Masserina* therewith, they both are equally afflicted and grieved, thus to see their hopes nipt, and their expectations and desires of Marriage frustrated, and blasted in the very bud and blossoms; and now they see that their abode and stay in *Geneva*, neither can, nor must be long. But here betides them another unlooked for accident which will speedily transport them thence;

It is the pleasure and mercy of God, that *Noel* (*Harcourt's* man) is not a little grieved in heart, and afflicted in minde, to see his master guilty of this foul and treacherous crime, in stealing away *Masserina* his Brothers wife, and entertaining and using her as his own. He knows how infinitely this their adultery is displeasing to God, and odious to men, and how opposite and repugnant it is to Grace and Nature. Wherefore holding it a trouble to his mind, a vexation to his heart, and a scruple to his conscience any longer to attend and follow them, because he is assured, that the divine Justice and vengeance of God, will never permit them to go long either undetected or unpunished, He calling to his remembrance the sweet virtues and chastity of his Mistress *La Precoverte*, and (by opposition and Antithesis) comparing them to the foul vices and whoredoms of *Masserina*, he out of his duty to the first, and detestation to the second, though a bad Servant to his Master, yet was a good Christian to God, gives his Mistress *La Precoverte* very secret intelligence, of his Masters lascivious residing and living here in *Geneva* with *Masserina*, whereof he sends her word, he is a very sorrowfull and unwilling eye-witness, and so leaves the reformation thereof, first to God, and then to her self. Our vertuous sweet Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, is wonderfully afflicted and grieved, at this foul crime of Adultery betwixt her Husband, and his Sister *Masserina*, whereat her chaste heart towards him, and her pure and religious soul towards God, makes her send many tears to earth, sighs to heaven. Once she thought to acquaint her brother *Vimory* herewith, but then fearing that his just choler might peradventure exasperate him against her Husband, she again assoon forsakes that opinion and intent, as holding it more discretion and safety to be silent herein towards him. And yet consulting her griefs and afflictions with God (whose sacred advice and assistance how to bear her self in this action and accident, she religiously implores) she at last deems it a part both of her affection, duty, and conscience, to use her best zeal and endeavors to reclaim them from this their abominable, and beastly course of life. And in regard her poverty, weakness, and sickness will not (according to her desires and wishes) permit her to ride over to them in person to *Geneva*, she therefore commits and imposeth that charge to her pen, to write both to her Husband *Harcourt*, as also to his lewd Sister, or rather his lascivious Strumpet *Masserina*, to see if her Letters (by the permission and providence of God) may prevail with their hearts and souls to reform and draw them home, the which she purposedly, and expressly sends by a confident Messenger, and with the greatest secrecy she possibly can devise.

Her Letter to her Husband intimated this.

LA PRECOVERTE to HARCOURT.

YOur flight and Adultery with that graceless Strumpet *Masserina*, is so displeasing to God, as I cannot but wonder that his divine Justice will permit *Geneva* or any other place of the world to contain you without punishing you for it; yea when in this foul crime of yours, I consider her by my self, and you by your Brother *Vimory*, I finde that his grief proves my shame, and my shame his grief, and that you and her are the true causes of both. I have examined my thoughts and actions, my heart and soul, and cannot conceive that I have any way deserved this your ingratitude towards me, and therefore fail not to certifie me why and wherefore you have undertaken this vitious and lewd course of life, which in the end will assuredly produce thy misery, as now already it doth your infamy, except your contrition to God, do speedily redeem it. And in regard that you are my Husband, and that I both hope and believe it to be the first fault in this kinde and nature, I therefore hold you more worthy of my pitty than of my hatred, and of my prayers than of my curses. So if you will abandon your deboshed Sister, and come home and live with me who am thy chaste and sorrowful wife, my arms and heart shall be as open as ever they were, both to receive and forgive you, yea, I will wholly forget what is past, and prepare my self to welcome you home, with a thousand smiles and kisses, if you will resolve and remember henceforth to love me as much, as formerly (without cause or reason) you have neglected and hated me.

LA PRECOVERTE.

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Her Letter to *Masserina* bewrayed these Passions.

LA PRECOVERTE to MASSERINA.

NO longer Sister, but lewd strumpet, was it not enough for thee to abuse thine own Husband, but that thou must likewise bereave me of mine, who is his own and only Brother: as if a single sin and ingratitude, could not content thy lascivious lust, to satisfy thy inordinate desires: but that thy impiety to God, and prophane and obscenity to thy self, should make thee guilty of so foul a crime as Adultery, and which is worse, of such a foul and base Adultery as comes very neer to the worst kind of Incest; whereof thy thoughts and heart can inform thee, and thy Conscience and Soul assure thee, it will hereafter make thee as truly miserable, as now thou falsely thinkest thy self happy. Wherefore triumph not, to have made my grief thy glory, and my affliction thy felicity, for God (who is as just, as powerfull) will requite my wrongs in thy Person, and when thou least dremest thereof, his Divine punishments will sharply scourge and revenge thy lascivious pleasures, except thou deject and prostrate thy self at the feet of his sacred Mercy with true contrition, and at the Altar of his saving Grace with unfeigned repentance for the same, by restoring my Husband to me, and thy self to thine, and by making thy peace with God, whom so highly and heinously thou hast therein offended; which if thou do, thou mayest then reestablish thy fortunes, and redeem thy reputation, or else for ever assuredly ruine both them and thy self. So if I see thee to embrace this chaste, and to follow this vertuous and religious course, I will again assume the name of a Sister, and leave that of a Strumpet towards thee, yea, I will wholly forget these thy (almost unpardonable) wrongs and disgraces which thou offerest me, and for ever bury them in perpetuall silence: and eternall oblivion.

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her Messenger arriving at *Geneva*, he first finds out *Noell*, and then secretly delivers these two Letters to *Harcourt* and *Masserina*, who much musing and more wondring thereat, withdrawing themselves into their Inner Chamber, they there break up the scales and peruse them; Whereat their hearts galled, and their Consciences so netled and stung, as they cannot refrain from blushing for meer shame, and then again, from not looking pale with meer anger thereat. Thus looking stedfastly each on other, their own guiltinesse doth for the time present somewhat afflict and perplex them. *Harcourt* wondereth at his Wifes boldnesse in writing to him; and *Masserina* is not a little dismayed and daunted, to see that her Husband hath not written unto her. *Harcourt* is discontented with his Wifes peremptory Letter, *Masserina* is apprehensive and fearfull of her Husbands silence, when again changing their conceits and thoughts which inconstantly alter, and extravagantly range, without any intrinsicall peace, or tranquillity; *Harcourt* thinking of his Brother *Vimories* silence, attributes it to contempt and hatred, and *Masserina* contemplating and ruminating on her sister *La Precovertes* choler, reputes it to extream grief, sorrow and indignation; But at last consulting together hereon, they both of them concur and fall upon this resolution; that to colour out their lascivious life, they by their answers to her, must overvaile it with much seeming chastity, and pretended sanctity and piety. And the better to prevent any danger which may proceed from *Vimories* silence, or revenge, they must remove from *Geneva*, and speedily resolve to forsake and leave it; When fear giving life to their despair, and despair adding wings to their fear, they call for pen and paper, and each return *La Precoverte* their severall answers by her own messenger who had strict charge and command from her to see them, but not to dare once to speak or exchange a word with either of them, the which (according to his duty) he very honestly and punctually performed, only to shew her gratefulnesse to honest *Noell*, she gave precise order to him to render him many hearty thanks from her for his true respect and fidelity towards her, which she would never forget nor leave unrecompenced, and yet all this while neither *Harcourt* nor *Masserina* were any way suspicious that it was their man *Noell*, which gave *La Precoverte* intelligence of their residence in *Geneva*.

Harcourts Letter to his Wife was in these tearmes.

HARCOURT to LA PRECOVERTE.

DO not rashly and unjustly torment thy self with jealousie at my absence, for thou shalt find as much joy thereof at my return, as now thou beleevest and fearest the contrary. I have vowed to accompany

accompany my Sister in-Law Masserina to our Lady of Loreto, which is the best Saint of the best Country of the world, Italy, (whether we are now setting forwards from this town of Geneva;) to which holy Lady and blessed Saint, her Orations for her Husband, and mine for thee, are and shall be as repleat of pure affection and piety, as thou imaginest they are of iniquity and prophaneſs. True it is, I committed an errour in not acquainting thee with my departure, which I perceive thou esteemeſt a crime; but when shortly I ſhall be ſo happy to enjoy thy ſweet company and preſence, then my juſt reaſons will juſtly enforce thee both to know and acknowledge, that that pretended crime of mine is leſs than an errour, and this errour leſs than nothing. And thou wilt be yet farther inquisitive why, or from whence our Journey was firſt derived, I pray let theſe generall ſearmes content thy fear, and ſatisfie thy Jealouſie, that it it was her devotion and Conſcience to God, not my deſire or affection to her which gavelife and birth to it; therefore I hold it rather an unmerited cruelty, than a condign penance; either for my heart to be tied to ask forgiveness of thee, or my ſoul of God for this thy pretended crime of mine, whereof I am as innocent as thy Fear and Jealouſie deemes me guilty. Therefore I allow of thy piety, I accept of thy Prayers, yea, and I rejoyce in thy affection to entertain, and thy reſolution to welcome me home with thy ſmiles and kiſſes when I come, the which ſhall be, if not ſo ſhortly as thou expecteſt or I deſire, yet as ſoon as reputation and good ſpeed ſhall permit.

HARCOURT.

Masserina's Letter to her Sister in Law carried theſe lines.

MASSERINA to LA PRECOVERTE.

My departure and abſence hath neither wronged mine own Husband nor abuſed thine, for it is my pure zeal to God, and not any laſcivious luſt in my ſelf which drew me to this devotion to ſee Loreto, and him (through his goodneſs) to the reſolution honourably to accompany me thither, and therefore my heart deſies that foul ſin of Adultery, and my ſoul deteſts that odious one of Inceſt, whereof I am far more innocent than thou thinkeſt me guilty. I am ſorry for thy grief, and I grieve for thy affliction, and am ſo far from triumphing in the one, or glorying in the other, as I have given that to my thoughts with paſſion, and this to my mind with compaſſion, although I confeſs I have ſmall reaſon to place it ſo neer me, in regard thy Jealouſie is the ſole authour, and my fidelity and chaſtity no way the cauſe thereof; wherefore I am ſo far from fearing, as I love Gods Juſtice, becauſe as in other finnes I have offended his Divine Maieſty, ſo I am ſure that in this I have no way incurred or merited his indignation, and do moſt freely refer my fortunes and reputation to his ſacred pleaſure, but not to thy ſecret diſcontents and ill grounded choller, from which (by the plea of a juſt proviſo) I have all the reaſons of the world to appeale, as alſo for that foul ſcandall and infamous Epithete of a Strumpet, which I thought thee too vertuous once to conceive, much leſſe to name, but leaſt of all for one Siſter in Law (without cauſe or reaſon) to give to another: But thou art La Precoverte, therefore I forget this ingratefull crime of thine, and I am Maſſerina, therefore I reely and abſolutely forgive it, and to do thee as much right as thou haſt done me wrong, I will ſilence it in eternall obſcurity and oblivion.

MASSERINA.

And is it not worthy of our obſervation, or rather of our deteſtation, to ſee how impiouſly theſe prophane wretches deny this their Adultery towards God, and alſo to La Precoverte, whom they have ſo hainouſly offended therewith, and which to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to their own hearts and Conſciences are nevertheleſs as apparent as the Sun in his brighteſt Meridian, yea, had they not wilfully fled from God, and preſumptuouſly abandoned themſelves to Satan, to contrive ſuch irreligious excuſes, and to frame ſuch ungodly Apologies, for theſe their foul crimes and offences, and ſo to make hypocriſie the veil of their Adultery, and the cloak to cover it from the light and ſight of the world: And is it not a reſolution worthy of a halter in this world, and of Hell fire in that to come, to attempt marriage, when the Wife of the one, and the Husband of the other, are in perfect ſtrength, and full of life and health, (eſpecially Maſſerina's Husband Vimory) as but right now to their ſhame, not to their glory, they underſtand by La Precovertes letters to them. To the Magiſtrates of Geneva, they are firm Proteſtants, and as they pretended, ſo they then (as they conſtantly affirmed) intended to live and die. To La Precoverte in their Letters they are ſound Roman Catholickes, and in the ſublimity and ſingularity of their zeal travelling towards the Lady of Loreto, in devotion. O wretched Chriſtians, or indeed rather O miſerable wretches, thus with your hypocriſie

to think to deceive God, when therein you only deceive your own selves and Souls. For can there be a greater misery found by us on earth, or sent us by the Devill from Hell, to make Religion (which of it self is a precious and soveraigne Antidote) to become a fatall drug, and a pernicious ingredient to poyson, not to preserve our souls, and so only to delight our earthly humours and affections, and to please our carnall desires, and concupiscences? Of all sorts of men (after the Atheist and the murtherer) the Hypocrite is the veriest Devill upon earth, and he is so much the more wretched and execrable, in that he guilds over his speeches, life and actions with the seeming shew of piety and devotion, when God and his ulcerated conscience know, that he is nothing lesse. To be luke-warm in Religion, is to be prophane, not Religious: And as wine mixt with water is neither wine nor water, so he that is of two Religions is of neither. For God who is still jealous of his own honour, and of our salvation, will not only have our souls, but our hearts to serve him, and not only our hearts, but also our tongues to glorifie him, that is to say, all our actions, and all our affections, not a piece of our heart, but he will have our whole heart, and not an angle or corner of our soul, but our whole soul: For in matters of his Divine Worship and Service, (which consists in that of our faith, and of his glory) he will not admit of any Rivall or Competitor, nor be served in any other manner, than as he hath taught us by his sacred Word and Commandements, and instructed us by his holy Prophets, and blessed Apostles.

But again to *Harcourt* and *Masserina*, whose lascivious hearts and lewd Consciences not permitting them to rest in assurance, or reside in security any where, the very day after they had dispatched the messenger with their Letters to *La Precouverte*, (holding *Geneva* no place for them, nor they for *Geneva*) they trusse up baggage, and so with much secrecie leave it, and direct their course to the great and famous City of *Lyons*, (some two and twenty leagues thence) and which is the frontier Town of *France*, and there they think to shrowd themselves among that great affluence and confluence of people which inhabit and aboad there from divers parts, and they make choice to live in this frontier City, because it is near to *Savoy*, where if any danger should chance to betide or befall them, they might speedily and safely retire themselves there, and so lay hold on the Law and priviledge of Nations, which is inviolable throughout all the world. At their arrivall at *Lyons* they take their Chambers and residence neer the Arsenall, though for the two first nights they lie in Fanders streets. They have not been in *Lyons* fifteen dayes, but there befell them an accident very worthy both of our observation, and of their remembrance, which was thus; A Gentleman of the City of *Tholouse* named *Monsieur de Blaise*, having some five daies before treacherously killed his eldest Brother *Monsieur De Barry*, in the high way as they travelled together upon a quarrell which fell out between them, for having debauched and clandestine stolen away his said elder Brother *De Barry's* Wife from him, and conveyed and transported her away with him: There was a privie search then made in *Lyons*, when that same night *Harcourt* and *Masserina* were upon suspicion apprehended for them, and laid in sure keeping. But the next morning before the Seneschall and Procureur Fiscall, they justified their innocency, by many who knew *De Blaise*, and so were cleared, but yet it gave them both a hot Camisado and fearfull Alarum, and left an ominous impression in their hearts and minds, whereof (for the conformity of the circumstances of this action with their own) had they had the grace to have made good use, they had not (hereafter) made themselves so famously infamous, nor consequently this their History so prodigiously deplorable.

Harcourt and *Masserina* whiles they stay here in *Lyons*, (as guilt is still accompanied with fear (do seldome go forth their Lodgings, and when they do, they (for their better safety) disguise themselves in different Apparell, and for her part she goes still close masked, and muffled up in her Taffata coyffe. Yea both of them make it their practise to frequent the fields often, but the Churches and streets seldome, as if their foul crime of Adultery had made them unworthy the Communion of Gods Saints, & consequently all good company too worthy for them. He exceedingly fears his Brother *Vimories* silence and revenge, & she highly envieth and disdaineth her Sister in Law *La Precouvertes* jealousy, and still that disgracefull word of Strumpet (which she upbraided her with, and obtruded to her in her Letter) strikes and sincks deeply in her heart and remembrance, in such sort, that it so possesseth her thoughts with malice, and takes up her mind with choller and fierce indignation, as she vows to her self not thus to let it passe in silence, or to vanish and die away in oblivion, quite contrary to that which her late Letter to her Sister *La Precouverte* promised and spake. And here it is that the Devill first begins to take possession of her heart, and by degrees to seize upon her soul, and to make her wholly to forsake God. For knowing *La Precouverte* to be Wife to her Brother in Law and lover *Harcourt*, (whom she affects a thousand times dearer than her own Husband, yea, than her own life) she is therefore so great a beam to her eye, so sharp a thorn to her heart, and so bitter a

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correlative to her content, as she not only affirms bad thoughts, but bad blood against her: For vowing that none shall share with her in his affection, she forgetting her Conscience and Soul, Heaven and God, is speedily resolved to cause her to be poysoned, her enraged malice being capable of no other excuse or reason but this, that it is impossible she can reap any perfect felicity or content in earth, till she have dispatch't and sent her to *Heaven*. To which end she insinuates her self into the acquaintance of two Apothecaries of that City, and deals with them severally and secretly to effect this hellish business, for the which she promised either of them a hundred crowns or the sum in hand, and as much more when they have effected it, and fifty more to defray the charge of their journey. But the devil hath made her so crafty and subtle, as she still retains from them, the name *Mafferina* and the place *Troyes* where the party dwelt; there are good, and bad men of all Countries, Faculties, and Professions, these two Apothecaries are as honest as she is wretched, and as religious and charitable as she is prophane and bloody, so the one denies her request with disdain and choller, and the other with charity and compassion, alledging her many pious considerations and reasons to dissuade her from this foul and bloody act, the execution whereof, though tacitely, yet infallibly threatneth (sayes he) no less than the utter subversion of her fortunes, and the ruine and confusion of her life in this world, if not likewise of her soul in that to come: So she being hereat a little galled and stung in Conscience, to see that this great City of *Lyons* affords poyson but no poysoners, to act and finish this her bloody project: The devil hath yet notwithstanding, made her so curious in her malice, and so industrious, and resolute in her revenge, as enquiring whether there were any Italian Emperick, or Mountebank in that City (whom she thought might be made fit and flexible to her bloody desires and intents) she is advertised, that there departed one hence some eight days since, who is gone to reside this Spring of the year at the Bathes at *Pougges*, a mile from the City of *Nevers*, his name being *Seignior Baptista Tivoly*, (whom I conjecture may derive his surname from that pleasant small Town of *Tivoly*, some twenty small miles from *Rome*, wherein there are many Cardinals, country Palaces, or houses of pleasure) being very skillfull in Minerals, and in extracting the spirits and quintessence of divers other vegetives; of a vain-glorious, and ambitious humor and disposition, and yet of a very poor estate and means, and such a one, as indeed *Mafferina* holds every way a fit agent and instrument for her turn and purpose.

She is glad of this advertisement, and will neither give nor receive any truce from her heart, or her heart from her revenge before she have seen and spoken with *Tivoly*. The which to effect she to *Harcourt* pretends a sudden ach in her right arm, and so upon good advise tels him that she is very desirous to go to the Bathes of *Pougges* by *Nevers*, there to stay some 15. or 20. days at farthest; *Harcourt* (no way once dreaming of her inveterate malice, and far less of her revengefull and bloody intents towards the safety and life of his wife *La Precoverte*) approves of her resolution and journey, but intreats her to be wonderfull carefull of her self, her health and safety, and proffereth to accompany her himself: she with many kisses, dearly thanks him for his care of her and affection to her herein; answereth him that his stay in *Lyons* will make her journey the more safe & short, so she accepts of the man for the master, and only takes *Noell* along with her, who respects her so well, as he cares not for her sight, much less for her company: She arrives at *Nevers*, & (impatient of all delay) the next morning finds out *Tivoly* at *Pougges*, being a very tall man, of a coal black beard, and of a wan and sullen countenance, she by his Physiognomy judgeth that her hopes will not be deceived of him; The second day she breaks with him about her hellish business and finds him tractable to her devilish intents: They proceed to this lamentable bargain, and she is to give him one hundred Crowns in hand, and a faithfull promise of a hundred & fifty more when he hath effected it, as also fifty Crowns for the charge of his journey, the w^{ch} she limits at 15. days, so having settled this her business, she now names the party to *Tivoly* whom she will have him to poison, *La Precoverte* to be the woman, who resides and dwells with her Father *Monsieur Le Vaquery*, a poor Gentleman in the City of *Troyes* in *Champagne*, and she a young Gentlewoman of some twenty years of age, of a flaxen hair, and very sickly. When giving him a small Saphir ring from her finger, she therewith swears him both to the performance, and to the secrecy of this murder, the which, armed by the Devil, he doth. When being exceeding glad of this his bloody employment, which brings him store of gold, the which he esteems the Elixir of his heart, and the felicity and glory of his life, and which indeed, was the main business that brought him on this side the Alps, from *Italy* to *France*. Thus without any fear of God, or thought of heaven or hell, these murderous and damnable miscreants have concluded and shut up this their bloody bargain. Our poor sweet *La Precoverte*, having received her Husbands Letter from *Geneva*, and considering the Contents thereof, as also that of her Sister in Law *Mafferina*, she knows not what to think either of their Letters or of themselves:

she sees her letter to promise much zeal and devotion to God, and his much affection to her, and yet remembering his former unkindness, I may say cruelty, towards her; as also the manner of their base and clandestine departure, then she thinks the first to be false, and the second feigned, and therefore conceives she hath far more reasons to despair than to hope either of their Innocency, or their return; But this is her resolution, *Harcourt* is her Husband, therefore she will still love him dearly; She is his Wife, and therefore she will for ever pray for him, and his prosperity religiously. Thus hoping, and many times (with many heavy sighs and bitter tears) wishing and desiring his happy return and virtuous reformation, she in his absence lives pensively and sorrowfully with her Father, rather as a widow than a wife, and such is her miserable estate, and poor and sorrowful fortune, that she well knows not, whether she may more grieve or rejoyce that God hitherto hath given her no Child: For, ah me, she is so environed with afflictions, so incompassed with calamities, so assaulted with sickness, and so weighed down with sadness and disconsolation, as she repunes her life worse than death, and either wisheth her Husband at home with her, or her self in Heaven with God.

But, alas, alas, dear sweet young Gentlewoman, little dost thou think or dream (now thou desirest death) what a hellish plot there is contrived and intended against thy life by these two bloody Factors and Agents of the Devil, *Tivoli*, and thy Sister *Masserina*: O *Masserina*, *Masserina*, the disgrace of thy name, the infamy of thy family, the shame of thy time, and the scandal of thy sex. O how I want words not tears, to condemn thy cruel rage, and to excrete thy infernal malice and fury, thus to resolve to imbrew thy guilty hands in the innocent blood of thy chaste and virtuous Sister-in-Law, *La Precouverte*; for was it not sin and lust enough for thee to have heretofore bereaved her of the love and presence of her Husband, but that thou wilt now be so wretched and inhumane, as likewise to rob her of her life? O grief, O shame, O pitty, that thou shouldst once dare to think thereof, much lesse to attempt it, I mean so lamentable a crime; and so bloody a fact, which assure thy self, as there is a God in Heaven, will never go long unpunished on Earth.

But I must proceed in this our sad and mournfull History, and therefore with an unwilling and trembling resolution, I am enforced to declare that this limb of the Devil, *Tivoli*, rides away to *Troyes*, where he speedily and secretly makes profession of his Empery. When understanding that *Monsieur de le Vaquery* is constantly in the City, he (with an Italian impudence and policy) soon skrews and insinuates himself into his company. And as it is the vanity of our times, and the weakness and imbecillity of our judgements (in any profession whatsoever) still to preferre and respect strangers before our own Countrymen, so *Monsieur de le Vaquery* hearing this Italian to devour Latin at his pleasure, and rather to vomit than utter forth whole Catalogues of Physicall phrases, which he had stollen, not learnt from *Aristotle*, *Galen*, and *Paracelsus*, his ignorance beleeves him to be very learned, and therefore he holds him a most fit Physician to cure his Daughter *La Precouverte* of her Consumption, wherinto (as before) she was deeply and dangerously fallen, by the unparalleld griefs and sorrows which she conceived for her husbands former unkindness to her, but more especially for his present absence and flight with his lascivious Sister *Masserina*. So (in a most unhappy hour) her Father *Le Vaquery* mentioneth it to *Tivoli*: Which (being the onely occasion and opportunity he gaped for) he freely promiseth him his best art and skil for her recovery, and the next day goes home to his house with him, and visiteth his Daughter: He finds her to be weak, lean, and pale, the which serves the better for his turn, to colour out this his bloody purpose to her. When (if there had been any humanity in his thoughts, any grace in his heart, or any spark of religion or piety in his soul) the very sight of this sweet, this harmlesse, this beautifull young Gentlewoman would have moved him to compassion, and not with hellish cruelty to resolve to poyson her. But his sinfull heart, his seared conscience, and his ulcerated and virulent soul had (in favour of Gold) made this compact with the Devil, and therefore he will advance, and not retire in this his infernal resolution. He feels her pulse, casts her estate in an Urinall, receives thirty Crowns of her Father for her cure, and so bidding her to be of good comfort, he administred her two Pills, three mornings following, whereof (harmlesse sweet Gentlewoman) within three daies after she suddenly dyes in her bed by night: *Tivoli* affirming to her sorrowfull Father and Friends, that before he came to her, the violency and inveteracy of her Consumption, had turned all her blood into water, and exhausted and extenuated all the radical humours of her life; which opinion of this base and bloody Italian Mountebank, past current with the simplicity of his belief and their judgements: So he burieth his Daughter, and with her his chiefest earthly delight and joy. Within three daies after that this sorrowfull and lamentable Tragedy was acted, this Monster, this Devil incarnate, *Tivoli*, leaves *Troyes*, and poasse away to *Nevers*, where he ravisheth *Masserina*'s heart with the joyfull news and assurance

assurance of *La Precovertes* death and buriall, of whom he receives his other hundred and fifty Crowns, the which according to her promise she failes not presently to pay him down. And here again they solemnly swear secrecy each to other of this their bloody fact.

Wretched *Masserina* feasting her heart with joy, and surfeiting her thoughts with content to see the rivall and competitor in her loves, *La Precoverte* thus dispatched and sent for heaven, She now thinking to domineer alone in her *Harcourts* heart and affection, esteems her self a degree neerer to him in marriage, that so of his Sister she may become his Wife. For this is the felicity and content whereat her heart aymeth, and the delectation and joy wherein her desires and wishes terminate. But her Husband *Vimories* life doth dash these joyes of hers in peeces, as soon as she conceives them, and strangles them, if not in their birth, yet in their cradle. She finds *Nevers* to be a pleasant City, and *Pougges* a delightfull little place to live in, and when the Spring is past and the great confluence of people retired and gone home, to be a place of far more safety for them than *Lyons*. Yea, & she affects and loves it far the better, because here it was she first heard and understood of *La Precovertes* death, which as yet for a time she closely conceals to her self; Wherefore she sends *Noell* (her man) to *Lyons* to his Master, and by her letter praises him speedily to come and live with her at *Nevers*, which she affirms to him is a pleasant City, and that there she attends his arrivall and company with much affection and impatiency.

Harcourt, to please his sweet-heart Sister *Masserina*, leaves *Lyons*, and comes to her at *Nevers*, where with thanks and kisses, she joytully welcomes him, telling him that these bathes of *Pougges*, have perfectly freed her of her ach; but in her heart and mind, she well knowes, it is the death of *La Precoverte*, and not those bathes, which hath both cured her doubts and secured her fears. They have not lived in *Nevers* and *Pougges* above three weekes since his arrivall, untill they there (but by what meanes I know not) understand of *La Precovertes* death, whereat he seemes nothing sorrowfull, but she extreemly glad and joyfull. And by this time, which is at least a whole year since their flight and departure from *Saint Simplician* and *Sens*, they in their Travels and other gifts and expenses, have consumed and expended a pretty sum of their money. In all which time, we must understand that *Vimory* hates his Wife and Brother so exceedingly, as he (in contempt of their crimes and detestation of their trecherous ingratitude) scorns either to look or send after them; but the only revenge which he useth towards him in his absence, he pretends a great sum of mony to be due to him from him, and in compensation thereof, seizeth upon the remainder of his lands, and by Order of Justice gathereth up, and collecteth his rents from his Tenants, to his own use and behoof. Which extremely grieves *Harcourt*, and afflicts *Masserina*, who (by this time) seeing in what obscurity and considering in what continuall fear and eminent danger they live in: As their lascivious affections, so their irrregular desires, and irreligious resolutions, look one and the same way, which is to send her Husband, and his Brother *Vimory* to Heaven, after his wife *La Precoverte*, yea so resolute are they in these bloody intentions and desires, as they wish and pray for it with zeal, and desire it with passion and impatiency. And now their malice is grown so resolute, and their resolution so graceless in the contemplation and conceiving of this bloody fact, as they bewray it each to other. *Masserina* vowes to him that she can reap no true content either in her life or conscience, before, of his sister he make her his wife; Nor I replies *Harcourt*, before my Brother *Vimory* be in Heaven, and I marry thee and be thy Husband here in earth. When (as a bloody Courtesan and Strumpet) she gives him many thanks and kisses for this his affection to her, and malice to his Brother *Vimory* for her sake; when (working upon the advantage of time, occasion and opportunity) She tells him, that in her opinion, the shortest and surest way is to dispatch him by poyson. *Harcourt* dislikes her judgement, and plot, as holding it no way safe in taking away his Brothers life, to entrust and hazard his own at the curtesie of a stranger (at which speech of his, she blusheth and palleth as being conscious and memorative of what she had lately caused to be perpetrated by *Tivoly*) Therefore he thinks to acquaint and imploy his own man *Noell* in this bloody businesse, and proffereth him two hundred Crowns, and forty more of yearly pension during his life, if he will pistoll his Brother *Vimory* to death as he is walking in the fields. But *Noell* is too honest a man, and too good a Christian to stab at the Majesty of God, in killing man his creature and Image, and absolutely denies his Master, and although he be a poor man, yet he rejects his offer, as resolving never to purchase wealth, or preferment at so deer a rate, as the price of innocent blood; whereas his Master bites his lip for discontent and anger. So conjures him to perpetuall secrecy and silence of this

proposition and businesse, which Noell promiseth, but swears not; Hereupon *Harcourt* to approach neerer *Sens*, He and *Masserina* leave *Nevers*, and very secretly by little Journies (and the greatest part by night) come to *Mascon*, and there his heart strikes a bargain with the Devil, and the Devil with his Soul and resolutions, to ride over himself to *Sens*, and there with his own hands to pistoll his Brother *Vimory* to death in the fields, or if his Bullets misse him, then to finish and perpetrate it with his own Sword. O wretched Gentleman, O execrable Brother thus to make thy Hope and Charity prove Bankrupt to thy Soul, and thy Faith unto God!

But nothing will prevail with *Harcourt*, to dissuade him from this bloody businesse; Whereunto the damnable treachery and malice of *Masserina* impetuously precipitates and hastens him onwards, although it be against her own Husband. So he leaves *Mascon*, and in a disguised beard, and poor sute of Apparell, comes to Saint *Simplician*, purposely leaving *Sens*, a little on his left hand. Where waiting for his Brother *Vimory*, at the end of a pleasant Wood of his, a little mile from his house where he knew he was accustomed to walk alone by himself solitarily; He personating and acting the part of a poor begging Souldier, and counterfeiting his Tongue as well as his Beard and Apparell, with his Hat in his hand (espying his Brother) he goes towards him with an humble resolution, and requesteth an Almes of him. Which *Vimory* seeing and hearing, he in meer charity and compassion of him, because he saw him to be though a poor, yet a proper man, and which is more a Souldier, draws forth his purse and whiles he looks therein for some small piece of silver; *Harcourt* (as a Disciple of the Devil) very softly draws out his little Pistoll out of his left sleeve (which he covered with his Hat) and having charged it with two Bullets, he lets fly at him, and so shoots him in the trunck of his body, a little under the heart, of which two wounds he presently fell dead to the ground, being as unfortunate in his death, as his Brother was miserable and diabolically in giving it him, for he only fetched two groans, but had neither the power or happiness to speak one word. And the Devill (in the catastrophe of this mournfull Tragedy) was so strong with *Harcourts* as his malice towards his Brother *Vimory*, exceeded not only malice but rage and fury it self, for fearing he was not yet dead, he twice ran him thorow the body with his sword. When leaving his breathlesse body all goring in his hot reeking blood, he with all possible celerity takes his horse (which he had tyed (out of sight) to a tree not far off) and so with all possible speed gallops away to his now intended Wife *Masserina* at *Mascon*, who triumphs with joy at his relation of this good newes, the which to her, yea to them both, is equally pleasing and delectable. But God will not permit that these wretched joyes and triumphs of theirs shall last long.

This cruell murder of *Monsieur Vimory* is some two hours after known at his house and Parish of Saint *Simplician*, as also in the City of *Sens*, and so dispersed over all *Burgundy*, and the Murtherers narrowly sought after, but in vaine; *Harcourt* and *Masserina* meet with these reports at *Mascon*, but yet they hold it discretion and safety, a small time longer, to conceal themselves secretly in that Town, and so to suffer the heat of this newes to passe over, and be blown away. But at the end of two moneths *Harcourt* (setting a milk white face upon his bloody Fact) arrives at *Sens*, and from thence to his manor house of Saint *Simplician*, which now by the death of his Brother *Vimory*, who died without issue, wholly devolved and fell to him. Who having formerly played the Devill in murthering his said Brother, he now as infernally plaies the Hypocrite in mourning for his death, making so wonderfull an outward shew and demonstration of sorrow for the same, as he and all his servants being dighted in blacks. A moneth after he sends for his good Sister in Law *Masserina*, who comes home to him, and they seem so absolutely strange each to other, as if they had never seen one another during all the long time of their absence, and she likewise seemes to drown her self in her tears, and is likewise all in blacks for the death of her Husband; But God in his due time will pull off this their false mask, and detect and revenge both their horrible Sinnes of Adultery and Murther. Now as close as they conceale this their dishonourable flight and departure, yet it is discovered and found out, and held so odious, so foul, to all the Gentlemen and Ladies their Neighbours (who yet know nothing of their Murthers) as they disdain to welcome them home, or (which is lesse) to see them which they both are enforced with griefe to observe, as holding it to be the reflection of their own disgrace

grace and scandall, the which henceforth to prevent, they within two Moneths after, send for their Ghostly Fathers, as also for two Jesuits, and the Vicar of their Parish, and acquaint them with their desires and resolutions to marry: But these Ecclesiastique, affirme it to be directly opposite to the Rules and Canons of the holy Catholique Romans Church, for one Brother to marry the Widdow of another, as also against the written Law of God; and therefore they utterly seek both to perswade and dissuade them from it, as being wholly unlawfull, and ungodly, and so refuse to Consent thereto, much less to perform it without a dispensation from the Pope, or his *Nuntio* now resident at *Paris*. They cause the *Nuntio* to be dealt with about it, but he peremptorily refuseth it; But in favour of money, and strong friends, within three moneths they procure it from *Rome*, and so they are speedily married, now thinking, and withall beleiving and triumphing, that this their Nuptiall knot hath power to deface and redeem all their former Adulteries, and now wholly wiped off their disgrace and scandall with the World. And therefore in their own vain and impious conceits, are secure, and abound in wealth, delight, and pleasure; But as yet they have not made their peace with God.

Come we therefore first to the detection and discovery of these their bloody crimes of murther, and then to the condign punishments which they received for the same: Whereof the manner briefly is thus; It is many times the pleasure and providence of God, to punish one sin in and by another, yea and sometimes one sin for another the which we shall now see apparent in this bloody and hellish Italian Mountebanck *Tivoly*, who repairing to the great Faire of *Sens*. and there beginning to profess his Empery to a rich Goldsmiths Wife of that City named *Mounseigneur de Boys*, he the third day stole a small casket of Jewels and Rings from him out of a Cupboard, (the lock whereof he cunningly pickt, and shut again) valued at four thousand Crowns, and the same night fled upon that robbery towards *Mascon*, thinking there to put himself on the River of *Soan*, and so to slip down to *Lyons*, and from thence over the Alps into *Italy*. *De Boys* makes a speedy, and curious research for his thief, whom as yet hee could not find, or discover; When hearing of this Mountebanck *Tivoly* his suddain departure and flight, he takes him to be his thief pursues him in person, and within four leagues of *Mascon* apprehends him, (having to that end brought two Provosts (or Sheriffs) men with him in their Coats, with their Pistols at Saddle bow, to assist) him, *De Boys* finds many of the Jewels and Rings about *Tivoly*, and divers others wanting, the which he could never recover: So being brought back to *Sens*, he was first imprisoned, and then examined by the *Senshall* and the Procurer Fiscall: When having neither cause, nor colour to deny this robbery of his, he therefore freely confessed it, the Devill still assuring, or rather betraying his hopes, confidence, and Judgement; That it is very possible, and he thinks very probable and feaseable to corrupt his Judges with some of the Jewels which he had closely conceal'd and hid about him; But, he shall speedily see the contrary.

For they seeing this Italian Emperick (by his own confession) guilty of this great and remarkable robbery, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the same. So having a Cordelier (or Gray) Fryer, sent him that night to prison to prepare his soul for Heaven; He the next morning (according to his sentence of condemnation) is brought to execution: Where on the Ladder, he (to free his Conscience and Soul) doth constantly and sorrowfully confesse, that he had formerly poysoned *Madamoysele La Precouverte*, daughter to *Monsieur de La Vaquery* of *Troyes*, and that he was hired to do it by the Lady *Masserina*, of whom at *Pougges* he received two hundred and fifty Crowns and a small Saphir Ring to perform it, as also fifty Crowns more, which she gave him for his charges from *Nevers* to *Troyes*, and so he dies in the constant confession of this his foul and lamentable murther, and is hanged for his Robbery: and his body afterwards burnt for destroying and poysoning of this young Gentlewoman *Lay Precouverte*, whom many Gentlemen and Ladies there present well knew, and exceedingly bewayled, for the goodnesse of her sweet nature and pure beauty, as also for the excellency of her honourable perfections and religious vertues; And although the Spectators of this wretch *Tivoly* his death expected some speech from him, at the taking of his last farewell of this world, yet (besides his former confession he spake nothing but mumbled out some few words to himself, which were not understood; And thus he lived wretchedly as he dyed miserably, giving no testimony of his contrition or sorrow to the World, or any spark of grief, or repentance, towards God.

Now before his body was fully consumed to Ashes, This our Wretched and bloody Gentlewoman *Masserina*, together with her old Lover but new Husband *Harcourt*, are (by order of the Judges of *Sens*) apprehended and taken Prisoners in their own house of *Saint Simplician*, as they were walking and Kissing together, without any thought of danger, much less of death. They hereat look each on other with grief and astonishment, especially *Masserina*, who understanding (by some of those that apprehend them.) That it was the Italian Mountebank *Tivoly*, who at his Execution accused her, but not her Husband *Harcourt* for having and causing him to poyson her Sister *La Precouverte*, she then sees herself to be a dead Woman, and no hope left her in the World of her life, but every way a firm assurance and confidence of her death; yet seeing *Tivoly* dead, she resolves to stand upon her Justification. She is all in Tears at this her lamentable disaster, curseth the name and memory of *Tivoly* for ruining her, with himself, and now, when it is too late she blames her self of indiscretion, for neglecting, and not dealing effectually with *T I V O L Y* in Prison, to conceal this her fact and name.

As for her Husband *Harcourt*, he (knowing himself absolutely innocent of this murder, he grieves not for the death of his first Wife *La Precouverte*, but now extremely mourneth and lamenteth to think of this, of the second Wife *Masserina*, for live, he fears she cannot. He bids her yet be of good comfort, and whispereth her secretly in her Ear, that he will give all his estate and means to save her life, or else that he will dye with her; she thanks him with a world of sighs and tears, and rounds him as privately in his Ear with many deep Oaths and Affeuerations, that her tongue shall never dare to speak any one word or syllable to her Judges, which shall tend to the prejudice of his reputation, safety or life, and so they are by their apprehenders seperated; and then severally conveyed to the Prison of *Sens*, *Masserina* is first arraigned by the Judges, where (according to her former resolution) she (not with tears, but with high words and speeches) stands upon her Innocency and Justification, they inform her how strongly *Tivoly* at his death declared she had given him two hundred and fifty Crowns, a Saphir Ring, and fifty Crowns more to pay his charges at *Pugges*, and how he at her instigation, and in favour of this her Gold poysoned *La Precouverte* at her father *Monsieur La Vaqueris* house at *Troyes*, she terms *Tivoly* witch and devil, yea worse than a thousand devils. Thus to accuse her falsely of this murder of her sister *Precouverte*, whereof she vowes to God and the world, to Earth and Heaven, that she is as innocent as that damned Italian was guilty thereof; but the Judges (notwithstanding all these her great fumes and cracks) do presently condemne her to the rack, the which as soon as she saw and considered the sharp nature of those exquisite torments, then God was so merciful to her soul by his grace, though she was not so heretofore to her body by the perpetration of her foul sins, that she would not permit her tender dainty limbs to be exposed to the misery of those cruel tortures, but then and there confesseth her self to be the author of poysoning *La Precouverte* her sister, as *Tivoly* was the actor thereof, when being here by her Judges farther demanded whether her last husband *Harcourt* were not likewise accessary with her in poysoning of his first wife *La Precouverte*, she with much assurance and constancy cleers him hereof, and is so kind and loving to him, as she speaks not a word to them, of his pistolling to death of her Husband his Brother *Vimory*: So for this her foul and bloody fact of hers she is condemned to be hanged the next morning and for that night again returned to Prison, where she and her sorrowfull Husband, make great sute to the Judges that they may for a short time see and speak one with the other, but it will not be granted them: When *Harcourt* being as confident of his own life, as he was of his wifes death, makes secret proffer (by some friends of his) to the Judges of all his Lands and demanded to save his wife, but they (resembling themselves) do so much fear GOD, and reverence and honour the sacred Name of Justice, as they are deaf to his requests.

The next morning (according to her sentence) she is brought to the place of her Execution, but (at her earnest and importunate request) so early, that very few people were present at her death, where being ascended the Ladder, she there again cursed the name, and execrated the memory of that wretched Villain *Tivoly*, and wished much prosperity and happiness to her Husband *H A R C O U R T*,
when

when turning her Eye about, and seeing a Cosen Germain of his there present named *Monsieur de Pierpoint*, she calls him to her, and is so vain at this last period (as it were) of her life, as she takes off her Glove and Bracelet from her right hand and Arm, and prays him to deliver it to his Cousin and her Husband *Harcourt*, and to assure him from her that she died, his most loving and constant Wife, which *Monsieur Pierpoint* faithfully promised her to perform, then a Subordinat Officer of Justice being there to see her dye, tells her that he was now commanded by the Judges his Superiours, to tell her, that she being now to leave Earth, and so ready to ascend into Heaven, they prayed her in the name and fear of God to declare to all those who were present, if her Husband *Harcourt*, yea or no, had any hand, or were knowing or accessary, with her in the poisoning of his first Wife *La Precouverte*, and that she should do piously and Christianly to discover the truth thereof, which would undoubtedly tend to Gods glory, and the salvation of her own soul: when she solemnly vowed to him, and to all the people, that her Husband *H A R C O U R T* never knew, nor in thought, word, word, or deed, was any way accessary knowing or consenting with her or *Tivoly*, in poisoning of his Wife, and this which she now spake was the pure truth, as she hoped for Heaven; And now after a few tears, she most vainly and idly fell praying and commending of him, especially how tenderly and dearly he loved her; with other ridiculous and impertinent speeches tending that way, which I hold (every way) unworthy of my mention and repetition (but had not the grace, either to look up to Heaven, or to God with repentance, or the goodness to look down into her own heart, conscience or soul, with contrition and sorrow for all those her foul Adulteries and Murthers; Neither to pray to God for her self, or to request those who were present to pray to God for her; And so she was turned over, all wondring and grieving at her bloody crime, and therefore some few lamenting or sorrowing for this her infamous death: But she there speaks not a word, or the shadow of a word, either of her Husband *Harcourts* pistolling to death of his Brother her first Husband *Vimory*, or of her knowledge thereof or consent thereunto.

Now though *Harcourt* seemed outwardly very sorrowfull for this shamefull death of his wife *Masserina*, yet he is inwardly exceeding Joyfull, that her silence at her death, of murdering his Brother *Vimory*, hath preserved his life with his reputation, and his reputation with his life; Whereupon being the day freed and acquitted by the Judges of *Sens*; both of his pretended crime, as also of his imprisonment; He composing his countenance equally betwixt joy and sorrow, returns to his house of *Saint Simplician*, where now thinking himself absolutely discharged and cleared of all these his former Adulteries, as also of his late cruell murdering of his Brother; He within two (or at most within three moneths after his wife *Masserinaes* Execution casts off his mourning apparell, (which he wore for her death) and neither thinking of his soul or his conscience, or of Heaven or hell, he flants and froliques it out in brave apparell, and because he is now fortunatly arrived to be chief Lord and Master of a great estate both in Lands and mony, therefore he thinks it not his pride, but his glory, and not his vanity but his generosity to delight and put himself now into farr richer Apparell than ever formerly he had done, whereof all the Gentlemen his Neighbours, yea, all the City of *Sens*, (with no little wonder) took especiall notice thereof; Yea he is so far from once dreaming or thinking either of his murdering of his Brother *Vimory*, or of the deplorable and untimely ends of his two Wives, as with much vanity, and with farr more hast then discretion or consideration, he now speedily resolves to take and marry a third. But his hopes will deceive him; because God in his sacred Justice and Judgments will deceive his hopes.

For, when he thinks himself secure and safe, not only from the danger, but likewise from the suspicion of any fatall or disastorous accident which can possibly befall him; then, the triumphant power of Gods revenge will both suddenly and soundly surprize him. His honest man *Noell*, (with an observant eye, and a conscionable, and sorrowfull heart) hath heard of *La Precouvertes* poisoning, and of *Vimories* pistolling to death, and hath likewise seen the hanging both of *Tivoly*, and of his last Mistris *Masserina*. In all which severall accidents, as one way he wondreth at the malice of Satan: So another way he cannot but infinitely admire and applaud the just Jndgments of the Lord: He likewise knows what his Master *Harcourt* is to him and he to his Master, and in time of his service and attendance under him, what different and severall passages of business and secrets have past between them: He hath remarked farr more vices then vertues in his Master, whereat he much grieveth, but he was infinitely more enforced then desirous either to see or know them, and this again doth exceedingly rejoyce him: He

well knows that fidelity is the glory of a servant, and yet it is a continuall sensible grief to his heart, and vexation to his soul, to see that his master serves God no better: He doth not desire to know things (which concern his said Master) whereof he is ignorant, but doth wish and pray to God that he were ignorant of many things which he knows, and of more which he fears; and being very often perplexed in his mind with the reluctation of these different causes and their as different effects, He cannot but in the end satisfie himself with this resolution: That as *Harcourt* is his Earthly Master, so God is his Heavenly Master. But here betides an unexpected and unwished Accident to this *Noell*, which will speedily try of what temper and metall both himself, his heart, his conscience and his soul is made, and what infinite disparity there is betwixt Earth and Heaven.

By the pleasure and visitation of God, He is suddenly taken extream sick of a pestilent Feaver, but not in his Master *Harcourt's* house, but in his own Fathers house, who dwelt some four leagues thence at a parish called *Saint Lazare*, and his Physician yeelding him a dead man, he, as a religious Roman Catholick, takes the extream Unction, and then prepares himself to dye: But he is so morall, and so good a Christian, as (the premises considered) hee resolves to carry his conscience pure, and his Soul white and unspotted to Heaven. He prays his Father therefore, that he will speedily ride to *Sens* (in whose Jurisdiction *Saint Lazare* was) and to pray two of the three Judges to come over to him, for that he hath a great Secret to reveal them now on his death-bed, which conduceth to the glory of God, the service of the King, and the good of his own soul. His Father accordingly rides to *Sens*, and brings two of those Judges speedily with him to his Sons beds side, to whom (in presence of three or four more of his Fathers Neighbours) he, very sick in body, but perfectly sound in mind, tels them, that his Master *Harcourt* would (heretofore) have had him pistoll his Brother *Vimory* to death, and profered him two hundred Crowns in mony, and forty Crowns Annuity during his life to perform it, but he refused it, and knowing the said *Mounseigneur de Vimory* to be since murthered by a Pistoll, he therefore verily believes, that it is either his said Master, or some other for him, which is guilty of that lamentable murther, the true detection whereof (he sayes) he leaves to God and to them, and within half an hour after, (yea before they were departed his Fathers house) this *Noell* dies.

Hereupon, these Judges wondring at the providence of God, in the evidence of this dying man for the discovery of this lamentable murther, They speedily send away their Officers, who apprehend *Harcourt* in his own house of *Saint Simplician*, carousing and frolicking it in his best Wine, in Company of three or four of his deboshed Consorts and Companions, and so they bring him to *Sens*: Where lying in Prison that night, the next morning the Judges of that City cause him to be arraigned before them; and Charge him with pistolling of his Brother *Mounseigneur de Vimory* to death, which (fortified and armed by the Devill) he strongly and stoutly denies; they read his man *Noells* dying Evidence against him, to prove it: So they adjudge him the fiery torment of the Scorpions, for the vindication of this truth, the which he endureth with a wonderfull fortitude and constancy, and still denies. When their heart being prompted from Heaven, and their soules from God, That he was yet the undoubted murtherer of his Brother, they the second time adjudged him to the rack, whereon permitting himself to be fastened, and the tormenters giving a good touch at him, God is more mercifull to his soul, than his Tortures are to his body, and so with tears in his eyes, he confesseth that it was hee which Pistolled his Brother *Vimory* to death, and which afterwards ran him twice thorow the body with his Rapier: Whereupon for this bloody and unnaturall fact of his, His Judges (without any regard to his extraction or quality) condemn him the next afternoon between four and five of the Clock, to be broken alive on the wheel at the publike place of execution. Some few Gentlemen his Kinsfolk sollicite his reprivall, because as yet they despair not of his pardon, but their labours prove vain, and they purchase no reputation in seeking it, for now all *Sens* and the adjacent Country cry sic on him, and on his soul and enormous Crimes of Adultery and Fratricide.

So the next day, (at the hour and place appointed) he is brought to his Execution, where a mighty concourse of people, both of *S E N S* and the Adjacent Country, flock to see this Monster of nature take his last farewell of this World. Being mounted on the Scaffold, in a Tawny Sattin sute with a Gold Edge, Hee confesseth himself guilty of murthering his Brother *Vimory*, and yet he gives farr more for the death of his last Wife *Masserina* than he doth for that of his first, *La Precouverte*: Hee demaads forgiveness

forgiveness of God, and the World for this his soul crime of Fratricide, and prays all who are there present to pray to Almighty God for the salvation of his soul, and that they become more charitable and Religious, and less bloody and prophane, by his example. So commending his soul unto God, his body to the Earth from whence it came, and marking himself three or four times with the sign of the Cross, he willingly suffers the Executioner to fasten his Leggs and Armes upon the Wheel, the which as soon he breaks with his Iron Barr, untill he have seized upon death, and death on him.

And thus was the wretched lives, and miserable, and yet deserved deaths of these our cruell and inhumane, graceless Murtherers; and in this manner did the Triumphs of Gods Revenge justly surprize them to their shame, and cut them off to their Confusion. May we read this History to Gods glory, and as often meditate thereon to our own particular reformation and instruction.

John Watson Born November

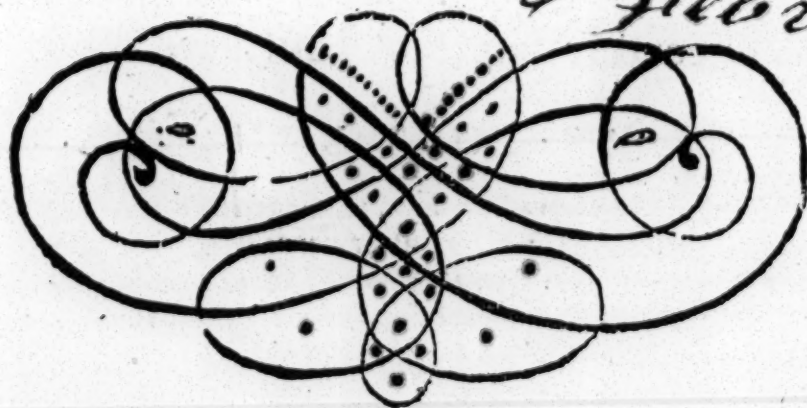
14th Dec. 1767

David of Barn Sarah Born ^{Gods}

March 1767

Sarah Watson Born

9th February 1768
1775





Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVIII.

Romeo (the Lacque of Borlary) kills Radegonda, the Chamber-maid of the Lady Felisanna in the street, and is hanged for the same; Borlary afterwards bireth Castruchio (an Apothecary) to poyson her Husband Scignior Planze, for the which Castruchio is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and Borlary is beheaded, and then burnt.

IT is a thousand griefs, and pitties, to see Christians who are honoured with that glorious title and appellation, should so wilfully and wretchedly lose it, by imbrewing their guilty hands in the innocent bloud of their Christian Brethren, and thereby to bereave our selves of that rich ornament, and inestimable Jewell, which God (in his Son Christ Jesus) hath lent us for the planting of our Faith; and given us for the extirpation of our prophaneſs, and rooting out of our Impiety. But this is the subtle malice, and malicious subtilty of Satan, (the professed enemy, and Arch-Traytor of our soules) as also of his infernall Agents and Factors, who thereby make themselves fire-brands and incendiaries of their own felicity and safety. And because the examples of the wicked, do strike apprehension and fear to the godly, and that the punishments and death of murtherers, doth fortifie the Charity, and foment and confirm the Innocency of the living. Therefore (for that Reason, and to this end) I have purposely given this next History a place in my Book, wherein we shall see Choller, Malice, and Revenge, to act many deplorable and bloody parts; Let us read it with a zealous fear and a Christian fortitude, and so we shall assuredly hate this foul and crying Sinn in others, and religiously, and constantly avoid it in our selves.

The

The foundation of this History, is laid in the fair and famous City of *Verona*, (antiently a great Colony of the Romans, since a free estate of it self, but now dependant and subject to the Estate and Seignior of *Venice*) wherein their lately dwelt an old Gentleman being a Widdower, and one of the chiefeft and nobleft families of that City, named Seignior *Fabritius Miniata*, who was rich in Lands, but exceeding wealthy in mony, (whereof he had put a great and remarkable Sum in the bank of *Venice*) he had one only Child, a daughter of some eighteen years of age, named *Dona Felisanna*, who was wonderfull fair, and a most lovely sweet Creature, tall and slender of stature, of yellow Golden hair, and sanguine damask Rose Complexion; Now as her beauty was every way answerable to her birth and extraction, no less were her singular vertues and sweet perfections to her beauty, and as wealth, beauty and vertue concurring and meeting together, are three powerfull lures, and attractive Adamants to draw the desires and affections of many noble Gentlemen to seek her in marriage; So two of her chief Suitors and who chiefly flattered their hopes to injoy this sweet and precious Jewell of nature, and who stood in best possibility to bear away her affection and her self, was Seignior *Thomas Planeze*, a brave young Gentleman of the Neighbour City of *Mantova*, of a sweet presence, and proper comely feature, of some twenty five years old, not very rich, yet endued with competent means to maintain himself like himself, but infinitely well bred, and adorned and honoured with all those generous parts and endowments which are requisite to make the Gallants of our times compleat, and the other Seignior *Iuan de Borlari*, a very rich Gentleman of the same City of *Verona*, a proper man of countenance, but of personage some what crook-backed, and much Camber-legged, and drawing towards forty years of age; but of education, conditions and qualities so ignorant and incivill, as he seemed to be rather a Citizen than a Gentleman, or indeed, more a clown than a Citizen, and yet otherwise of metall and courage enough. And that we may the more apparently see, and perfectly know, upon what terms they both stand, as well in the opinion of the Father, as the affection of the Daughter; *Miniata* is infinitely desirous of *Borlari* for his Son-in-law, but not of *Planeze*, and *Felisanna* is exceedingly affected to take *Planeze* for her Husband, but not *Borlari*; which they both perceiving, whiles *Borlari* intends to seek the affection and consent of the Father before that of the Daughter; *Planeze* shapes a contrary course, resolves to seek and prefer that of the Daughter before the Father, the regard of *Borlari* his wealth, and of *Planezes* poverty with covetous *Miniata* like a furious stream, or impetuous Torrent, beats down all other regards and considerations before it. But the consideration and respect of *Borlari* his deformed personage, and then that of *Planezes* sweet feature and deportment with amorous *Felisanna*, as a delicious charm, and heart-lavishing extasie, sweeps away all other regards and respects whatsoever. The Father bids *Borlari* to be couragious and cheerfull, and then he shall not fail to have his Daughter for his Wife; But the Daughter wills *Planeze* to be discreet and constant, and then she will not fail to take him for her Husband; *Miniata* to shew his love to *Borlari*, forbids *Planeze* his house, and the company of his daughter; *Felisanna* to reveal her dear and fervent affection to *Planeze*, assureth him he shall often enjoy both her sight and company, but confidently if not penitently, prohibits *Borlari* to approach her presence. Thus whiles *Borlari* often frequenteth and converseth with the Father publicly, no less, or indeed farr oftner doth *Planeze* privately and whiles the first hath more cause to despair, than reason to hope of her affection and consent to be his wife: the second hath all the reasons and causes of the world, not only to hope but to assure himself thereof; But the patience of a little time, will shortly resolve our curiosity, whereunto these different affections will tend, and what the event and issue will be of these their opposite intentions and resolutions.

But because the ambition and wisdom of *Borlari* will make it conspicuous and apparant to his Mistres, That there is much difference betwixt him, and *Planeze* as there is between herself, and her Chamber-maid *Radegonda*; He therefore seeing that he cannot hitherto gain her by the perswasion of her Father, now hopes and attempts it by this her maids sollicitation; as holding her to be a fit instrument for the compassing of his desires, and a proper Agen for the perfecting and crowning of his wishes, because his best genius and intelligence in form thim, that she hath a great power and bears a great stroke and sway with her Mistres: But we shall shortly see, and he too soon find the contrary, and that these his ill grounded hopes and undervaluing attempt of his, will both deceive his ambition, and betray his wisdom and judgement. Now to gain this her chamber-maid *Radegonda* to his will, that thereby with the more facility and cheerfulness, she may obtain him her Mistres; her favour and affection: He bribes,

bribes her with silver and Gold, and many other gifts, if not too costly for his giving, yet I am sure too rich for her receiving, and in requitall thereof she with her tongue promiseth him her best power and assistance towards her Mistress, but in her heart intends the contrary, which is directed to betray him; He sends likewise by her to his love, and her Mistress divers curious rich presents and two Letters, and prays her to take time at advantage, and so to deliver them to her from him; the which likewise she faithfully promiseth, but yet intends nothing less, so she holds it rather a vertue than a vice, to keep these presents for her self, and to give the Letters to his Corrivall *Planeze*, to whom (by solemn Oath) she had formerly ingaged her best art and power, and her chiefest assistance. Which policy, or rather which fallacy of hers is not so secretly born betwixt *Planeze* and her self, but *Borlari* (by some finister accidentall means) hath perfect notice thereof, which he takes so unkindly at *Radegondaes* hands, as (consulting more with passion then reason) his heart is so inflamed with Choller, and his resolution with revenge against her, that (impatient of all delays) he sends for her one afternoon to meet him at th' Amphitheatre, and from thence goes with her to the next street to a friends house of his, where ascending a Chamber and bolting the door within side to him, he (with choler and threats) chargeth her with this her ingratefull infidelity and treachery toward him; when drawing all the truth from her, by making herself a witness against her self, as well of the delivery of his Letters to *Planeze*, as also of keeping her presents for her self, and that her Mistress and he are solemnly contracted each to other: He there in meer revenge to her, and in malice and disdain to her Mistress, pulls off her head attire, and very basely and violently cuts away all her hair, and throws it into the fire, notwithstanding that *Radegonda* first fell on her knees, and with infinit tears and prayers besought him to the contrary: But as he hath made it an act of his revenge to *Radegonda*, and of his disdain to her Lady, his unkind Mistress *Felisanna*, so he now likewise resolves to make it one of his justifications to the world. Poor *Radegonda* is all in tears and choller at this her disgracefull accident received of *Borlari*, and no less, but rather farr more is her young Lady and Mistress *Felisanna*, the grief of the one ingendring the choller of the other, yea this ignoble and malicious fact of his doth so deeply strike in her heart and mind, and so extreemly exasperateth her against him, as she makes her lover *Planeze* acquainted therewith, who (notwithstanding her Fathers prohibition) was then descended his Coach and ascended the *Parlor* to visit her. *Planeze* wondreth and grieves at this incivill and base indignity of *Borlari* towards *Radegonda*, which he every wayes sees can no way but reflect on the other part of himself *Felisanna*, and so consequently on himself: When (being in her presence) the passions of his affliction, and the fumes of his revenge so farr eclipse and transport his judgement, as he freely profereth her his Sword, and self, to right *Radegondaes* wrong on the person and life of *Borlari*, the which courtesie and noble affection and respect of his *Felisanna* takes most lovingly and kindly of him, but yet loves him so tenderly and dearly, that by no means she will permit him to ingage; much less to hazard himself in this triviall quarrell; which being (as she affirmed) more feminine then masculine, did therefore more properly belong to her own deciding and requitall, the which (in that regard) she prayed him wholly to leave and referre to herself.

Borlari (by some of *Miniataes* domestique servants, whom in favour of mony he hath made to be his friendly Spies and intelligencers) hearers hereof, and especially takes notice of *Planezes* forwardnes to fight with him for the quarrell of a poor Chamber-maid, so seeing that he could hope for nothing but for despair in his affection from *Felisanna*, he takes this so ill from *Planeze*, who although he be his rivall and competitor, yet being in a manner but a stranger to him) that he cannot, he will not be outbraved by this *Mantovesse* in any point of courage or valour, and therefore to prevent his insulting and daring Generosity, and to give him a touch and tast of his own: He the next morning by his lacque *Romeo* sends him this Challenge.

BORLARY to PLANEZE.

IN regard thou couldest not content thy self to bereave me of the Lady *Felisanna*, whose sweet beauty and vertues are by farr more dear and pretious to me then my life, but that (with much ostentation and malice) thou likewise makest it thy Trophee and Glory, to offer her the sacrifice of my death, only for the triviall respect of her Chamber-maids hair; Therefore because thou makest so small an esteem of my life; My reputation invites, and mine honour conjures me to see what care thou wilt have for the defence and preservation of thine own. To which end, I pray thee to meet mee to morrow (betwixt five and six of the clock in the afternoon) with thy single Rapier without seconds, in

in the first meadow without the Vinsensa gate of this City, where I will attend thy arrivall, with much zeal and impatiency Thou art Noble enough to be so generous, and I generous enough to try if thou wilt appear, and approve thy self so Noble.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* well knowing *Romeo* to be *Borlari* his Lacquie, and seeing him deliver a letter to her lover *Planeze*, which she feareth to be some challenge, she thereat (adorning and beautifying her lilly cheeks with a Roseat blush) prayes him to tell her what *Borlary* his letter contained; When (his own honour getting the supremacy of his affection towards her) he tels her, that *Borlari* therein only requested him, to meet him the next day in the *Domo* (which is the Cathedrall Church of that City, dedicated to *Saint Athanasius*) the which he is now going to grent him in his answer. But *Felisanna*, still jealous and fearfull) prayes him to shew her those two Letters, which he pleasantly puts off with some kisses, and yet her bloud and heart so freezeth within her with fear, as she useth the best power of her art, and the chiefeft Art of her affection, to conjure him not to fall out, muchless to fight with *Borlary* at their meeting in the Church. *Planeze* tells her he is too irreligious to be so prophane, to disdain and pollute that sacred place with the effusion of Christian bloud, because it is the Temple of Prayer, the house of God, and therefore every way fitter for a peacefull attonement and reconciliation, than for a contentious quarrell, now (as the malice of men is finite, but of women infinite) *Felisanna* seeing her *Planeze* going to write his Letter, revenge and choller being then extravagantly predominant in her looks and resolutions, she hastily steps down into a Chamber next to the Garden, where she sends for *Borlaries* Lacquie *Romeo*, and causeth three of her Grooms (whom she had purposely placed there by force and violence to cut off his right Ear; which they presently do, notwithstanding that he used a thousand intreaties and prayers to her to divert her from this her unworthy and malicious fact, and then hastily departing from him, she spake this to him: Tell thy Master *Borlari*, that I have caused thine ear to be cut off, to requite the affront and disgrace which he offered me in cutting off my Chamber-maid *Radegondaes* hair.

Planeze having secretly to himself read *Borlari* his challenge: He thinks so honourably of himself, and so disgracefully of him, as he not a little wondreth to see, that he hath the courage to write to him, muchless the resolution to fight with him; When grieving that he cannot now have the felicity and honour to make tryall of his valour to himself, and affection to his Mistress upon a more generous spirit, and nobler personage then *Borlari*, he accepts his challenge, and in this answer promisseth him to meet him and perform it, the which he honourably conceals from *Felisannaes* fear and jealousy, and so sealing up his Letter, he goes down to deliver it to *Borlary* his Lacquie, and resolves to dispeed and hasten his return, but contrary to his expectation he finds this Lacquie *Romeo* bitterly storming and weeping; and so demanding the cause thereof, he then and there by a Gentleman his servant, is first informed of the Laquies disgrace, and of the manner thereof as we have understood; *Planeze* is wonderfully grieved at this disastrous accident, but love prescribes so powerfull a law to his discretion, as he is inforced to bear up with the time and so to dissemble it, and when in the language of a victory and a triumph *Felisanna* acquaints him therewith; he holds it discretion, rather to wink at it, and dissemble it with silence; then to remember it with choller or reprehension towards her; So he to acquit his ignorance, reputation, and honour hereof towards *Borlari*, calls his Lacquie again, and vows and protesteth to him, as he is a Gentleman that he is free from being any way knowing or accessory to this his disgrace and disaster, and bids him to assure his Master from him, that he is every way Innocent hereof, the which he would have signified to him in writing, but that his Letter was sealed before he knew it, and so giving him some crowns to wash down his anger and sorrow, he then takes leave of him.

Romeo sayes little but thinks the more, and as he disdaineth to bewray any appearance of grief hereat, so he cannot cloak that of his choller nor overvaile or smother that of revenge, in their fatall effects, which time will too soon produce.

Romeo in great hast and more choller, arrives to his Master *Borlaries* presence, gives him *Planezes* Letter, who very speedily and hastily breaking up the seals thereof finds therein these lines.

PLANEZE

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

I Acknowledge it to be rather thy misfortune then my merits that induceth the fair and vertuous Lady Felisanna to give her affection to mee, and not to thy self, the which as a rich treasure, and pretious Jewell I do not only esteem equall to my life, but a thousand degrees above it, and therefore it was with much affection and zeal to her, and with no ostentation or malice to thy self, that I tendered her my best service, to right her of the ignoble wrong which thou didst offer to her Chamber-maid Radegonde. In which regard, because thou purposely givest a sinister construction to my intent therein and art so ambitiously resolute to hazard thy honour and life in hope of the loss of mine, I do therefore freely and cheerfully accept of thy challenge, and my impatience and zeal shall anticipate thine before I perform it, wherein if my Rapier give not the lie to my bloud, my misfortune to my Rapier, thou shalt find mee enough noble and generous to attempt this duell for thy sake, and to finish those of greater danger for the Lady Felisannas sake, who I freely profess is the Empress of my affections, and till death shall be the Queen Regent of my desires and wishes.

PLANEZE.

Borlari hath no sooner perused and ore-read this Letter of Planeze, but finding his challenge accepted, he is exceeding glad and joyfull thereof, as if his glory consisted in his shame, and his safety in his danger: Then his Lacque Romeo acquaints him with his disgrace acted, faith he, wholly by Dona Felisanna, and no way as he vows and thinks by the consent or knowledge of Planeze, and so relates all that he and she charged him to report unto him: The which Borlari hearing and understanding, he extreemly stoms to see his own affront and disgrace, offered and brought home unto him in that of his Lacque: When having other affairs and business in his head, he contents himself for that time to give him some Gold, thereby the sooner to make him forget the loss of his Ear, which his locks better than his looks could now over-vaille and cover.

These two inconsiderat Gentlemen, (being infinitely more ambitious to preserve their honours than their lives, and more carefull of their reputations towards the foolish people of the world, than of their soules towards God) are now fitting of their Rapiers and Chirurgions, to dispatch this their rash enterprise and irreligious business, and it is not the least part of Planezes discretion and care to play the Mercury, and now to blind the Argus eyes of Felisannas fear and vigilancy, and how to see a beginning and end to this duell with his generosity and fame, that he be no way disturbed or prevented by her in the performance thereof: The prefixed hour being come, Borlary (with his Chirurgeon) as Challenger, comes first into the field, I mean into the Meadow, the designed place and theatre where they intend to act this their bloody Tragedy, and he hath not stayed halfe a quarter of an hour, but Planeze the Challenged arrives there likewise with his Chirurgion: When their malice is so furious, and their courages so inflamed each against other, as passing over their saluting ceremonies without a ceremony, they putting themselves into their shirts, do both of them draw, and so approach each other. At their first comming up, Planeze runs Borlari through the left thigh, and Borlari him in the right shoulder, and the sight of their scarlet bloud upon their white shirts doth rather revive than quench their courages: At their second meeting, Borlary runs Planeze into the right arm of a large and deep wound, and Planeze dies not in debt for it, but requites it with a dangerous one in the small of his belly, which went near to prove mortall, for it fetcht much blood from him, made him to begin to faint and stagger, so being both of them well near out of breath, they make a stand to breath and take the benefit of the air, but their hearts and animosity are so great, as they will not as yet desist or leave off, but now begin a fresh to redouble their blows and courages, and here they traverse their ground to gain the advantage of the Sun: with farr more advisement and discretion then before. Now at this their third comming up, Borlary presents Planeze a furious thrust, but he very actively and nimbly wards it off him, and in exchange runs Borlari into the neck, a little wide of his throat bole: whereat Planeze instantly closing with him, he fairly attempted to whip up his heels, but that Borlary his strength prevented Planezes agility: when each having the other by the collar of their shirts with one hand, and their Rapiers in the other, as they are striving and struggling together, God (more out of his gracious goodness and mercy than of their desires and wishes) is pleased that neither of them shall for this time dye. For the Earl of Lucerne riding poast (with three Gentlemen in his company) from Venice towards Turin, chanced to espie and see them in the meadow, almost all covered over with sweat, bloud, and dust, when he and they leaping from their Horses, he very honourably and charitably runs to them and parts them; offering

offering them his best power and a pretty-parcell of his time, to end and shut up their differences in a friendly attonement and reconciliation, but so inveterat and strong (by this time) is their malice each to other, as he found it no way feascable but impossible to effect it: So this brave and honourable Earl contents himself, to reconduct and see them safe into the City, where privately leaving them to their future fortunes, he again takes horse away. Our two Duellists having first thanked him for his noble Courtesie towards them, but otherwise they are exceedingly grieved to see the Victory puld out of their hands, for the vanity and impiety of either of them flattered and bounded their hopes, with no less ambition and felicity, then each their own life, and either of them the death of his adversary. But as they are gratefull to the Earl of *Lucerni* for this his honourable courtesie towards them; yet they are so irreligious as they look not up to Heaven, nor once have the grace to think on God, much less to thank his divine Majesty, for now so mercifully and so graciously withdrawing them as it were from out the very jaws of death; but still they retain their malice, and cherish and foment their revenge each to other, especially *Borlary* to *Planeze*, for it is a continuall privat grief and a secret Corrafive to his content and mind, to see that he is inforced to wear the Willow Garland, and that *Planeze* must bear away his fair and beautifull Mistris *Felisanna* from him: But we will for a little time, leave them to their thoughts, and their thoughts to God, and so again speak of *Romeo*, the Lacquie of *Borlary*, who as a wretched and most execrable villain comes now to act a bloody and wofull part in this History.

For we must here understand, that this lewd Lacquie *Romeo*, is so extremely incensed with choller and inraged with malice against the Lady *Felisanna* for the loss of his Ear, as (being seduced and encouraged by the Devill) he was once of the mind to have murdered her in the street, the very first time he had met or seen her; but then again respecting his Master *Borlary*, whom he knew affected her tenderly and dearly, he forsook that oppinion of his, and resolved to wreak his wrath and indignation upon her three servants, who were the Actors of cutting off his Ear, as he was the Author thereof; But then again remembering that he knew them not, nor any of them for that they were all purposely masked and disguised; He then swaps a bargain with the Devill, and the Devill with him, that the storm of this his malice and revenge should assuredly fall on *Radegonda* her Chamber-maid, from whom it originally proceeded, and from this resolution he is so execrably prophane and bloudy, as he vows that neither Heaven or Earth, God or man shall divert him.

But as Envy cannot prove so pernicious an enemy to others as to her self, so revenge will in the end assuredly make us as miserable, as first it falsely promised to make us happy.

Romeo continueth still resolute in his rage, and implacable in his revenge towards *Radegonda* (and yet poor innocent harmless soul, she was not so much as guilty of a bad thought muchless of a bad action or office towards him; and therefore lest deserving this his revenge;) when waiting many nights for her, as she issued forth in the street in her Ladies errands, he at last in a dark night found her, and there slew her with his Rapier, giving her four severall wounds, wherof he mought have spared the three last, because the very first was mortall, and thereupon betook himself to his heels and fled through the streets, where the people flocked together at the report and knowledge of this lamentable Murther, but God is so exasperated at this foul and lamentable fact of his, as (in his Starr-chamber of Heaven) he hath ordained and decreed, that *Romeo* shall instantly receive condign punishment for the same as not deserving to survive it, for running through the streets to provide for his safety and life. He at last took the River of *Addice*, near the old Castle, where thinking to swim over to the other side, or to hide himself in some of the Mill-boats, he was discovered by the Sentinells (for the Watch was already set) and the news of this murther was by this time resounding and ecchoing in all parts of the City. The Souldiers of the Castle suspected him to be the murtherer, they send a Boat after him and apprehend him; so by the criminall Judges he is committed to Prison for that night, and being the next morning accused by *Seignior Miniata* by way of torture, and the Lady *Felisanna* his Daughter by legall order for the murdering of her Chamber-maid *Radegonda*, he without any thought of fear, or shew of sorrow or repentance, freely confesseth it, for the which he is presently condemned to be hanged, and the same day after dinner he was accordingly dispatched and executed, notwithstanding that his Master *Borlary*, used his best friends and power, yea and proffered two hundred zechins to save him. Thus we see there was but one poor night between *Romeos* taking away *Radegondas* life, and loosing of his own, and between her murdering and his hanging; At his execution he spake not a word either of the losse of his Ear by the Lady *Felisanna*, or of that of *Radegondas* hair by his Master *Borlary*, whereat both of them exceedingly rejoyce, and no less doth *PLANEZE*.

But for the other speeches which this bloody Foot-man delivered on the Ladder at his execution, they were either so ungodly, or so impertinent, as the relation thereof no way deserves my pen, or my Readers knowledge.

And here to leave the dead Servant *Romeo*, return we again to speak of his living Master *Borlary*: who after he had spent much time and labour, and as I may say, ran his invention and wit out of breath, to seek to prevent that *Planeze* might not marry the fair *Felisanna* hath notwithstanding, to his matchless grief, and unseparable sorrow seen that it is all bootless and in vain, for by this time she, through the importunity of her tears and Prayers hath obtained her Father *Miniataes* consent, to take and enjoy *Seignior Planeze*, for her Husband: when to both their hearts delight and content, they are solemnly married in *Verona*, and in that height of pomp and bravery as is requisite to their noble rank and quality; When *Planeze* the more to please his new wife leaves *Mantova*, and wholly builds up his residence in *Verona* with her, and in her Father *Miniataes* house, who never hated him so much heretofore, as now he deeply affects and loves him, and to say and write the truth, he well deserved that affection of the Father, and this love of the Daughter; sith the lustre and vertue of his actions made it apparant to all *Verona*, yea to all *Italy*, that he proved a most kind and loving Husband to the one, and a most obedient, and respective Son in Law to the other.

Now although *Felisanna* be thus married to *Planeze*, yet the affection of *Borlary* to her, is still so farr from fading or withering thereat, as it reviveth and flourisheth at the sight of her pure and delicate beauty; for those golden tresses of her hair, those splendant raies of her sparkling eyes, and those delicious Lillies and Roses of her cheeks do a& such wonders in his heart, and his heart in his resolutions; that his lust ecclipsing his judgement, and outbraving his discretion he cannot, he will not refrain, to try if he can yet procure and get her to be his friend though not his wife; and so futurely to obtain that curtesie from her by the eye, which formerly he knew it impossible for him to get by the maine. To which end his affection or rather his folly giving no truce to his thoughts, nor peace to his mind, because both the one and the other were still ranging and ruminating on *Felisannas* sweet Idea, and delicious feature; He enters into a consideration and consultation with himself, whether he should bewray his amorous flame to her by himself or by some other, or either by his pen or his tongue; when after he had proposed and exchanged many poor reasons and triviall Motives *Pro* and *Con*, he at last resolves on the last, which is to do it by Letters, when hying himself to his Closet, he traceth her these lines, which by a confident friend of his he forthwith sends her.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

I Will crave no other witness but my self, of my fervent love and constant affection to thee; for none can better testifie, how I alwayes made it my chiefest Care and Ambition to make the dignity of my zeal answerable to that of thy beauty; and that this might be as truly Immortal, as that is divinely rare and rarely excellent, which to confirm, I have sealed it with some bloud, but with more tears, so that although thou hast given thy affection from me to *Planeze*, yet my heart and soul tells me it is impossible to give mine to any but to the Lady *Felisanna*. And because thou canst not be my wife, therefore I pray be pleased to resolve to live my friend, as in requitall I do dy thy Servant. I confess I am not worthy of thy affection, much less to enjoy the sweet fruit thereof, thy sweet self; yet because I cannot be more thine than I am, therefore I pray thee make thy self as much mine as thou maiest be. Thy heart shall not be a truer Secretary to our affections then my tongue, and for the times and places of our meetings, I wholly referr it to thy will and pleasure, which mine shall ever carefully attend, and religiously obey. I send thee my whole heart inclosed in this Letter, and if thou vouchsafest to return me a piece of thine in exchange, Heaven my, but Earth cannot cross our affection.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* receives this letter with much wonder, and ore-reads it with more contempt and Choller, for if she disdained *Borlary* and his affection when she was a Maid, much more doth she now when God and her Husband have made her a wife: Once she was of opinion to have thrown this his letter into the fire, and have answered it with disdain and silence; But then again considering the vanity of his thoughts, and the obscenity of his desires, she conceived he might (peradventure) impute her silence to a degree of consent: and therefore, though not in affection to him, yet in discretion and love to her honour, she resolves to return him an answer, when knitting her browes with anger, dipping her pen in Gall and Vinegar

negar, and setting a sharp edge of contempt and Choller on her resolutions, she hastily frames her Letter, and gives it to his own Messenger to deliver it to *Borlary*, whose heart steering his course betwixt hope and fear till he receive it: he first kissing it, and then hastily breaking up the seals thereof, findes that it speaks this language.

FELISANNA to BORLARY.

IF thou want any witnesses of thy folly, not of thy affection, thy obstinate and vain perseverance herein, of one makes me capable to serve for many. And if thou hadst been as truly carefull and ambitious of thine own honour, as thou falsly pretendest to be of my poor beauty, thou wouldest no so often have sacrificed thy shame to my glory, nor so foolishly have cast away thy blood or tears on my contempt: How thou intendest to dispose of thy self, I neither desire to know, nor care to understand. But as I have given my soul to God, so God hath given my heart to my Husband *Planeze*, from whom neither the malice of *Satan* or power of *Hell* shall withdraw it, and therefore as I am *Felisanna*, I detest thy lustfull sute, and as *Planezes* wife, I defie both it and thy self; And thus to be thy friend, thou shalt find me thy friend, but for such servants as thy self, I leave them to their own proper Infamy and Repentance. I make God the Secretary of my actions, and my Husband of my affections, therefore it shall please me well when I understand that thy tongue will recant thy folly. I repent thy indiscretion towards me: in seeking to erect the Trophees of thy lascivious lust upon the ruins of my pure and candid honour: And I assure thee, that if hereafter thou inspire and fortifie not thy heart with more Religious, and less sinfull desires and affections, that Earth can and Heavenly will make thee as truly miserable, as now thou falsly thinkest thy self fortunate.

FELISANNA.

Borlary at the reading of this Letter of *Felisanna*, is so galled with grief and nettled with sorrow, to see his refusall sent him in her disdain, as he knows not to what passion to betake himself for ease, or to what Saint for comfort, for the consideration of her coynesse and cruelty, makes his dispaire to gain so much on his hopes, that once he was minded absolutely to forsake her, and to court her affection no more, but then again his lustfull heart and desires, remembring the freshness of her beauty and the sweetness of her youth, he held himself a coward, every way unworthy to enjoy so fair a Lady, and so sweet an Angel, if he retyred upon her first denyall; especially because as those Cities and Castles, so those Ladies and Gentlewomen who entertain a pearle, are already half wonn. In which consideration because it many times proves an error in Nature; but still in judgement, to flatter our selves most, with that which we most hope for and desire; He therefore once more resolves to hazard another letter to her, as having some reasons to believe, that his second may perchance obtain that from her which his first could not, for that he knows that most Ladies and Gentlewomen pride themselves with this felicity to be often sought and importunately sued unto by their lovers, wherefore resolving once more to try his fortune, and her courtisie, he by his former Messenger greets her with these lines.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

THy sweet and Excellent beauty hath enkindled so fervent a flame in my heart, that thy late disrespeet and contempt of me in thy Letter, is not sufficiently prevalent to make me, or so soon or so slightly forsake thee. For although thou term my love folly, and my affection obstinacy, yet untill thou cease to be fair, find it not strange, if it be impossible for me to cease to be affectionate: Neither do I sacrifice my shame to thy Glory, or cast away my tears on thy contempt, sith I perform it more out of duty then complement, and rather out of true zeal then false hypocrisie. And as the strongest Cities and Castles by the rule of War, so the fairest beauties by that of love, deserve to be honoured with more then one assault and seige; and that *Cavilleir* cannot justly be tearmed, either a Gentleman, a Souldier, or a Lover, who will resolve to be put off with the first repulse, especially from so sweet, and so beautifull an enemy as thy self: Neither can it any way breed infamy or repentance in me to be servant to so dear, and slave to so fair a Mistris, because the excellency of thy beauty is every way capable both to confound sence, and to subvert and overthrow Reason. Be then but as courteous as thou art fair, and as kind as I am constant, and thou shalt find that I only desire to erect the Trophees of mine honour and Glory upon those of thy content, to sacrifice my best life at the shrine and altar of thy beauty, and to devote and prostrat my best zeal and service to the feet of thy Commands, which if thou please to grant me, Earth will not make me miserable, but Heaven fortunat.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Felisanna* having received and ore-read this second Letter of *Borlary*, as one way she laughs to see the constancy of his folly, and indiscretion, so another way she storms, and yet grieves to see her self to be both the object and the cause thereof; When returning to the party who brought it her, she thinks to vent part of her choller on him, taxeth his audacity and rashness herein, and strictly conjures him to bring her no more of *Borlary* his letters; yea, she is so far transported with passion and choller against *Borlary* for sending them to her, as now she resolves to answer this with silence, and henceforth to burn all other which are sent or brought to her from him, because if his folly make him culpable of sending, she will not futurely make her self guilty of receiving any more. But here again, her thoughts are taken up with fear, and her heart surpris'd with resolution and doubt, whether (yea or no) she should shew these his two letters to her Husband: For her affection is so tender, so faithfull, so constant to him; because she likewise knows that his is reciprocally so to her, that she will rather displease her self, than any way discontent him, or administer him the least cause whatsoever, to run the hazard of his displeasure or indignation; for as by concealing them from his knowledge, she knows this butinefs will be for ever hush'd up in silence, and perpetually buried in oblivion; So contrarywise, if either through *Borlary* his malice to her, or indiscretion to himself, it should any way come to her Husbonds ear, then she thinks she should give him a just cause of exception and offence against her; Wherein, if the subtilty of the Devill should once put his foot, or the malice of any of his members, their tongues or fingers, then his jealousie might call her Honour and Fidelity in question, and make him suspect and fear her to be dishonest, though heretofore (in heart and soul) he confidently knows and believes the contrary: she farther knows, that there is nothing so easie, as to entertain jealousie, nor so difficult, as to expell it; and therefore, that it is not enough for us to prevent a scandall, but likewise to remove the originall cause thereof; fain she would conceal these foolish Letters of *Borlari* from her Husband, but yet she doubts it, and willing she is to acquaint him therewith, and yet she fears it; And although her chastity and innocency perswades her to perform the last, yet her discretion and judgment encourage and prompt her to execute the second; and here our beautifull and vertuous young Wife is perplexed as a Traveller, who meets with two different waies, and knows not which is the best for him to take; and her heart and thoughts here in this accident, is as a ship at Sea, at one time surpris'd and met with two contrary winds and tides, for preferring her honour to her life, and her affection to her Husband, and his to her before any other earthly respect or felicity whatsoever; she in the intricacy and ambiguity of these doubts, wisheth that *Borlari* had slept when he writ and sent her those letters, or she when she received and read them. But at last consulting with reason and Religion, with her Soul and God, then her chastity gives a commanding law to her fear, and her innocency to her doubt; So first hoping, and then praying, that nothing herein might breed bad blood in her Husband, or disturb the tranquility and sincerity of her marriage; she watching a fit opportunity, shews her Husband the first Letter of *Borlary* to her, with her answer thereof, and then his second Letter, the which she informs him, she answered with silence and contempt, adding withall: That had she a thousand lives as she hath but one, she would cherefully sacrifice and lose them all, before she would be guilty of the least thought to distain the honour of his bed, or to break her sacred vow of Love and Chastity, which in presence of God and his Church, she religiously made and gave him in Marriage.

Planeze at the hearing of these speeches, and the reading of these Letters, doth at one instant both blush and pale, for as he looks pale with Envie towards *Borlari*, to see how secretly and subtilly he endeavoureth to ruine his honour in that of his wives; so he blusheth for love towards her, to see how sweetly and chastly she had demeaned her self in her answer to him, as also what a wise and loving part it was in her so punctually and fully to acquaint him therewith; when in requitall hereof he gives her many praises and kisses, extolls her chastity and vertues to the Skie, and condemns *Borlari* his lustfull vices to Hell, and although (for the present) she finds some incongruity in his speeches, and observes some perturbation in his looks, yet he makes his affection so apparent to her, and dissembleth his hatred and choller towards *Borlari* so secretly and artificially; That his wife *Felisanna* wholly reposing her self upon her own integrity, and her Husbonds discretion, she (sweet innocent Lady) little dreams or thinks of any disaster which will ensue hereof, much less what dismall effects threaten to proceed from this inconsiderate act of hers, in acquainting her Husband with those Letters. But she will have time enough to see it to her grief, and know it to her sorrow, yea, she will find occasions enough to repent, but never any means how to remedy it, except it be too late, and which then will meerly prove Physick after death.

Planeze (as we have formerly understood) is extremely incensed against *Borlari*, thus to attempt

attempt to bereave him of his sweetest Joy, which is his wifes affection, and the other most pretious Jewell, her chastity; And although (both in reason and Religion) he had far more cause to rejoyce than to grieve at this accident, in regard he was both assured and confident, that his Wifes chastity triumphed ore *Borlaries* lust, and her glory was apparant in his shame; for as objects, so actions being best distinguished by their contraries, therefore through the obscure clouds of *Borlari* his obscene concupiscence, that of *Felisannas* Angelicall chastity, as a bright relucient Sun, shined forth most radiantly and sweetly with far more vigor and glory, yet *Planeze* being a man composed of corrupt flesh and blood, and therefore subject to passions, and those passions to errors and imperfections; So he takes a course and resolution herein contrary to all judgment, and to all reason, yea, diametrically opposite to the rules of Nature, and precepts of Grace. For although his heart be upright in the opinion of his wifes chastity and honour, yet as the dearest and purest affections cannot be exempted of some shadow or spice of fear, so although his heart looked directly on *Borlari* with malice, he cannot possibly refrain, nor retain his thoughts, from glancing squint-eyed on his wife with jealousy. And although he knows it to be a most ignoble ingratitude, and irreligious impiety in him, thus to call her honour in question, or (in the best sense) to revoke it to doubt, by making any publique shew of suspicion or distaste to her, or by seeking any privat revenge on *Borlari*, yet because her beauty and vertue is a thousand times dearer to him than his life; and the purity and integrity of her affection to him as dear as his soul: He therefore thinks he shall not prophane his good opinion of her, nor offer her merits or his own reputation any wrong, if he resolve to right both her and himself on *Borlari*, when consulting not with reason or charity, but with their opposites, malice and revenge, he will not be at peace with his heart, nor at truce with his thoughts before he have fought with *Borlari*, albeit (indeed) his delict and offence towards him, more deserved his scorn than his care, and was every way far more worthy of his oblivion, than of his remembrance. To which end (by a Chyrurgion which he had made choice of) he sends him this challenge.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

Thy crime is so foul, and so apparant unto me, in seeking by thy two lascivious Letters to distain my honour in that of my wifes chastity, as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it, or mine to deace and forget it; Wherefore, if thou have as much courage as thou wantest grace, bring thy self, thy Rapier, and thy Chyrurgion with thee to morrow at six of the clock in the morning, in the City Ditch without the outer Gate, which looks towards Brescia, and there my self and my Chyrurgion (who is the bearer hereof) will silently and honourably wait for thee. And if thy obscene heart retain yet any spark of generosity, or thy vicious brain of judgment, thou wilt resolve to perform this my request, and to excuse my resolution herein, sith it is wholly derived from thy lasciviousness, and receives its life and birth from thy treachery.

PLANEZE.

Borlary receiving and perusing this Challenge of *Planeze*, he is much grieved and sorrowfull, to see that *Felisanna* had so little discretion for her self, and so much hatred against him to shew her Husband these his Letters, and except she meant to make her self the present author, and the cause of her future affliction and misery, he knows not else what she intends hereby. But for *Planeze* his spleen and resolution against him, *Borlari* knows it to be both just & well grounded in the best sense, and in the worst to be yet a requitall of that Challenge & Duell he formerly sent and presented him: Only he doth a little admire (if not wonder) that he should now again make tryall of his valour and courage, whereof he so lately had experience, and tasted. And although he had far more reason to rest assured than doubtfull, that this second Duell of theirs would not prove so fortunate as their first, but would rather terminate in one, if not in both of their lives; He yet loves *Felisanna* so dearly, albeit she hate him extreamly, that he will by no means refuse to fight with her Husband once again for her sake, yea, and to kill him for his own, if possibly he can, the Devill making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence; that if it prove now his good fortune to kill *Planeze*, that he can then requite and limit his victory with the reward of no less happiness and felicity, than by his death to obtain his widdow for his own wife. But this is to write upon the water, and to build Castles of vain hopes in the Air, which the least breath of Gods mouth, or wind of his nostrills will easily reverse and blow away. For this is to consult and resolve with Satan,

and not with God; and therefore no marvell, if he see his lascivious desires to come too short of his ridiculous hopes, and both his hopes and desires herein to end in as much true misery, as they began in false hope of felicity and joy.

So *Borlary* having made a turn or two in his Garden, to resolve upon this business, which so much imported both his honour and life: He at last, with joy in his looks, and courage in his countenance, turns to *Planeze* his Chirurgion, whom after he used respectfully and courteously, he secretly rounds him thus in his Ear; Tell *Seignior Planeze* from mee, that I will not fail to meet him to morrow morning, according to his request and expectation, and so hee dismisseth him, who as soon returns this answer of *Borlary* to *Planeze*, whom he now finds staying for him in the Church of the *Augustine Fryers*, but God knows, with no intent or devotion to pray, or to invoke his Divine and Sacred Majesty to divert him from this his intended bloody enterprize, but rather to reconduct home the Lady *Felisauna* his wife, who harmless sweet Gentlewoman, was there in that Church, upon the Altar of her heart, proffering up the most religious Prayers, and zealous Orisons of her soul unto God, without once surmising or thinking what a mournfull and dangerous part her Husband was resolved to act the next morning, to the prejudice of her content, if not to the utter dissolution and ruine of her Matrimoniall joy and felicity. But her Husband *Planeze* bears this business, and these his intentions so secretly from his wife, as it was impossible for her to have any suspicion, much lesse knowledge of this his next dayes intended Duell.

The night, which brings rest to others, hath not power to give it to our two inflamed Duellists. For the consideration of their honours and their lives, of their quarrell, and the cause thereof, doth equally possess their brains, and pre-occupate and prevent their eyes of their sleeping faculties: So preferring their danger to their safety, their resolution to their rest, and the field to their beds, they (under other pretexts) are not long from it, I mean from the City ditch, the prefixed place of their rendez-vous: Which *Planeze* first entreth, and there makes half a dozen of turnes, before he have any news of his Contendant or Adversary *Borlary*, whereof he doth not a little muse, yet he no way despaires of his comming, because (by late experience) he knows him to be couragious and valiant. But to put *Planeze* his musing out of doubt, and his doubt out of question, in comes *Borlary* all unbraced and untrussed, and a farr of espying *Planeze* in the ditch before him; He (ashamed of this advantage he had, because of long stay) with his Hat in his hand, prayes him to excuse this error of his, affirming it to be the fault of his Watch, but not of his heart, which he alleaged should ever go true with his Honour and Reputation; When *Planeze* returning his Complement, by approving of his Apologie, (without any further expostulation) they draw, and here fall from words to blowes.

At their first meeting, *Borlary* gives *Planeze* a wound in the right Arme, and *Planeze* requits him with another in his right side, which if his Rapier had not met with a rib, it had then undoubtedly ended the quarrell with his life. But although it make him lose much blood, yet he hath strength and courage enough not to die in his debt for it, only he desireth *Planeze*, that they may breath a little, the which he generously granteth. At their second comming up, *Planeze* presents a thrust to *Borlary*, but he wards it, and runs *Planeze* into his left thigh, of a deep wound, and yet they will not give over, although their Chirurgions do earnestly pray them to desist, as having now already here sufficiently testified their courage and valour. At their third meeting and joyning, *Planeze* gives *Borlary* a lick ore the fore-head, which makes his blood stream down his face and eyes, and *Borlary* fully incensed and prepared to requite it, drives a fair thrust to *Planeze* his breast, but he very dexterously and fortunatly wards it, beating down the point of *Borlary* his Sword into the ground, and then with much agility, leaps to him, and whips up his heels, who falling upon his own Rapier breaks it in two pieces, at which unlooked for disaster, *Borlary* seeing his naked breast exposed to *Planeze* his bloody Rapier, and consequently his life to lie at his mercy, (without once striving or endeavouring to grapple with his enemy) hee (more desirous to live with shame, than to die with honour) descends so farr from true and noble generosity, as he begs his life of *Planeze*; when (although many hot and jealous spirits would gladly have taken hold of this advantage, and wreaked the utmost of their Gall and Spleen upon the misfortune of this accident) yet *Planeze* is so truly noble and generous, as disdainig to fight with an unarmed man, and so to eclips or blemish the lustre of his reputation in killing him who begged his life of him, and when it lay at his pleasure to give or take it, as he throws away his Rapier, making him promise, and swear he will never henceforth attempt against the honour of his wife; *Planeze* very freely and cheerfully gives him his life: And to shew himselfe the more generous in this yields

his courtesie, lends him his hand to raise him up on his feet; for which infinit kindness, *Borlary* yelds him many thanks: When muffling up their faces with their Cloaks, they part very good friends, and so get themselves into two of the nearest houses of the Suburbs, very secretly and silently to dress their wounds, and at night they return to their houses. Where our dear and fair *Felisanna* understanding the manner and cause of this combat betwixt her Husband and *Borlary*, it is impossible for me to define whether she wept and sighed more for the loss of her Husbands blood, or rejoyced and praised God for the saving and sparing of his life.

Yet this Combat of theirs is not so secretly acted, but in less than two daies, all *Verona* hath news, and prattles thereof. When measuring the first Duell of *Planeze* and *Borlary* by the second, and the second by the first; They extoll *Borlary* his courage to fight with *Planeze*, but infinitely applaud the noble courtesie and generosity of *Planeze*, in giving *Borlary* his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. And as most commended the Lady *Felisanna* for disdaining to make shipwrack of her honour on the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of *Borlary* his lust, and for not sacrificing her chastity to his lascivious affections and desires; So, in generall, all Gentlemen and Ladies condemn her of indiscretion, in shewing his Letters to her Husband, and acquainting him with his suits and desires, it having been sufficient for her secretly to have given him the repulse and deniall, and her self the glory. Again, there want not divers, especially the younger sort of the Nobility and Gentry of *Verona*, who tax *Borlary* of cowardize in shamefully begging his life of *Planeze* when either his good fortune in struggling, or his piece of Sword in his defence, might, peradventure, have preserved it. Thus every one speaks according to his own fancie and affections.

Borlary having lost so much blood for the affection which he bore to *Felisanna*, and received and reaped nothing from her but disdain and hatred, he is not a little grieved and vexed hereat. But when he understands that he hath now made himself the laughter of all *Verona*, in this his cowardly begging his life of *Planeze*, and that his reputation doth therefore universally suffer in this action, he is then, as it were pierced to the heart with sorrow, and to the soul with shame. He knowes it were far better for him to be born a Clown, than to be held and esteemed a Coward, and that having once purchased that base title, he shall difficultly ever lose. Yea, wheresoever he goes, he hears and sees, that his Superiours, his Equalls, and his Inferiours, not only prattle at his shame, put point at his infamy herein, so that he is (in manner) a shame to all Gentlemen, and therefore almost a shame to himself. But see here the vanity and impiety of this inconsiderate Gentleman, and if it be not worthy the readers curiosities, yet it will deserve his compassion and pity, to see what use, or rather what abuse he makes of this his imaginary dishonour: For neither with reason, which is the soul of his heart, with Religion which is the life of his soul, doth he once look up to Heaven to thank God for so mercifully protecting, and so miraculously preserving of his life in these two Duells, when he as it were, stood on the brink, and in the very jaws of death, and when betwixt his life and his death there was nothing but the point of *Planeze* his Rapier, and of his pleasure. No, no, *Borlary* is too much a man, to be so much a Christian, and too much the member of Satan, to be so much the child of God: For having formerly given up his heart to the turpitude of lascivious desires and lust; now as a limb and agent of the Devill, he will wholly abandon it to infernall rage and hellish revenge; for knowing *Planeze* to be both the Author and object of his dishonour, and the instrument and cause of his disgrace, hee therefore retaines this Diabolicall and bloody Aphorisme in his heart; that as long as he lives, it will live with him, and when he dies it will die with him; and therefore to resetch his honour out of his infamy, his heart wholly sacrificing to malice, and his thoughts and resolutions to revenge, he most ingratefully and desperatly, resolves to murder *Planeze*, or at least to cause him to be murdered.

Lo, here the wofull estate, and wretched resolution of this execrable Gentleman *Borlary*, and what a monstrous ingratitude and prodigious cruelty is this in him to conspire his death, of whom (in a manner) he but lately now received his life, he little knows, or (which is worse) he will not know, that revenge still proves as pernicious, as pleasing to their Authors, and that murder endeth in as much true misery, as it begins in false content and joy; for it is a bitter oblation and odious sacrifice to the Lord, who is the God of peace, and the Father of all unity and charity.

But the Devill is so familiar a guest, and so frequent a counsellour to *Borlary*, that he wretchedly vowes, and execrably swears, that *Planeze* shall no longer live but die. Once he was of opinion, either to pistoll or ponyard him in the street by night, but then again, seeing the eminency of that danger in the misfortune of his Lacque *Romeo*, he rejects it as ruinous, and resolves on poyson which he thinks is the shortest and safest way for him to send him for Heaven, and thinks none so fit for his purpose to give and administer it to him as *Planeze* his own Apothecary *Castruchio*, being the more confident in this his choyce, because he knows him to be a wonderfull poor man, and withall, extreemly vicious and debauched, as neither fearing nor caring for God, but more an Atheist than a Christian, and more a Devill than a Catholicke, and therefore believes that a little money will act wonders in his heart and resolution. Neither doth he fail in his judgment, or deceive himself in the hopes of his choyce; for he no sooner proffereth him three hundred Duckatons, to poyson *Planeze* (one half in hand, and the other when it is performed) but he accepts thereof, engageth himself (by hand and oath) speedily to dispatch and finish it, and so like two Factors or furies of Hell, both of them swear secrecie each to other herein.

Borlary longing, and *Castruchio* desiring to finish this Tragedy on *Planeze*, that he might likewise touch the last one hundred and fifty Duckatons; The Spring approaching, wherein *Planeze* every year for the preservation of his health, was accustomed to take Physick of *Castruchio*, he no sooner sent for him to that effect, but first purging, then bleeding him, he then artificially perswades him to take a Vomit the next morning, whereunto *Planeze* easily consents so he administred it to him and therein infusing poyson, he within six dayes after dies thereof, when *Castruchio* demanding his other one hundred and fifty Dukatons, *Borlary* speedily paies it him with much content, joy and delectation: But let the first know, and the second remember, that it is the price of innocent blood.

The order of our History leads us now (as it were by the hand) to our sorrowfull young Widdow *Felisanna*, who, poor soule, (not dreaming any way in the world either of poyson or of *Borlary*) is ready to weep her self to death, that she must survive and cannot dye with her dear and sweet Husband *Planeze*, and that as one bed, so one Grave might containe them, yea her grief is so great and her sorrows so infinite for the losse of this her other part of her self, that neither her Father, Kinsfolks or friends can possibly comfort her; for still she sees him before her eyes, as if he were not buried in his Grave, but in her heart, or that it was wholly impossible for him to dye as long as she lived: Which excess of sorrows, sighs and tears of hers, so withred the Roses and Lillies of her beauty, and so eclipsed the lustre of her sparkling eyes, that to the eyes and judgments of all those who saw or knew her, she became so pale and lean, as she was no longer *Felisanna*, but only the poor sick Anatomy of *Felisanna*.

We have seen this wretched Gentleman *Borlary*, and this execrable Apothecary, *Castruchio*, commit this horrible murder upon the person of noble and Generous *Planeze*, and we shall not go farr, before we shall see the sacred Justice, and just punishments of God to surprise and overtake them for the same; For God is now resolved to triumph ore those bloody miscreants, and although they have so closely acted and perpetrated this their lamentable murder, as there are no earthly eyes to detect nor witnesses to give in evidence against them for the same: yet our good and gracious God, who is the true searcher of our hearts and reins, will to his glory and their confusion bring this to light, by an accident worthy of our deepest consideration, and of our most serious and religious observation: The manner whereof is thus.

This wretched Apothecary *Castruchio*, having received his other hundred Duckatons of *Borlary* (as we have formerly understood) for ministring this bloody business, and being (as we know) of a most vicious and debauched life, he had already in his riots and prodigalities spent and consumed all his Estate: And now this three hundred Dukatons which he received of *Borlary* for performing this bloody business, makes him by many degrees far worse than he was before; for (as by Gods sacred and secret providence) it was impossible to prosper with him, so his prophane vices and sins, and his beattly pleasures and prodigalities made it consume and melt away as Snow against the Sun, in such sort, that it seemed to him, that he was a thief to himself, and that one of his hands and pockets hourly couzened and betrayed the other; and although for a time he bore this his vicious course of life very close and secret from the eye and knowledge of the world, whereby his credit far exceeded his Estate, so after the committing of this foul murder, both his estate, credit, and all went to wrack and spoyle; for he left nothing either unspent or unpawned, and which is yet worse, he fell into many arrerages and debts which at last grew so clamorous (especially when his prodigall and beattly life of whoring

whoring, drunkenness and dicing, came to be divulged and spread to the world; that by three of his greatest Creditors he is arrested and clapt into Prison, and his Shop seized on by them, which they find as empty of drugs, as his Masters heart was of pitty, and his soul of piety; And as it is the nature (or rather the misery) of Prisons, that where one man vertuously improves his life and actions, there, a hundred do vitiously ruine themselves, so *Castruchio* being one of this last number, he there wasteth and consumeth all that he hath, or which he can possibly procure, and in a few weeks reduceth himself to so extream poverty and beggery, that he is clapt into the common Goal among the poorest sort of Prisoners, who live by the alms and charity of well disposed people, his cloaths being all tottered and torn, having no bed to lye on nor hardly bread to suffice nature, or to maintain life, being abandoned of all his friends and acquaintance, who will rather see him starve and dye then relieve him: And yet in all these extremities, and at the very lowest ebb of these his wants and miseries, he will yet neither look down into his Conscience, heart, and soul with sorrow, nor up to Heaven or to God with repentance for all his foul sins and vices, especially not for this his cruell and lamentable poysoning of *Planeze*, which are the true reasons and the efficient causes of these his miserable calamities and afflictions, yea his wants and miseries are so great and infinite here in Prison, that none whosoever will come thither to see him, much less to pitty him, and least of all to relieve him. Only *Dorilla* (a filthy old Baud of his) more out of importunacy to her, then of her courtesie or charity to him, although she disdain to go her self into prison to see *Castruchio*, yet she is contented sometimes to send him her Son *Bernardo*, a boy of some sixteen years of age to go his errands, so his necessity making his invention pregnant and clear-sighted, after he had tyred all his friends and acquaintance with Notes and Letters, which return still empty fisted, his memory at the last falls and pitcheth on *Borlary*, who (for the bloody reason formerly mentioned) he thinks the only fit man of the World to redress his wants, and to relieve his weather-beaten fortunes, and to him he often sends *Bernardo* with many pitifull requests and intreaties for money, but to write to him he dares not.

Borlary considering that he hath far more cause and reason to love *Castruchio* than to hate him for that (by vertue of the premises) he sees his own life to lye at the mercy of his tongue, although he rather wish him in Heaven then in Prison, yet being extremely covetous, and yet holding himself both in conscience and discretion bound to relieve him; he therefore sends him some small summes of mony, but no way enough to buy him Cloaths, or to maintain his former prodigalities, but rather hardly sufficient to maintain life in him, much less to cherish or pamper him. And so often doth *Castruchio* send they boy *Bernardo* to *Borlary* for mony, that at last being weary thereof, and resolute to part with no more money (God here makes his covetousness partly the means to chaulk out away to his own confusion) and is resolved neither to speak nor to see *Bernardo*, and to that effect gives order to his servants: When little *Bernardo* seeing that he wears out his time, and his shoos in vain to hunt after *Borlary*, whom he knows will not be spoken with by him, he tels *Castruchio* that he provide himself of another Messenger towards *Borlary*, for he will go no more to him, because he sees it is wholly impossible for him to speak with him: and at this discourtesie of *Borlary*, *Castruchio* doth now bite his lip with discontent and hung his head for anger, and from henceforth he begins to assume bad blood, and to conceive dangerous thoughts against him, but as yet the consideration of his own safety or danger makes him patient and silent; But God will not have him to continue so long, for almost presently we shall see his patience burst forth into violence and impetuosity, and his silence break out into extream choller and indignation against him.

His old Baud *Dorilla*, (as an expert Hag of her sinfull profession) as often as she hears or knows, that *Castruchio* had any money from *Borlary*, so often she would come to the Prison to him, and speedily carouse and consume it with him; but when by her Son *Bernardo* she sees his purse shut, that fountain exhausted, and that her boy could no more see *Borlary* but a woddren face, I mean his door shut then she (resembling her self) again forsakes *Castruchio*, and will neither see him nor come near his Prison, so that at last he not seeing *Bernardo* nor once hearing from *Borlary* in three weeks or well near a moneth together, and being ready to perish, starve and dye under the heavy burthen and pressure of his wants, he earnestly sends for *Dorilla* to come to him, and causeth her to be informed, that if she will come to him and deliver a letter to a friend of his, he will speedily send him some store of money, and then she shall have a share and part thereof, so when no other respect or consideration will, then this of money again brings this old filthy Beldam *DORILLA* to the Prison to *Castruchio*, who having provided her a Bottle of Wine, and five Gazettaes to drink by the way (thereby the more carefully to effect his business he exceedingly incensed with choller and revenge against *BORLARY* for this ingratitude towards him,) writes

writes him this angry Letter, and deeply chargeth *Dorilla* with speed, care, and secrecie to deliver it into *Borlary* his own hands and to no other, which Letter of his spake this language.

CASTRUCHIO to BORLARY.

THou knowest that for three hundred Duckatons which thou gavest mee, I poysoned *Seignior Planeze* in a Vomit, and wilt thou now be so hard and cruel hearted against mee to suffer me to die in Prison for want of so small a sum as twenty Duckatons? I am made of the same flesh and bloud as thou art, and although my fortunes be so low plunged, yet my heart is so high seated and elevated, that I give thee to understand I will rather consent to be hanged then starved. Wherefore because my Tragedy will infallibly prove thine, if thou mean to prevent the one, and to secure thy self from the other, fail not speedily to send mee the said twenty Duckatons by this bearer *Dorilla*, whom I have entrusted with my Letter fast sealed (and so maist thou with thine) but for the secret therein (which thou wotest of) she is wholly ignorant of it: In performing me this courtesie thou shalt not only tie my tongue and pen, but my heart and soule to silence, or else not. Amiddest thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reserved mee to make thee know that thou dost not use, but abuse it, and therein thy self.

CASTRUCHIO.

Dorilla receiving this Letter from *Castruchio*, she puts it into her purse and promiseth him her best care and fidelity for the delivery thereof to *Seignior Borlary*, although she confesseth that she neither knew him nor his house: But see here the providence and mercy of God which clearly resplends and shines in the deportment and action of this beastly old Bawd, for she meeting with some of her Gamsters and Gossips in the street (though contrary to the custom of *Italy*) away they go to a Tavern, where they all swill their heads and brains with Wine, especially *Dorilla*. So the day being farr spent, her business for *Castruchio* is ended ere begun; for she forgetting her self cannot remember his Letter, but as fast as her reeling leggs will permit her, away she speeds towards her own house, which was some half a mile off in the City. But when she was in the streets and had a little taken the Aire, then she calls *Castruchios* Letter to mind, and her promise to him to deliver it, but to whom (through her cups) she hath quite forgotten; for she cannot once hit on the name *Borlary*. But at last remembering the Letter to be in her Purse, and she by this time in the midst of the City, she takes it out in her hand, and seeing a fair, yet sorrowfull young Lady to stand at the street doore of her house all in Mourning Attire, and no body neer her, after she had done her duty to her, she reacheth her the Letter, and humbly requesteth her to tell her the Gentlemans name to whom it was directed, when (God out of the Profundity of his Power and Immensity of his pleasure, having so ordained and ordered it, that this fair young Lady was our sweet *Felisanna*, (who for the death of her dear Husband *Planeze*, hath dighted her self all in Mourning attire and Apparell, thereby the better to make it correspond with her heart: who reading the superscription thereof, and finding it directed to *Seignior Borlary* (by some motion or inspiration from Heaven) her heart could not refrain from sending all the blood of her body into her face, when demanding of this woman from whom this Letter came; *Dorilla* (as drunken in her fidelity and innocency, as she was guilty of her drunkenness) tells her, that the Letter came from an Apothecary who lay in Prison, named *Castruchio*: At the very repetition of which name, our *Felisanna* again blushed, and then paleth, as if God had some news to reveal her by this Letter, because she remembreth that this *Castruchio*, as we have formerly understood, was the very same Apothecary who gave her Husband *Planeze* Physick a little before his death; Whereupon she praying *Dorilla* to come with her into her house, because she purposely and politiquely affirmed she could not read written hand her self, but would pray her Father to do it; she leaves her in the outer Hall, and her self goes into the next room, where breaking up the Seals of this Letter, she at the very first sight and knowledge that her Husband was poysoned, and by whom, and that God had now miraculously revealed it to her through the ignorance and drunkenness of this old woman, she for meer grief and sorrow, is ready to fall to the ground in a swoond, had not her Father and some of his servants, who over-hearing her passionat out-cries, come speedily to her assistance; which yet could not awak *Dorilla*, who had no sooner sate her self down in a chair in the Hall, but being top heavy with Wine, she presently fell a sleep. *Miniata* rousing up his fainting and sorrowfull Daughter

Daughter, brought her again to her self; and seeing her in a bitter agony and passion of sorrow, demands of her the cause thereof: when the brinish tears trickling down her vermilion cheeks, she crossing her armes, and fixing her Eyes towards Heaven, had the will, but not the power to speak a word to him, but reacheth him the Letter to read; *Miniata* perusing it, is as much astonished with grief, as his Daughter is affected with sorrow at this poysoning of her Husband and his Son in Law *Planeze*; so enquiring of her who brought her this Letter, she after many sighs and pauses tells him, that it was the Mercy and Providence of the Lord, who sent it her by a drunken woman, who was forth in the Hall: They both go to her, and finding her fast sleeping and snoring, *Miniata* pulls her by the sleeve and wakes her, and then demands of her, before his Daughter and servants, where, and from whom she had this Letter; who as drunken as the Bawd is, shee is constant in her first speech, and confession to *Felisanna*, that she had it from *Castruchio* an Apothecary who lay in Prison, but she had forgotten to whom she was to deliver it, and then prayes them both to deliver and give her back her Letter again. But *Miniata* seeing and knowing that it was the immediate finger of God which thus strangely had revealed this murder of his Son in Law *Planeze*, he calls in two Gentlewomen his next Neighbours to comfort his Daughter *Felisanna*, and so leaving *Dorilla* to the Guard of two of his servants, he (with two other Gentlemen his Neighbours) takes his Coach, and having *Castruchio's* Letter in his hand, he drives away to the State-house, where he finds out the Podestate and Prefect of the City, and shewing them the Letter which revealed the poysoning and Poysoners of *Planeze* his Son in Law, they (in honour to Justice, and out of their respect to the sorrowfull Lady his Daughter) take their Coaches, and return with *Miniata* home to his house: Where they first examin *Felisanna*, and then *Dorilla*, who is constant in her first deposition. Whereat these grave and honourable Personages, wondring and admiring, that a Gentleman of *Borlary* his rank and quality, should make himself the guilty and bloody Authour of so foul a Murther; they likewise (admiring and blessing Gods providence in the detection thereof) do presently send away their Isbiers (or Serjeants) to apprehend *Borlary*; and so they go to their Forum (or seat of Justice) and speedily send away for *Castruchio*, to be brought from the Prison before them: Who at the very first news of their accusation of him, and the producing of his Letter to *Borlary*, he curseth the person and name of this old Bawd, *Dorilla*, who is the prime Author of his overthrow and death, and then confesseth himself to be the Actor, and *Seignior Borlary* to be the Authour, cause, and instigator of this his poysoning of *Planeze*; but never puts his hand on his conscience and soul, that the strange detection of this lamentable murther came directly from Heaven, and from God.

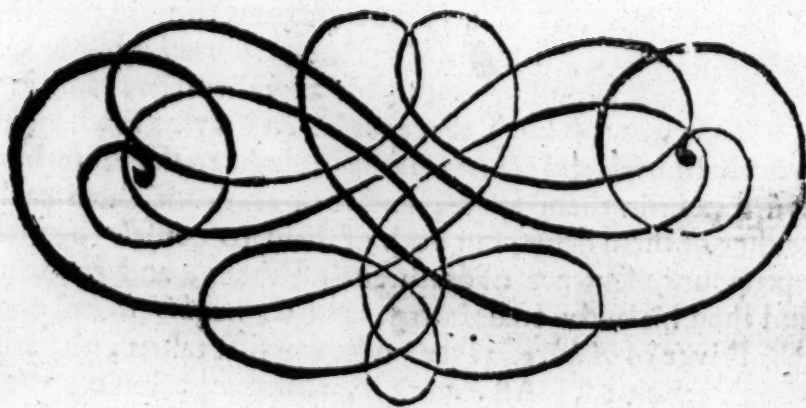
The Serjeants (by order from the Podestate and Prefect) find *Borlary* in his own house, ruffling in a new rich sute of Apparell, of black Sattin, trimmed with Gold buttons, which he that day put on, and the next was determined to ride to the City of *Bergamo*, to seek in marriage a very rich young Widdow, whose Husband lately died, drowning himself (as it were) in pleasure and security, without so much as once thinking of his poysoning of *Planeze*, or how he was revealed to be the Authour thereof by *Castruchio* his Letter, sent unto him by *Dorilla*; He is amazed and astonished at this his apprehension, now beating his breast, and then repenting (when it was too late) that ever he embrewed his hands in the innocent blood of *Planeze*. So both himself and *Castruchio* are brought to the State-house, where the Podestate and Prefect first examin them apart, and then confront them each with other. Where finding, that neither of them deny, but both of them to confess themselves guilty of this foul Murther, they pronounce sentence of death against them, and condemn *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and then his body to be burnt, and *Castruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be thrown into the River of *Addice*, whereon he was first taken, the which, the next morning, was accordingly executed. All *Verona* is, as it were, but one tongue to talk and prattle of this foul and lamentable murther, and especially of Gods miraculous detection thereof by this drunken Bawd *Dorilla*, who having heretofore often brought *Castruchio* to whores willingly, now at last she brings him to the Gallows against her will. The morning they are brought to their execution, where there flock and resort a world of Spectators from all parts of the City. And although the charity of their Judges send them Priests and Friers to direct their souls for Heaven; yet this miserable wretch, *Castruchio*, seeming no way repentant or sorrowfull for this his foul fact, uttered a short Prayer to himself, and so caused the top-man to turn him over, which he did, and within two hours after his body was thrown into the River. But for *Borlary*, he came to the Scaffold better resolved and prepared; for with grief in his looks, and tears in his eyes, he therefore delivered this short and religious speech.

That

That he grieved in his heart, and was sorrowfull in soul, for this lamentable murther of his, committed on the person of *Planeze*, as also for seducing of *Castruchio* to effect it by poyson, for whose death he affirmed, he was likewise exceedingly afflicted and sorrowfull; That it was the temptations of the flesh and the Divell, who first drew him lustfully to affect the fair, chaste, and vertuous Lady, *Felisanna*, and consequently to murther her Husband, in full hope afterwards to obtain her for his wife, or for his Courtesan; That he was infinitely sorrowfull for all these his enormous crimes, for the which he religiously asked forgiveness, first of God, and then of the Lady *Felisanna*, and likewise prayed all those who were there present, to pray unto God for his soul; that he was more carefull of his reputation towards men, than of his salvation towards God; and that his neglect of Prayer, and of the participation of the blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, was the originall cause of this his misery. So again, commending himself to the prayers, and recommending his sinfull, yet sorrowfull soul into the hands of his Redeemer, the Sword of the Executioner at one blow made a perpetuall divorce between his soul and his body, which pious and courteous speech of his, was as great a consolation to the vertuous, at his death; as that of *Castruchio* was a terrour to the vitious Spectators and Auditors; So to confirm the sentence, the dead body of *Borlary* is presently burnt.

And thus was the bloody lives and deserved deaths of these three irreligious and unfortunate persons: Of *Romeo* the Lacque. Of *Borlary* the Gentleman; and of *Castruchio* the Apothecary. And in this manner did the justice of the Lord of the Hosts (in due time) justly triumph o're their execrable crimes in their sharp punishments, and shamefull ende. Pray we that we may read this their History with fear, and as religious and Godly Christians, remember these their lamentable murthers with horreur and detestation.

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIX.

Beaumarays and his brother Montagne kill Champigny and Marin (his Second) in a Duel; Blancheville (the widow of Champigny) in revenge thereof, hireth Le Valley (servant to Beaumarays) to murther his said Master with a Pistol, which he doth; for the which Le Valley is broken on the wheel, and Blancheville hanged for the same.

L Et all Religious Christians examine their hearts and souls, with what face we can tread on Earth, or look up to Heaven, when we stab at the Majesty of God, in killing and murdering man, his Image, a bloody crime, so repugnant to nature, as reason abhors it, a scarlet and crying sin so opposite to Grace, as God and his Angels detest it. And yet if ever Europe were stained or submerged with it, now it is; for as a swift current, or rather as a furious torrent, it now flows, and overflows in most Kingdoms, Countries and Cities thereof, insomuch as (in despite of divine and humane Laws) it is now (almost) generally grown to a wretched custom, and that almost to a second nature. A fatal example whereof, this ensuing History will report and relate us. Wherein Gods Justice hath so sharply and severely punished the perpetrators thereof, that if we either acknowledge God for our Father, or our selves for his children and servants, it will teach us to be less revengefull, and more charitable by their unfortunate ends, and deplorable judgement.

I will now relate a sad and bloody History, which betided in the fair City of Chartres (the Capitall of the fertill Country of Beausse) so famous for her sumptuous Cathedral Church, dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary, as also for that Henry the fourth (that great King, and unparalleled Captain of France) during the combustions of the League, was (despite of the League) crowned therein. In which fair and pleasant City, as there still dwel some Noblemen,

and many Gentlemen, in respect of the sweet air, and goodly Champaign Country thereabout, (second for that to no other in France.) So of late years, there resided two rich and brave young Gentlemen, well descended, being both of them heirs to their two deceased Fathers: The one of them named *Monsieur de Campigny*, and the other *Monsieur de Beaumarays*, and their Demains and Lands lay within seven Leagues of this City, in the way towards *Vendosme*. Now the better to see them in their true and natural Characters; They were both of them tall and slender, and of fair and sanguine complexions, and very near of an age: For *Champigny* was twenty six years old, and *Beaumarays* twenty four, and yet the last had a beard, and the first none; and of the two, *Champigny* was by far the richer, but *Beaumarays* the Nobler descended. Now, to lay this History upon its proper seat, and natural foundation, we must understand that there was a very rich Counsellour of the Presidial Court of *Chartres*, named *Monsieur de Rosaire*, whose wife being dead, left him no other child, but one fair young Daughter, of the age of some eighteen years, named *Mademoiselle de Blancheville*, very tall and slender of stature, and of a wan and pale complexion, and a coal-black hair and eye-brows, and of deportment and gesture infinitely proud, coy, and imperious, to whom at one time both these our two Gentlemen, *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* were importunate Sutors, and passionate Rivals to marry her, insomuch as the one of them could difficultly be absent from the fathers house, and daughters company, but the other was present, which engendered some malice, but more emulation between them. But in the end (after a whole years re-search and more) as the Willow was destined and reserved for *Beaumarays*, so was the Laurel for *Champigny*; for, to his joy, *Blanchevilles* desire, and her Fathers content, he marries her. Whereat *Beaumarays*, knowing his birth to be more noble, and his breeding far more generous than that of *Champigny* (though not in outward shew, yet in inward sense) was extremely discontented and sorrowful, but to remedy it he could not.

In such, and the like refusing accidents, discretion is ever far better than passion, and contempt than care. But *Beaumarays* cannot, or at least will not, be of this temper. He forsakes reason to flye to choller, and so loseth his real and solid judgement, in the Labyrinth of her imaginary beauty. For being at supper in company of some five or six Gentlemen, where mention was made of *Blancheville*, he transported with malice and revenge towards her, forgot himself so far, as (between jest and earnest) to let fall these indiscreet and rash words, *That she was more disdainful than chaste*: a speech which he shall have time enough both to remember and repent. The honour of Ladies and Gentlewomen ought still to be dear and precious to all Gentlemen of Honour, because their loss thereof can seldom be repaired, but never so well or so fully recovered, but that there still remains some stain or blemish thereof. This undeserved scandal of *Beaumarays* to his *Quondam* Mistress, *Blancheville*, falls not to the ground, for the iniquity of our times, and the depravation of our manners are such, as there are few companies without a Fool or a Traitor to their friends, and some are accompanied with both. *Monsieur Marin*, a Gentleman of *Chartres* (more vain than honest) will make himself one of this last number, for he being ambitiously desirous to skrew himself into the favour and familiarity of *Blancheville* (whom from her infancy he affected and loved) reports and tells her this speech of *Beaumarays*, whereat she is exceedingly incensed and exasperated: But for that time (as a true woman) she dissembles her malice and revenge towards him, and so rakes up the memory thereof in the embers of silence; but yet with this condition and reservation, that hereafter she will take time to make it flame forth (towards him) with more violence and impetuosity.

In the mean time, there falls out an unexpected and untimely difference between her Husband and *Beaumarays*, whereat she is so far from grieving, as she rejoiceth: *Beaumarays* quarrelleth with him for his priority and precedency of seats in the Church (as being both of one Parish) as also for that he takes the holy bread first, and goes before him in all Processions, as pretending it due to him by his right of extraction and propriety. *Champigny* is of too high a grain to yeeld that to him which he never yeelded, and is therefore resolute to justify his equality of birth, and consequently not to wrong his Ancestours in himself. When seeing *Beaumarays* passionately bent to maintain and preserve that which he had undertaken, he flies to Justice, and so presently puts him in suite of Law for the same in the Presidial Court of that City. *Blancheville* (whose pride in her self exceeded her birth, and whose malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays* at the least surmounted her discretion and reason) brings no water to quench, but oyl to inflame this quarrel betwixt him and her Husband, when seeing them already entred into a deep process of Law; she disdainng to see her self thus abused, and her Husband thus wronged by him, can reap no truce of her thoughts, nor they any peace of her choler, before she have written him these lines.

BLANCHEVILLE to BEAUMARAYS.

VV As it not enough for thee to have heretofore wronged mine honour in thy false and scandalous speeches to Mounſieur Marin, and others, but thou muſt now attempt to diſgrace my Husband in the Church? and becauſe theſe crimes of thine are ſo unjuſt and odious, as they deſerve acknowledgment and ſatisfaction from a far better Gentleman than thy ſelf; therefore I ſpeedily expect the performance thereof from thee, either by thy Letter or preſence, which if thou deny us, we will make thee know, what it is, to abuſe thy ſelf and us, in points of theſe high natures, whereof the firſt cannot, the ſecond will not admit of any other excuſe or expiation. But to write thee now the truth of my minde; as thou haſt heretofore vented mee the malice of thy heart, I have not as yet acquainted my Husband herewith, or with this my Letter. Conſider therefore ſeriouſly with thy ſelf, what thou haſt to do herein, for the vindication of my honour, and thine own diſcretion, and as ſoon as I receive thine answer and reſolution, I will not fail ſpeedily to return thee mine.

BLANCHEVILLE.

Having written this her Letter, ſhe is irrefolute with her ſelf, by whom to ſend it him, but at laſt ſhe ſends it by her Chamber-maid *Martha*, to whom only ſhe intruſteth this great ſecret, and chargeth her to deliver it to *Beaumarays* his own hands, and to crave his answer thereof. *Martha* being a witty fair maid, of ſome two and twenty years of age, goes to *Beaumarays* houſe, and ſpeaks with a young man of his, named *Le Valley*, who tells her, that his Maſter is now buſie with two Gentlemen in his Study, and that ſhe ſhall immediatly ſpeak with him as ſoon as they depart. In the interim, his eyes cannot refrain from amorouſly gazing and ranging upon the excellency of her bluſhing beauty, and upon her ſweet Vernillion cheeks, great rolling eyes, and flaxen hair, wherewith his heart at the very firſt encounter, is ſurprized and raviſhed. Here *Le Valley* kiſſeth and rekiſſeth *Martha*; and entertains her with much prattle, and many pleaſant love ſpeeches, yea, then and there loves her ſo dearly, as he vows ſhe ſhall remain his Miſtreſs, and he her ſervant till death. So ſome half an hour after the two Gentlemen take leave of his Maſter, and then *Le Valley* brings *Martha* to him, who orderly delivers him her Miſtreſs's Letter and meſſage, ſo he wondring at the laſt, receives the firſt, leaves her in the Hall with his man *Le Valley*, and ſo ſteps to his Study, and with much admiration, and more laughter, peruſeth this Letter. Here he accuſeth his own indiſcretion, in ſpeaking againſt *Blanchevilles* chaſtity, and exceedingly condemneth *Marins* treachery in revealing it to her. Once he was of opinion to have returned her his answer by Letter, but at laſt ſcorning her and that reſolution, he then contrarywiſe reſolves to answer her with ſilence, and ſo ſteps forth to *Martha*, and with a diſdainfull frowning look, bids her tell her Miſtreſs from him, that her malicious proud and fooliſh Letter ſhall have no other answer from him, but contempt and ſilence. *Martha* yet holds it her duty to pray him for his answer in writing to her Miſtreſs, but *Beaumarays* his firſt reſolution is his laſt, ſo ſhe departeth from him infinitely diſcontented. But the Maſter is not ſo unkind to *Martha*, as his man *Le Valley* is courteous; for he being deeply enamoured of her beauty, brings her the one half of her way home, and goes into a Mercers ſhop, buyes her a fair pair of Gloves; and as the pledge of his future affection, beſtows them on her, the which (without farther excuſe or ceremony) ſhe thankfully accepteth, and promiſeth him to ſwear them for his ſake. *Martha* returning home to her Lady and Miſtreſs, ſhe delivers her *Beaumarays* his answer, verbatim as he told it her, but no Letter. *Blancheville* ſeeing her ſelf thus wronged and ſlighted of him, in that he diſdaineth to give her any ſatisfaction, and which is worſe, that he peremptorily reſuſeth and ſcorneth to answer her Letter; ſhe is ſo ſtrangely transported with malice and choller towards him for the ſame, as ſhe vows to cry quittance, and to be revenged of him; but as yet ſhe knows not in what manner to perform and perpetrate it; only ſhe again reſolves not as yet to acquaint her Husband therewith, but to attend and watch for ſome future deſired opportunity.

Two years are almoſt paſt away, wherein *Beaumarays* and *Champigny* (to their great coſt and charge) do vehemently conteſt in Law about their Church-quarrell for precedency, but they do it far more out of malice towards themſelves, than any way out of piety towards God. And as moſt of the great Judiciall Courts of France are too too frequently oppreſſed with Law ſutes of this nature; ſo I may affirm with as much truth as pity, that this is a fatall rock, whereon many hot contentious French ſpirits do moſt inconfideratly ſuffer ſhip-wrack. At the end of which time (as the loſs of one party proves ſtill the gain of the other) the Preſidiall Court of *Charters* pronounceth ſentence in favour of *Beaumarays*, adjudging him the prece-

dency in the Church, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred Crowns charge and damage to *Beaumarays*. This thundering sentence so prejudiciall and contrary to *Champigny* his proud wifes hopes and expectation, drives him into extreme choller, and her out of all patience towards *Beaumarays*. He bites his lip with grief, and his wife inflamed with rage at the report and knowledge hereof, and although he were once minded to appeal from this sentence of the Presidiall Court of *Chartres*, to the Court of Parliament at *Paris*, yet being powerfully diverted by his best friends, he as soon abandoneth as embraceth, that resolution: he cannot see *Beaumarays* but with envy, nor his wife hear speak of him, but with infinite malice and detestation. She is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her speeches and actions, both day and night, precipitates her Husband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice against him begins afresh to revive and flourish, and now she thinks it a very fit time and opportunity, to acquaint her Husband with *Beaumarays* his base and scandalous speeches against her honour, the which with much passion, and many tears she effects, and also shews him the Copy of her Letter, which she sent him by her maid *Martha*, whereunto she informs him, he disdainfully returned her no answer, but contempt and silence. *Champigny* is so deeply incensed hereat against *Beaumarays*, as his wife needs not many words or circumstances to induce and perswade him to revenge it on him: when presently he being as incapable of delay, as of better advice and counsell, he finds out *Marin*, who (more in love to *Blancheville*, than in hatred to *Beaumarays*) confirms as much to him, as he would have him affirm. Now, as *Blancheville* thinks that her Husband *Champigny* will question *Beaumarays* by the Law of Justice, for this his crime towards her: He (as a valiant and generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and assumes a contrary resolution, to do it by that of his sword. When having prayed, and procured *Marin* to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horse-back, he (consulting with nature, not with grace) the very next morning by *Serou* his foot-man, sends *Beaumarays* this Challenge.

CHAMPIGNY to BEAUMARAYS.

As thy knowledge is Judge, so Mounsierr *Marin* is witness, what base and ignoble speeches thou hast falsely vomitted forth against the honour and chastity of my wife. And because crimes of this nature are still odious to men, and execrable to God, and no way to be tolerated by a friend, much less to be digested and suffered by a Husband: therefore thank thy self, if (for reparation hereof) thy folly now call on thy valour, to invite thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine, with your Swords on horseback, on Tuesday next, betwixt six and seven in the morning, without the North-hedge of the very first Vineyard beyond the River, where you shall find we will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cause, to the injustice and infidelity of thine, it makes me fully confident, that the issue of this Duell will prove glorious for me, and shamefull and ruinous for thy self.

CHAMPIGNY.

Serou (according to his charge and duty) findes out *Beaumarays* in his own house, and very secretly gives him his Masters Letter; who much musing thereat, steps to the window, and there privately reads it to himself: When blushing and smiling to see the bold folly of *Champigny*, the foolish malice of his wife *Blancheville*, and the base treachery of *Marin* towards him, he is so couragious and generous, as he disdains to be out-braved by any man whatsoever in the point of honour, (which he esteems far dearer and precious than his life) especially by *Champigny*, whom he holds to be as much his inferiour in valour as blood. He therefore trips to his study, and writes *Champigny* this Letter, the which he returns by his foot-man in answer of his.

BEAUMARAYS to CHAMPIGNY.

AS I will not make my self Judge, so I desire not to be witness either of thy wifes chastity or unchastity. It is sufficient for me to leave her to her self, and her self to thee. *Marin* shall have time enough to repent his treachery towards mee, and thou to exchange thy jealousie into Judgement. But because I see thy choller now exceeds all the bounds of reason, for that thou art so inconsiderately and rashly audacious, to seek and preserve thy wifes honour with the loss and ruine of mine; know therefore, that to cherish and maintain it equally with my life, I cheerfully accept thy challenge, and do hereby give thee to understand, that I with my second, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on horseback, where we doubt not but to acquit our selves, as our selves, and to make thee and thine acknowledge, that our swords are composed of a good temper: and our hearts,

a better, and consequently, that you may, perchance, meet with your superiours, as well in valour as in blood and extraction.

BEAUMARAYS.

He hath no sooner ended this his Letter, but he presently begins to think of his second, when calling to mind his own younger Brother *Le Montagne*, (a young Gentleman of some twenty years of age) is brave and valiant, and that he hath already fought two Duells, and in both of them came off with his honour, he sends for him to his closet, and there shews him *Champigny* his challenge, and his answer thereunto, and demands of him if he have any stomach to second him at this feast, his Brother *Montagne* highly applauds his generous resolution for accepting this challenge, thanks him for the honour and favour he now doth him, in making him his second, vows, that if he had many lives, as he hath but one, he is ready to sacrifice them all at his feet and service; and courageously tells him, he should have taken it for a sensible affront, disgrace and injury, if he had made choyce of any other than himself: So they both prepare their horses, Swords and courages against the approaching time, and no less doth *Champigny* and *Marin*.

Beaumarays and his Brother *Montagne* conceal this business from all the world; and *Champigny* bears it so close and secret, as he makes not his ambitious and malicious wife acquainted therewith, but in favour of his love to her beauty, and reputation to himself, smothers it up in silence. Tuesday morning being come, our four impatient champions are in the field at their Rendez-vous; first arrived *Champigny* and *Marin*, and presently after them, *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne*, all of them being bravely mounted upon neighing and trampling coarfers: At their entrance, *Marin* comes with a soft trot toward *Beaumarays*, thinking to apologize himself to him; But *Beaumarays* is so brave and generous, as he is deaf to his speeches, and will not hear him, but tells him, that it is Swords, not tongues, which must now decide their difference, and prove him innocent or guilty: So *Marin* missing of his aime, he returns again upon the same trot to *Champigny*, and now, according to the order and nature of Duells, it is ordered between those four desperate Gentlemen, that their principalls shall search the seconds, and the seconds the principalls, to see whether their doublets were any more than Sword proof, but they might well have saved themselves that labour, for they are all of them too noble and valiant, any way to taint their reputations and honours with the least shadow or tincture of cowardize; so they cast off their Doublets, divide themselves, and then draw, and the first that must, and will try their fortunes, are *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* (who being some fourscore paces off) they give spurs and reins to their horses, and part as swift as the wind, or rather so furiously and suddenly, as two claps of thunder, or flashes of lightening: At their first encounter, *Beaumarays* runs *Champigny* through his shirt-band, into the right side of his neck, and *Champigny* him into his left shoulder, whereat reciprocally inflamed as Lyons, they make short turnes with their horses, and so fall to it amaine with their Swords, when again *Beaumarays* gives *Champigny* two other wounds, and he returns him one in counterexchange, whereof neither of them being mortall, they again divide themselves to breath, which having done, and both of them as yet unsatisfied, they met the second time, at which cloze, *Champigny* misseth *Beaumarays*, and hurts his horse in the neck, but *Beaumarays* gives *Champigny* a lick with his Sword ore his forehead, (which bled exceedingly, but yet they are too couragious to desist, as scorning, rather than caring for the number of their wounds. They to it again the third time, which proves as fortunat for *Beaumarays*, as fatall to *Champigny*; for as his horse stumbleth on his fore-feet, *Beaumarays* in his bending, runs him thorow the body, a little above his left Pap, where his Sword meeting and cutting the strings of his heart, he presently, in a fainting and faltering language, spake these his last words: *Beaumarays*, I forgive thee my death, and God be mercifull unto my Soul, and with the same, fell stark dead from his horse to the ground; When *Beaumarays*, as a noble Gentleman, leapt presently from his horse to his assistance, and so did his own second, *Marin*, but their charity and care to him was in vain, for already life had forsaken his body, and consequently, his soul was fled to his place: So he lies there gored in his blood, and whiles *Marin* was covering of his breathless body with his Cloak, *Beaumarays* sheaths up his Sword, and with hands and eyes elevated to Heaven, rendreth thanks to God for this his victory:

No sooner hath *Montagne* congratulated with his Brother *Beaumarays* for his good fortune, but with a heart and courage worthy of him self, he calls out to his Rivall *Marin*, and bids him prepare to fight; When his Brother *Beaumarays* notwithstanding his losse of much blood, doth infinitely desire to spare his Brother *Montagne* from fighting with *Marin*, and so to perform it himself. But *Montagne* is too couragious and generous either to understand this motion, or to relish this language from his Brother, and so in hot words and high termes, he peremptorily tells him: That he came to fight with *Marin*, and fight he would; whereupon his

Brother *Beaumarays* gives him his prayers, commits him to his good fortune, and so with his Cloak muffled about him; sits down a Spectator to their combat: When *Montagne* remounting remounting his Steed, he calls out again to *Marin* and bids him prepare to fight.

Marin no way appalled or daunted with the unfortunat disaster of his principall, but rather the more exasperated and incouraged thereat, he as a valiant Gentleman vows to sell and requite his death dearly on the life of his adversary *Montagne*: to which end they divide themselves and draw, and so part each towards other, I know not whether with more swiftness or courage; At their first encounter *Marin* runs *Montagne* into the small of the belly of a slight wound, and in exchange he cuts *Marin* a great slash on his left cheek, which hangs down and bleeds exceedingly; When presently closing again, *Montagne* runs *Marin* into the right thigh, and he him in requitall into the right arme, and then they divide themselves to take breath, and for all these their wounds being as yet incapable to appease or satisfie their courages, they presently determine again to fall to it with bravery and resolution; When behold the Marquis of *Bellary* (the Titular King of *Ivetot*) with two Lords his Sons, and their train passeth that way from *Chartres* to go to *Paris*, and seeing two Gentlemen on Horseback in their shirts with their Swords drawn, he judgeth it a Duell, when he and his two Sons gallop into the little Meadow joyning to the Vineyard to prevent and part them, but they came too late; for *Montagne* and *Marin* seeing them swiftly galloping towards them, they (to prevent them) with more hast then good speed, set Spurs to their horses the sooner, and at this their second meeting *Montagne* warding *Marin's* Sword and putting it by, doth at the very same Instant run him thorow the body a little below his Navell, of which mortall wound, he fell presently from his Horse dead to the ground, uttering only these words: *O Montagne, thou hast slain me: Thou hast slain me, God receive my Soul*: and then and there without speaking a word more immediately dyed.

No sooner hath *Montagne* wiped and sheathed up his Sword, but his joyfull Brother *Beaumarays* gallops up to him, and cheerfully congratulates with him for the same: When instantly the Marquis of *Bellary*, and the two Lords his Sons, arrive to them, though a little too late; They are astonished to see two proper Gentlemen lie there slain in the field, and reeking in their hot blood; when turning to *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne*, whom they knew, they congratulate with them for their victories, and the Marquis, as briefly as his time and their wounds will permit, enquires of them the cause of their quarrell, and the manner and particulars of their combat, whereof being fully informed and satisfied by them, he sends the dead bodies of *Champigny* and *Marin* to *Chartres* in his Coach; And understanding by *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne*, that for the preservation of their safeties and lives, they were resolved to leave *Chartres* and *Beausse*, and so thwarting ore *Normandy* by *Evereux* and *Lefieux*, to embark themselves for *Caen*, and thence to pass the Seas into *England*, till their friends in their absence had procured their grace and pardons from the King, as also that they were destitute both of Chirurgions to dress their wounds, and of a guid to conduct them thither; Hee very nobly gave them his own Chirurgion and guid, and promising them likewise, to labour with the King to the utmost of his power, for their peace, he passeth on his Journey, and commits them to the best fortune. A singular, yea, an honourable courtesie of this brave old Marquis of *Bellary*, whose deserts and fame I should much wrong, if I gave not the relation and memory of his name a place in this History.

Whiles thus the Marquis of *Bellary* is travelling towards *Paris* and *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* posting for *Caen*, come we briefly to *Chartres*, which now resounds and rattles with the report and issue of this combate, where Gentlemen and Citizens, and all (according to their passions and affections) speak differently thereof; some condemn the vanity of *Beaumarays*, others the folly & treachery of *Marin*, but all do highly extoll the courage and generosity of *Champigny* and *Montagne*. But leave we them to their censures, and come we again to speak of *Blancheville*, who takes the news of this untimely death of her Husband so tenderly and sorrowfully, that she is ready to drown her self in tears; It is not only a grief to her heart to see, but a terror to her conscience, to know, that her Husband *Champigny*, and her friend *Marin*, have both of them lost their lives for her sake, and when again she falls on the consideration and remembrance, that the first dyed by the hand and sword of *Beaumarays*, her mortall enemy, and the second by that of his Brother *Montagne*, then she is again ready to burst her heart and breast with sighing thereat. She is so incapable of Counsell, as she will hear of no consolation, nor speak of any thing but of her malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays*, and to write the truth, this implacable wrath and revenge of hers to him, takes up all her thoughts and speeches, her contemplations and actions, and both her time and her self. To which end she converts most of her Corn and Wine into money, goes to *Paris*, casts her self at the Kings feet, and to the feet of that great and illustrious Court of *Parliament* for Justice, against

against *Beaumarays*, the murderer of her Husband, the which again and again, the aloud re-sounds and echoes forth to their ears, yea, her rage is so great, and her malice so outrageous towards him, that notwithstanding his body is absent, yet she spends five hundred Crowns in Law to have him according to the Law and Custome of *France* to be hanged up in effigie: But although her sute be just, yet (by reason of his great friends in Court) she sees her self so unfortunate, that she cannot obtaine it. Whereupon, after twelve moneths vain stay in *Paris*, and a profuse expence of money, she (with much grief and sorrow) secretly vowes to her self, that if ever he return again to *Chartres*, or which is more, into *France*, that she her self will be both his Judge and Executioner, by revenging her Husbands death in his, and from this hellish resolution of hers, she deeply swears, that neither Earth nor Heaven shall divert her.

Now, to follow the naturall stream and tide of this History; Wee must again bring *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne* on the Stage thereof: For the Reader must understand, that their wounds being dressed and secured, having bestowed both their horses on the Chirurgeon and guid, the two servants of the aforesaid Marquess of *Bellary*, and likewise written him a thankfull Letter for his honourable courtesie extended to them, and therewith likewise prayed him to sollicite the King for their Grace and pardon in their absence, they privatly (without any followers) embark themselves upon an English vessell at *Caen*, and so with a prosperous gale; arrive at *Rie*, and from thence take horse for *London*, where they settle up their aboad and residence, from whence *Beaumarays* sends to *Chartres* for two of his foot-men, and his Brother *Montagne* for one of his, which come over to *London* to them some six weeks after, and brings their Masters word, how earnestly and violently their adversaries follow the rigour and severity of the Law against them in *Paris*, but especially against *Beaumarays*; they receive these advertisements, from their servants and friends, rather with grief than contempt, and therefore to prevent their malice, and their own disgrace and danger, they often write from *London* to *Paris*, to the Marquess of *Bellary*, and likewise to the Bishop of *Chartres* (their dear friend and Kinsman) to hasten their pardons from the King: So that Noble Lord, and this reverend Prelate, pitying their danger and absence as much as they wish their safety and returne, take time at advantage, and the King in a well disposed humour, and so do most effectually and powerfully acquaint his Majesty, how these two absent Gentlemen and Brothers, *Beaumarays* and *Montagne*, were without just cause or reason, provoked to this unfortunate combat by their adversaries; that they were the Challenged, not the Challengers; that heretofore they had never committed any act unworthy either of their honour, or of themselves: That for their vertues and generosity, they were beloved of all their Countrey and acquaintance: That they had formerly received many wounds in his Majesties Warrs; and that their valour and courage was such, that in these times, which threatned more troubles than promised peace, they would undoubtedly prove happy and necessary members for his service, with many other prevailing motives and reasons conducing that way; which at last so weigh down the heart and mind of the King, that he freely conceded and gave them their pardons under his great Seal, the which to make the more authentick, they caused them to be enregistred and confirmed by the Court of Parliament of *Paris*, and thereupon both the Marquess and Bishop joyntly and speedily writ to them thereof from *Paris*. And after some few moneths of their stay in *London*, they send them over these their Pardons, which are delivered to them by the Earl of *Tillieres*, then ordinary Ambassadour there for this present French King, *Lewis xiii.* the which they receive with infinit honour, content, and joy.

This good news of theirs makes them now like the ayre of *France*, better than that of *England*. So they speedily pack up their baggage, leave *London*, and with all celerity poast away to *Dover*, *Callais*, and *Paris*. Where being arrived, the first thing they do, they find out the Marquess of *Bellary*, and the Bishop of *Chartres*, to whom they owe their peace, as they do their lives to the King: to whom they express a thousand demonstrations of thankfulness for this their honour and favour shewed them. They likewise burn with desire to testifie so much to the King, when the Marquis, seconded by the Bishop, presents them to his Majesty, who falling to his feet, he gives them his Royall hand to kisse. They can better express their thankfulness in deeds than words to him, and in language of their swords, than in that of their tongues: Only they tell his Majesty, that having received their lives of his meere clemencie and Royall favour, they most humbly therefore implore him to grant them the favour and honour, that they may spend and end them in this service. He allows of their zeal and humility, and to redouble his favour, he gives them again his hand to kisse, adding farther to them, that it is rather likely than impossible, that he shall shortly have occasion to use their Swords and service, and so dismisseth them.

These our two Brothers remain a moneth in *Paris*, wherein almost daily they tender their
thankfull

thankfull respects and service to the Marquis and Bishop, at the end whereof leaving their duties and receiving their commands, they take horse and return home for *Chartres*, (from which by reason of their disaster they have been so long absent) where all their Kinsfolks and friends welcome them home with infinite delight and joy, yea, almost all *Chartres* and the Gentlemen thereabouts, exceedingly rejoyce of their fortunate and safe returns. Only the Parents of *Marin* do envie *Montagne* deeply, and *Blancheville*, the sorrowfull and incensed Widow of *Champigny*; hat. & *Beumarays* deadly. As for *Montagne*, he makes such good means and friends, that in less then two moneths he obtains a perfect reconciliation of the first; but although *Beumarays* have made many fair overtures and proffers of attonement by his friends to the second, yet in six moneths he sees it is wholly impossible for him to procure it of her, and which is worse, she is still outrageous and revengfull towards him, that he thinks he never shall; for she disdains to see him, and scorns to heare of him: and still her malice and indignation against him, makes her constant in her former hellish and bloody resolution, that by one means or other she will ere long murder him, as he hath her Husband: A fearfull and most execrable resolution, every way unworthy the heart of a Gentlewoman, and far more the soul of a Christian.

In the former part of this History we have understood the affection of *Le Valley* (*Beumarays* his man) to *Martha Blanchevilles* Chamber-maid. In the middle thereof we have remarked and seen the implacable intended malice and revenge of *Blancheville* towards *Beumarays*. And we shall not go far before the end hereof will enform us what mournfull fruits, and deplorable effects, these different accidents and persons will procure us.

As there is no love to that of a man, so I am of opinion, that there is no malice comparable to that of a woman, and if the truth deceive not my judgment herein, I believe we shall shortly see the Antithesis of this position made good and verified in the persons of *Le Valley*, and *Blancheville*. For whiles *Le Valley* is lovingly thinking and inventing all possible means how he may marry *Martha*; so is *Blancheville* maliciously pondering and ruminating with her self how or by what means or agents she may murder *Beumarays*. Thus we see that the heart of the first it is full of kindness and courtesie, as the mind and resolutions of the second is of cruelty and blood. Now the Reader for his better information; will I hope remember, that in all this time of two years and upwards, since *Le Valley* first saw and spake with his sweet heart *Martha*, in his Masters house, that there hath past many love tokens between them, but as yet he could never draw her consent to marry him; for still she tels him that she loves her Mistress so dearly, that she will not depart from her service, nor wed any man, without her free consent, and therefore that they have far more reason to doubt than to hope of this match between them, considering the lamentable accident and disaster which hath past between their Masters. *Le Valley* seeing he must first win the Mistress, before he can wed the maid, with his sweet hearts advise, resolves to seek *Blanchevilles* consent thereto, the which he doth in fair and orderly terms. *Blancheville* who had formerly heard an inkling how dearly *Le Valley* affected her maid *Martha* in the way of morriage, now by this motion thereof to her self, she is fully confirmed thereof. When observing more passion than judgment, as well in his affection to her maid, as in his speeches to her self, she presently (being industrious in her malice, and vigilant in her revenge towards *Beumarays*) forgets God and all goodness, abandoneth all Christianity and humanity, and so the Devill brings her a plot, or else her own heart and head fetcht it from hell: She thinks that this poor servant *Le Valley*, is a fit agent and instrument for her, either to poyson or Pistoll his Master *Beumarays* to death, and that his love to her maid *Martha*, and his consideration of her fresh youth and beauty, is a sufficient bait, and powerfull lure to make him undertake and perform it, and hereon she settles up her bloody resolution. To which end *Blancheville* having already sufficiently woven this treachery in her heart, and closely and finely spun it in her brains, she politickly gives *Le Valley* more hope than despair, that he shall shortly marry her maid *Martha*; only she tels him she must first confer with her, to see how she stands affected to him, and that if he repair to her again at the end of the week, she will then assuredly give him such an answer, as she doubts not but will content and please him, or else the fault shall be his: But to conclude her speech, she chargeth him not to speak or utter a word hereof to his Master *Beumarays*, all which *Le Valley* faithfully promiseth her to performe. He goes from the Mistress to the maid, and reports what she hath told and spoken, so these young folks flatter themselves, that they very shortly shall be man and wife. *Blancheville* (whose heart and mind runs wholly upon a bloody revenge towards *Beumarays*) no sooner understands that *Le Valley* is gone forth her doores, but she sends for her maid *Martha* into her Chamber, where no way acquainting her with her bloody intent & policie she chargeth her to swear that she wil never mary *Le Valley* without her free consent, and that in the end she shall not repent the following of her advise and counsell herein, which *Martha* solemnly doth, whereof this malicious and vindictive Dame is exceedingly glad and satisfied.

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The end of the week being come, away comes *Le Valley* to his sweet heart *Martha*, to know if she be shortly resolved to marry him, who having been perfectly taught her lesson, tells him plainly, that she will be his wife, conditionally that he can gain her Mistress *Blanchevilles* consent thereunto, but never without it. Whereof he being exceedingly joyfull, he giving her many kisses, intreats her to bring him to her Mistress, and that he hopes to receive pleasing news from her, to both their contents. *Blancheville* (with much longing impatience) attends his coming, and receives and welcomes him into her Closet with a cheerfull countenance, where bolting the door, this hellish *Erynnis* (not Heavenly *Urania*) passionately tells him, that it shall be impossible for him ever to enjoy or marry her maid *Martha*, except he first swear to her to perform a secret business for her, which infinitely concerns her content and service. *Le Valley* desires to know of her what it is, but she first swears him to secrecy herein, both from *Martha*, and from all the world, the which he freely swears: When *Blancheville* (with hypocritical, yea, with diabolical tears in her eyes) being instructed and prompted by the Devill, representeth unto him, how foully his Master *Beaumarays* had first wronged her chastity and honour, then abused her Husband in the Church, and afterwards killed him in the field, and therefore that he should not only marry her maid *Martha*, but that she would likewise give him three hundred Crowns of marriage money with her, (if for her sake, and at her request) he would kill his said Master, either by Poyson, Ponyard, or Pistoll, of which summe she told him he should have the one half in hand, and the other when he had performed it, the which if he refused to do, she swore by her part of Heaven, that he should never marry her, nor come near her.

Le Valley is amazed and astonished at this bloody proposition and request of hers, the which she might well perceive by the distraction of his looks, and the perturbation of his countenance. He tells her, that although he loves *Martha* far dearer than his life, yet he cannot find in his heart to kill the poorest Christian in the world, much less so good and so dear a Master as *Beaumarays* was to him. *Blancheville* (being now as subtil in her malice, as she was malicious in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) shows *Le Valley* the three hundred crowns in fair Gold, which was far more than ever before he had seen; Tells him what a dear friend she will ever remain to him and his wife, and (in a word) leaves no lure unpractised; nor charm unattempted, to draw him to the enterprize of this deplorable, and to the execution of this hellish fact. But finding him as frozen as she was fiery therein, she bids him to take a weeks time to consider thereof, then to bring her his last resolution, and withall to remember his oath of secrecy herein from all the world, both which points he constantly promiseth her to performe. As he descends the stairs from her, his sweet heart *Martha* comes presently to him to know the mind and resolution of her Mistress, whom he thinks good then to satisfy with this pleasing answer that he hopes a small time will work and compass both their desires. So after a few kisses and embraces, they for that time take leave each of other. He is no sooner returned home, but his heart is as pensive and sorrowfull, as his mind and brain is perplexed and troubled for the cause thereof. He consults with himself, and his resolutions are as different as his desires. He cannot as yet find in his heart to kill his Master, and yet he can resolve rather to dye than to lose *Martha* his Mistress. True it is, that the sight of the Lady *Blanchevilles* Gold doth act wonders in his heart, but far more the sight and remembrance of *Marthas* sweet youth and delicious beauty: So the first tempts him exceedingly, the second extremely, and the Devill in both of them infinitely; yet notwithstanding, his faith and soul are so strong with God, that hitherto he cannot consent or be drawn to imbrue his hands in the innocent blood of his Master. But here befalls and unexpected accident which violently precipitates and throws him headlong on the contrary resolution.

His Master *Beaumarays* (not for want of any respect or love to *Blancheville*, but because he perfectly knew she extremely hated him) having formerly charged his man *Le Valley* that he should not frequent her house, nor no more dare to seek her maid *Martha* in marriage, the which he confidently promised him he would. He now understands that contrary thereunto, his man *Le Valley* the very day before was there, and continued still an earnest suitor to her; so he hereupon calls him to him, and gives him five or six sound boxes on the Ear, for his disobeying him, and vows that if he ever any more return thither, and seek *Martha* in marriage, he would utterly cashier him, and wholly discharge him from his service. *Le Valley* not accustomed to receive blows of his Master, was so extremely incensed hereat, as disdainng the blows for his Master, and his Master for the blows sake, they engender such bad blood in him, as he presently strikes a bargain, first with his choller, then with the Devill, that he would now adhere to the request of *Blancheville*, and so speedily return his Master a sharp requital and bloody revenge for the same; and indeed from that time forwards he never looked on him but with an eye of hatred and detestation.

So without farther delay, the same night as soon as his Master was gone to bed, he trips away to *Blanchevilles* house, informes her at large what had past betwixt his Master and himself, and therefore assures her that he is fully and constantly resolved to murther him within three or four dayes, if she would perform her promise to him, to give him the three hundred Crowns, and that also within a moneth after he shall marry *Martha*, whereat *Blancheville* being beyond measure joyfull, she faithfully and solemnly swears him the performance thereof when (as a pledge of the rest) she presently payes him down the first hundred and fifty in Gold, the which *Le Valley* joyfully purseth up. But the Receipt thereof shall cost him dear.

From the intended matter of the murther of *Beaumarays*, these two agents of Satan and Hell, *Blancheville* and *Le Valley*, proceed to the manner thereof, she proposeth that infernall drug, poyson, but he rejecteth it, as dangerous to be bought, and difficult to be applied. And because she dislikes to have him ponyarded, therefore they both conclude and agree, that he shall pistoll him to death, and this is their definitive, cruell, and hellish resolution. *Le Valley* having thus dispatcht his business with *Blancheville*, and taken leave with kisses of his sweet *Martha*, (who poor soul is as innocent, as they two are wholly and solely guilty of this deplorable conspiracy) he puts a cheerfull countenance on his revengefull heart, so returns home, and the very next day gets his Masters pocket Pistoll, which he loads with a brace of Bullets, and watcheth every day and hour for a desired opportunity to send him to Heaven. So the third after Monsieur *Montagne* going abroad a hawking with his Brothers Hawks and Spannels, and taking almost all his men servants with him, and leaving *Le Valley* to wait and attend on his Master, then and there this fatall occasion answered his prodigious expectation. For that very Fore-noon, his Master *Beaumarays* comming from the house of Office, he calls up *Le Valley* to him in his Chamber to truss his points, which wretched Villain he is busie in performing, but alas, in most barbarous and bloody manner: For as that good and Noble Gentleman thought of nothing less than of his danger or death, then this monster of nature fingering his hind points with his left hand, very softly drew his Pistol out off his pocket with his right, and then and there (with an infernall courage and audacity) shot him into the Reys of his back, nearly opposite to his heart, whereof he presently fell down dead to the ground, without having either the power or happiness to utter one prayer or word whatsoever, but only two or three small fainting, or indeed dying groans.

This bloody and execrable wretch *Le Valley*, seeing his Master dead, he triumphs in his good fortune, to see what a brave Butcher he had proved himself in so speedily and neatly dispatching him. When to put the better varnish on his villany, and so to make it appear to the World, that his Master was his own murtherer, he taketh the Pistoll and placeth it in his dead right hand, & layes the Key of the Chamber upon the Table, and the door having a strong Spring-lock, pulls and shuts it fast after him. When again, to make his innocency the more clear and conspicuous to the World, he speedily and secretly taking a horse out of the Stable, a Hawk on his fist, and a Spanniell at his heels, and so very joyfully gallops away to the fields, where (after some hour at least, or hour and half at most) he finds out Monsieur *Montagne*, and tells him his Master dispatcht him to him with a fresh Hawk, which was his best and chiefest Gashawk. They Hawk all day together, and *LE VALLEY* (as accustomed) is very officious and diligent to Monsieur *MONTAGNE*, who towards night returns home to *Chartres*, having (between them all) taken eight Partridges and one Pheasant. He arrives at his Brothers house, where missing him, he gives the Pheasant and four of the Partridges to the Cook to dress for their Supper; when afterwards again missing his Brother *Beaumarays*, and enquiring for him, the meniall servants of the out-houses tell him they saw him not to day. Supper being preparing, and the Table covered, he sends up *Le Valley* to look him in his Chamber, who returns him this answer, that his Master is not there, but the door is shut: *Montagne* marvelleth at his Brothers long (and unaccustomed) absence, and so do all his servants. They find his Cloak, Rapier and Belt, hanging up at a pin in the Hall, and therefore deeming him not far, but at some neighbours house, he sends *Le Valley* one way, and the rest of the servants to other places to find him out; but whiles they seek after him, *Le Valley* (favoured by the night) trips away speedily to the Lady *Blanchevilles* house, and there most briefly and secretly acquaints her how bravely he hath dispatched his Master that forenoon, she cannot contain her self for joy of this sweet news, nor express it to him in less than a kiss, he saies he will tell her the rest to morrow night, and then come and receive the remainder of her promise to him, the which she again and again swears to him, she will perform it with a surpluse and advantage, so he kisseth his sweet heart *MARTHA*,
and

and again dispeeds himself home: Where he and the rest of the servants who were sent into the streets, return *Montagne* no news of their Master his Brother: Supper being more than fully ready, his long missing of him, doth at last bring him much doubt, and some suspicion and fear of his wellfare. It runs still in his mind, that he may be yet asleep in his Chamber; wherefore he ascends thither with *Le Valley*, and others of his servants, who call aloud, and bounce again at the door, but they hear no answer nor speech of him, the which doth the more augment his doubt, and redouble his fear of his Brother: At last he commands them to force and break open the door, but it being exceeding thick and strong, they cannot. *Montagne* tender care of his Brother, doth by this time infinitely increase his fear of him, which at last so powerfully surpriseth him, that he presently commands a Ladder to be erected to his Brothers Chamber window towards the Garden, and sends up one of his Lacquies with a Torch to look into the Chamber, the Lacquie foreeth open the Casement, and then thrust in his Torch first, and his head after, which he speedily withdrawing very passionately cryeth out: That his Master hath murdered himself with his Pistoll, and lies there dead all goared in his blood. *Montagne* at this lamentable news, tears his hair, weeps, and cries out again for sorrow thereof, and so do all his servants. Among whom *Le Valley* is observed to be one of the most, who weeps, and cries mightily thereat. *Montagne* being almost as dead with grief and sorrow hereat, as his Brother *Beaumarays* was with his wound; he bids the Lacquie to tear down the Casement, and to enter and unlock the door, which he doth: So he with *Le Valley*, and the rest of the servants, ascend and enter the Chamber, where (to their unexpressible grief and sorrow) they see this mournfull and murdered personage, with the discharged Pistoll fast in his hand, and the key of the Chamber door on the Table, as hath been already expressed. Once *Montagne* thought that his Brother might be robbed and killed by Thieves, but seeing all his Trunks fast locked, and then opening his Study door, and finding all his Gold, Silver and Jewells there in good order, he abandons that suspicion and Jealousie, and then both he and they all believe, that he hath absolutely murdered himself. The report of this Tragical and sorrowfull accident sounds loud through the streets of *Chartres*; *Montagne* sends for the Kings Atourney, and the Fiscal to see, & for Chirurgions to visit his dead Brothers body, they all concur and agree in opinion with *Montagne* and his servants, and so generally affirm and conclude; That *Beaumarays* hath (with his little Pistoll) shot himself into the back with a brace of Bullets, whereof he died, which is sweet musick and melody to *Le Valley*, but his wormwood and gall comes after. And now *Montagne* with all requisite order, state and decency, solemnizeth his Brothers Funerals, and not only all *Chartres*, but all *Beaufse*, and all Gentlemen who knew him, yea, the Bishop of *Chartres*, the Marquis of *Bel-lary*, and the the King himself much lamented and bewailed the unfortunate loss of this noble and valiant Gentleman.

The grief and sorrow of *Montagne* for his Brothers untimely death, is the joy and felicity of *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*; for as he triumphs, so for her part, she is so extreamly delighted and ravished with this sweet news, as at their next meeting (which is the very next night) she gives him his hundred and fifty Crowns, and because he hath dispatched his Master *Beaumarays* so speedily and secretly, she therefore takes a Diamond Ring off her finger (worth one hundred crowns) and likewise gives it him: When to make good her oath and promise to him (as also to make his pretended joy compleat) the very same day moneth after, marrieth him to her maid *Martha*. But marriages that are founded and cymented with innocent blood, never have prosperous ends. Now is *Blancheville* proud in her revenge for the death of her mortall enemy *Beaumarays*, and now likewise is *Le Valley* (in his conceit and mind) rapt up into the third Heaven of joy, in injoying his fair and sweet wife *Martha*, and neither of them hath the conscience to think of, or the grace to repent this foul and bloody fact of theirs; Which, (when they least dream thereof) we shall see God in his sacred mercy in Justice, will speedily detect, revenge and punish, as the sequell thereof will declare and inform us.

As the matter and manner of the detection of this lamentable murder of *Beaumarays* proceeded primarily from God, so it did secondly from his sorrowfull Brother *Montagne*, who wanting all other witnesses and evidence (and wholly guided by sacred power, and swayed by divine influence) was led to it by four remarkable circumstances and considerations, every way worthy of our knowledge and retention. The first was his finding and perusing of *Blanchevilles* Letter to his Brother *Beaumarays* (which formerly we have seen) wherein he observed a wonderfull deal of inveterat malice towards him from her: The second was *Le Valleys* sudden marrying of her Chamber-maid *Martha*, by the which he conceived, that that suspicion strongly reflected on her, and this on him: The third was from the sight of the Diamond Ring which *Le Valley* wore on his finger (being the same which we have formerly seen *Blancheville*

ville to give him) for *Montagne* believing that he had stolen it from his dead Brother, his Master, he challenged him for it by order of Law, when *Le Valley* to clear himself of this pretended theft, was enforced to enform both him and the Judges, that it was given him in marriage with his wife, by the Lady *Blancheville* her Mistress, the which confession of his, indeed added much suspicion and jealousy of them both to the heart and minde of *Montagne*, as believing that it must be some extraordinary tie and service, which should make *Le Valley* capable to deserve so great a bounty and reward of her. But the fourth and last consideration was far more powerfull and prevaillant with him, than all the three former, to ground his suspicion against *Le Valley* for thus murdering of his Brother, and wherein the Reader may deservedly admire and wonder at the celestiall providence and justice of God, which most miraculously and divinely appears herein; for the same day two moneths after the murder of *Beaumarays*, and the same day moneth that *LE VALLEY* married his wife *Martha*, it pleased the Lord (in his secret pleasure and justice) to send him a Gangreen in his Right Hand, which beginning to extend and spread, his Chyrurgions, to save his life, advised his said hand to be speedily cut off, which was accordingly performed.

This suddenly cutting off *Le Valleys* right hand by advice of his Chyrurgions, brings terror to him, fear to *Blancheville*, and astonishment and admiration to *Montagne*, who (led by the immediate spirit and finger of God) doth now confidently believe, that it was that hand of his which pistoll'd his Brother to death, and that it might be rather probable than impossible, that *Blancheville* might be the Authour, and he the actor of this cruell murder. Wherefore grounding this his strong suspicion upon the piety and innocency of his Brothers life and disposition, as also on his own four former premised serious considerations and circumstances, he neither can nor will take any contrary Law or peace of his thoughts; But goes to the *Seneshall*, and Kings Attorney of that City, and accuseth *Le Valley* to be the murderer of his Brother *Beaumarays*.

The wise and prudent Judges, advertised the Presidiall Court thereof likewise: So they presently caused him to be apprehended and imprisoned for the same; they charge him with this cruell murder committed on the person of his Master, but he stoutly denies it with many fearfull Oaths and imprecations, his crime being greater than his Apologie, they adjudge him to the rack, where in the midst of his tortures, God so deals with his heart and prevails with his soul, that he confesseth, it was he who murdered his Master *Beaumarays* with a Pistoll charged with a brace of Bullets, and that he was hired to perform it by the Lady *Blancheville*, who gave him three hundred crowns in Gold, and a Diamond Ring to effect and finish it. At the relation and confession whereof *Montagne* and the Judges, exceedingly admire and wonder, and being by them again demanded if his wife *Martha* were not likewise accessary with them in this murder, he freely and constantly told them that she was not, and that he would take it to his death, that she was every way as innocent, as himself and *BLANCHEVILLE* her Mistress were guilty thereof.

The Judges of this Court speedily send Serjeants away to apprehend *Blancheville*, who is so far from the apprehension or fear of any danger, as she dreams not thereof: They find her in her own house playing on her Lute, and singing in company of many Gentlemen, and Gentlewomen her friends: The Serjeants seize on her, and tells her her accusation and crime, whereat she is amazed and weeps exceedingly, and no less do those who are with her: She is brought before her Judges, who strongly accuse her for being the Author of this cruell murder of *Beaumarays*, and acquaint her with *Le Valleys* full and free confession thereof, as we have formerly understood: When here sometime with tears, and then again with passion and choller, she tells the Judges, that *LE VALLEY* is a Devill and a villain thus to accuse her falsely: That she never gave him a Ring, or three hundred Crowns to do it, and takes God to witness that she is not guilty but wholly innocent of that murder.

But this poore and passionate Apologie of hers, will not passe current with her Lynce-eyed Judges, who cause her to be confronted with *LE VALLEY*, who stands firm to his former accusation against her, and yet her faith is so weak with God, and so strong with Satan, as with many cries and curses, she again and again cries out and protesteth of her Innocency: They produce her Ring, and part of her Gold, but she boldly denies and stoutly forswears both; So they presently adjudge her to the Rack, whereto with much constancy she permits her self to be fastned: But at the very first touch

touch and wrench thereof, her dainty delicate limbs not able to brook those exquisite torments, God was pleased to be so gracious and mercifull to her soul, as she presently (with many tears) cries out that she was the guilty Authour of this horrible murder, & so in all points & circumstances concurred and agrees with *Le Valleys* deposition and accusation against her: Here her Judges again demand of her if her Maid *Martha* were never accessory or consenting with her and *Le Valley*, in this their bloody fact, but she vows to them, that upon the perill of her Soul, she was absolutely ignorant thereof, so herupon this our inhumane Lady *Blancheville* is again loosed from her Rack, and brought away to the Tribunall of Justice, and so likewise is *Le Valley*, where *Montagne* and the Kings Attourney presently crave judgement of the Presidents against these two Murderers, who after a long and a religious speech which they made, both to them and to all who were present upon this bloody fact and crime of theirs: They conclude and adjudge *Le Valley*, the very next day to be broken on the wheele alive, and *Blancheville* then likewise to be hanged, which gave matter of Universall speech and admiration to all *Chartres* and *Beausse*.

Wee have seen the perpetration and detection of this inhumane and lamentable murder, committed by these two unfortunate Wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*: And now (by the mercy and Justice of God) we are come to see the triumphs of his Revenge to fight against them in their condigne punishments for the same. They by their Judges are that afternoon returned again to their prisons, and the same night are there effectually dealt with by Divines, who (out of Christian Charity) direct and prepare their soules for Heaven. So the next morning about ten of the clock they are brought to the common place of Execution in *Chartres*, where a world of people attend to be Spectators of these their unfortunate ends and deplorable Tragedies: And first *Le Valley* ascends the Scaffold, who is sad and pensive, and sayes little else in effect but this, that it was partly *Blanchevilles* gold, but chiefly his love to her Maid, his Wife *Martha* who first drew him to murder his dear Master *Beaumaries* whereof he affirmed he was now heartily repentant and sorrowfull, and besought the Lord to pardon him; He here took it to his death that his said Wife *Martha* was every way innocent of this murder, and therefore beseeched *Monsieur Montagne*, to be good and charitable to her after his death, whom he likewise prayed to forgive him, when uttering a few *Ave M A R E* to him self, and often marking himself with the sign of the Crosse: He was by his Executioner presently broken on the Wheel, whereof he immediately dyed.

Le Valley was no sooner dispatched, but upcomes our Female monster *Blancheville* on the Ladder, whose youth and beauty drew pity from the hearts, and tears from the eyes of most of her Spectators: in her countenance she was very sad and mournfull, and yet I am enforced to confesse this truth of her, (that in the last Scene and act of her life) her Pride and Vanity so far usurped on her judgement, her piety, and her soul, that she came here to take her last leave of the world, apparelled in a rich black razed sattin gown, a crimson damask Petti-coate laid with white sattin guards, a rich cutwork falling band, her hair all strewed with sweet powder, decked with white ribban Knots and Roses, and a snow white pair of gloves on her hands, so she there craves leave of the people to speak a few words before she dies, which with a well composed countenance, and behaviour, she doth in these tearmes.

She said that her dear and tender affection to her Husband *Champigni* occasioned her deadly hatred and malice to *Beaumaries*, and that as soon as she had slain him in the field, she in revenge thereof instantly resolved and vowed to send him to heaven after him: she affirmed that she was now sorrowfull from her heart and soul, that she had caused *Le Valley* to kill this his Master, also that she was so unfortunate and miserable, as now to see him die for her sake and service, in requitall whereof she gave all her apparell, and some of her Plate and Jewels to her old Maid, now his new Wife *Martha*, whom she affirmed in presence of God and his Angels, was no way guilty or consenting to this lamentable murder, which she beseeched the Lord to pardon and forgive her, she likewise besought *Montagne* and *Martha* to forgive her, and entreated all who were present to pray to God for her soul, she conjured all Ladyes and Gentlewomen who were sorrowful eye-witnesses of her untimely death, to beware by her unfortunate example, and so to hate Malice and revenge in themselves as much as she loved it: When again praying all her spectators to pray to God for her, she after a few Pater-nosters, and Ave-Maries was turned over.

And thus was this lamentable, and yet deserved death of these two bloody wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*, and in this sharp manner, did God justly revenge and punish this their horrible crime of murther : Whose untimely and unfortunat deaths left much grief to their living Parents and friends, and generally to all who either saw or knew them. May we read this their History, first to the honour of God, and then to our own Instruction and Reformation : That the sight and remembrance of these their punishments may deterr us from the impiety and inhumanity of perpetrating the like bloody crimes,

A M E N.

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XX.

Lorenzo murthereith his wife Fermia; He some twenty years after (as altogether unknown) robbeth his (and her) Son Thomaso, who likewise (not knowing Lorenzo to be his Father) doth accuse him for that robbery, for which he is hanged.

Those who (by the pernicious instigation, and fatall temptation of Satan) do wilfully imbrue their hands in innocent blood, and so make themselves guilty of murther, are no longer men, but have prodigiously metamorphosed themselves into the nature and quality of Devils. And as after this their crime, they are worthy of all true Christians detestation, so most commonly (without Gods saving grace and mercy) their hearts are so obdured with impenitency of security, and their souls seared up and abandoned to all kinds of atheisticall prophaneness and impiety, that they are so far from thinking of God, as they believe there is no God, and so far from fearing of his Judgments and punishments, as they are desperately confident they have not deserved any: But because their hearts and actions are as transparent to Gods eyes and knowledge, as Gods decrees, and resolutions are invisible to theirs, therefore (despite this their blindness and the Devils malice & subtilty to obscure & conceal it) this world will afford them no true peace, nor this life produce them any perfect tranquillity. But where-soever they go or live, their guilty thoughts and consciences as so many hellish blood-hounds will incessantly pursue and follow them, till in the end they drag them to condigne shame, misery, and confusion for the same: which this subsequent History will verifie and make good to us, in a wretched and execrable personage, whom it mournfully presents to our view and consideration. Let us read it in the fear of God, that we may weigh that benefit by it which becoms good Christians to make.

It is not the meannesse of the personages, but the greatnesse and eminency of Gods Judgements, which hath prevailed with me to give this History a place among my others: The which to draw from the head spring, and original, we must understand, that in *ITALY*, (the Garden of Europ, as Europ is that of the whole world) and in the City of *Genova*, (seated upon the Mediterranean Sea, which the Italians for the sumptuousnesse and statelinesse of her buildings, doe justly stile and entitle, proud *Genova*) near to the Arsenal upon the Key, there dwelt (of late years) a proper tall Young man, of a coale black haire, some twenty five years old, named *Andrea Lorenzo*, who by his Trade was a Baker, and was now become Master of his profession, and kept both his Oven and Shop for himself; wherein he was so industrious and provident, that in a short time he became one of the prime Bakers of that City, and wrought to many Ships and Galleyes of this Estate and Seignory: He in few years grew rich, was proffered many wives, of the Daughters of many wealthy Bakers and other Artificers of *Genova*, but he was still covetous, and so addicted to the world, as he could fancy none, nor as yet be resolved or perswaded to seek any Maid or Widdow in Marriage, sith he knew it to be one of the greatest and most important actions of our life, and which infallibly draws with it, either our chiefest earthly felicity, or misery.

But as marriages are made in Heaven, before consummated on earth; So *Lorenzo* going on a time to the City of *Savona*, which (both by Sea and Land) is some twenty little miles from *Genova*, and heretofore was a free City and Estate of it self, but now swallowed up in the power and opulencie of that of *Genova*, he there fell in love with a rich Vintners Daughter, her Father named *Juan Baptista Moron*, and shee *Fermia Moron*, who was a lovely and beautifull young Maiden, of some eighteen years of age, being tall and slender, of a pale complexion, and a bright yellow hair, but exceedingly vertuous and religious, and endowed with many sweet qualities and perfections; who although she were sought in marriage by divers rich young men, of very good families of that City, with the worst of whom (either for estate or extraction) *Lorenzo* might no way compare, yet she could fancy none but him, and he above all the men of the world she (secreterly in her heart and mind) desired might be her Husband. *Lorenzo*, (with order and discretion) seeks *Fermia* in marriage of her Father *Moron*, who is too strong of purse, and too high of humour to match his Daughter to a Baker, or to any other of a mechanicall profession, and so gives him a flat and peremptory deniall. But *Lorenzo* finds his Daughter more courteous and kind to his desires, for she being as deeply enamoured of his personage, as he was of her beauty and vertues, after a journey or two which he had made to her at *Savona*, she consents and yeelds to him to be his wife, conditionally that he can obtain her Fathers good will thereunto, but not otherwise; which *Lorenzo* yet feared and doubted would prove a difficult task for him to compass and procure; for her Father knowing *Fermia* to be his own and only child and Daughter, and that her beauty and vertuous education, together with the consideration of his own wealth and estate, made her every way capable of a farr better Husband than *Lorenzo*. As also that his Daughter in reason and Religion, and by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, was bound to yeeld him all duty and obedience (because of him she had formerly received both life and being) therefore he was resolute that *Lorenzo* should not have his Daughter to wife, neither would he ever hearken to accept, or consent to take him for his Son in Law.

Lorenzo having thus obtained the heart and purchased the affection of his sweet and dear *Fermia*, he now (out of his fervent desire and zeal to see her made his wife, and himself her Husband) makes it both his ambition and care (according to her order) to draw her Father *Moron* to consent thereunto, wherein the more importunate humble, and dutifull he (both by himself and friends) is to *Moron*, the more imperious, averse, and obstinate is he to *Lorenzo*, as disdainning any farther to hear of this his sute and motion for his Daughter. But *Lorenzo* loves the Daughter too tenderly and dearly thus to be put off with with the first repulse and deniall of her Father, and so (notwithstanding) he again persevereth in his sute towards him, with equall humility and resolution: He requesteth his consent to their affections with prayers and his Daughter *Fermia* (having formerly acquainted her Father with her dear and inviolable love to *Lorenzo*) she now prayes him thereto with tears: But (as one who had wholly wedded himself to the singularity of his own resolution and pleasure) he again proudly refuseth him with disdain, and peremptorily rejecteth her with choller and indignation, and secretly vows to himself, and publicly swears to them, that he will first die, and salute his Grave, before ever he will permit him to marry his Daughter. Which unkind answer and thundring resolution of his, proves the extreme grief of his Daughter *Fermia*, and infinite affliction

affliction and sorrow of her Lover *Lorenzo*, who hereupon are enforced to bear up with the time, yea, and to make a vertue of necessity, by separating their bodies, but not their hearts and affections. So he returns to *Genova*, and she lives and remains with her Father in *Savona*, having no other comfort left them in their absence, but hope, nor no other consolation, but sometimes to visit each other with their Letters, which they do.

Old *Moron* now finds his young Daughter *Fermia*, far more pensive, reserved and sorrowfull than heretofore, and therefore although he grieve to see her affection intangled with this *Baker Lorenzo*, yet he rejoyceth to see, that he comes to *Savona*, as also to understand that his Daughter hath no way ingaged her self to him in promise of marriage, but with the condition of his free will and consent thereto, which as heretofore, so now again, he deeply swears, he will never be drawn or perswaded to grant. And the sooner and better eternally and fully to dash these their irregular loves and affections, he thinks it fit for him to provide, and requisite to present his Daughter with another Husband: To which end he gives her the choyce of two or three proper young men, and of very good families in *Savona*, but she will have none of them, for her affection is so deeply fixed, and constantly settled on *Lorenzo*, that say her Father what he will, or do he or they what they can, he can hardly draw her to see, much less to speak with any one of them: Whereat he calls her foolish Gigglet, and fond Girle, and swears that he will wholly renounce her for his Daughter, and absolutely dis-inherit her, and leave her a begger, if she marry *Lorenzo*, and then and there flies from her in rage and choller, and leaves her to her self, to entertain her disonsolate & sad thoughts, with a world of sighs & tears.

As for the Letters which pass from *Genova* to *Savona*, and that are also returned from *Savona* to *Genova*, between these our two Lovers, *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, deeming them impertinent to this their History, I have therefore purposely excluded, and for order and brevities sake omitted them: The which entertained their time, and took up their affections and patience so long, that three years are now past and blown over, since they first saw each other, and since *Lorenzo* first motioned *Moron* for his consent to marry his Daughter, during all which long tract of time, which to those our two young Lovers seemed at least so many ages; The Reader is prayed to understand and take notice, that *Lorenzo* hath made five or six journeys from *Genova* to *Savona*, to see his *Fermia*, and hath importunately requested her Father *Moron* for his consent, and that at least many times she likewise hath imployed all her Parents and friends towards him, yea, and hath been more often on her bended knees to him to beg it, but all these their requests and solicitations towards him prove vain.

When *Lorenzo* at last considering and remembring, that he had used all the lawfull means he could possibly invent, and *Fermia* all her best indeavours and inventions which lay on her mortall power to draw her father *Moron* to their desires and wishes of marriage, and that neither they, nor all the world, could prevaile with him, he thinks it now high time (as well for the settling of his fortunes and trade, as also for the confirmation of his hearts content) to lay close siege to his *Fermia*, that (notwithstanding her Fathers refusall) she would consent and yeeld to marry him, and so very secretly by night to leave him and *Savona*, and to come live and die with himsele in *Genova*, telling her, that although he had never a Duckaton of marriage mony with her from her Father, yet that God had given him estate and means enough to maintaine her and his family, in full and plentiful prosperity, and that he would be a thousand times more tender and carefull of her than of his own life. Thus with a world of sweet words and sugred promises and perswasions, this sweet and fair young maiden (contrary to her former wholsom, vertuous and obedient resolutions) is at last, drawn and tempted away by him, now to prove disobedient to her Father, yea, and to forsake and flie away both from his house and himself. So *Lorenzo* having to that end secretly provided himself of a fine small Frigor, of fouré Oars on each side, he therewith comes by night into the key of *Savona*, (which the policy of the *Genouesses*, have dammed up, and made uncapable of ships of burthen, that thereby all the trade and commerce by Sea, may arrive to their own capitall City where giving notice to *Fermia* of his being there, she in the dead time of the night, when her Father and his servants were fast a sleep, and all things being hushed up in silence, seemed to conspire to her rash and inconsiderate escape, she by the Garden door, issued forth to *Lorenzo*, who there received her with much joy, and many kisses, and so conducts her to the Frigor, where the wind proving very fair, they hoysed up sail, and early the next morning at *Genova*, where *Lorenzo* conducts her to Saint Saviours Church, and there very secretly espouseth and marries her. But, O *Fermia*, how I pity thy youth and beauty, thine innocency and indiscretion, thy few years, and many vertues, thy affection and misfortune, and thine ignorance and credulity, so rashly and disobediently to flie from *Savona* to *Genova*, and to take away thy self from thy Father, purposely to give thy self in marriage to *Lorenzo*, for which indiscreet and disobedient fact of thine, it is not impossible for thee to see this ensuing position verified and confirmed in thy self, That there is nothing so easie in young people as to commit errors, nor so difficult as to repaire them.

While thus our young married couple celebrate their nuptials in *Genova* with delight and joy, old *Moron* the Father, grieves and storms thereat in *Savona*, for the sudden flight of his Daughter: When fearing and believing that *Lorenzo* had stolen her away, he secretly makes enquiry thereof at his house of *Genova*, from whence he hath perfect notice, that she is there, and married to him, whereat he passionately converts his grief into choller, both against her and him, and (in regard of this their disgrace and dishonour offered him) most constantly vows to himself, and to all who are neer him, that they shall never touch nor enjoy the vallew of one Duckaton of all his Estate and wealth, as long as he or they live, and that he will not once send after them, nor ever hereafter see them, which sharp vow and bitter sentence against our *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, we shall be enforced to see him too carefully to keep, and too severely and punctually to perform.

Some ten daies after this marriage of *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, when their wedding joyes and pleasures had given them some truce and time to consider of their worldly affairs, because they know and repute it folly, to think to be able wholly to live by love, *Lorenzo* considering the injury and disgrace which he had offered his Father in Law *Moron* in this action, and therefore very desirous yet now again to seek his consent and good will to this their marriage, that thereby he may participate and share of some part of his wealth, he determineth shortly to ride over to *Savona* to him, and with his best respects and duty to comply and labour with him for a reconciliation; and yet nevertheless, he thinks it very fit, and holds it most expedient, that his wife in the mean time, should first excuse her self to her Father by her Letter, the which she doth in these terms.

FERMIA to MORON.

Although the cause and manner of my departure from you & from your house make mee more worthy of your indignation than of your pardon, yet when you shall please to remember that you are my Father, and my self your only child & Daughter, & that God his holy Church hath of *Lorenzo* my friend, now made him my Husband, and also that for the term of three whole years, I with tears and prayers, came many times prostrate to you on my bended knees to obtain your consent thereunto, then I hope you will at least excuse, if not wholly forget and pardon this error of mine: Or of these reasons be not powerfull enough to intercede with your displeasure, I most humbly beseech you further to consider, that herein I have neither blemished nor disgraced your reputation with any point of dishonour; For as I came to my Husbands bed a pure Virgin, so I will live and die with him a chaste wife; and that as this clandestine flight and marriage of mine was the first, so it shall be the last act of my disobedience towards you. Some small portion of your wealth at our first beginning, will do my Husband and self a great deal of good in our trade, but this I leave, as at your consideration, so to your pleasure; Only in all humility and duty (as low as the earth or lower if I could) I desire your blessing to me, and implore your prayers to God for me, the which in religion you cannot, and in nature I hope you will not deny me. My Husband will shortly second this Letter of mine to you with his presence, and will then commit that task to his tongue, which I have now obediently imposed and commanded to my pen: my prayers and hopes, and his promises and vertues do assure me, that (in his respects and service to you) you shall ever find him to be as much your servant as your son in Law. God ever prosper your age with health, and bless your health with prosperity.

FERMIA.

Moron received this Letter in *Savona*, and understanding by the Messenger who brought it, that it came from his Daughter *Fermia*, from *Genova*, he was at first in such a fret and fume of choller thereat, as he once thought to have thrown it into the fire, without vouchsafing to read it: But after he had made three or foure turns in his Parlour, and so somewhat abated the violence of his passion and choller, he then procures so much time from his pleasure, and so much patience from himself, as he breaks up the seals thereof, and peruseth it, the which is soon as he had performed, he in presence of the messenger who brought it, tears the Letter in pieces, and then (all enraged with choller) hrows it into the fire, when again turning himself to him, he bad him tell the Gigglet his Daughter, That her carriage had been so base, disobedient, and ingratefull to him, that he disdained to return her any answer to her Letter, and was very sorry that he had so much descended from himself, as to have received and read it: When without more enquiring of him how his Daughter did, yea, without giving the Messenger any reward, or which is less, without making him drink, he hastily and chollerickly flings from him, and will no more see or speak with him; who returning to *Genova*, and reporting to *Lorenzo* and his wife what cold entertainment his Letter and himself had of her Father *Moron* in *Savona*; she grieves and storms thereat publicly, and he privately, and at their first relation and knowledge of this her Fathers unkindness in answering her Letter with silence, they look each on other with their countenances composed, partly of discontent, and partly of sorrow, and for her part, she cannot refrain from tears, till at last, her Husband *Lorenzo* steps to her, when (as much to dissipate her grief, and to dissemble his own) he gives her many smiles, and comforts her with these speeches.

That

That according to her promise (in her Letter) to her Father, he will the next week go over to him, and then will bear himself so respectfully towards him, that he hopes his presence shall purchase his Affection, which her Letter could not, so she hereat remains better satisfied than her Husband contented with this harsh carriage, and unkind resolution of their father towards him.

Now some eight daies after, *Lorenzo* rides over to *Savona*, (handsomely clad, and rather above than below his quality) and putting up his horse in an Inn, he a little before supper time, goes to his father in Law, *Morons* house, where inquiring of his servants for him, they tell him he is above in his Chamber, when desirous to see and speak with him, one of them steps up to him, and informes him thereof; Whereat *Moron* starting up, as if he had been suddenly awaked out of a dream, he at the first mention and name of *Lorenzo*, but especially of that of his Son in Law *Lorenzo*, bolts himself fast in his chamber, and then calling up his servants to him, he flatly chargeth them to deny his being within, o *Lorenzo*, and as soon as he is gone forth, to shut the doores against him, and at any hand, not to admit him into his house, for that his pleasure and resolution is neither to see nor speak with him. *Lorenzo* bites the lip at this baffle of his servants, first, to say their Master, his Father in law was within, and then in one breath to contradict and deny it. When for that time he holds it discretion to depart, goes to his Hostary (or Inn) to Supper, and returns thither again speedily after, but finds the same answer. So then fearing the truth, that his Father in law was (infallibly) within, and yet would not be within, he returns to his lodging, and in much choller, betakes himself to his bed, but this discourtesie of his Father in law will not permit him any sound rest, but only affords him many broken discontented slumbers. The next morning, very early, he returns thither again, to see and speak with him, but the first proved the last answer of his servants, whereat *Lorenzo* (all nettled with choller and anger) takes horse, and rides away for *Genova*.

Allow we him by this time returned to *Genova*, where he truly and fully relates to his wife *Fermia*, the discourtesie of her father towards him, from point to point, as we have formerly understood, which (poor sweet soul) exceedingly grieves her heart, and infinitely perplexeth her mind and thoughts, but how to remedy it, she knows not; for as she knows, she (by her disobedient flight and marriage against her fathers consent) hath committed a great fault towards him, so now she sees, that (of necessity) she must own and make the best of it: When he comforting his wife with encouragement, and she reciprocally encouraging him with comfort, they refer the issue of this their fathers pleasure or displeasure unto God; but yet rather hoping than despairing, that a little time will make him more tractable and flexible to their desires, they pass away their time merrily and sweetly together, he proving a courteous and loving Husband to her, and she a kind and dutifull wife to him. He exceeding provident to get and thrive by his trade, and she is carefull in her house and family, to save what he gets, and thus in six moneths after, they neither go nor send to their father, thinking and hoping, that although it be unlikely, yet it is not impossible but that hereafter of his own free accord and good disposition and nature, he may shortly exchange his displeasure into courtesie, and his malice into affection towards them: but as yet, they still finde the contrary, for in all this time, he never sends to them, nor so much as once hearkens after them.

At the end of six moneths *Lorenzo* prayses his wife *Fermia* to ride over to *Savona* to see what alteration this long time hath wrought in her fathers affection, and so recommends her portion from him, to her care and remembrance, but resolves not to write to him because of his unkindness to him at his last being at *Savona*. *Fermia* (more in obedience to her Husband, than out of her own willingness or desire) accepts of this journey, but still she fears that she shall find her father to be one and the same man in his discontent and displeasure against them. But yet in regard she is his own flesh and blood, his only child, and therefore a great part of himself, she yet flatters herself with this hope, that he cannot be so unnatural to her, as he was unkind to her Husband. She comes to *Savona*, but look what entertainment her Husband *Lorenzo* found from her father, the same in all respects and points doth she, and no otherwise: For he will neither speak with her, nor see, nor permit her, either to lie, eat, or drink in his house, but most uncourteously and unnaturally causeth his doors to be fast shut against her; yea, and to add cruelty to his unkindness, he is extreame angry with his servants, for daring to admit her to speak with him, and with her Aunt *Alcyna* (his own sister) for receiving and lodging her.

Our sweet *Fermia* the Daughter is extreame perplexed, afflicted, and grieved at this her fathers bitter unkindness and cruelty towards her, the which she seals with many sighs, and confirms with Infinite Rivulets of tears which trickle down her beautifull cheeks as so many pearled drops of dew on blushing and fragrant damask Roses: When again employing her aforesaid Aunt *Alcyna*, and likewise intreating father *Bernardin de Monte*, her fathers own ghostly father, to perswade him in her behalf, which they do. But at last, seeing the requests of the one bootlesse, and the spirituall exhortations of the other vain and to no effect, then

then as she came to *Genova* to *Savona*, with some hope and joy, so she is again constrained to return from *Savona* to *Genova*, with infinit grief and despair; Where from poynt to poynt (betwixt Anger and Teares) she relates to her Husband *Lorenzo*, the unnaturall discourtesie which her Father had offered her: Whereat as before, so now he againe dissembleth his discontent thereof, and with many sweet Speeches, and some few Kisses, seekes to comfort and pacifie her: But still the remembrance hereof, sticks deep in her mind, and yet far deeper in his thoughts, for the knowledge of his Father in Law *Morons* discourtesie first offered to himself, and now to his Wife in *Savona*, being known and reported to many of his Neighbours and Friends in *Genova*, they scoffe and taunt at his foolish Ambition, in Marrying and Stealing away his Wife, and in all Companies which he frequenteth, they give him this quip, that he had done far wiser to have Married a poor Trades Mans Daughter in *Genova* with a small portion, than a rich Vintners in *Savona* with nothing: Which foolish and malicious speech of theirs, falls not so easily from his Memory as from their Tongues, but leaves an impression therein, for from henceforth *Lorenzo* of a Wise man, proves himself a Fool, of an honest man a Knave, and so of a good Christian to God, an extream bad Husband both to his Wife and himself: For now seeing the mountaines of his hopes of a Rich Wife turned to smokehills, and they to nothing through his Fathers displeasure and unkindnesse to them, he lookes not on his Wife with so kind and respective an eye as heretofore, although poor harmlesse young woman, she knowes far better to lament & grieve, than how to remedy her Fathers cruelty towards them: But this is but the beginning of his ingratitude and her unfortunacy, for before a whole year be past since their Marriage, her Husband so far forgets his love to his Wife, his regard to himself and his reputation and credit to the world, as he first begins to slight her, and then to neglect both himself and his profession: And here now it is, that idlenesse begins first to enter into his Hands, Vice into his Heart, and Sin into his Soul; and here it is, that he first falls into bad courses, and wicked Company, from whence in the end (I fear) will proceed nothing but shame, repentance, misery and confusion of all sides.

He who formerly prayed often with his Wife and Family in his house, and was a devout and religious frequenter of his Church, now he is so dangerously fled from God, and so desperately following of the Devill, as he scornes the Church, and will neither pray himself at home with his Wife, nor (which is worse) permit or suffer her to do it at home with her Family: He hath forgotten her dear affection and constancy to him, & how she hath incurred her Fathers indignation for making him her Husband, and her self his Wife: He hath forgotten his former oathes and promises of his tender affection and constant love to her, and how that in life and death he would live and die more hers than his own; He hath forgotten how for his sake, and for the fervent love she bore him, that she forsook divers rich young men of *Savona*, who were every way his Superiours in Birth, Wealth, and Profession: Or else if he did remember it, he would not thus slight her by day, or lie from her by night in lewd and lascivious Company, spending both his time, his meanes, and himself, upon Panders, Bawds and Strumpets; from which ungodly life and sinfull conversation, neither her prayers, intreaties, requests, perswasions, sighes or tears can possibly reclaim him; but he lets all things run at randome and confusion without order, care, or consideration, so that within the compasse of one whole year and a half, his Trade is neglected, his Credit crackt, his Reputation lost, his Estate spent, and nothing left, either to maintain himself, or relieve her, but Grief, Sorrow, Despair, and Misery. She sets all his best friends, and most vertuous acquaintance to convert him from this his abominable life, yea, she holds it more shame than sin, to acquaint his Confessor therewith, who taking a fit time, deales roundly with him for his Reformation, and failes not to paint out his sins and vices, as also their deserved punishments in their foulest and most hideous colours: But still her Husband *Lorenzo*, is so stroegly linked to the Devill, and so firmly wedded to his beastly vices and enormities, that all the world cannot divert or diswade him from them; and still he is so far from abandoning and forsaking them, as he addes new to his old: For the Devill hath now taught him to delight in cursing and swearing; for in his speeches and actions, he useth many fearfull oathes and desperate execrations: he begins to revile her, and to give her foul language, terming her beggar, & her father Villain, and that he is bound to curse them both, because (saith he) they have beggered him; when God and his sinfull soul and conscience well knowes, that there is nothing more untrue or false: For if his piety toward God, or his care and providence of himself and his family had equallized hers, he had then made himself as now he is miserable, and she as joyfull, as now we see her disconsolate and sorrowfull, and then no doubt, but time and God would have drawn her father *Moron* to have bestowed some portion on him with his wife, whereas now the knowledge of his impious life and lascivious prodigallties doth justiy occasion him to the contrary. Again, here befalls another accident which brings our sorrowfull *Fermia*, new Grief, Vexation, and Teares, for she sees her self great, yea, quick with child

child by her Husband *Lorenzo*, so as that which she once hoped would have been the argument of her joy, now proves the cause of her affliction and sorrow; for his vices hath scarce left her wherewith to maintain her self; and therefore it grieves her to think and consider, how hereafter she shall be able to maintain her child, when God in his appointed time shall send it her; for he hath so consumed his estate, and spent, sold and pawned all their best household stuffe and Apparell, that almost they have nothing left to give themselves maintenance, hardly bread: But yet still how lewd and irregular soever *Lorenzo* be, his vertuous and sorrowfull wife *Fermia* serves God duly and truly, and spends a great part of her time in prayer, still beseeching the Lord to give her patience, and to forgive her Husband all his foul sins towards him, and cruell ingratitude towards her self: When, in the midst of this her poverty and misery, once she thought to have left her Husband in *Genova*, and to have cast her self at her Fathers feet in *Savona*, that he would pardon, receive and entertain her: But then again considering his flinty heart and cruelty toward her, and that he would rather contemn than pity her youth and misery, but especially calling to mind her duty to her Husband, and her Oath given him in marriage, in the presence of God and his Church, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer; Then, I say, the consideration and remembrance thereof, is so strong a tie to her conscience, and so strict an obligation to her soul, that she thinks his vices and poverty, hath now more need of her assistance, prayers and company, then of her absence; so as a vertuous wife, and a religious Christian, she will not consent to forsake and leave him, but resolves to stay and live with him, to what the Lord is pleased to impose on her, and (for his sins and hers) what afflictions and miseries he hath ordaind and decreed for them: And yet being desirous to draw hope and comfort any way, because she finds grief and despair from all parts, she resolves to acquaint her father with her calamities, as also (earnestly and humbly) to pray him to relieve them, the which she doth in this her sorrowfull letter to him, which she sends him safely to *Savona*.

FERMIA to MORON.

I Now find to my grief, and know to my shame and Repentance, that my disobedience in marrying *Lorenzo* against your consent and without your blessing, is the reason why God hath thus punished me with a bad Husband in him, whose fervent affection to me is so soon forgotten and frozen, and whose vertues in himself are so suddenly and sinfully exchanged into vices, that his prodigalities hath spent and consumed all his estate, and left not wherewith either to give himself or me maintenance: In which regard because my afflictions are so great, and my miseries so infinite, that I rather deserve your pittie then your displeasure; Therefore if not for my sake who am your living Daughter, yet for my mothers sake and remembrance, who is your dead wife, either give my Husband means to set up his old trade and forsake his new vices in *Genova*, or else take me home to live with you again in *Savona*: and if you will not in Nature respect me as your Daughter, yet in compassion entertain me as your Hand-maid, and I most humbly and religiously beseech you to think and consider with your self, to what great wants and necessitie I am now reduced, sith I write you this my Letter rather with tears then Ink: God direct your heart to my releif and consolation, as mine is eternally devoted to your service, and consecrated to his glory.

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* after a long consultation and reluctance with himself, whether he should read or reject this Letter of his Daughter; He at last (having formerly understood of her Husbands prodigality, and her poverty and misery) breaks up the Seals thereof and peruseth it, and surely if there had been any spark of humanity or reason, or of good nature or pittie in him at all, his former knowledge of her miseries, and now this present assurance and confirmation thereof, should have perswaded him to grant her, if not the first, yet the second of her requests, which was to receive her, and give her maintenance: but he is still so hard-hearted to her as he will neither relieve her wants, nor pittie her afflictions, but (more out of hatred then affection to her) thinks he hath done enough in sending her not his love, but this his sharp Letter in answer of hers.

MORON to FERMIA.

IF thy Husband prove not to thy liking, thou hast just reason to thank thy self, and to condemn thine own temerity and disobedience in choosing him, and if his affection be so soon forgotten or frozen to thee, it is a just punishment of God, because thine was so first to me, whereof as that is the effect, so doubtless this is the prime, and originall cause thereof, and as his vices and prodigality hath spent all his Estate, so I have not so little judgement, (though thou so small understanding) to think that mine shall redeem it, which (upon the whole) were then to imitate and second him in his folly, and consequently to make my self guilty in consuming it. And because thou fleddest with him without my

my knowledge from Savona to Genova, and didst there marry him without my consent, therefore it is neither thy Grief nor Misery, or thy shame and repentance, which shall enduce me either to respect or pitty thee as my Daughter, or which is less, to relieve and entertain thee as my handmaid: you both are young enough to work and labour for your living, as thy mother and my self did for ours, and therefore know thy youth deserves no compassion from my age, and if this wil not satisfie thee, then the best advice and counsell which I can or will give thee is, that thou continually direct thy prayers to God, for thy relief and consolation: And herein thou wilt then serve thy self, please me, and glorifie him: And as thou regardest my Commanos, or desirest my blessing, let me neither see thee, or hereafter beare any more of thy vain and foolish Letters.

MORON.

The receipt of this her Fathers unkind and cruell Letter to her, doth at one time kill both her hopes with despaire, and her heart with grief; or if that do not, then the mad tyranny, and new cruelty of her debauched Husband doth: for now contrary to nature, beyond reason and opposite to Grace, he many times beats her; she is all in tears heret, useth all possible means to reclaim him from his new vices to his old vertues: Shee continually perswades him fairly with exhortations, sweetly with sighs, and deerly with tears, yea poor sweet young woman, she many times casts herself at his feet, and with her armes crossed, her hands elevated towards Heaven, her hair dishevelled and dangling about her cheeks, and her pearled tears bedewing the Lillies of her mournfull and disconsolate countenance, begs him to forsake his vices to himself, and his undeserved unkindness and cruelty towards her: But all this in vain, for he proves deaf to her requests and prayers, and blind to her sighs and tears. He hath no longer mony to buy Corn, and is so far from selling any bread to others, as he hath scarce enough to give to himself and to his great bellied wife, and as for his servants he is inforced to put them all away: His vanity to himself and cruelty to his wife is too too lamentably notorious and remarkable, for when he wants mouy, he beats her, if shee will not presently supply his wants, and furnish his expences. Now in the midst of all these her griefs and miseries, God sends her a fair young Son, of whom the Father is not worthy, no nor of his vertuous wife who bore it: For had not the care, affection, and charity of her Neighbours been far greater than that of her Husband to her, both the mother had miscarried, and the child perished in the sharp throws and agony of her delivery; and the name of this her little Son, whom she causeth to be christened in a very poor manner and ceremony, is *Thomaso*: For shee is so poor as shee hath nothing but rags to cover him with, and therefore with much grief and shame, she begs poor linnen clouts of her Neighbours to keep him clean and sweet: when it is waking, she looks & kisseth it often with joy, but when it sleeps or sucks, then she grieves that it is so unfortunate both in a wicked father, and in a poor disconsolate mother, who hath more means to lament and pitty, then milk to feed and nourish it: She often shews her husband his child, and importunately begs him henceforth to have a more provident care of himself for his childs sake, and of his child for his own sake: But he as a lewd Husband and too degenerat a Father doth neither love nor care for either, but hates both of them, yea his vices and cruelty makes her sorrow so infinite, that she reputes herself a burthen to herself, and a thousand times wishest she were in Heaven; And one time among the rest after her Husband without cause, had given her many bitter words and some sharp and cruell blows her child being in its Cradle, he gone forth from her in choller, she falls down on her knees to prayer, the which so soon as she had ended, and her child awaking and crying, she takes it up in her armes, and mournfully sitting down on the floor by her bed side, she (weeping as fast as her poor infant Babe sucked) having bolted her Chamber door, was over-heard by one of her Neighbours (twixt whom and her self there was but a Wainscot enterclose and partition) to pronounce these (or the like) sorrowfull speeches to her self.

O poor *Fermia*, it had been an infinite happiness for thee if thou haddest never seen thy husband *Lorenzo*, or perished and sunk in the Sea when thou fleddest with him from *Savona* to *Genova*, before he was thy Husband. For surely thou hast great cause to think, and reason to believe, that this cruelty of his towards thee, is a just plague and punishment sent thee from God, for disobeying thy Father, in marrying without his consent and blessing; with whom when thou livedst single, thou hadst so much felicity and joy, as thou knewest not what belonged to sorrow and misery, and now living a wife to this thy Husband, thou art enforced to taste so much grief and misery, as thou knowest no more what belongs to joy and felicity. Then thou diddest surfeit with the choyce of the costliest meats and viands, and now thou art ready to starve meerly for want of bread: Then thy apparrell was rich, but now rent and torn: Then thy beauty made thee sought in marriage by divers, and now thy griefs and sorrows having defaced and withered it, thou art contemned and hated of him who married thee. For can thy griefs be matched, or thy affections and sorrows paralleld, when thou hast a Husband who neither fears nor serves God, who will neither goe to Church or pray himselfe, or permit or suffer

suffer thee to do it; and who is so far from loving thee, as he loves nothing better than to hate, revile, and beat thee: For (aye me) he drowns himself and his wits in wine, and keeps whores to thy Nose, spends all his estate upon them, and upon Bawds, Panders and Drunkards (the off-scum and Caterpillers of the world) with whom he consumes his time and himself, making night day, and day night in these his beastly revels, and obscene voluptuousness, and upon whom he hath spent so much, as he now hath nothing left either to spend or maintain himself and thee; yea, thy miseries are so great, and thy afflictions and sorrows so sharp and infinit, that thou hast no parent left to succour or relieve thee, and which is less, no friend who will assist or comfort thee. Poor young woman, and disconsolate sorrowfull wife that thou art, it were a blessed happiness, and a happy blessing for thee that thou wert unborn or unmarried. Alas, alas, thy mother dyed too soon for thee, when thou wert young, and therefore she cannot, and thy Father lives, (and is exceeding rich) yet hates thee so much as he will not assist and relieve thee. And as all thy Kinsfolke refuse to lend or send thee any comfort in these thy wants and calamities; so those who professed themselves thy friends in thy prosperity, will not now either see thee in thy poverty, or know thee in thy misery. When again and again looking on her pretty babe, and giving it many tender kisses, then (her tears interrupting her words, and her sighs again cutting her tears in peeces) she continueth her speech thus: And thou my sweet babe, what shall I say to thee, sith almost I can do nothing for thee, for I have no food to give my self, how then can I give milk to thee? and yet I love thee dearly and tenderly, that although thy unkind and cruell father hate me so deadly, yet I will starve before thou shalt want, yea, I will cheerfully work, and (if occasion serve) begg my self to death to get sustenance and necessaries for the preservation of thy life. For live thou my sweet babe as happy as thy poor mother is miserable and unfortunat: And if I die before thee, (as I hope I shall not live long) say thou hadst a mother who loved thee a thousand times dearer than her own life, and who was rich in care and affection, though poor in Estate and means to maintain thee. And if I leave thee nothing behind me, (because I have now nothing left me either to give or leave thee) yet I will give thee my blessing, and leave thee heir to these my most religious prayers, That God in his divinest favour and mercy will not pour down his wrath and punishments on thee, but thou mayest live to be as happy in thy vertues, as I fear thy Father will be miserable in his vices; and as true a servant and instrument of Gods glory, as (with grief and tears) I see he is of his own disgrace and dishonour.

Neither is our vertuous *Fermia* deceived in the close of this her passionate and presaging speech towards her Husband, for he continues his odious and ungodly course of life both towards God and her, and now (as well in his fresh as his drunken humours) makes it his practice to revile, and his delight and glory to beat her; who notwithstanding yet thinking and hoping to work some good in him, through his sight of this poor infant his Son; She often shews it to him, and with sighs and tears prays him to leave off this his sinfull life towards God, and these his cruell courses and actions towards herself. But he is still the same man, yea, he is so wretchedly debauched and vicious, as he will not endure to think of making himself better, and to say the truth, I beleeve and think that the Devill cannot possibly make him worse; the which his poor sorrowfull Wife perceiving, as also that her child being now by this time almost two years old, she hath not wherewithall in the world to maintain it meat or cloaths, she is enforced to make a vertue of necessity, and so works exceeding hard with her Needle, thereby to give life to her self, and her pretty young Son; and yet say she what she will with sighs, and do she what she can with tears, her Husband still forcibly takes away the two parts of the poor profit, and small renew of her labours, both from her self, and her little Son *Thomaso*, not caring if they starve or die, so he have to maintain his vicious expences among his lewd Conforts and Companions; yea, her miseries and wants are now so great, and her affection to her child so dear and tender, that when she hath no means to set her self to work, nor can procure any from others, then (though to her matchlesse grief and shame) she descends so far from her self, as shamefully and secretly in remote streets and Churches, she begs the almes and charity of some well disposed people for their subsistence and maintenance. But at length, when she sees that her Husband is informed and acquainted therewith, and that he is so inhumane in himself, and so cruell hearted to her and her Son, that he likewise takes these small monies away from her, (which in effect is to take bread out of their mouths, and life out of their bodies) then not knowing what in the world to do, or which way to wind or turn her self any longer to maintain her Son, which (by many degrees) she loves better than her self, she resolves to write to her Father to take him home to him at *Savona*, and maintain him, which she doth by this her ensuing Letter, which carried him this humble language and petition.

FERMIA to MORON.

THe increase of my Husbands vices are those of my wants and miseries, which are now grown so extream and infinite, that I have not cloaths nor food left to maintain my self, or my poor little Son *Thomaso*, nor scarce to give life to us: And considering that I am your Daughter (yea your only child) me thinks both in Nature and Christianity, that my Father should not see me driven to these sharp and bitter extremities, without relieving me, especially; because as heretofore, so now my sighs begg it of you with humility for charities sake, and my tears with sorrow for Gods sake. Or if yet your heart will not dissolve into pity, or relent into compassion towards me, at least let it towards my poor and pretty young child, whom now with prayers and tears I beseech you to take from me and maintain, though not as a great part of me, yet as a little piece of your self, and whom God (in his sacred power and secret providence) may (for his honour and glory) reserve to be as much happiness to you, as I your sorrowfull Daughier, and his poor Mother see my self born to affliction and misery: God will requite this your charity to him, and thereby I shall the sooner forget your unnaturall unkindness and cruelty towards my self. And so may you live in as much prosperity, as I fear I shall shortly die in extream indigence and misery.

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* receiveth and peruseth this third Letter of his Daughter *Fermia*, whereat being yet no thing moved in charity, or touched in compassion towards her, but only towards her young Son (and his grand child) *Thomaso*, he returns her this short answer.

MORON to FERMIA.

I See thou art both wilfull and obstinate in disobeying my commands with thy Letters, wherein I beleeve thou takest more glory, than either I conceive grief at the relation of thy wants, or sorrow at the repetition of thy miseries, the which I am so far from relieving, as I only pity it that I am thy Father, but not as thou art my Daughter. And yet because thy young Son *Thomaso* is as innocent as thou art guilty of my displeasure and indignation, therefore give him to this bearer whom I have purposedly sent to receive him of thee, and I will see whether it be the pleasure of God that I shall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy self, and if in his sacred providence he hath ordained and decreed that he prove as great a comfort to thy age, as thou art a cross and calamity to mine, which if it prove so, then give God the only praise and glory, which is the best use and requitall which thou canst make, or I desire.

MORON.

Our poor and desolate *Fermia* having received and over-read her Fathers Letter, although she be wonderful sorrowfull at the perseverance of his cruelty towards her self, yet she is infinitely glad and joyfull at his compassion and kindness towards her young Son, whom apparelling the very best that possibly she could (which God knows is ragged, mean, and poor) she (with a thousand sighs, tears, prayers, blessings, and kisses) gives him to her Fathers Messenger, to whose affection and education, as also to Gods gracious protection and preservation, she religiously recommends him; when (to her exceeding grief and sensible affliction) she sees it out of her possible power once to perswade her Husband *Lorenzo* either to kiss or to see him at his departure, as if it were no part of his affection to bless it, or of his duty to pray to God to bless it, much less to kiss it at parting. A most unkind and unnaturall part of a Father to his sweet and pretty young Son. Which strange and discourteous ingratitude of his, it is not impossible for us to see God as strangely both to requite and revenge.

Sorrowfull *Fermia* having thus sent away her little Son *Thomaso* to her Father *Moron* at *Savona*, she the very same night dreams in her poor Bed and house in *GENOVA*, that she shall never be so happy to see him again; when being awaked, and remembering this her sorrowfull and sad dream, she for meer grief bitterly weeps thereat, and

and although she would, yet she cannot possibly forget or suppress the remembrance thereof, or once put it out of her mind; so that thinking her self fortunate in placing this her little son with her Father, and his Grandfather, she is now very pensive and sorrowfull for his absence, because she can no longer see him, play with him, and kiss him, and is infinitely disconsolate and mournfull when she thinks of her dream of him. In the mean time her lewd Husband grows from bad to worse, so that her cohabitation is but a bondage with him, and her marriage and wedlock but an Indenture of slavery, and a contract of misery under him. Such is her incomparable grief, such her unparalleled afflictions and calamities.

Five years our disconsolate *Fermia* lives in this misery, and miserable poverty with her Husband, and yet all the whole world cannot perswade her Father *Moron* to take her home to him and maintain her. She hath no consolation left her but prayers, nor remedy but enforced patience; so she arms her self with the last, and adorneth her self with the first. She was contented to beg for the maintenance of her little Son *Thomaso*, but now being eased of that burthen she will give it over, so she works hard to get her hard and poor living, which yet she cannot get so fast as her Husband spends it prodigally and lasciviously. Her care and virtues make her the pitty, as his lewdnesse and vices make him the scorn and contempt of their Neighbours. So while, she sits at home close at her needle in poor apparell, he idely wanders abroad untill he have brought his apparell to rags, and himself almost to nakednesse. And here it is that wretched Husband *Lorenzo* now first begins to harken to the Devill, yea, to prove a very Devill himself, towards this his dear and vertuous Wife; for he enters into a consultation with himself that if he were once rid of his Wife *Fermia*, he might marry some other with a good portion to maintain him, and so again set up his Trade of Biking which now had forsaken him, because he had viciously and unthriftilly forsaken it. When his faith being as weak with God, as his infamous life and vices were odious to the world, he assumes a bloody and damnable resolution to murder her, and hereunto the Devill is still at his elbow to provoke and egge him onward, and continually blowes the coals to this his malice and indignation against her: So neither his mind or heart, his conscience or soul can divert him from this fearfull enterprize, & lamentable bloody business: The which to perform & perpetrate, he on a great holiday (which was the purification of the blessed Virgin *Mary*) takes her with him into a Vineyard some half a mile from the City of *Genova* under colour to recreate themselves, and to take the aire, which God knows, the poor soul, takes for a great, because an unaccustomed favour and courtesie at his hands, where she most lovingly and willingly goes with him, and there feigning himself fast asleep, and she (innocent harmless young woman) then and there slept soundly, and every way being as devoyd of fear, as he was of grace, he with a barbarous and diabolicall cruelty, (seeing the coast clear) softly riseth up and cuts her throat, without giving her the power, time or hapinesse to utter one word before her death: Where leaving her weltering and goring in her blood, he speedily and politiquely enters *Genova* by a contrary gate, thereby to avoid all suspicion of this his bloody and damnable fact.

The very same night this her breathless murdered body is found out by some of *Genova*, who accidentally walked that way; and they causing it to be brought to the City, it is known by some of *Lorenzo's* Neighbours, to be his Wife *Fermia*, whereat to add the better clocke to his knavery, and shadow to his villany, he seemes to be wonderfully sad, and passionately sorrowfull for the same, and so requesteth the Criminall Officers, both in and about the City, to make curious research and enquiry for the murderers of his Wife, which they do; but this hypocriticall sadness and false sorrow of his, though (to the eye of the world) it prevails for a time, yet (to that of Gods Mercy and Justice) in the end, it shall little availe him; so he gives her a poor and obscure buriall, every way unworthy the sweetnesse of her beauties, and the excellency of her virtues. Her Father *Moron* hath speedy notice of this deplorable death of his Daughter, who considering how she had cast away her self upon so bad a Husband as *Lorenzo*, though outwardly he seem to bewaile and lament it, yet inwardly he much cares not for it; and for her little Son *Thomaso*, his few years despendeth with his capacity from understanding, much lesse from lamenting and mourning for this disastrous end of his Mother.

A moneth after the cruell murder and buriall of this vertuous, yet unfortunate young woman *Fermia*, her bloody and execrable Husband *Lorenzo*, (is yet so devoyd of grace) as he goes to *Savona* to request his Father in Law *Moron*, to give him some maintenance, in regard he had no portion from him with his Wife his Daughter, as also to see his Son *Thomaso*. But *Moron* by his servants, sends him a peremptory refusall to both these his requests, and so will neither see him, nor suffer him to see his Son, but absolutely for ever forbids him his house: Whereat *Lorenzo* all in choller leaves *Savona*, and returns to *Genova*, where selling away his wifes Old Clothes to provide him new, he seeks many Maidens and Widdowes in marriage,

but the fame of his bad life, and infamous carriage and deportment with his late Wife, is so fresh and great, that they all disdain him; so that utterly despairing ever to raise himself and his fortunes by marriage, he forsakes and leaves *Genova*, inrolls himself a *Bandetti*, and for many years together practiseth that thievish profession, to the which we will leave him, & speak a little of his young and little Son *Thomaso*.

Old *Moron* Traines up this his Grand-child, *Thomaso*, ver vertuously and industriously, and at the age of fourteen years, bids him chuse and imbrace any trade he best liketh: When *Thomaso* exceedingly delighting in Limming, Graving, and Imigary, he becomes a Goldsmith, and in four or five years after, is become a singular, expert, and skillfull work-man in his trade: His Grand-father loves him dearly & tenderly, & intends to make him his heir; but *Thomaso* (led, as I think, by the immediat hand and providence of God, or out of his own natural inclination) being of a gadding humour to travell abroad, and see other Cities and Countries, and having a particular itching desire to see *Rome*, (which he understood is one of the very prime and chief places of the world for rich and curious Goldsmiths,) He finding a french ship of *Marseilles* (which by contrary winds stopt in the Road of *Savona* bound up for *Civita Vechia*, very secretly packes up his trunk and trinkets, and so goes along in that ship: Now as soon as his Grandfather *Moron* understands hereof, he very much grieves at this his rash and sudden departure: So *Thomaso* arrives at *Civita Vechia*, goes up to *Hostia* by sea, and thence on the River *Tiber* to *Rome*, where he becomes a singular ingenious Goldsmith, and thrives so well, (as after a few years) he there keeps shop for himself, and constantly builds up his residence.

In all this long tract and progression of time, which (my true information tells me) is at least twenty four years; his Father *Lorenzo* continues a thievish *Bandetti* in the state of *Genova* and *Luca*, where he committs so many lewd robberies, and strange rapines, depredations and thefts, as that countrey at last becomes too hot for him, and he too obnoxious for it, so he leaves it, and travelleth into *Toscany*, and to the fair and famous City of *Florence*, which is the Metropolis thereof, where with the monies he had gotten by the renewes of his roberies, he again sets up his old trade of a Baker; in which profession he knew himself expert and excellent, and here he setteth himself to live and dwell, takes a fair commodious house, and looks out hard for some rich old Maiden, or young Widdow to make his new Wife; But God will prevent his thoughts, and frustrate his designs and desires herein: For, as yet his bloody thoughts have not made their peace with his soul, nor his soul with his All-seeing and righteous God for the cruell murdering of his old Wife, *Fermia*, which as an impetuous storm and fierce tempest, will suddenly befall him, when he least dreams or thinks hereof, yea, by a manner so strange, and an accident so miraculous, that former ages have seldom, if ever paralleld, or given us a precedent hereof; and wherein the Power and Providence, the Mercy and Justice of God resplends with infinite lustre and admiration; and therefore in my poor judgement and opinion, I deem it most worthy of our observation, as we are men, and of our remembrance as we are Christians.

Charles, now Cardinall of *Medicis*, going up to *Rome* to receive his hat of this present Pope, *Urban VIII.* and *Cosmos* the great Duke of *Florence* his Brother (in honour to him and their Illustrious Blood and Family; whereof they are now chief) resolving to make his entry and abroad in that City of *Rome* to be stately and magnificent; He causeth his House and Train in all points to be composed of double Officers and Servants, to whom he gives rich and costly liveries, and among others our *Lorenzo* is found out elected, and pricked down to be one of his Bakers for his own trencher in that Journey, where in *Rome* he flaunts it out most gallantly and bravely in rich Apparell, and is still most debauched and prodigall in his expenses before any other of the Cardinalls meniall Servants, without ever any more thinking or dreaming of the murdering of his Wife *Fermia*, but rather absolutely believes, that as he, so God had wholly buried the remembrance of that bloody fact of his in perpetuall silence and oblivion; but the Devill will deceive his hopes: For now that lamentable murder of his cries aloud to Heaven and to God for vengeance; wherein we shall behold and see, that it is the Providence and Pleasure of God, many times to punish one sin in and by another, yea, and sometimes one sin for another, as reserving it in the secret Will and inscrutable Providence, to punish Capitall offenders, wherof Murtherers are infallibly the greatest, both when, where, and how he pleaseth; for earthly and sinfull eyes, have neither the power to pry into his heavenly decrees, nor our mind and capacity to dive into his divine actions and resolution, because many times he accelerateth or delayeth their punishments, as they shall stand most fit and requisite for his Justice and their Crimes.

When therefore the Panders and Strumpets, and the new pride and bravery of our *Lorenzo* had eaten out all his money and credit in *Rome*, and that (to his grief) he now saw, that by

no possible means he could procure or borrow any more there, being infinitely unwilling to let his vice and prodegallity strike faile, and so as he vainly and foolishly thinks to disgrace his Lord Cardinalls service instead of honouring it: He once was minded, and resolv'd to steale some gold out of the Argentiers or Pay-masters Trunk: But then consulting with his judgement and discretion, and finding that attempt to be full of danger, ingratitude, and infamy: He buries that resolution as soon as it was born, and then gives conception and life to another, which was to steal some pieces of Plate out of a young Goldsmiths shop there in Rome with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and whose shop and company, he (with divers others of his fellowes) very often haunted and frequented since his coming to Rome: The which watching, and taking his time he doth, and from him takes away two faire rich guilt Chalice, & a curious small gold crucifix set with a few Saphiers and Emralds, all mounting to the value of four hundred & fifty Dukatoons. This young Goldsmith (whose name we shall anon know) is amazed at this great losse, when being guided and directed by the immediate finger of God, he knowes not whom to suspect or accuse for this robbery but Lorenzo the Cardinall of Florence his Baker: whom he saw, and observed did very often and too familiarly frequent his shop, and far the more doth he fortifie and increase this his suspicion of him, because then making a curious inquiry and research of his former life and actions, he found both the one and the other in all points so vicious and debauched, as we have formerly understood, onely the murder of his wife *Fermia* excepted, which as yet none but God and himself knew: Whereupon well knowing that he lay not in his Lord Cardinals Palace, which as all others are priviledged as sanctuaries, but in a Taylors house neer adjoyning: he with an Officer searched his Chamber and Trunk, wherein he found one of his Chalice, but not the other, or the gold Crucifix, which Lorenzo immediatly had sold both to pay his debts, and to put some double Pistols in his pockets for his vain and prodigall expences; when hunting after this his thief Lorenzo he presently finds him, commits him to prison, and accuseth him to the Captain and Judges of Rome: Who upon knowledge and sight of one of the Chalice found in Lorenzoes Trunk, and also upon his confession of having sold away the other, and likewise the Crucifix of gold, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the same, Lorenzo (bitterly weeping and fuming at this his disaster) doth most humbly sue and petition the Lord Cardinall his master to beg his life of the Pope, who considering him to be a base Companion, and no Gentleman, and his fact (during this his service) to be very foule and scandalous, He is too Noble and wise to attempt or undertake it, and therefore becomes deaf to his requests; Whereupon Lorenzo is that night returned to his prison, where he hath leisure though not time enough to think upon his conscience and soul, upon the baseness of this his robbery, and the foulness and bloodiness of murdering his wife *Fermia*.

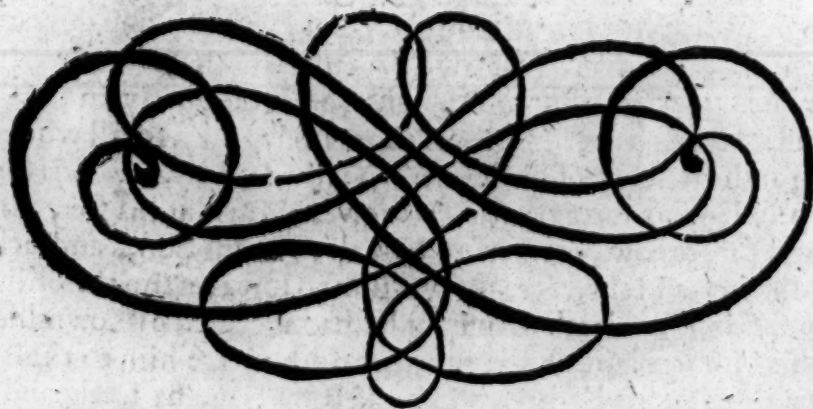
The next morning he is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the Bridge foot, in a little walled Court close to the Castle of *Saint Angelo*, where a world of people flock from all parts of Rome to see the Cardinall of Florence his Baker take his last leave of the world, being the night before prepared by a Fryer, in his soules journey towards Heaven, as soon as he ascended the Ladder, he there confesseth this his robbery: And likewise that his name was *Andrea Lorenzo*, and that he (about some twenty and three years since) murdered his own wife named *Fermia Moron* in a vineyard neer *Genova*: whereof he saith he will no longer charge his soul: The which the young Goldsmith (whose name was *Thomaso Lorenzo* over hearing) he presently burst forth into teares, and very passionately and sorrowfully cries out, that this man on the Ladder is his own Father; and that *Fermia Moron* was his own Mother, and therefore he with a world of sobs, sighes, and teares prayeth the Officers, and then the Executioner of Justice to forbear, and leave the prisoner for a small while, which accordingly they do: When at the descent of his Father from the Ladder, *Thomaso* (in presence of all that huge number of people who were present) throwes himself at his feet, and seeming to drown himself in his teares for sorrow, confesseth himself to be his Son, and acknowledgeth *Fermia Moron* to be his Mother, and therefore prayes him to forgive him this his innocent ingratitude towards him, in seeking his death of whom he had received his own life: And although the consideration of his Mothers lamentable murder doth pierce him to the heart with grief, yet knowing him likewise to be his Father, and himself his Son, he freely and willingly offers the Captain of Rome, and the Judges all his Estate to save his Fathers life, but this his robbery is so foul, and that former murder of his so inhuman and lamentable, yea so odious to God and the World, and so execrable to Men and Angels, that none will presume to dare to speak in his behalf: So the next day Lorenzo is hanged, having first freely forgiven his Son *Thomaso*, and entreated him likewise to forgive him for murdering of his Mother, and for any other thing else, he at his death said little: But cursed the name and memory of that miserable and covetous

tous wretch his Father in Law *Moron*, whose unkindness and cruelty he said had occasioned and brought him to all this misery. But he spak not a word of his grief or sorrow for having murdered his wife *Fermia Moron*; Only he said and believed that this his untimely death was a just revenge and punishment of God to him for the same.

The common sort of the Spectators and people of *Rome*, seemed to tax the Cardinall of *Florence* his Master for not saving this his Bakers life; but the wiser and more religious sort, applauded his generosity and piety for not attempting it from the Pope: But all do admire and wonder at Gods sacred providence and divine Justice in making the Son the cause and instrument of his Fathers hanging for murdering of his Mother, the which indeed gave cause of speech and matter of wonder a *Rome*, *Genova*, *Savona*, and *Florence*, yea, to all *Italy*: And thus was the wicked life and deserved death of this bloody Villain *Lorenzo*, and in this manner did the Justice of the Lord triumph ore his crime in his punishment. And as for his Son *Thomaso* (the Goldsmith) after this infamous and scandalous death of his Father, he could no longer content himself to live In *Rome*, but returned to *Savona* to his Grandfather *Moron*, who received him with many demonstrations of Joy, and affection, and after his death made him sole heir to all his wealth and Estate.

To God be all the Glory.

May this their Lives may they
never meet, but in reversion
A better Speake FINIS.



THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sin of Murther;

EXPRESSED
In thirty severall Tragicall Histories, (digested into
Six Books) which contain great variety of mournfull and
memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Book V.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS.



Written by
John George...
LONDON:

Printed by Sarah Griffin for William Lee, and are to be sold at his Shop in
Fleet-street, at the sign of the Turks-Head, near the Miter-Tavern. 1656.

211

1871

1871

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1871



TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE
 (And truly Noble)
 FRANCIS, LORD RUSSELL,
 Baron of Thornebaugh, and Earl of Bedford.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,



When I had the honour to referre, to that Valiant, Wise, and honest Nobleman, Arthur Lord Chichester, Baron of Belfast (whose sublime merits do here justly deserve and challenge this Testimony from my Duty, that he was too good for Earth, and therefore is now so soon crowned a Saint in Heaven) I then had first the happinesse to know, and to be known of your Honour at your Cheswicke; In whom (because I ever hold it a farr less crime to speak the truth, then either to silence or dissemble it) I then found so many prints and stamps of true honour, and Characters of ancient Goodness and Nobility, that (with a pleasing content and delectation) I was enforced to be again and again enamoured of Vertue and Honour for your sake, and reciprocally, to love and respect your Lordship for both their sakes. Since when (out of your generosity, not my expectation or deserts) your Honour was pleased to conferr a favour on me, the which though you forget, yet the remembrance thereof I will (with equall Zeal, and Ambition) strive to make as eternall, as I know myself to be mortall and transitory. You are a Religious Christian, and a true hearted Englishman; and therefore as it is your glory, so it is

our

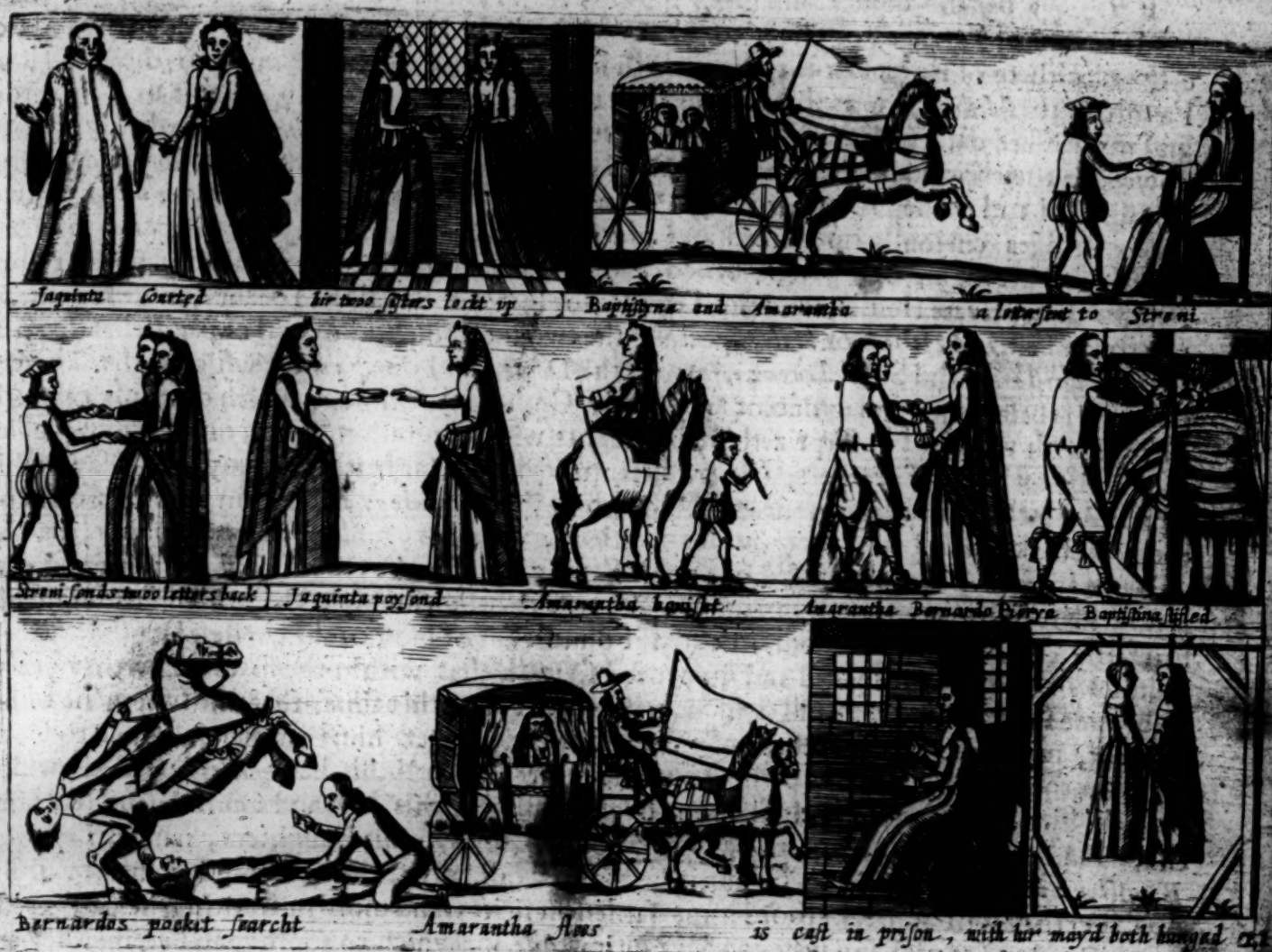
our happiness, that you are both a constant lover of God and his Church, and a firm and faithfull honourer of your Prince and Countrey, and you are now Lord Lientenant (under our Gracious Sovereign) of that famous County of Devon, and fair, and honourable City of Excester, to which I owe my nativity; and in both which the Russels (Earls of Bedford) your noble Ancestors have condignly left behind them many honourable Trophées of their Vallor, & sweet and precious perfumes of their Vertue.

These premises being so powerfull in truth, and so considerable and prevalent in reason, I therefore flatter my self with this hope, that your Honour will attribute it rather to Duty, than Presumption in me, If I now publickly attempt to profer and sacrifice up something to the Honour of your illustrious Name, and to the Dignity of your resplendent Vertues: Missing therefore of that desired happiness (by some rare or elaborat peece) sufficiently to testifie to your Lordship and the whole World, what you are to me in the height of Honour, and what I am, and desire to be found of you in the lowness of Observance and Humility, It will therefore be no less my Felicity, than your Goodness, If you vouchsafe to accept and patronize this my Fift Book of forraign Tragickall Histories, and also please to permit them to travell and seek their Fortunes abroad in World, under the auspicious Plannet, and authentickall Passeport of your Noble Protection, wherein you may behold and see, how soundly, how sacredly the Justice of God meets with this crying and scarlet Sin of Murther, which (in these our depraved, and sinfull times) in contempt of the laws of Heaven and Earth, make so lamentable and so prodigious a progression; and how sharply and severely it (deservedly) punisheth (those Butchers, and Monsters of Nature) the perpetrators thereof; And if I may borrow (for I desire not to usurp) any part of your Lordships hours of liesure to give first to the Knowledge, and then to the contemplation of these Histories, and the severall Accidents which they report and relate, I shall then triumph in my good fortune, as having obtained that Honour and Favour, which I ingeniously acknowledge, I am farr more capable to desire than deserve.

I come now to implore pardon of your Honour for this my Presumption, in inscribing and adventuring so mean a work to your noble acquaintance. And I have ended this my Epistle, as soon as began, to assure you, That I will ever (religiously) pray unto God to accumulate all prosperities and blessings on your Honour; as also on your most Vertuous Countesse, and successively on your Honourable and Flourishing Posterity, who now promise no less than a happy and famous perpetuity to your thrice Noble Name, and Family.

Your Honours in all
Duty and service.

JOHN REYNOLDS.



Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXI.

Babtystina and Amarantha poyson their eldest Sister Jaquinta, after which Amarantha causeth her servants Bernardo and Pierya to stifle her Elder Sister Babtystina in her Bed; Bernardo flying, breaks his neck with the fall of his Horse, Pierya is hanged, so likewise is Amarantha, and her body after burnt, Bernardo being buried, his body is again taken up, hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his Ashes thrown into the ayre.

THE Golden times being past, what doth this Iron or flinty age of ours produce, but Thorns for Roses and Brambles for Lillies, - I mean bloody and barbarous acts instead of deeds of Compassion and works of Charity? Not but that Christianity (as a fair and glorious vail) covereth the face of Europ, as the firmament of Heaven doth that of Earth; and that (by the mercy of God) there are now great variety of learned and Godly Preachers, who (by the sanctity of their lives, and the purity of their Doctrin) spend the greatest part both of their time, and of themselves to propagate Vertue, and Piety in us, and consequently to root out vice and Sin from among us; But it is the vanity of our thoughts, the corruption of our depraved Natures, the infirmity of our Judgments, the weakness of our Faith, the coldness of our Zeal, and our neglect of prayer, which sometimes (O that I might not say too too often) transporteth our selves, beyond our selves, and our resolutions and actions beyond the bounds of reason, yea and violently carryeth us to desperate and inhumane attempts, which this next deplorable History will so apparantly and perspicuously verifie unto us, that we shall difficultly read it without sighes, nor understand it without tears, at least if we have but the sparks of so much Charity in our hearts, and Piety in our Souls as the unfortunat Authors, and miserable Actours hereof wanted.

If *Tuscany* be the beauty and glory of *Italy*, then *Florence* (the capital City thereof) must needs be that of *Tuscany*; or else it could not so justly and generally deserve that true and excellent Epithete of *Faire*. It is a City which hath given both Life and being to the Illustrious Family of the *Medicis*, (or as some affirm, they to it) The worst Grounds about it are Vineyards, and the best are dainty Meadows, and delicate Gardens, or rather their Gardens are Meadows for their spaciousnesse, and their Meadows are Gardens for their fertility and beauty. It is divided and crossed in two parts by the famous River *Arno*, and that River again by two stately Bridges curiously imbelished and adorned with many Marble and Alabaster Statues. The Streets hercof are well paved, broad and long; the Buildings (for the most part) rather Palaces than private Houses, and the Temples for sumptuousnesse and beauty, nothing inferiour to the best, and richest of *Italy*, especially the two most sumptuous and unparelled Chappels of the *Baptistaria*, and Saint *Lorenzo*, as also the *Domo*, and *Campanella* (which is the Tower) thereof, it being a most magnificent and stately Cathedrall Church, which not only catcheth our eye with wonder but surprizeth our thoughts with admiration, as all our English Noblemen and Gentlemen Travellers, (do peradventure) know far better than my self; I say in this rich and faire City of *Florence*, near the Church of the *Dominican* Friars, in the latter daies of the great Duke *Ferdinand*, there dwelt an antient, vertuous, and generous Cavalier, named *Seignior Leonardo Streni*, descended of a noble Family, near to the City of *Pistoia*, where his Ancestours left him many faire Demeanes, and a very rich Patrimony, the which (through his Frugality, Vertue and Wisedome, the true Foundation of most of the cheifest Houses, and best Families of *Italy*) he managed and improved so well, that within the space of twenty years, he became so exceeding rich and opulent: but neer about this time, that the sweetnesse of his content, might receive some check of bitter affliction, to shew him that man is subje^t to God, and that there is no perfect or permanent felicity here on earth, his Lady *Alydina* died, which brought him much sorrow and affliction, having only yet this Joy and Consolation left him, that he had by her in marriage, three proper young Ladies to his Daughters, named *Iaquinta*, *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, who albeit, he hoped would prove the stayes and comforts of his Age, yet they will futurely afoord him, far lesse felicity, and more misery than he can expect, or my Readers (as yet) any way conceive or imagine, the which, to approve and verifie, they are by me prayed to understand, and remember, that these two youngest Daughters *Baptistyna*, and *Amarantha*, are wonderfull fair and beautifull, of a reasonable tall stature, very streight and slender; but *Iaquinta*, the eldest Daughter is of a brown complexion, short, and crook-backt, but she hath this sleight, that her Tailors art serves to overvaile the defects, and to cover the deficiency of her Nature; and she her self hath the skill to put on fresh tincture and complexion on her face, vices which the purity and simplicity of former Ages were not acquainted with, or else purposely disdained and hated, although the Pride and Vanity of these our times do ambitiously allow and practise them. Again *Iaquinta* is proud and stately, *Baptistyna* chollerick, sullen, and revengefull, and *Amarantha* (to the eye and judgement of the World) pleasant and courteous. Have we but a little patience, and we shall shortly see each of these three Sisters, appear in their true colours, and in very different wayes to act their severall Parts upon the Stage and Theater of this their History.

Streni seeing himself a Widdower, not so much favoured of God to have any Son to enjoy his Name and Lands, and all his three Daughters to be now capable of Marriage; He (as a provident & loving Father) holds it a great point of affection & discretion in him now to leave his Mannour House of *Cardura* near *Pistoia*, and to betake himself to live and reside in *Florence*, hoping thereby with lesse difficulty, and far more advantage, to look out and provide fit Husbands for his Daughters, answerable to their Rank and Degree; which Disposition and Resolution of his pleased them well, and administred them cause of great content and joy, sith it is now grown to a custome, and an habit, that young Ladies and Gentlewomen do infinitely desire to live in great Towns and Cities, where they may see, and be seen, and especially in those of *Italy*, more than in any Country of the World, where the whole Nobility and Gentry make all their abroad and residence, the which indeed is one of the main points, and essentiall reasons, why their Cities are so rich, populous and fair.

Thus we see *Streni* and his three Daughters by this time come to *Florence*, and dwell (as I have formerly said) neer the Monastery of the *Dominican* Friars, where his Wealth, Birth, and Port, cause him to be Visited and Frequented of the best and noblest sort of that City, and as the time of his residence, so the number of his acquaintance encreaseth, for vertue is capable to purchase Friends every where, and his wealth and Daugh-

Daughters beauties like so many powerfull Lures and Adamants draw many young gallant Gentlemen to his House to see and serve them; Where although *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, are beloved and sought in Marriage of many, yet their Father is resolute to marry their eldest Sister *Iaquinta* first, wherefore when any Noblemen or Gentlemen come to his House, she is to be seen, and courted, but *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are mewed and fast locked up in a Chamber. They grieve hereat, but they can neither alter nor remedy this their Fathers resolution, for his word must be their Oracle, and his will their Law. Now before I proceed farther in the dilation of this History, as I one way commend *Sireni* his resolution to marry his eldest Daughter first, so yet in approving his discretion for her preferment, I must nevertheless tax his want of affection, in hindring that of his two youngest Daughters; For as it was a courtesie of him to have *Iaquinta* seen of Suters, so it was a degree of disrespect, I may say, of cruelty in him to confine *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* as Prisoners to their Chambers, when divers of them came purposely and honourably to his House, both to see and seek them in Marriage.

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But *Iaquinta* (armed with her Fathers love and authority) growes extreemly imperious and stately; She triumpheth in conceit to see her self preferred of her Father before her Sisters. She sees her two Sisters *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are sued and sought for in marriage by divers Cavaliers, and the very consideration hereof grieves, and the remembrance afflicts her; but withall she observes that they dare not disobey, or contradict their Fathers command, to affect or speak with any, and therefore the very knowledge and remembrance hereof, again rejoyceth her, As it is a happiness for us to purchase friends, so it is a misery to lose them. Her Sisters love her, but she loves not them, they are as unworthy of her hatred, as she is of their affection. Nature (indeed) hath given her the prerogative, and priviledge, but yet she should consider, that they are her Sisters, and not her Servants, and that their blood is hers and hers theirs. It is an argument of indiscretion and insolency, for one Brother or Sister to think themselves better than another, But many Gentlewomen who are Sisters, esteem pride a second beauty, or at least an excellent Grace and Ornament to them, and therefore to preferre and elevate themselves, they care not how they disparage and deject others. The beauty of *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* is an eye-sore to *Iaquinta*. The tree of malice never produceth good fruit: It is still a happy vertue for us to check and vanquish our own vices. She knows that many Gentlemen love them, but sees and observes with grief, that none affect her. Her desire to marry is so immodestly licentious and boundless, as she could willingly resolve to accept of any Gentleman for her Husband, that would be content to take her for his wife: but Incontinency proves still a pernicious Counsellor to young Ladies and Gentlewomen. Now, as *Cantharides* flye still to the fairest flowers; so she sees (and indeed infinitely bites the lip, and grieves to see) that all Lovers and Suters flye to one of these her two Sisters, and wholly abandon and forsake her self: but being a woman, she wants not an invention to apply a present remedy to this her discontent and choller. She must have her Sisters beauties and braveries eclipsed, that hers may appear more bright, and resplend and shine with more lustre and glory: She knows that Christall seems precious when Diamonds are not in place; to which end, she very passionately, and yet subtilly works upon the affections of her Father, and obtains of him, that as her years, so her Apparrell may excell and exceed that of her Sisters the which he inconsiderately grants her; and this she receives and conceives to be a step to her advancement, and an obstacle to theirs. So if they formerly grieved to see themselves imprisoned in a Chamber, whiles she to her content and pleasure rejoyceth both to see, and to be seen of Gentlemen; So now their discontent thereof grows into choller, and their choller into rage, to see this their elder Sister *Iaquinta* not only to step some degrees beyond them, but likewise many beyond her self in her apparell.

It is ever a wise and discreet vertue in Parents to distribute their favours and affections equally to their children, or if they chance to affect one better than others, at least that they be so reserved and cautious, as to conceal it secretly to themselves, that the rest may neither perceive nor know it. That *Sireni* sought to marry *Iaquinta* before *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* (as I formerly have said) he did well, but yet to make them lose when they might find and gain a fortune, was withall to be indiscreet, if not unnaturall. Mens fancies and affections in marriage are many times counselled and led by the eye, as the eye is by the Heart. Some will prize and affect beauty without vertue, others vertue without beauty; but where both meet and concur, it doth not only please, but delight, and so joyntly sympathize to make each other excellent. Many of the best and noblest Cavaliers of Florence love *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, but not *Iaquinta*; or if they seem to court *Iaquinta*, it is but with a reserved hope and intent to enjoy the sight and company of *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, but as jealousie and malice have
always

always four eyes instead of two; so it is at least a torment, if not many deaths, to *Iaquinta*, to see her two Sisters to live and be beloved of all Suters, and her self of none; the which to prevent, and so to stop the progress of their Triumphs, and consequently of her own discontent and affliction, she (not desirous to have two such Stars of beauty to appear and shine together in the Firmament of her Fathers House in *Florence*) doth so secretly undermine, and so cunningly prevail with him, as her two Sisters (when they least dream or think thereof) are by his order and command suddenly sent away by Coach to his Country House of *Cardura*, neer *Pistoia* (whereof we have already made mention) notwithstanding all their requests, sighs, and tears to the contrary, and there by his appointment to be privatly and disconsolately shut up, for any access or conversation of any man whatsoever, and under the charge and custody of an old ill-favoured Beldame (sometimes their School-Mistress) named *Dona Malevola*.

Baptistyna and *Amarantha*, being enforced to banishment from *Florence* to *Cardura*, believed that it proceeded as well by the pride and malice of their Sister *Iaquinta*, as by the severity of their Father; They know not from what Saint to implore aid or assistance, or from what point their Art, or Invention to expect for hope or redress hereof; but at length (being constrained to make a Vertue of Necessity) they brook this their disgrace, with as much patience as they may, no way doubting (much less despairing) but that a little time will work a great alteration in their Estates and Fortunes; But seeing a moneth past over, and their keeper *Malevola*, still more and more bent to restrain them of their liberty, without suffering them to see or speak with any Stranger, or any stranger with them, they at last recollect, and pluck up their spirits to themselves, and so resolve to write a fair Letter to their Father, and a peremptory one to their Sister *Iaquinta*, to procure their return to *Florence*, which they do, and send it by one *Bernardo* a trusty Servant of theirs; That to their Father spake thus.

BAPTISTYNA.

BAPTISTINA and AMARANTHA to STRENI.

IT is with much astonishment and grief to us, that you have so suddainly banished us from your presence, and from *Florence*, to live here rather as Prisoners than your Daughters, in your Country house of *Cardura*; And having the honour to be so great a part of your self, we do not a little wonder, what our Errors or Crimes should be, that we must be enforced to be deprived of that felicity, and suffer this misery. If we have been sought unto by any Noblemen or Gentlemen, it hath been in the way of marriage, and therefore in that of honour, and yet we have still so strictly tyed our fancies to our Duties, and our affections to our obedience towards you, that in the least degree we have not swerv'd from your consent, but have done, and do still inviolably make your Pleasure therein our resolution, and your will and commands our Law. But we are confident that although you are the cause, yet our Sister *Iaquinta* is the sole Author of this our sorrowfull and im-merited sequestration; Who (peradventure) in regard that her beauty comes short of ours, that her malice therefore must not only exceed the bounds of Reason, but of Nature. And although she allege her privilege and Prerogative of years against us, yet because our blood is as good as hers, and our hearts and education no worse, therefore we humbly beseech you to be so favourable, and kind to us that in regard her Malice and Pride hath made her our accuser, and which is worse our enemy, that you will not make her our Judge, but that we may speedily reobtain the happiness to return and live with you in *Florence*, without which we shall assuredly either live here in despair, or shortly dye in Discontent and Misery! Which request of ours is so just and equall, as you cannot deny it to us, either in affection or nature, much less in reason or pity. God ever bless you with happiness, and make us happy in your blessing.

BAPTISTYNA.

AMARANTHA.

Their Letter to their Sister *Iaquinta* depainted these passions.

BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA to JAQVINTA.

HAVING curiously examined our thoughts and actions, we cannot find the least shadow of cause, much less of Reason, why thou shouldst so sharply exasperat our Father against us, so suddenly to banish and exile us from *Florence* to *Cardura*, neither do we think it is for that we are fairer than thy

thy self, but that thou art more malicious then us, which hath occasioned thee, and thou precipitated him to this sharp resolution against us. If thou art desirous of a Husband, let it content thee, that as yet we no way intend or desire to become Wives to any, and therefore if thou wilt not believe us, at least believe this truth from us, that thou hast far more reason to doubt thine own haste, than any way to suspect or fear ours therein, for whiles thou prayest for a Husband, we will first make it our Prayers to God, that we may be capable and happy to deserve good ones. We advise thee therefore in Love, and counsel thee in Affection and Charity, to consider seriously with thy self, that we are thy Sisters, not thy Servants, much less thine Enemies; and in that regard that we are as unworthy of thy malice, as unwilling and incapable to digest it, because the priority of thy years can no way justly introduce an inequality in our blood; and if thou wilt not inforce us to degenerate from our selves, and consequently from the nature and affection of Sisters, thou shalt do us great right, and to thy self more reason, to cause our Father to recall us home to him, with as much celerity and favour, as he sent us away from him with discourtesie and indignation.

BAPTISTYNA.
AMARANTHA.

The Lackey *Bernardo* arriving at *Florence*, and having delivered these two Letters to *Streni* and *Iaquinta*, they breaking up the seals thereof, perused and read over their Contents; when he smiling to see the indirection of these his two daughters, attributed this their disobedience towards him, and their discontent towards their sister *Iaquinta*, rather to ignorance and simplicity, than to malice, and yet he could not but wonder at this their bold and peremptory Letter sent him; But for *Iaquinta*, she was so galled and nettled with her two sisters insolent carriage and Letter towards her, that it exceedingly troubled and perplexed her, but especially, and far the more, for that she feared that their Letter to her Father might cause him to grant their return to *Florence*, the which to her possible power she would no way willingly permit or suffer, as desirous to rule and govern her Father alone, and so to reign sole Lady over his humours and house, without rivals and competitors: to which end she goes to him, and in the softest and sweetest terms which either her Art, or malice could invent, she extreamly incenseth him against her Sisters, alledging to him that their stay in *Cardura* was necessary, and their disobedient motion for their return to *Florence* too insolent and insupportable, and that she hoped with confidence, that he would not permit their malice so unjustly to fall and reflect on her, because she was as innocent as they guilty thereof, and that for any thought and desire of a husband she vowed she had none, but that his will and pleasure should in all things be hers, as resolving both to live under his commands, and to die in his favour and service: Which sugred and treacherous speeches of hers so prevailed and vanquished the credulity of her old Father, yea and so powerfully wrought and trenched upon his affection, that being all ineholler against *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha*, he resolves with himself to return them a sharp answer, and commands *Iaquinta* to do the like, the which they both write and send back to them by *Bernardo*, who returning to *Cardura*, he delivereth his two young Ladies and Mistresses these two Letters, and they speedily and privately retyring themselves to a close shadowed arbour in the Garden, they there with much earnest desire and impatency, first break up that of their Father, wherein contrary to their hopes, but not not to their fears, they finde this language.

STRENI to BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

IF it be not purposely to cross your own good fortunes, you would not so rashly and peremptorily have attempted to cross my good intentions and affection towards you, in sending you to *Cardura*, but would have brooked it with as much patience as I see you do with discontent, and before this act of your disobedience, now revealed me in your Letter, I held you for my Daughters, not for mine enemies, and mine house of *Cardura* to be rather a palace than a prison for you: so if you know how ill those errors of yours become you, you would rather redeem them with repentance and tears, than remember them either with the least thought of delight, or conceit, or sense of joy. Nay think with your selves what modesty it was, what wisdom it is, for your green youth to presume (or to dare to presume) to teach my gray age how, or when, to choose you husbands, when God knows that neither your years, nor your discretion, do as yet make you capable to think of husbands; and if you have any judgement remaining in you, then judge with your selves how false and incongruous your reasons are, when in words you pretend to obey my commands, and yet in effects you wilfully oppose and contradict them. And having used me with so small respect, see again with how much untruth and envy you abuse your sister *Iaquinta*, who to my knowledge is as innocent of those false aspersions of pride and malice towards you, as your selves are

are guilty of them towards her, first she loves nothing more, and you affect nothing less than humility and charity, their contraries; for believe me, I finde her to be your true friend, and your selves to be the greatest and only enemies to your selves; for otherwise you cannot live in the smallest degree of despair, discontent, or misery, because such is my care of your education and maintenance, that no young Ladies of Tuscany, and few of Italy, of your rank and quality, are brought up in more bravery, delight, and honor, the which my indulgency and affection shall still continue to you, if your disobedience and folly henceforth give me no farther motive to the contrary: and therefore as you tender my blessing, I charge you to make it your delight and practice to think of God, not of husbands; of your love to your sister Jaquinta, not of her hatred to you; and of your Prayer-books, your Lutes, and your Needles, and not of such vain conceits, and passions, wherewith you have stuffed and forced up your Letter to me; the which, together with the Copy of this of mine to you, I now inclose and return to your Governesse Malevola, that she hereafter may be more carefull of your conduction and carriage, and that you give more hours to discretion and honor, and less to idleness and vanity, to the end that she seeing her fault in yours, she may thereby the better futuramente know how to teach, and you how to learn to reform them. And so I beseech God who hath made you my Daughters, to bless, and make you his faithful servants.

STRENI.

They having thus perused their Fathers Letter, and seen his spleen and passions towards them, they cannot so much accuse him of choller, as they believe they have reason to condemn their sister Jaquinta of cruelty towards them; wherfore with more speed than affection, and with more hate then charity, they likewise break up the seals of her Letter, wherein she greets them thus.

JAQUINTA to BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

I Am so far from incensing, or precipitating our Father against you, as I vow to God, and to you, that his sending of you from Florence to Cardura, was not only without my consent, but without my knowledge; and for calling in question either the thought of your beauties, or of my husbands, you equally wrong me, and the truth therein; for it is that most whereof I trouble my heart and minde least, and therefore my haste to marry comes infinitely short of your jealousy and fear; and except it be out of your pride and malice, of Sisters to become mine enemies herein, I know no cause in Nature, and less reason in Grace, why those false suggestions of yours should fall within the compass of your conceits, or those untrue scandals within the power of your heart and pen, and it is as vain as ridiculous either for your love or counsell ever to think to make me believe or conceive the contrary. As for the priority of my years, it shall never make me esteem worse of you than of my self; for my conscience to God, and my actions to the world shall still make it apparent, that although you contemn my friendship, I will yet corroborate and cherish yours, and that there shall want no good will or zeal in me, that (according to your desires and expectation) our Father do not speedily recall you from Cardura to Florence, where your presence shall still be my happiness, and your company my content and felicity: And except your deportments and carriage towards me give me not henceforth just cause to divert me from this sisterly affection and resolution, I am constantly resolved both to live and die in the same.

JAQUINTA.

Baptistyna and Amarantha having thus read and considered these two severall Letters of their Father and Sister Jaquinta, they are infinitely incensed and chollerick to see his discourtesie, and her dissimulation and cruelty towards them, in that they must be enforced to live a solitary countrey life in Cardura, whiles she triumphs in pride, and flaunts it out in bravery in Florence; and as they much repine and murmur at his disaffection, so they infinitely disdain and complain of her imperious courses and carriage towards them, adding no belief to her Letter, but judging it to be hypocritical. They pity the weakness of their Fathers judgement, in suffering himself to be so violently transported and carried away by the subtile policy and secret malice of their sister towards them; wherein although their duty and obedience do some way excuse his age, yet their blood and beauty can no way possibly dispence with the pride and malice of her youth, which they hourly see confirmed and made apparent in the unaccustomed strict and hard usage of their Governesse Malevola towards them, which with her best endeavours and ambition sought as well to captivate their minds as their persons, by making her self to be as much their Gaoler as their Governesse; but they vow to requite her unkindness, and to revenge their Sister Jaquinta's cruelty towards them: They see her deformity in their beauty, her malice in their love, and her pride in their humility; so they alter the course of

of their natural affection, and now decline, instead of increasing, in sisterly love and charity towards this their sister. To go retrograde in virtue, is to go forwards in vice; for as it is the mark, so it is the duty of Christians to render good for evil, but not evil for good: yea, all contrary Examples and Axioms are ill taught, and worse practised, and it is to be feared, that the end thereof will produce at least sorrow, if not misery and destruction.

But *Baptistyna* and *Amarantha* are too young and wilfull to make good use of their sister *Jacquinta*'s bad affection, and malicious carriage towards them; for else, had they had as much wit as beauty, or as much affection as malice, they would then flie that which they follow, and detest this bloody design and resolution of theirs, which they now intend to embrace and put in practice. They are weary of their Sisters hard usage of them, they cannot digest her imperiousness and pride, and (in all outward semblance and appearance) if they stay from Marriage till she be married, they may all die Maids, and as our English adage goes, *Whip Apis in Hell for company*. They prefer their beauty before hers, as much as she doth her age before theirs, and deeming it impossible for them to have Husbands ere she be a wife, they thereupon abandon all reason and religion, and so at one time begin both to desire and to plot her death; and of these two wretched sisters *Baptistyna* is the most forwards in this their intended deplorable business; for she is so weak with God, and Satan so strong with her, that she says often to her self, she can reap no content in this world, before her sister *Jacquinta* see another. It were better for us not to foresee a sin, than seeing it, not to prevent, but perpetrate it. To which end, she purposely lets fall some words to her sister *Amarantha* tending and bending that way; but *Amarantha* is too courteous to be so cruel, and too religious, to be so outrageous and diabolical to any, especially to her sister: had she lived in the piety, and persevered in the integrity of this opinion and conscience, peradventure, her days had seen better fortunes, and her end been freed from so much misery. It is not enough for us to be virtuous and godly, except we religiously and faithfully continue therein; for constancy in all good and pious actions, makes men and women excellent, and of being wholly mortal, to become (in a manner) partly divine: But (to report Truth in her naked colours) *Amarantha* is too weak to resist her sister *Baptistyna*'s strong temptations and persuasions. It is an excellent virtue and happiness in us, to have our ears still open to good counsel, and shut to that which is evil and pernicious; but *Amarantha* hoping and desiring to gain a good Husband, makes her in a small time consent to the loss of a bad sister; and now she is therefore fully resolved to joyn with *Baptistyna* to make *Jacquinta* away. Good God, what cruelty, rage and barbarism is it, for two Sisters to resolve to murder their third! But this is not all; for we shall see more blood spilt upon the Theatre of this History, before we see the Catastrophe thereof. These two unnatural young Gentlewomen, having thus swapt a bargain with the Devil, to dispatch their Sister *Jacquinta*, they now consult on the manner thereof, whether or no, they should perform it with ponyard or poyson; but at last they agree upon poyson, but disagree which of them shall administer it to her, and if there were any spark of grace remaining in either of these two bloody minded Sisters, it was in *Amarantha*; for she cannot finde in her heart or conscience to do it, and yet she is so graceless and impious, as she freely gives way to the performance of this bloody Fact; so in the end, they fall upon this ungodly resolution, that lots must decide it, thus the devil holds, and they as his internal Factors and Agents, draw them, and it falls to *Baptistyna* to do it. But here ere they proceed farther in the progress of this lamentable business, and how to execute it; they are now assailed with a doubt and difficulty of no mean importance; for as they hold it requisite for them to perform this murder in *Florence*, so they know not how to escape from their watchfull Governess *Malevola* from *Cardura*: but they are women, and therefore they will be industrious in their malice; they are Ladies, and therefore they will be swift and subtle in their revenge; for having gold (though not their liberty at their commend) they resolve that the first shall speedily procure the second: To which end, they, by their servant *Bernardo*, secretly hire a Coach for four Duckatoons, the next night to carry them away very closely and privately from *Cardura* to *Florence*, and with so many more to corrupt the Gardiner to give him the Key of the Garden Postern gate; both which (with much care, fidelity, and silence) he effecteth, being himself only by them appointed to attend, and commanded to accompany them in this their Journey.

These two revengefull Sisters having thus given order for their escape, and secretly packed up such things as they held necessary to carry with them, as soon as their Governess *Malevola* was in bed and fast asleep, who was as innocent as they were guilty of this their clandestine departure, in comes *Bernardo* about midnight to their Chamber door, to which giving a soft knock, they presently descend the stairs with him to the Garden, and from thence to the

Coach, wherein seating themselves, they leave *Cardura*, and so with great speed drive away for *Florence*, where they arrive at their Fathers house, betwixt nine or ten of the clock the next morning, he much wondering, and their Sister *Jaquinta* extreamly perplexed and grieved at this their sudden and unexpected arrival, they cast themselves at their Fathers feet, and crave his blessing and excuse, but he receives them with more anger than joy, & so gives them frowns and checks instead of kisses: he hears their reasons of their unlooked for departure from *Cardura*, which he rejects both with contempt and choller, sharply reproves their disobedience, and voweth speedily to return them; they answer him, that his presence is the sole felicity and glory of their life, and that they had rather die with him in *Florence*, than live without him in *Cardura*. As for their Sister *Jaquinta*, she dissembles her love to them, as they do their malice towards her; for whiles she secretly wiltheth them out of *Florence*, so (in counterchange) do they as silently wish and desire her in heaven: but after a day or two was past over, then their hypocrisie and dissimulation was such each to other, as (to the eye of the world) it seemed they could not be better friends, nor dearer or kinder sisters, then now they were; so artificially could all of them overveil their malice, and so cunningly could they conceal their different intentions, thereby the better to compose their countenances and speeches. But when *Iaquinta* again perceives that the gallants of *Florence* do afresh repair and flock to her fathers house, purposely to neglect her, and to admire and adore the excellent beauties of these her two younger sisters, then her old jealousie revives, and inflames her new malice towards them; so as withall her power and art, she again secretly tampers with her Father, either to return them again to *Cardura*, or to contract and espouse them to a Nunnery, that she might thereby triumph alone at her pleasure, and being then sole Heir to all his Lands and Estate, might Wed her self to the greater fortune, and nobler husband, and she wanted neither sighs nor tears to draw him to this her earnest desire and resolution.

This is not so secretly born betwixt their Father & Sister *Iaquinta*, but *Baptistyna*, and *Amarantha* have present and pregnant notice hereof, the which strongly and fully to prevent, they now (encouraged and animated by the devil) resolve to reduce, and draw their bloody contemplation into action, & so (with more haste than good speed) to dispatch their sister for heaven, because they loved *Florence*, disdained *Cardura*, and above all (from their hearts & souls) infinitely detested to spend and end their days in a Nunnery; when neither having the fear of God in their hearts, nor his Justice or Judgements before their eyes, *Amarantha* buys the poyson, and *Baptistyna* administreteth it to their sister *Iaquinta*, in a Lemmon posset, which they observed she often used to drink in the Summer time, so that some ten days after she died hereof, when none but God, besides them, was witness of this their unnatural and bloody business: So they rejoyce as much as their Father grieves and sorrows hereat, and eow they are alone, and domineer at their pleasures in their Fathers house at *Florence*, without Rivals or Competitors: but God is as just as they are sinful, and therefore they shall reap but poor and miserable fruits of this their bloody victory. For within less than six weeks after the deplorable death of *Iaquinta*, a sudden languishing sickness overtakes and surpriseth *Baptistyna*, so as the white tincture of her face looks yellow, and the fresh Roses and Lillies of her beauty did exceedingly fade, & wither of the Jaundies: A sickness which I think God sent her purposely to punish her for that execrable crime of hers in poysoning her Sister. But the beauty of *Baptistyna* cannot be so much eclipsed or deformed, as that of *Amarantha* daily grows more deliciously sweet, and sweetly delicious and amiable; so as all those Nobles and Gallants of *Florence* and *Tuscany*, who come to seek *Streni* his Daughters in Marriage, do infinitely prefer *Amarantha* before *Baptistyna*, and passionately desire the first, as much as they now sleight and neglect the second: *Baptistyna* is not ignorant hereof, but sees it with grief, observes it with sorrow, and remembers it with choller and indignation; and yet she seeks and strives to conceal it from her Father, and to dissemble it to her Sister *Amarantha*. She in this wane of her beauty and joy begins now to participate of her dead sister *Iaquinta*'s living humors and conditions; she is now become the eldest sister, and therefore will not permit or suffer her younger to be her mate, or equal, much less her superior; and although her sickness hath deprived her of a great part of her beauty, yet it hath no way diminished, but rather increased and augmented her desire to Marry, she envies the sight and fame of her sister *Amarantha*'s beauty, as much as she lamenteth the decays, and pittieeth the ruins of her own; and both grieves and scorns to see so many Gallants court and seek her in Marriage, and none her self: Now as pride and malice (for the most part) are inseparable Companions, so her discontent hereat made her so devillishly malicious, as she secretly vows to her self, that she could almost finde in her heart to make *Amarantha* as well a Companion of *Iaquinta*'s Fortune, as of her blood, but God then presenting her first Murther to her eyes and remembrance, the Devil was not then enough prevalent or power-

powerful with her to draw her to concive or commit a second. Thus not being willing to add murder to murder, and so to gallop in stead of pacing to hell and destruction, she nevertheless determinately resolves to emulate and imitate the actions of her dead Sister *Jaquinta*, towards her living one *Amarantha*; and yet so to wreak her malice and revenge on her, as closely to insinuate, and under hand surreptitiously to prevail with her Father, that she be speedily eclipsed, and again sent away to *Cardura*, under the guard and custody of *Malevola*, the which she effectually and briefly obtaineth of him; so our young and fair *Amarantha* (though infinitely against her will) is now enforced to leave *Florence*, and suddenly (when she least thought or dreamed thereof) is again confined and banished to *Cardura*, notwithstanding all her sighs, tears, and prayers to her Father to the contrary.

Amarantha (with much sorrow and more indignation) being arrived at *Cardura*, she is not a little perplexed and grieved thereat, but rather exceedingly discontented with her Father, and infinitely incensed against her Sister *Baptistyna* for the same, as well knowing that it wholly proceeded from her meer pride and malice towards her; the which she now doth not conceal, but make apparant to her old Beldam Governess *Malevola*, both in her looks, speeches, and actions. She wondreth that her Sister is so inconsiderate of her self, and so imperious and bitter towards her; and how it is possible for her so soon to forget either their joynt crime, or their several danger for their so inhumanely and cruelly poysoning their elder Sister *Jaquinta*; the consideration and remembrance whereof is of so sharp and bitter digestion to her, as her thoughts vow to her heart, and her heart swears to the Devil, that she neither can nor will long endure it; yea, the time seems so irksom to her, and her stay in *Cardura* so infinitely long and tedious, as if hours were years, and days ages, that she often thought to steal away from thence to *Florence*, either on foot or horse-back, and so to have put her self into some disguised apparel, that none should know thereof before she came to her Father's house and presence: but at last considering, that her reputation and fortune might suffer much in this action, she holds it not amiss, rather convenient, first to write to her Father and Sister, to see if her Letters may prevail with them for her return, the which she doth, and sends them to them to *Florence* by her old trusty servant *Bernardo*.

Her Letter to her Father bewrayed these passions.

AMARANTHA to STRENI.

MY obedience hath not deserved so much contempt and hatred, as that (without cause or reason) you should thus again banish me from *Florence* to *Cardura*; and with how much grief and sorrow I digest it, I can better relate with discontent, than conceal with patience: How dear your sight and presence was, and ever shall be to me, if you will not know, and will remember, God doth; for my soul appeals unto him, and my heart to Heaven, that I made it the chiefest life of my joy, and the sweetest joy of my life; So as if you are not the cause, I am sure my Sister *Baptistyna* is of this (undeserved) cruelty towards me, who out of her pride, ambition, and malice, strives to be as unnaturally imperious to me, as my deceased Sister *Jaquinta* was both to her self and me. The remedy hereof is every way worthy of you, as you are my Father, and of my self, as God and Nature have made me your Daughter; for if you will not permit me to respire and breathe the ayre of *Florence*, I will shortly hazard my life to enjoy that of heaven: for already this my enforced exile hath brought me to extreme discontent, and that almost to utter despair.

AMARANTHA.

Her Letter to her Sister *Baptistyna* carried this Message.

AMARANTHA to BAPTISTYNA.

Couldst thou not be contented to live happy in *Florence*, but that thou must needs constrain our Father to make me live miserable here in *Cardura*? Is our Sister *Jaquinta*'s blood already cold, or is the memory as well as the manner and cause of her death already of thee forgotten, and so taken up in the dust of her Grave? Judge with thy self (if thou art not wholly as devoid of Judgment, as of affection and charity) what a palpable, yea what a gross and sottish vice it is in thee, hereby to make thy self both guilty of her pride, and Heir apparant to her malice. I remember those ingratefull crimes and vices of hers towards us with pity, and I pity these of thy self to me with admiration, in that thou wilt not suffer me to live at the courtisie of thy tongue, when thou

well knowest that thy life stands at the mercy of mine; Not that I am either so malicious to thee, or so uncharitable or indiscreet to my self, to wish thee any disaster or danger to the prejudice of mine own happiness, and safety; for I desire all peace, affection, and atonement betwixt us: the which if thou wilt grant me, by causing our Father speedily to recall me home to Florence, he shall then see, and thou assuredly finde, that I will be as much thy Handmaid as thy Sister, and that I will far sooner both hope and pray for a good Husband for thee, than for my self: but if thou deny me this courtesie, then blame not me, but thy self, if the event and issue of this thy cruelty come too short of thy hopes, and so (peradventure) flie a pitch far beyond thy expectation.

AMARANTHA.

Bernardo being thus charged by his Lady *Amarantha*, for the safe and speedy delivery of these her two Letters, as also to procure her Fathers and Sisters Answers to them, he rides away to Florence, where he is no sooner arrived at *Streni* his house, but meeting with the young Lady *Baptistina*, and thinking to deliver her Letter (whether it were out of haste, or misfortune, or both) he delivers her her Fathers Letter, in stead of her own, the which she well observing, she hastily and purposely breaks up the Seals thereof, and silently reads it to her self; whereat growing first red with choller, and then again pale with envy, she folds it up, and committing it to her pocket, turns to Bernardo, and demands him for her Sister *Amarantha's* Letter to her self; for (quoth she) that which I have already read and perused, is hers to my Father; when Bernardo (as much amazed at his error, as afflicted at his foolish simplicity) reading the direction of the second Letter, and finding her speeches and his mistaking true, he then gives her her own Letter and desires back the other for her Father, as also both their answers thereunto, for his Lady and Mistress *Amarantha*; whereunto, when she had perused her own Letter, she (with disdain in her looks, and malice in her eyes) tears her Fathers Letter before Bernardo's face, and then returns him this bitter Answer: *Tell that proud Girl thy Mistress from me, that it is my Fathers pleasure and mine, that she shall stay in Cardura and not see Florence till she receive other order from us; and for any further answer, either from our Father, or my self, it is both a vanity and a folly for her to expect: And so* (in much choller and indignation) she flies from him, and violently throws fast the door against him. Bernardo, not expecting such sharp and cold entertainment, and seeing it now wholly impossible for him to have any access to *Streni*, or answer from *Baptistina*, he leaves Florence, and speedily returns to Cardura to his Lady *Amarantha*, to whom he punctually and fully relates the bitter reply, and sharp and proud answer which her Sister *Baptistina* had given and sent her, and leaveth not a syllable un-rehearsed, but only silenceth his mistaking, in giving of her her Fathers Letter in stead of her own, as right now we understood.

Amarantha is all inflamed with choller at this proud and cruel carriage of her Sister *Baptistina* towards her, yea the remembrance thereof, so transporteth her thoughts with envy, and her heart with revenge against her, that she vows she neither can, nor will brook it at her hands; and here, not hearkning either to Reason, or Religion, or to her Conscience, or Soul, she now violently seduced, and exasperated by the Devil, doth refresh and revive her old malice, and resumes her former pernicious resolutions to her Sister *Baptistina*: She hath neither the wit, much less the grace, to consider, That choller increaseth her own torment and misery, and that if we vanquish not our own malice and revenge, it is more to be feared than doubted, that it will in the end both vanquish and ruine us. She hath formerly consented to poyson her eldest Sister *Jaquinta*, and now she likewise vows, that she will cause her elder Sister *Baptistina* either to be poyson'd or pistoll'd to death; but which of these to make choice of as yet she is irresolute, and upon this bloody business her thoughts run incessantly to her heart, as so many lines to their centre. O that so young a Lady, and so sweet a beauty should make her self accessory and guilty of so foul and inhumane crimes; but this I may write to her shame, and the Reader may please to observe it to his comfort, and retain to his instruction; That had she had the grace to have been formerly sorrowfull and repentant for her first Murther, she had then never proceeded so far, as to have made her self guilty of contriving and resolving a second.

Baptistina hath a Chamber-maid named *Pierys*, of some twenty four years old, who was far more fair than rich, as being heir to much beauty, though to no lands, or estate; and having heretofore for some trivial respects sometimes incurred the anger and displeasure of her Lady, and for the same received many a sharp word, and bitter blow from her, as being a freer Gentlewoman of her hands, than of her purse: She now accidentally chancing to break a fair rich Looking-glass of hers, her Lady doth not only exceedingly beat her, but also with-

out pity or humanity draws and drags her by the hair about her chamber, and then again and again kicks her with her foot. *Pierya's* heart is not so ill lodged, nor her extraction and quality so contemptible, but that she is very sensible of this her disgrace, as holding her fault far inferior to her correction, and therefore disdaining any longer to serve so cruel a mistress, she very privately packs up her apparel, leaves *Florence*, and flies to *Cardura*, forsakes *Baptistyna*, and so resolves henceforth to live and die with her younger Sister *Amarantha*: But as there are many of both these places, who report that it was only her hatred to *Baptistyna*, and her affection to *Amarantha*, which drew her to this resolution; yet there are divers others both of *Florence*, *Cardura*, and *Pistoia*, who (better acquainted with *Pierya*, and her secrets) have solidly affirmed to me, that it was wholly her affection to *Bernardo*, which was the truest reason, and strongest motive thereof, and the event and issue of this History, will confute the first, to confirm this second opinion of these her deliberations and resolutions; For, for the term of at least three or four years heretofore, *Pierya* was known to be passionately in love with *Bernardo*, and she had employed many friends towards him, to perswade and draw him to marry her; but he was still as averse, as she forward in this suite: For although he were enamoured of her beauty, and loved her tall and slender personage, yet he hated her poverty, and (because of some small Lands and means he had) as he thought himself too good to be her Husband, so she in regard of her beauty, youth and chastity, both highly and infinitely disdained to be his strumpet; and indeed the passage and process of these their affections was not from time to time unknown to *Amarantha*. *Pierya* is as welcome to *Amarantha*, as *Baptistyna* is sorrowfull for her departure, and the youngest sister now entertains her with as much curtesie, as the eldest formerly retained her with cruelty: As for *Bernardo*, he inwardly delights, though outwardly will not seem to rejoyce in her company, and so gives her his eyes, though not his heart; And for *Pierya*, her carriage was so modest, and yet wickal so respective to him, as if she endeavoured to make it her chiefest ambition and glory, that her vertues and chastity should make as true and as perfect a conquest of his heart, as her beauty had of his eyes: As for *Baptistyna* (her *Quondam* Lady) she is now angry with her self, as soon as she knew of her departure from her; but when she understands that *Pierya* is fled to *Cardura*, and lives with her discontented sister *Amarantha*, then (under hand) she makes strong means to her return again to her service, intimating to her, that she is ready to redeem her former discourtesie towards her, both with acknowledgement and requital. But these her hopes will deceive her, for she will finde, that errors are not so soon repaired as committed, and that her want of kindness to her Chamber-maid *Pierya* may in the end (perchance) prove cruelty to her self. *Pierya* is deaf to all these her requests, and endeavors rather to tie her self to *Amarantha* her new affection, then to *Baptistyna* her old unkindness, as preferring the courtesie of the first to the choller and indignation of the second. On the other side, *Amarantha* is glad of this resolution of her new Maid, *Pierya*; for the Devil being still at her elbow, he continually sets fire to her malice, & (as an infernal incendiary) perpetually blows the coals to her revenge against her Sister *Baptistyna*; yea, and now he so captivateth her soul, and extinguisheth her devotion and zeal towards heaven, that I write it with pity and sorrow, and not with passion, but compassion) she had neither the power to pray, nor the happiness or grace, either to frequent the Church for Gods sake, or to desire Gods presence and assistance for her own: No, no, Such thoughts of piety were far from her prophane thoughts and minde; for as her best blood, so her best zeal was now corrupted and polluted with revenge towards her Sister. And here, as a wretched Lady and a bloody Sister, she doth yet far worse: For (by the Devils suggestion) she assumes this horrible resolution, not only to engage and hazard her self, but others therein, as she took a pride, and conceived a glory, not to shipwreck her self alone, but to confound and cast away others with her for company in this prodigious and lamentable business of hers. The manner is thus:

She knows, that by reason of her strict exile in *Cardura*, she must needs employ some Factors and Agents, either to poyson or murder this her Sister *Baptistyna* in *Florence*; and therefore she thinks none so fit and proper to attempt and perform it, as her old trusty servant *Bernardo*, and her new Maid *Pierya* his Sweet-heart, whom (by degrees) she purposely draws and obligeth to her by gifts and promises; and her reason for this conceit and opinion of hers, that they will concur with her in this bloody Fact, is derived from this foundation and ground, that Love and Money may easily act wonders in the hearts and minds of those who desire the one, and want the other; as also, for that she perfectly knows, that for many years *Pierya* hath deeply loved *Bernardo*, and dearly desired and wished him for her Husband, and that he hath ever affected her, but only disliked her poverty: Wherefore believing that she would do much for the obtaining of this Husband, and he for preferment and gold, she is resolute in making this

this her bloody proposition to them; when not caring any more to write to her Father, she is now as hasty as bloody in her malice and revenge towards her Sister; and so impatient of delay (and without any further consideration with her self, or consultation either with her soul, or with God) she taking time at advantage, first breaks with *Pierya* about this bloody business, adding withal, that her desire and resolution is to have her Sister *Baptistyna* stifled in her bed, For now the Devil hath cast off her resolutions from Poyson or Ponyard; to which effect, she promiseth to gain her *Bernardo* to her Husband, and to give them wherewithall to maintain themselves well being Married, if she will consent with him to undertake and perform her request: which proffers and promises of her Lady do sound so sweetly in poor *Pierya's* ears, and work so deep an impression in her heart, especially that she shall hereby enjoy *Bernardo* for her Husband, whom she loves far dearer than her own life, that being wholly vanquished with the consideration thereof, as also enchanted with the sweet melody of her Ladies sugred perswasions, she (without any fear or thought of God, as an inconsiderate and graceless Maiden) yields to her ungodly and inhumane requells; who than swearing her to secrecie, she within a day or two after, likewise boardeth her servant *Bernardo* upon this bloody business, the which if he will perform for her, and take *Pierya* to his wife, she faithfully promiseth to give him an hundred and fifty Dukatoons of yearly Annuity, during his life, and to remain their true and constant friend for ever. At first *Bernardo* wondereth and staggereth at the hearing of this cruel and lamentable project, as amazed and astonished thereat, as if he were now so good a Christian, that Grace triumphed above Nature in his heart, and God above Satan in his soul; but at last, being deeply enamoured of *Pierya's* delicate youth and beauty, which he likes well, and of this yearly sum of gold for their maintenance in Marriage, which he loves dearly, he (forgetting himself, and which is worse, God) without any further rubs or rumination, gives his Lady *Amarantha* his free consent and promise to perform both her requests, as well of the Murther as Marriage. Whereupon she carries him to her Closet, and there calls for *Pierya*, and acquaints her with her and *Bernardo's* conclusion; So in her presence, they (by joyning of hands) contract themselves each to other, and then they all three do severally and joyntly swear secrecie, as also punctually to accomplish this which they have concluded: When this wretched and execrable *Amarantha* (the faster and stronger to tie them to her desires and their promises) opens a Casket of hers, and gives each of them fifty Duckatoons in gold, as a pl-dge and earnest penny of her love to them; and then faithfully promiseth to reward them with so much more as soon as they have sent her Sister *Baptistyna* to Heaven; when *Bernardo* and *Pierya* (to testifie their thankfulness to her) do both vow and swear, that herein (as in all things else) her will shall be their Law, and that their best services and best lives shall for ever be prostrate to her commands. But they shall repent the taking, and *Amarantha* the giving of them this gold, because it is the price and hire of innocent blood.

This lamentable (because sinfull) compact, being thus secretly shut up, and impiously concluded between these three wretched personages, then *Bernardo* and *Pierya* fall so close and thick to their amorous kisses, as being desirous to become one in body, as already they are in heart and minde, they request their Lady *Amarantha*, that she would please to permit them to finish and consummate their Marriage, before they perpetrate the Murther of her Sister *Baptistyna*; but she (who was clearer sighted in her malice and revenge to her said Sister, than they in their judgements and affections to themselves) considering that this Seal of their Marriage was the great tye and Gordian knot for them to perform and finish her desire, the which, if it were once solemnized, than their devotion and zeal thereunto might (peradventure) afterwards, either grow cold, or freeze, if not shortly wither and dye away upon the Design, she strongly opposes and contradicts it, as affirming they shall first dispatch her Sister before they Marry; the which *Bernardo* well observing and considering, he thinks it no folly in him to learn by her, and so to make her discretion his: and therefore that this Murther being once committed, she might after at her pleasure revoke her verbal Annuity given him; the which to prevent (and so to be as wise in his Coveteousness, as she was cruel and bloody in her Bounty) he tells his Lady *Amarantha*, that according to her desire, he will willingly defer his Marriage till then, but withall, humbly requests her to give him her promised Annuity written and signed with her own hand; the which, because she cannot well refuse, she then and there doth in these terms:

IN consideration, that my servant Bernardo do espouse, and take to his wife my Chamber-maid Pierya, I do promise, that (after the consummation thereof) upon my fidelity and honour, I will yearly give and pay unto the said Bernardo, or his Assigns, during all the term of his life, the full and intire sum of one hundred and fifty Duckatoons of Florence money, and in witness and testimony of this truth, I hereunto subscribe my Name:

AMARANTHA

A promise and contract written with more blood than ink, or rather not with ink, but wholly with blood, and which therefore God, in his divine providence, may hereafter produce, and bring to light, to serve as a powerfull witness, and Instrument of his glory, and, peradventure, to the infamy and confusion of those who gave and received it.

Amarantha having thus given this promise to *Bernardo*, and likewise received his, and his intended wives *Pierya's* oaths in counterchange, she now thinks with her self, that she must again return *Pierya* to *Florence*, and by some sly hypoerisie, to re-invest and screw her anew in to her old Lady, *Baptistyna's* service, thereby to be the more able and fit to dispatch her. Now as she is maliciously ruminating on this invention, there falls out an accident, which seems both to favour her hopes, and to further her desires and expectation herein: For by this time, *Baptistyna* writes over to *Malevola*, to deal secretly and seriously with *Pierya* for her return to *Florence* to her service, and that she shall finde her welcom to exceed her expectation and desires: So the truth is apparant, that *Pierya* (instructed by the Premises) now needs not many great perswasions from *Malevola*, to draw her to consent to this resolution; for as she and her *Bernardo* receive the first motion of this (unexpected) news with joy, so *Amarantha* imbrace and entertains it with delight; and now their last consultation is held between them, about the conclusion and finishing of this mournfull business. To which end, *Pierya* is dispatched for *Florence*, and the fifteenth day after, *Bernardo* is likewise secretly and precisely to arrive there to her by night, and then is the direct and appointed time for them to close and shut up this Tragedy. We must now allow and conceive *Pierya* to be again entertained of her old Lady *Baptistyna* in *Florence*, with much courtesie and joy; and for the seal and ciment of this their reciprocal reconciliation, her Lady gives her a new black wrought Silk Gown, and a purple Damask Petticoat, the which (as a treacherous dissembling wretch) she seems to receive of her with much content and thankfulness, the which yet we shall shortly see her requite with a most inhumane and prodigious ingratitude; for her desire of Marriage, and longing for a Husband, makes her think every hour ten, before the fifteenth day be arrived, and for her late Lady *Amarantha*, (who sees by no other eyes, but by those of malice and revenge towards her Sister) she thinks every day an age, before she hear of her dispatch. At the expiration of which time (according to their former agreement) *Bernardo* arrived by night at *Streni* his house in *Florence*, and at one of the clock after midnight, he finds the little Garden door open, and his *Pierya* there purposely to receive and welcom him; so they begin their meeting with kisses. She leads him by the hand to the outer door of her Ladies Chamber, and they two having agreed on the manner how to stifle her in her bed, she had there to that purpose, provided two pillows, keeps one, and gives him another to effect it: These miserable weetches (for the more secrecy) put off their shoes, and out the candles, and the darkness of the Moon, and the obscurity of the night, seeming to conspire to their conspiracy, they softly enter her chamber, go one by one side, and the other by the other, where unfortunate *Baptistyna* lying soundly sleeping and snoring, they stifle her with their pillows, and then a little while after, thrust a handkercher into her mouth, and their fury and malice was so fierce and implacable towards her, as she hath neither space to speak, nor power to screech or to cry. Thus she who had formerly poysoned her elder sister *Iaquinta*, is now also cruelly murdered by the treachery of her youngest *Amarantha*, which makes me cry out and say: O Lord, as thou art immense in thy mercy, so thou art inscrutable in thy judgements, and that therefore, as we ought not, so we cannot resist his divine power and eternal preordination.

Bernardo and *Pierya* (as two limbs of the Devil) having finished this cruel Murther on *Baptistyna*, they leave her breathless body on her bed, and then withdrawing themselves from her Chamber, they softly pull fast the door, which had a Spring-lock, and then she secretly throws in the key within side, at a private hole, or cranny; when her Sweet-heart and her selfe descended the staires, and with wonderfull silence stalk away to the Garden, without the Posterne door whereof, his Horse, tyed up to an Iron Ring in the wall, awaited and attended him; where with a multitude of kisses they part.

part, he faithfully promising her to return to her again at *Florence* within a moneth atter at most, and then to marry her: So whiles *Pierya* now (in the depth and dead of this dismal night) betakes her self to her bed, and there (as devoid of fear as of grace) sleeps soundly, her Sweet-heart *Bernardo*, that very obscure night, gallops thorow the streets of *Florence* towards the gate which leads to *Pistoia*, where God (in his all-seeing providence) causeth his horse to stumble, and fall with him to the ground, whereof he brake his neck, and presently died, and his horse then rising, flies from him straglingly in the streets, leaving the breathless Corps of *Bernardo* in the street, having not the happiness either to cry or utter one word at this his sudden and disastorous death; God having so ordained and decreed in his Star Chamber of Heaven, that although for the murdering of the Lady *Baptistyna* he deserved a more shamefull end, yet that this poor horse which brought him to *Florence*, should at the same time and place be his Executioner, as also that there was scarce one hour between his crime and his punishment, between her murther and his own death: An act and example of Gods Justice, worthy of all men to know, and of all Christians most especially to remember, so secret and sacred are the Judgements of the Lord of Hosts. All that night *Bernardo's* dead body lay gored in his blood (which abundantly issued forth his mouth) as also in the dirt of the street, unespied of any mortal eye; but as soon as the morning began to appear thorow the windows of Heaven, then it was found & likewise to be done by the fall off a horse, whereof his neck, the beholders saw, was broken, the which the sooner they were induced and led to believe, because they likewise found a horse near him, stragling in the streets without his Rider: This his dead body is therefore presently exposed to the Criminal Judges of that fair and famous City, who forthwith, cause his Pockets to be searched, where instead of gold, they, by the direction of God, finde the before nominated promise of a yearly Annuity, which we have formerly understood *Amarantha* gave him: Whereupon, they knowing the Lady *Amarantha* to be *Seignior Leonardi Streni* his daughter, and by this note, confidently believing this dead man to be the same *Bernardo*, and he to be *Amarantha's* servant, they (without once suspecting or dreaming of any Murther committed by him) hold it a part of their office and duty to acquaint *Streni* herewith. But the news of this dead found Corps ratling thorow the streets of the City, it devanceth this care of theirs, and so speedily arrives to *Streni* his house before them; whereat *Pierya* (looking for nothing less) takes so hot an alarme of grief, fear, and despair, that her guilty thoughts and conscience (like so many Blood-hounds) still pursuing her, she seeing this unlook'd for disaster and death of her *Bernardo* to be an act of God, and a blow from Heaven, which infallibly predicted both her danger and death; she therefore presently flies out of doors, and (with much celerity, and more fear) betakes her self to the least frequented and most remotest streets of the City for her safety. By this time the Criminal Officers are arrived at *Streni* his house, whom they acquaint with this mournfull accident, shew him this assurance of Annuity, and inquire of him if it be the Lady *Amarantha* his Daughters hand, as also the dead corps, and if this were her servant, who (with a countenance composed of astonishment, fear and sorrow) acknowledged to them, that it is his Daughter *Amarantha's* own hand writing, and the dead personage to be her serving-man *Bernardo*: Whereupon they confidently believe, and he sorrowfully fears, that this death of his, and that assurance of hers, doth either import or include some greater disaster and misfortune: Whereupon, they again modestly, yet juridically, demand of him for his Daughter *Amarantha*, and her Chamber-maid, *Pierya*, who returns them this answer; that the first is at his Mannor of *Cardura*, near *Pistoia*, and the second here in his house, and now serving his eldest Daughter *Baptistyna*; they demand to speak with *Pierya*, whom he causeth to be sought in all places of his house, but she is not to be found, so he sends to look her in his Daughters Chamber, her Mistress, but his servants return and report, that the door of that Chamber is fast lock'd, and that they can get no speech either of her, or of the Lady *Baptistyna*; which answer of theirs doth exceedingly augment the jealousy of the Judges, and the fear of the Father: So they all resolve to ascend themselves to that Chamber, where they aloud again calling both the Lady and her Maid, and hearing no answer of either of them, they instantly cause the door to be forced open; where (contrary to their expectation) they finde the Lady *Baptistyna* dead, and well near cold in her bed, and causing her body to be secretly searched by some Chirurgeons and neighbour Gentlewomen, they are all of opinion, that she is undoubtedly stifled in her Bed, and her face very much black and swoln with struggling for life against death. They are amazed, and her Father *Streni* almost drowned in his sorrowfull tears at the sight of this deplorable accident, and mournfull spectacle, and therefore what to say, or how to bear himself herein he knows not.

But the Judges upon farther knowledge and consideration of the flight of *Pierya*, the death of *Bernardo*, and the promised Annuity of *Amarantha* upon their marriage (as it were prompted by God) do vehemently suspect and believe that they all three were undoubtedly consenting and guilty of *Baptistyna's* death, notwithstanding that the Key of her Chamber was found thrown in within side: So they presently leave this sorrowfull Father to his tears, and betaking themselves to their Seat of Justice, do instantly cause all the Gates of the City to be shut, and a strict and curious search to be made in all parts thereof, for the apprehension of *Pierya* which (in their zeal and honour to sacred Justice) they perform with so much care and speed, as within three hours after she is found out, and apprehended in an Aunts house of hers, who was a poor woman and a Landress of that City, named *Eleanora Fracast.*

The Judges being presently advertised hereof, convent her before them, and (by vertue of this Annuity) charge both her and her Lover *Bernardo* to be the actors, and *Amarantha* to be at least accessary, if not the Author, with them of murdering of *Baptistyna*; she can hardly speak for tears at this her Examination, because her sighs still cut her words in pieces; and yet she is so far from grace and repentance, as at first she stoutly denies all, and boldly affirms, that both *Amarantha*, *Bernardo*, and her self, were every way innocent of attempting any thing against *Baptistyna's* life; and that if she were dead, she died only of a natural death by the appointment of God, and no otherwise; and to this answer of hers the Devil had made her so strong, as she added many fearfull oaths and deprecations, both for her own and their justification; but yet (notwithstanding this her Apology) these grave and clear-sighted Judges are so far from diminishing, as they augment their suspicion both of her and them, and so commit her to prison, and forthwith to the rack. At the pronouncing of which Sentence, *Pierya* is much daunted, seems to let fall some of her former fortitude and constancy, and to burst forth into many passionate tears, sighs and exclamations; but they will nothing avail her: For, seeing her pretended Husband *Bernardo* dead, in whom lived the imaginary joys of her heart, she so fainted, as at the very first sight of the Rack (with some tears, and more deep-fetcht sighs) she confessed to her Judges, that she and *Bernardo* had stifled her Lady *Baptistyna* in her bed; but still constantly affirmed that her sister *Amarantha* was wholly innocent thereof, flattering her self with this hope, that for thus her clearing of her Lady *Amarantha* from this crime and danger, she (in requital thereof) could do no less than be a means to procure a pardon for her life: But these hopes of hers will deceive her, and flie as fast from her hereafter, as ever she formerly did from God. So the Judges (in detestation of this her foul and bloody crime) adjudge her to be hanged for the same; but first they send her back to prison, and the very next morning before break of day, they secretly send away three of their *Isbieres* (or Sergeants) to *Cardura*, to fetch the Lady *Amarantha* to *Florence*, being very confident (notwithstanding *Pierya's* denial) that she likewise had a deep finger and share in her Sister *Baptistyna's* murder.

Amarantha not dreaming in *Cardura* what had betided in *Florence* to *Bernardo* and *Pierya*, but flattering her self with much hope and joy, that by this time they had undoubtedly made away her sister *Baptistyna*, and consequently that she should shortly revisit *Florence*, and there domineer alone, and obtain some gallant Cavalier of her Father for her Husband; she in expectation of her servant *Bernardo's* return, and of his pleasing news, had that day (as it were, in a bravery and triumph) purposely dighted her self up in her best attire, and richest apparel; and so betaking her self to her Chamber, and to that window which looked towards *Florence*, she with a longing desire expecteth every minute when he will arrive; when about ten of the clock before dinner (contrary to her expectation) she sees three men to enter into the house, apparelled as *Florentines*, whereat she much museth and wondereth, as not knowing what they, or their coming should import. These three Sergeants having entered the house, they are brought to the Governess *Malevola*, who brings them to her young Lady *Amarantha* in her Chamber; to whom (with a dissembling confidence) they report to her, That *Seignior Streni* her Father, hath sent them to conduct and accompany her speedily to *Florence*. *Amarantha* inquired of them for her Fathers Letters to that effect; whereunto one of the subtillest of them makes answer very slyly and artificially to her, that her Fathers haste, and her preferment, would not permit him to write to her; for that he perfectly knew from him, he was now upon matching her to a rich and noble Husband: Her Governess *Malevola* likewise demands of them, if he had not written to her self; they answer no, but that he bad them tell her, that he willed her without delay to bring away his Daughter *Amarantha* with her, and themselves to *Florence* by Coach, and only one Foot-boy. The Pupil and Governess consult hereon, and the very name of a Husband makes the first

as willing as the second is discontented to go to *Florence* without a Letter; but the policy of the Sergeants so prevail with the simplicity of this young Lady, and old Gentlewoman, that they speedily pack up their Trunks, so dine, and then take Coach and Horse, and away for *Florence*; during which short journey, although the mirth and joy of *Amarantha* be great, yet she finds so many different reluctations, and extravagant thoughts in her minde at the absence and silence of her man *Bernardo*, as she cannot possibly again refrain from musing and wondering thereat. They all arrive at *Florence*, where these Sergeants (having learnt their parts well, and acting them better) instead of *Amarantha's* Father's house, do clap her up close prisoner in the Common Gaol of that City, notwithstanding all her prayers and cries, sighs and tears to the contrary; and then send her Governess *Makvola* home to her said Father to advertise him hereof; who tearing the snow-white hair off his head and beard at this sad news, and extreemly fearing the dangerous consequence of this deplorable accident, he (with tears in his eyes, sorrow in his looks, and sighs in his speeches) repairs speedily to the Judges, to whom sorrowfully and humbly casting himself almost as low as their feet, he prays them to think of his age, and of his imprisoned Daughters youth, and that having unfortunately lost his eldest Daughter, that they would not deprive him of his youngest, nor cast her life away either upon bare presumption or circumstance, or upon the wrongfull reports and malice of his and her enemies: but these grave and Lynce-eyed Magistrates (who look as deeply into the privilege and dignity of Justice, as he doth into the passions of paternal affection and nature) cut him off with this sharp reply, That they honour his age, and respect his Daughters youth, that she shall have justice, and that by the Laws of *Florence* he must expect no more; with which cold answer he returns home to his house, as disconsolate, as he came forth sorrowfull, being not permitted, but defended to see, or speak with his Daughter *Amarantha* in prison, only he hath permission to bury his murdered Daughter *Baptistyna*, the which he performeth with far more grief and sorrow than solemnity.

The truth and decorum of this History must now invite the Reader to visit *Amarantha* in prison, who being there debarred from speaking with any, or any with her, except (those miserable comforters) her Sergeants and Gaolers, she now seeing the imminency of her danger, and fearing the assurance of her death, for that she heard a secret inckling (from the lower Court, through her Chamber window) That her Sister *Baptistyna* was murdered, her Maid *Pierya* imprisoned, and she her self vehemently suspected for the same: She therefore now begins to think of her former bloody crimes with repentance, and of these her inhumane cruelties towards her two elder Sisters with contrition, and solemnly vows to God, that if his Divine Majesty will now please to save her life, she will henceforth religiously redeem the first and second with repentance. So in the midst of these good thoughts, though vain desires and wishes of hers, she yet still flatters her self with this poor hope, that if her man *Bernardo* be living, then her promised Annuity to him written with her own hand is still sure, and therefore tacitly dead in his custody; and that both he and *Pierya* cannot any way wrong her without infinitely wronging themselves, and endangering their own lives: so albeit her Judges have matter of suspicion, yet they can have no cause of death against her, or if peradventure they have, yet that the power of her Fathers greatness and Friends are so prevalent in *Florence* and *Tuscany*, that if (the worst fall out) he and they can obtain at least her Reprival for the present, it not, her Pardon for the future. But (contrary to all these her weak and trivial hopes) the very next morning she is sent for before her Judges to a private examination, who (after they had made a grave and Religious speech to her) they demand her, first, If she employed not her servant *Bernardo*, and *Pierya* to murder her Sister *Baptistyna*, the which she firmly and constantly denies: secondly, If she had not given an Annuity of 150. Duckatons during his life to marry *Pierya*, the which she likewise denies; then they produce and shew it her under her own hand writing, whereat (they measuring her heart by her countenance) she seems to be so much perplexed with sorrow and amazed with fear, as she cannot refrain from giving them less words, but more tears; Of which her Judges conceiving a good opinion and hope, and therefore deeming themselves now to be in a fair way, and a direct course to obtain the whole truth of this lamentable business from her) they bethink themselves of a policy, thereby to effect and compass it, which is every way worthy of themselves and their offices, of their discretion and Justice. They tell *Amarantha*, that in regard of her youth and beauty, and of her Fathers age and nobility, they desire and intend to save her, if she will not wilfully cast herself away; That her safety and life now consisteth in her plain confession, and not in her perverse denial and contestation, of being accessory and consenting to the murder of her sister *Baptistyna*; That they have proofs thereof, as clear, and as apparant as the Sun: and that they having

caused

caused *Pieria* to be executed for the same this morning, she confessed it to them at her death, yea and dyed thereon. At which speeches of her Judges, and confession and death of *Pieria*, this wretched and unfortunat Lady *Amarantha* (seeing her self so palpably convicted of this her bloody and inhumane crime) being wholly vanquished either with fear toward her self, or choller towards *Pieria*, she falls on her knees to her Judges feet, and (with a great shower of tears) makes her self (by her free confession) to be the prime authour of her Sister *Baptistina's* murder, That she had hired *Bernardo* and *Pierya* to perform it, and given him an Annuity of 50 Duckatons *per annum*, and to each of them 50 Duckatons more in hand to that effect, concealing no point or part thereof, as we have already formerly understood: when (contrary to the expectation of her Judges) she most bitterly exclaimed on the name, memory, and ingratitude of this base wretch *Pieria* (for so she then termed her) in that she could not be contented to die her self, but also as much, and as maliciously, as in her power, to think likewise to hazard her own life with her. And now our cholerick, and yet sorrowfull *Amarantha* (between these two different extreames of hope and fear) layes hold of her Judges late promise and profered courtesie to her to save her, and then and there (with many reverences, tears, and wringing of her hands) most humbly beseecheth them for Gods sake, and for honours cause, to be good unto her, and to give her her life, although she confesseth she is most worthy of death, in being so degenerat and bloody minded towards her own Sister. But they (having by this commendable means, and artificiall policie, drawn this worm from *Amarantha's* tongue, I mean this truth from her mouth) are exceeding sorrowfull, and as much detest this her barbarous fact, as they pittie her descent, youth, and beauty; but well knowing with themselves, that God is glorified in the due and true execution of Justice upon all capitall malefactors, and especially on murderers (who are no less then monsters of nature, the disgrace of their times, and the very butchers of mankind) and that the greatness of their quality and blood doth only serve but to make these crimes of theirs the greater: therefore (I say) these wise and religious Judges prove deaf to her requests, and blind to her tears; and so having first caused her to signe this her confession, and then confronted her with *Pieria*, who now to *Amarantha's* face confirmed as much as she her self right now confessed and affirmed, they now in expectation of this her cruell murder, adjudge her likewise to be hanged the next day, at the common place of Execution, in company of *Pieria*; although her aged sorrowfull Father *Signior Streni* (being well nigh weighed down to his grave with the extream grief and sorrow of these his misfortuns and calamities) profered the Judges and the great Duke the greatest part of his estate, and lands, to save this his youngest, and now his only Daughter *Amarantha*: But his labour proved lost, and his care and affection vain in this his sute and solicitation, because those learned Judges, and this prudent and noble Duke, grounded their resolutions and pleasures upon this wholsome and true Maxim, That Justice is one of the greatest Colossus and strongest columns of Kingdoms and Common-weals, and the truest way and means to preserve them in flourishing prosperity and glory, and consequently, that all wilfull and premeditated murderers cannot be either too soon exterminated, or too severely punished, and cut off from the world. So *Amarantha* with more choller then sorrow, and *Pieria*, with more fear then choller, are now both sent back to their prisons; and that night *Streni* sends his Daughter, and the Judges send *Pierya*, some Fryers and Nynnes to prepare their soules for Heaven, but (in honour of the truth) I must asseme with equall grief and pittie, that both these two female monsters had their hearts so sealed, and their soules so scared up with impiety, that neither of them could there be perswaded, or drawn, either to think of repentance or of God.

Whiles thus *Florence* resounds of these their foul and inhumane crimes, as also of their just condemnations, the next morning about ten of the clock, they are brought to the destin'd place of Execution, there to receive their condign punishments for the same. *Pierya* first mounts the Ladder, who made a short speech at her death, to this effect; That her desire to obtaine *Bernardo* for her Husband had chiefly drawn her to commit this murder on her Lady *Baptistina*, and that it was far more her Sister *Amarantha's* malice to her, then her own, which seduced her to this bloody resolution; and that this her own shamefull death was not half so grievous to her, as the unfortunate end of her lover *Bernardo*, whom, she there affirmed to the world, and took it to her death, that she loved a thousand times dearer then her own life, with many other vain and ridiculous speeches tending that way, and which favoured more of her fond affection to him, then of any zeal or devotion to God; and therefore I hold them every way more worthy of my silence, then of my relation: and so she was turned over. To second whose unfortunate and shamefull end, now our bloody and execrable *Amarantha* (with far more beauty then contrition, and bravery then repentance) ascends the Ladder; who (to make her infamy the more famous) had purposely dighted and apparelled her self in a plain black

Sattin gown, with Silver lace, and a deep-laced Cambrick Ruff of a very large Set, with her hair unvailed, and decked with many Roses of silver Ribband: At her ascent, her extraction, beauty, and youth, begat as much pitty, as her bloody and unuaturall crime did detestation, in the eyes and hearts of all her spectators: When after a pause or two, she (vainly composing her countenance, more with contempt, then fear of death) there to a world of people, who flocked from all parts of the City and Country to see her dye (with a wondrous boldness) confessed, That she had not only caused her sister *Baptistina* to be stifled in her bed by *Bernardo* and *Fierya*, but that her said Sister *Baptistina* and her self had formerly poysoned their elder Sister *Jaquinta*, and that it was only their imperiousness and pride towards her, which drew her to this resolution and revenge against them both; the which she affirmed, she could now as little repent, as heretofore remedy, and that she more sensibly lamented, and grieved for the sorrows of her Fathers life, then for the shame and infamy of her own death: when, without any shew of repentance, without any speech of God, or which is less, without so much as once looking up towards Heaven, or inviting or praying her spectatours to pray to God for her soule she with a graceless resolution, and prophane boldness) conjured her Executioner speedily to performe his office and duty, which by the command of the Magistrate he forthwith did. So this wretched *Amarantha* was hanged for her second murder, and then by a second decree and sentence of the criminall Judges, her body is after dinner burnt to ashes for her first; who likewise, in honour to Justice, and to the glory of God, do also cause the dead body of *Bernardo* (for two whole dayes) to be hanged by his feet in his shirt to the same Gallows, and then to be cast into the River of *Arno*. And here the Judges also, to shew themselves, themselves, were once of opinion to have unburied *Baptistina*, and likewise to have given her dead body some opprobrious punishment, for being accessary with her Sister *Amarantha* to poyson their elder sister *Jaquinta*; but having no other evidence or proof hereof, but only the testimony of her condemned dying Sister *Amarantha*, whom it was more probable then impossible, she might speak it more out of malice then truth, as also that God had already afflicted a deplorable end and punishment to her, they therefore omitted it. And thus was the deserved ends, and condign punishments of these wretched and execrable murderers; and in this manner did the just reveng, and sacred justice of God meet and triumph over them and their bloody crimes,

And now herefully to conclude and shut up this History in all its circumstances; The griefs and sorrows of this unfortunate old Father was so great and infinite, for the untimely and deplorable deaths of all these his three only Daughters and Children, that although piety and Religion had formerly taught him, that the afflictions of this life are the joyes of that to come, yet being wholly vanquished and depressed with all these his different bitter crosses and calamities, he left *Florence*, and retired himself to a solitary life in *Cardura*, where he not long survived them, but dyed very pensively and mournfully.



Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXII.

Martino poysoneth his Brother Pedro, and murthereth Nonfredo in the street; Hee afterwards grows mad, and in confession reveals both these his murthers to Father Thomas his Ghostly Father, who afterwards dying, reveals it by his Letter to Cecilliana, who was Widdow to Nonfredo, and Sister to Pedro and Martino. Martino hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same.

AS it is a dangerous wickedness to contrive and plot murder; So much more it is a wretched and execrable one to finish, and perpetrate it; for to kill our Christian Brother, who figuratively bears the image of God, is an act so odious, as Nature cannot excuse, and so diabolically, as no Clemencie can pardon; And yet this age, and this world is but too plentiful and fertile of such bloody Tigers, and inhumane Monsters, and Butchers of mankind, as if they had not a Conscience within them to accuse them, a God above them to condemn them, and a Hell below them to punish them; or as if they had not the sacred Oracles of Gods eternall Word, I mean the Law and the Gospell, and the blessed Precepts and Doctrine of the holy Prophets and Apostles, yea, of Christ Jesus himself, the great Shepherd, and sacred Bishop of our soules, to teach us the rules of Mercy, Meekness, and Long-suffering, whiles we live in this vale of Misery here below, and that we must embrace and follow Peace and Charity with all men, if ever we think to participate of the true felicity and joyes of Heaven above: But nevertheless (yea directly contrary hereunto) this ensuing History will produce us one, who though sufficiently instructed in the rules of Piety and Charity, yet he wilfully abandoned the first, and contemned the second, by cruelly and unnaturally imbruing his hands in innocent blood, for the which we shall see, that he in the end suffereth a severe and shamefull death. May we read his History to the glory of God, and the instruction of our selves.

The Scene of this History is laid in *Spain*, in the famous Province of old *Castile*, and in the fair and ancient City of *Burgos*, where lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentlewoman, termed *Dona Catherina Antunez* (a Sirname much known, and famous in that City, Province, and Kingdom) who had by her deceased Husband *Don Roderigo de Ricaldo*, two Sons, *Don Pedro*, and *Don Martino*, and one Daughter named *Dona Cecilliana*. Her eldest Son *Don Pedro* was a gallant Cavalier of some eight and twenty years of age, tall and well-timbred, by complexion and hair black, and of a swart and martial countenance, who for the space of seven years served as a voluntary Gentleman under that wise and valiant Commander *Don Gonzalez de Cordova* in *Germany*, and against the Lords States of the *Netherlands*, and since in the *Voltoline* and *Millane*, against the *Grisons* and *French*; In both which wars he left behind him many memorable testimonies of his prowess, and purchased divers honourable trophies of true valour, and generosity: but for any other intellectuall endowments of the mind, he was no scholler, but of an indifferent capacity, yet very honest, courteous, and affable, particularly to his friends, and generally to all the world. His Brother *Don Martino* was of some four and twenty years of age, short of stature, very slender, but crook-back'd, of an Auburn hair, a withered face, a squint eye, of inclination extremely sullen, and of disposition and nature envious and revengefull, as desirous rather to entertain a night-quarrell in the street, then a day-combat in the Field; but as God is many times pleased to countervail and reward the defects of nature in the body, with some rich gifts and perfections of the mind, so though not by profession, yet by education he was an excellent Scholar, of an active and sharp wit, a fluent tongue, and singularly able either to allure or divert, to perswade or dissuade, according as the stream of his different passions and affections led him; Vertues enough relucant and excellent to build a fame and sufficient to raise an eminent fortune, if his former vices do not too fatally eclipse the one and deface the other. Their Sister *Cecilliana* (aged of some twenty years) was of an indifferent height, but growing to corpulencie and fatness, of a black hair, an amiable brown complexion, a big rolling eye, and the ayre of her countenance rather beautifully amorous, then modestly beautifull: She was of a nimble wit, of humour pleasant and facetious, yet so reserved in the externall demonstration thereof, that through her Mothers pious and austere education of her, she (in all outward semblance) seemed rather to be fit for a Nunnery then a Husband, and more proper to make a Saint, then a Wife; but as the face proves not still a true Index of the heart, nor our looks and speeches still a true Sybille of our soules, so how retired soever her Mother kept her from the company of men, yet her wanton eye, conspiring with her lascivious heart, made her the more desirous thereof, and far the more licentious, in regard she was strictly forbidden it; so as (not to contradict or dissemble the truth) I am here entorced to relate and affirm, that she imparteth her favours upon two or three young Gentlemen of that City, of her privat acquaintance, and is more familiar with them, then modesty can well warrant, or chastity allow of. But there is a young Gallant of this City likewise (more noble by birth, then rich in estate and means) named *Don Balibazar de Monfredo*, who (deeming *Cecilliana* as famous for her chastity, as for her beauty) bears a singular affection to her; yea, his heart and thoughts are so fervently intangled in the snares of her delicious beauty, that in publick and privat, in his desires and wishes, and in his speech and actions he proclaims her to be his Mistress, and himself her servant; and if he affect and desire *Cecilliana* for his Wife, no less doth she *Monfredo* for her Husband; so that they many times by stealth meet and conferr privatly in remote Churches and Chappels, it being rather a prophane than a religious custome of *Spain* (wherein Heaven is too much made to stoop to Earth, and Religion to impiety) for men to court their intended wives, and (which is worse) many times their Courtizans and Strumpets. *Cecilliana* (oftentimes warrented by her Mothers indisposition) can no sooner take Coach to enjoy the pleasure and benefit of the fresh ayre abroad in the fragrant fields, but *Monfredo* assuredly meets her, where leaping from his Coach into hers (and leaving his Page to accompany her Wayting Gentlewoman in his own) they at first familiarly kiss and confer, and in a few of these meetings at last effectually resolve to give themselves each to other in the sacred bonds of marriage; so he gives her a rich Diamond Ring, and she reciprocally returns him a pair of Gold Bracelets, in token of marriage, and they then and there (calling God to witness) very solemnly contract themselves man and Wife, yet for some sollid reasons, and important considerations, which conduce to the better accomplishing of their desires, they for a time conclude to bear it secretly and silently from all the world; and it is concluded and agreed between them, that a moneth after, and not before, he shall attempt to seek her publicly in marriage, both of her Mother the Lady *Catherina*, as also of her two Brothers *Don Pedro* and *Don Martino*.

So when this moneth is past over (which to these our two Lovers seems to be many ages) *Monfredo* very fairly and orderly seeks her of her Mother in marriage, and likewise (in terms fit for him to give, and them to receive) acquaints her two Brothers with his sute and affection to their Sister, and with his best art and eloquence endeavoureth (on honourable terms) to gain and purchase their consents thereunto. As for her Mother, she (preferring wealth to honour, and riches to content) considering the weakness of *Monfredo's* estate, the death of his parents, whereby she sees him deprived of all future hope to raise his fortunes, doth absolutely deny to bestow her Daughter on him in marriage; and the more to bewray her extream distast of this his sute and dislike of himself, she (with much obstinacy and choller) forbids him her Daughters company, and (with more incivility and indignation) conjures him to leave and forbear her house, telling him she hath already firmly ingaged her word and promise to *Don Alonso Delrio*, that he shall shortly espouse and marry her. Now although this sharp answer of hers seem to nip *Monfredo's* hopes and desires in their blossoms, yet relying more on the affection and constancy of the Daughter, than on the power or resolution of the Mother, he again and again (with a most respectful and honourable importunity) soliciteth her consents; but he sees it lost labour, because she is resolute that her first shall be her last answer to him herein. As for her Brother *Don Pedro*, he loves his Sister so perfectly, and her content so dearly, that he finds him to stand well affected to their affections, and in regard of his love to her, and respect to him, that he utterly contemns the motion and mention of *Delrio*; and therefore faithfully promiseth *Monfredo* his best assistance towards his Mother for the effecting of their desires. But for her younger Brother, *Don Martino*, he finds a contrary nature and disposition in him; for he never loved, but hated his Sister *Cecilliana*, and therefore hates *Monfredo* for her sake, and loves *Delrio*, because he hears she hates him, and so animates his Mother against them; and thus he gives *Monfredo* cold answers, and (the sooner and better to convert his hope into despair) tells him plainly that *Delrio* must and shall marry his Sister, and none but he. Thus *Monfredo* departs, as glad of *Don Pedro's* love, as he is sorrowfull for his Mother and Brother *Don Martino's* hatred. And here (to observe the better order in this History, and likewise to give the curiosity of the Reader the fuller satisfaction) it will not be improper, rather pertinent for us to understand, that *Don Delrio* was also a well descended Gentleman of the same City of *Burgo*, rich in Lands and monies, but at least fifty five years old, having a white head and Beard, of a hard and sour favour, and exceedingly Baker-legged; yet as old as he was, he was so passionately enamoured of the fresh and sweet beauty of *Cecilliana*, that he thought her not too young to be his wife, nor himself too old to be her Husband, but led more by his lust than his Judgment, and encouraged by *Don Catherina* her Mother, for that his great lands and wealth wholly inclined and weighed down her affection towards him, he often visiteth her Daughter *Cecilliana*, and with his best oratory and power seeks and courts her affection in the way of marriage: but she having her heart fixed on *Monfredo's* youth, and comely feature, she highly flights *Delrio's* frozen age, and disdaining to make her self a *May* to this *December*, because she apparantly knew, and perfectly believed, that he was every way fitter for his Grave, than for her Bed; for it was *Monfredo*, and only *Monfredo*, whom her heart had elected and chosen for her second self and Husband: And suppose (quoth she) that *Monfredo* be not so rich as *Delrio*, yet all *Castile*, yea all *Spain* well knows, that by descent and generosity he is far more noble, and that there is as great an *Antithesis* and disparity between the virtues of the first, and the defects and imperfections of the last, as there is between a Clown and a Captaine, and a Peasant and a Prince; therefore let my Mother say what she will, *Delrio* what he can, or my Brother *Martino* what he dare, yet they shall see, and the world know, that I will be wife to none but *Monfredo*, and that either he, or my Grave shall be my Husband.

But the Lady *Catherina* her Mother (notwithstanding her Daughters averfness and obstinacie) laies her charge and blessing upon her to forsake *Monfredo*, and take *Delrio*, urging to her the poverty of the one, and the wealth of the other, what delights and contentments the last will give her, and what afflictions and misery the first do threaten her: but the affection of *Cecilliana* is still so firmly fixed, and strongly settled and cymented on her *Monfredo*, that she is deaf to these requests, and blind to these reasons of her Mother, in seeking to dissuade her from him, and in consenting and perswading her to accept of *Delrio* for her Husband; and although her Mother follow her in all places as her shaddow, and haunt her at all times as her Ghost, to draw her hereunto, yet she still finds her Daughter as resolute to deny, as she is importunate to request it of her, vowing that she will rather wed her self to a Nunnery, than to *Delrio*, whom she saith she cannot affect, and therefore peremptorily disdaineth to marry. Her Mother seeing her Daughter thus constantly and willfully to persevere in her obstinacy against

her desires, she (with much choller and grief) relates from point to point to her Son *Don Martino* what had past between them; whom she knew did as much love *Delrio*, and hate *Monredo*, as her eldest Son *Don Pedro* hated *Delrio*, and loved *Monfredo* for their Sister in marriage. *Martino* takes advantage of this occasion and opportunity, and thinking to give two blowes with one stone, by crossing his Sister in her affection; and his Brother in his designs and wishes, doth now more than ever incense his Mother against her, alledging that it would be a far greater honour, and less scandall to their Name and House, that she were rather married to a Nunnery, than a Beggar, and with many powerfull reasons, and artificiall perswasions, strives to make her inclinable to this project, and flexible to this resolution of his, as indeed in a little time she doth: For the Mother being thus wedded to her will, and therein now confirmed by the flie policy, and fortified by the subtile insinuation of her Son *Don Martino*, she hereupon constantly resolves to betake and give her Daughter to God and the Church, affirming that she shall never reap any true content in her thoughts, nor peace in her heart, before she see her Cloystered up and espoused to a Nunnery. But this compact of theirs is not so closely carried between them, but the vigilancy of *Don Pedro* (whose affection and care aimes to give *Monfredo* and his Sister content) hath perfect notice and intelligence hereof, the which for a time he holds fit to conceal from them both; when firmly purposing to prevent it, and so to cross his Mother and Brother, who herein delight and glory to cross him, he bethinks himself of an invention (worthy of himself) how and which way to effect it. He sends for *Don Alonso Delrio* to the *Cordeliers* Church, and there relates him the friendship he bears him, that he will not see him run himself into an error in seeking his Sister *Cecilliana* in marriage, whom he knows he cannot possibly obtain; She (to his knowledge) being already firmly contracted to *Monfredo*, notwithstanding all that his Mother and Brother *Don Martino* have said or can do to the contrary. *Delrio* heartily thanks *Don Pedro* for the expression of this love to him, the which he affirms he shall ever find him ready both to deserve and requite; when measuring the time future by the present, and of *Cecilliana's* blooming youth by his weather-beaten and blasted age, he vows to *Don Pedro*, that he will henceforth no more desire or seek his Sister in marriage; nor yet speak with her, or come near his Mother or Brother; so that business is for ever dashed, and receives an end, almost as soon as a beginning. The which *Don Martino* (out of his deep reach and politick pate) understanding, and knowing that this falliug off of *Delrio*, from farther seeking his Sister in marriage, proceeded wholly from the secret undermining of his Brother *Don Pedro*, he is extreemly in choller against him for the same; and so (with more passion than discretion) goes and chargeth him herewith: Whereupon these two Brothers fall at great contention and variance, and many bitter words and outrageous speeches here interchangeably pass between them, the repetition whereof I think good to bury in silence, because it matters not much to give it a place in this History; only (to deal on generals) I must say that *Don Pedro* was high, and *Don Martino* hot, and that the first spake not so much as he dared, and the last dared not so much as he spake. But this tongue combat of theirs was so violent and blustering, as the issue thereof redounding to *Don Pedro's* glory and generosity, and to *Don Martino's* shame and baseness, and *Martino* finding that he had more will than power to be now revenged hereof on his Brother, he is inflamed with choller and revenge against him for the same, as consulting with Satan, not with God, he is so revengefull and inhumane, as he wisheth his said Brother in Heaven, and from thenceforth plotteth with himself how to finish it, reasoning thus uncharitably and damnably with himselfe; That he being dead, and his Sister pent a mew'd up in and Nunnery, he shall then be sole Heir and Lord to all the Lands and Estate which his Father left him.

Thus in the heat of his choller, and the fumes of his revenge against his Brother *Don Pedro*, he repayres to his Mother, informs her how it is he and his policie which hath beaten off *Delrio* from seeking his Sister *Cecilliana* in marriage, and that through his close treacherous dealing, he hath prevailed with him for ever to abandon her; yea, he here leaves no invention unassayed to incense his Mother against his Brother, nor means unattempted to inflame her against his Sister, by still putting her in mind of his rashness towards *Delrio*, and for her disobedience towards her self; and here (he remembring his own avaritious ends) doth again modestly perswade, and then again importunately pray his Mother to constitute her to a Nunnery; whereunto (as we have formerly understood) he knows she is already resolutely bent and resolved: When she (being vanquished with her own desires, and his importunity) promiseth him very shortly to effect it. But first she sends for her Son *Don Pedro*, and in a language of thunder rebukes and checks him for his double crime, in dissuading *Delrio* from so suddenly forsaking his Sister, and in perswading so strongly to affect *Monfredo*, adding withall, that notwithstanding his treachery and policie, and her ingratefull disobedience to her, she is inviolably

violably resolved shortly to send *Monfredo* to seek another wife, and to give and betake her to no another Husband than a Nunnery. *Don Pedro*, holding it his duty to entertain this choller and these speeches of his Mother rather with modesty than passion, returns her this answer, that he hath not said, nor done any thing to *Delrio*, but what he can well justify with his obedience to her, and his honour to the whole world; that his affection to his Sisters present content, and care of her future prosperity, makes him assume this belief and confidence, that *Delrio* is as unworthy of her, as she worthily bestowed on *Don Monfredo*, and therefore that it is both pity and shame, that the wealth of the first should be preferred to the nobility and generosity of the second; he prays her to consider, that as *Cecilliana* is her Daughter, so she is his Sister, and that he is so well acquainted with her disposition and secrets, as not to dissemble her the truth, he holds her far more fit to make a Wife than a Nunne, and a Nunnery therefore (every way) to be improper for her, and she for it; that he is not ignorant that it is the policie or rather the malice of his Brother *Don Martino*, which hath wrought these false impressions in her belief against himself, and this her uncharitable resolution against his Sister; for which base treachery and ingratitude of his, if he thought him as worthy of his care, as he knows he is of his scorn, he would not faile to call him to a strict account for the same, but that Nature and Grace prescribe him contrary rules. *Dona Catherina* being far more capable to distaste, than to relish this bold answer of her Son *Don Pedro*, and contenting her self to have now delivered him her mind and resolution at full, she leaves him, and finds out his Brother *Martino*, to whom she punctually relates what had past between her and his Brother *Don Pedro*; whereat he is a fresh so netled with choller, and inflamed with revenge against him, as what before he hath desperately plotted and resolved against his life, he now vows and swears shortly to execute, whereat his bloody thoughts (without intermission) aime and tend, and next thereunto he desires nothing so much, as to see his Sister made a vowed and vayled Sister.

Whiles thus his Mother and himself are deep in conference, and busie in consultation how to effect and compass these their different designes; *Don Pedro* goes to his Sister *Cecilliana*, finds out *Monfredo*, and to them both sincerely delivers what hath past between his Mother, his Brother, and himself, in their behalfe; yea, it is a jest (both worthy, and well bebecoming his laughter) to see how between earnest and jest, he tels his Sister (in presence of her lover *Monfredo*) that she must shortly prepare her selfe for a Nunnery, for that their Brother *Don Martino* hath decreed it, and their Mother *Don Catherina* sworn it: At this pleasant passage and conceipt of *Don Pedro*, *Cecilliana* cannot refrain from blushing, nor *Monfredo* from smiling: for looking each on other with the eyes of one and the same tender affection and constancy, he smiles to see her blush and she again blusheth to see him smile hereat, here she tels her Brother *Don Pedro* plainly, and her lover *Monfredo* pleasantly, that she will deceive her Mothers hopes, and her Brother *Don Martino's* desires, in thinking to make her a Cloystred Sister, when again metamorphosing the snow white Lillies of her cheeks into blushing Damask Roses, she with a modest pleasantness, directing her speech to *Monfredo* (who then lovingly led her in the Garden by her arme) tels him, that his house should be the Nunnery, his armes the Cloyster, and himselfe the Saint, to whom (till death) she was ready to proffer up, and sacrifice both her affection and her self; that as she did not hate, but love the profession of a Nunne in others, so for his sake she could not love, but hate it in her self, adding withall, that for proof and confirmation hereof (if it were his pleasure) she was both ready and willing to put her self into his protection, and to repose her honour in the confidence of his faithfull affection and integrity towards her.

Monfredo first kissing her, then infinitely thanking her for this true demonstration of her dear and constant affection to him, when again intermixing kisses with smiles, and smiles with kisses, he swears to her, in presence of God, and her Brother *Don Pedro*, that if the Lady her Mother wholly abandon her, or resolve to commit her to a Nunnery, he will receive and entertain her in his poor house with delight and joy, and preserve her honour equally with his own life, and that in all things (as well for the time present, as the future) he will steer his actions by the starr of her desire, and the compass of her present Brother *Don Pedros* commands: for which free and faithfull courtesie of his, *Cecilliana* thanks him, and no less doth *Don Pedro*, who in requitall hereof makes him a generall and generous tender of his best power and service to act and consummate his desires; and so for that time, and with this resolution they part each from other, leaving the progress of their affections, and the success thereof partly to time, but chiefly to God, whom they all religiously invoke to bless their designes in hand.

Leave we them for a while and come we now again (cursorilie) to speak of their Mother *Dona Catherina*, and of *Don Martino* their Brother, who being the Oracle from whom she derives and directs all her resolutions, she is still constant to her self, and therefore still vehemently bent against her Son *Don Pedro*, her Daughter *Cecilliana* and *Monfredo*, swearing both solemnly and seriously, that she will rather dye, than live to see him her Son in Law: and yet whatsoever *Don Martino* do say, or can alleadge to her to the contrary, she yet loves *Don Alonso Delrio* so well, and her Daughter *Cecilliana* so dearly, that before she will attempt to Cloyster her up in a Nunnery, she hoping to reclaim him to affect her, and to revive his suit of marriage, doth by a Gentleman her servant send him this Letter.

CATHERINA to DELRIO.

I Am wholly ignorant why thou thus forsakest thy affection and sute to my Daughter *Cecilliana*, whereof, before I am resolved by thee, I have many reasons to suspect and think, that it was as feigned as thy promises and Oaths pretended it to be fervent. Sure I am, that as envie cannot eclipse the fame of her vertues towards the world, so Truth dares not contradict the sincerity of my well wishes and affections towards thee, in desiring to make thee her Husband, and her thy wife. Her poor beauty (which thou so often swore thy heart so dearly admired and adored) hath lost no part of its lustre, but is the same still; and so am I, who have ever wished, and ever will faithfully desire, that of all men of the world, thy self only may live to enjoy it. If thou think her affection be bent any other way, thou doest her no right, but offer a palpable wrong to thy own judgment, and to my knowledge: Or if thou imagine the Portion be too small, which I promised to give, and thou to receive with her in marriage, thou shalt command that augmentation from me, which none but thy self shall ever have cause to request, or power to obtain; yea, thou shalt find, that for the finishing and consummating of so good a work (which thou so much deservest, and I so much desire) I will willingly be contented to enrich her fortunes with the impoverishing of mine own. If thou send me thine Answer hereunto, I shall take it for an argument of thy unkindness: but if thou bring it thy self, I will esteem it as one of thy true respects and affection to me.

CATHERINA.

Don Martino being solicited and charged by his Lady Mother likewise to write effectually to *Delrio* to return to seek his Sister *Cecilliana* in marriage, yet notwithstanding drawn thereunto for his own covetous ends, secretly to desire and wish that he might never marry her, but she a Nunnery, he therefore to that effect writes, and sends him a most dissembling and hypocritical Letter by the same Messenger, to accompany hers, but he is so reserved and fine, as he purposely conceals the sight and reading thereof from his Mother. This Letter of his, which was as false and double as himself, reported this language.

MARTINO to DELRIO.

My duty ever obliging me to esteem my Mothers requests as commands, I therefore adventure thee this Letter, as desiring to know who or what hath so suddenly withdrawn thee, or thy affection from my Sister *Cecilliana*. Thou canst not be ignorant of my hearty well wishes and love to thee in obtaining her to thy wife; and yet it is not possible for thee to conceive, much less believe, the hundredth part of the bitter speeches, which I have been inforced to receive and pack up, from her & my Brother *Don Pedro*, for desiring and wishing it. I know that inforced affections prove commonly more fatal than fortunate, and more ruinous than prosperous; therefore I am so far from any more perswading thee to seek her in marriage, that I leave each of you to your selves, and both unto God. And to the end thou mayst see how much the Lady my Mother affects thy sute, and distasts that of *Monfredo* to my Sister, she upon thy forbearance and absence hath vowed unto God, that if thou be not, he shall not, but a Nunnery must be her Husband. My Mother is desirous to see thee, and my self to speak with thee; but because marriages ought first to be made in Heaven, before consummated on Earth, therefore thou knowest far better than my self, that in all actions (especially in marriage) it is the duty of a Christian to wait on Gods secret providence, and to attend his sacred pleasure with patience.

MARTINO.

Delrio

Delrio receives and reads these two Letters, and (consulting them with his judgment) finds that they look too different wayes; for *Dona Catherina* the Mother would marry her Daughter to himself, but not to *Monfredo*, and her Son *Martino* aims and desireth to have her married to a Nunnery, and not to himself; wherein wealth and covetousness are the chiefest ends and ambition of them both, without having any respect to the young Ladies content, or regard to her satisfaction; and although the speech which *Don Pedro*, delivered him in the *Corde-liers* (or Gray Friars) Church, have so much wrought with his affection, and so powerfully prevailed with his resolution, that he will no farther seek *Cecilliana* in marriage, yet in common courtesie and civility he holds himself bound to answer their two Letters, the which he doth, and returns them by their own Messenger. That to the Lady *Catherina* had these words:

DELRIO to CATHERINA.

Though you suspect my sincerity, yet if you will beleive the truth, you shall find, that the affection which I intended the Lady *Cecilliana* your Daughter was fervent, not feigned; and because you are desirous to know the reasons why I forbear to seek her in marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know she is too worthy to be my wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to be her Husband: so though envie should dare to be so ignorant, yet it cannot possibly be so malicious; either to eclips, the lustre of her beauty, or the fame of her vertues, sith the one is so sweet a grace to the other, and both so precious ornaments to her self, that infinit others besides my self hold it as great a prophaneness not to adore the last, as a happiness to see and admire the first. For your affection in desiring my self hers, and she mine in marriage, I can give you no other requitall but thanks for the present, and my prayers and service for the future. How your Daughter hath, or will dispose of her affection, God and her self best know; and therefore I shall do her right, and your knowledge and my judgment no wrong, rather to proclaim my ignorance, than my curiosity herein: but this I assure you, that if hers to me had equallized mine to hers, I should then thankfully have taken, and joyfully received her with a far less portion than you would have given me with her. To your self I wish much prosperity, and to the Lady your Daughter all happiness. I must return you this mine answer by mine own servant, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindness, or affection, in pleasing your self you shall no way displease me.

DELRIO.

His Letter to *Don Martino* spake thus.

DELRIO to MARTINO.

I Have (by my Letter) given the Lady thy mother the reasons why I desist from any farther seeking thy Sister *Cecilliana* in marriage; and because I know she will acquaint thee therewith, therefore I hope they will suffice both for thee and her. I am as thankfull to thee for thy well wishes to have obtained her for my wife, as I grieve to understand that thou hast received any bitter speeches, either from her or thy Brother *Don Pedro*, for my sake, it reioyceith me to see thee of the opinion, that enforced marriages prove commonly fatall and ruinous, in which belief and truth, if thou and thy mother persevere, I hope you will espouse your Sister to *Don Monfredo*, and not to a Nunnery, because (if I am not mis-informed) her affections suggest and assure her, that she shall receive as much content from the first, as misery from the second. As thy mother is desirous to see me, so am I to serve her, and likewise thy self; and as thou writest religiously and truly, that marriages should first be made in Heaven ere solemnized in Earth; so, doubtless, God hath reserved thy Sister for a far better Husband than *Delrio*, and him for a far worse wife than *Cecilliana*: And thus (as a Christian) I recommend her with zeal to the providence, and my self with Patience to the Pleasure of Almighty God.

DELRIO.

When in regard of his former affection, and future respect, devoted to the beauty and vertues of *Cecilliana*, and seeing her self her Mother and Brother *Don Martino* bent to dispose otherwise of her in Marriage, he will yet be so jealous of her good, and so carefull of his own honour and reputation, as he holds himself obliged to take his leave of her by Letter, sith not in person, and so to recommend her and her good fortunes to God; the which he doth, and gives his Letter to the same Bearer, but with a particular charge and secret instructions to deliver

liver very privatly into the Lady *Cecilliana's* hands, without the knowledge either of her Mother or Brother *Don Martino*, which he faithfully promised to perform: His said Letter to her was charged with these lines.

DELRIO to CECILLIANA.

BEing heretofore informed by our Brother *Don Pedro* of your dear affection to *Don Monfredo*, and your constant resolution to make him your Husband, I held my self bound, out of due regard to you, and firme promise to him, to surcease my sute to you, and (because the shortest errors are ever best) no more to strive to make impossibilities possible, in persevering to seek you in marriage, whom I see (Heaven and Earth have conspired) another must obtain and enjoy: And when I look from my age to your youth, and from that to *Monfredo's*, I am so far from condemning your choyce, as I both approve and applaud it, praying you to be as resolute in this confidence, as I am confident in this resolution, that my best prayers and wishes shall ever wish you the best prosperities. And to the end you may perceive that my former affection shall still resplend and shine to you in my future respect, I cannot, I will not conceale the knowledge of this truth from you, that by Letters which right now (by this Bearer) I received from the Lady your Mother and Brother *Don Martino*, they have some exorbitant and irregular design in contemplation, shortly to reduce into action, against the excellency of your youth and beauty, and the sweetness of your content and tranquillity; which howsoever (to your self and the world) they seem to shaddow and over-vail with false colours, yet although they make Religion the pretext, you (if you speedily prevent it not) will in the end find that their malice to your lover *Monfredo* is the true and only cause thereof. God hath endued you with a double happiness, in giving you an excellent wit to second and imbellish your exquisite beauty, whereunto if in this business you take the advice of your best friend *Monfredo*, and follow that of your noble Brother *Don Pedro*, you will then have no cause to doubt, but all the reasons of the world to assure your self that your affections and fortunes will in the end succeed according to my prayers, and your merits and expectation.

DELRIO.

The Messenger first publickly delivereth the two former Letters to his Lady *Dona Catherina*, and her Son *Don Martino*, and then privatly the other to the young Lady *Cecilliana*, according to his promise and *Don Delrio's* request: As for the Mother, she grieves to see that *Delrio* will not be reclaimed, but hath quite forsaken her Daughter; But for her Son *Don Martino* he is exceeding joyfull hereof; for now he is confident, that (according to his plot) his Mother upon *Delrio's* refusal, will (in meer malice to *Monfredo*) assuredly commit his Sister to a Nunnery: Thus if he obtain his ends and desires, he cares not who misstheir. As for *Cecilliana* she doth not a little rejoyce at *Delrio's* Letter to her, and at his constant resolution to leave, and commit her to *Monfredo*; yea she reputes his advice to her concerning her Mother, and her Brother *Don Martino's* intended discourtelie towards her to much respect and honour. She acquaints her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her *Monfredo* with this Letter of *Delrio*, who now plainly see their Mother and Brothers former resolution confirmed, in aiming and intending to make *Cecilliana* a holy Sister, whereat they again laugh and jest at her, and she to them, for in their hearts and thoughts they all know, and resolve to prevent it. But they cannot but highly approve of *Delrio's* noble respect and true discretion, in being so constant to give over his sute to her, and yet so courteous and honest towards them all in this his kind and respectfull Letter to *Cecilliana*; the which above the other two, she cheerfully receives; and joyfully welcomes, that she resolves she can (in honour) do no less, than return his complement, and answer his Letter with one of her own to him, the which she doth in these tearme.

CECILIANA to DELRIO.

WHat my Brother Don Pedro informed you concerning Monfredo and my self, was the very truth and sincerity of those affections wherewith God hath inspired our hearts, and settled our resolutions each to other. As I was never doubtfull of your well-wishes and love, so now I am not a little thankfull to you for your dear respect towards me, in approving my choyce, and in praying to God to make it prosperous, whereas the obstinacy of my Lady Mother, and the malice of my Brother Don Martino (without ground or reason) affirm it must needs prove ruinous. I have heretofore been advertised, and now (by your care of me, and respect to me which clearly resplends and shines in your Letter) am fully confirmed that my said Mother and Brother have some undeserved designe against me, and my content; and although my poor beauty and silly wit no way deserve those excellent praises of your pen, yet my heart shall consult with Don Pedro how to bear my self in this so weighty and important a business, whereon (although the cause be malice, and the pretext Religion) I know depends either my future content or affliction, my happiness or my misery, in the mean time I will pray for those who vitiously hate me, and honour those who virtuously affect and honour me. Of which last number, I ingeniously and gratefully acknowledge, that your generosity, not my merits hath condignly made you one.

CECILIANA.

When she had dispatched this Letter to Delrio, then Monfredo by her consent, and the advice of her Brother Don Pedro, holds it very requisite now once againe to sound the affection, and to feel the pulse of their Mother Dona Catherina's resolution towards him, to see whet ayea or no she will please to give him her Daughter in marriage; and it is agreed of all sides between them, that at the very time and hour which he goes there, that she and her Brother Don Pedro will purposely absent themselves, and ride abroad in their Coach, to take the aire, which they do. To this effect Monfredo takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Lady Catherina's house, and sends up his name to her, as desiring to have the honour to salute her, and kiss her hand; but she is so enraged and transported with choller at his arrival and message, as she sends him down a flat and peremptory deniall, That she will not see him, and as formerly she prayed, so now she commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbear her House. An answer so unkind and uncivill, that Monfredo well knows not whether he have reason to digest it with more choller or laughter; so returning her answer by her Waiting-gentlewoman, that he will obey her commands, and no more trouble either her House or her patience, yet that he will still remain her most humble servant, and although she refuse to see him, that he will ever pray for her long life and prosperity: Don Martino is now at home, and laughs in his sleeve as a Gipsie, to see what brave entertainment his Mother gives Monfredo, he expecteth also that he should visit him, but because his Mothers stomach is so high, therefore he cannot descend so low, as owing him no such duty and service, and so takes Coach and away; and knowing where Don Pedro and his Mistress Cecilliana were, in the fields, he drives away presently to them, and very pleasantly relates them the whole long story of their Mothers short entertainment to him, which administred matter of laughter to them all, and far the more, in regard neither of them expected less; so Monfredo staying an hour or two with them in the fields, and then bringing them to the Gates of the City, they for that time take their leave each of other, and all appoint to meet the next day after dinner, in the Garden of the Augustine Friars, and there to provide and resolve for their affairs, against the discontent of their Mother, and the malice of their Brother Don Martino.

The next morning, the Lady Catherina (stomping at Monfredos yesterdayes presumption and boldness) sends for her Daughter Cecilliana into the Garden to her, as being fully resolved to deal effectually with her for ever to forsake Monfredo, or if she cannot, then to commit her to a Nunnery. She comes, when (in great privacy and efficacy) she layes before her the poverty of Monfredo, the which she affirms will bring her to more misery than she can expect or think of, or indeed which she deserves, at least if she be not so wilfull to ruine her self and her fortunes, as she is to preserve them. Cecilliana now seeing her mother bent to play her prize against the merits and honour of her Monfredo, and therefore against the content and felicity which she expects to enjoy by enjoying him, she no longer able to brook or digest it, cuts her off with this reply, that (her duty expected) it is in vain for her, either to seek to disparage Monfredo or any way of the world to attempt to withdraw her affection from him, and therefore with much observance and respect prays her to affect and honour him, if not for his
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own sake, yet for hers. Her Lady mother weeps to see her Daughter thus obstinate (she might have said thus constant) in her affection to *Monfredo*, and therefore (with frowns in her look, and anger in her eyes) she thunders out a whole Catalogue of dispraises and recriminations against him; and because yet she despaircth to prevaile with her hereby, she now (thinking it high time) resolves to divert and change the stream of her affection from him to God, and so at last to mew and betake her to a Nunnery, whereon her desires and intentions have so long ruminated, and her wishes and vows aimed at: to which end calming the storms of her tongue, and composing her countenance to patience and piety, she with her best art and eloquence speaks to her thus; That in regard she will not accept of *Don Delrio* for her Husband, with whom she might have enjoyed prosperity, content, and glory, but will rather marry *Monfredo*, from whom she can, and must expect nothing but poverty, grief, and repentance. she therefore (out of her naturall regard of her, and tender affection to her) hath by the direction of God, bethought her self of a medium between both, which is to marry neither of them, but in a religious and sanctified way to espouse her self to God and his holy Church; when thinking to have taken time by the forelock) she depainteth her the felicity and beatitude of a Nuns profession and life, so pleasing to God and the World, to Heaven and Earth, to Angels and men: When her Daughter *Cecilliana* being tyred and discontented with this poor and ridiculous Oration of hers, she lifting up her eyes to Heaven, with a modest boldness, yet with a bold truth, interrupts her mother thus, that God hath inspired her heart to affect *Monfredo* so dearly, and to love him so tenderly, as she will rather content her self to beg with him, than to live with *Delrio* in the greatest prosperity which either this life or this world can afford her; that although she had no bad opinion of Nuns, yet that neither the constitution of her body, much less of mind, was proper for a Nunnery, or a Nunery for her; in which regard, she had rather pray for them then with them, and honor then imitate them: when the Lady her mother, notable to contain her self in patience, much less in silence, at this audacity (and as she thought) impiety of her Daughter, she with much choller and spleen demands her a reason of these her exorbitant speeches. When her Daughter no way dejecting her looks to Earth, but rather advancing and raising them to Heaven, requites her with this answer; That it is not the body, but the mind, not the flesh, but the soul, which is chiefly requisite and required to give our selves to God and his Church; that to throw, or (which is worse) to permit our selves to be thrown on the Church through any cause of constraint, or motion of distaste or discontent, is an act which favoureth more of prophaneness then piety, and more of Earth than Heaven; that as Gods power, so his presence is not to be confined or tyed to any place, for that his Center is every where, and therefore his circumference no where; that God is in *Aegypt*, as well as in *Palestine* or *Hierusalem*, and that Heaven is as near us, and we Heaven, in a Mansion house, as in a Monastery or Nunnery; that it is not the place which sanctifieth the heart and soul, but they the place; and that Churches and Cloysters have no priviledge or power to keep out sin, if we by our own lively faith, and God by his all-saving grace do not. Which speech of hers as soon as she had delivered, and seeing that the Lady her Mother was more capable to answer her thereunto with silence than reason, she making her a low reverence, and craving her excuse, departs from her, and leaves her here alone in the Garden to her self and her Muses.

Her Mother having a little walked out her choller, in seeing her Daughters firm resolution not to become a Nun; she leaves the Garden and retires to her Chamber, where sending for her Son *Martino*, she relates him at full what conference had there past between his Sister and her self, who likewise is much perplexed and grieved hereat, as putting their heads and wits together, they within a day or two, vow to provide a remedy for this her obstinacy and wilfullness. As for *Cecilliana*, she likewise reports this verball conference, which had past between her Mother and her self, to her Brother *Don Pedro*, and *Monfredo*, when (according to promise) they met that afternoon in the *Augustines* Garden, who exceedingly laugh thereat; and yet again fearing lest the malice of their Brother *Don Martino* towards them, might cause his Mother to use some violence or indurance to her, and so to make force extort that from her will, which fair means could not, they bid her to assume a good courage, and be cheerfull and generous, promising her that if her mother attempted it, that *Monfredo* should steal her away by night, and that he, as he is *Don Pedro* her Brother, will assist her in her escape and flight; whereon they all resolve with hands, and conclude with kisses: neither did their doubts prove vain, or their fear & suspicion deceive them herein; for her incensed mother being resolute in her will, and wilfull in her obstinacy, to make her Daughter a Nun, she shuts her up in her Chamber, makes it no less then her prison, and her Brother *Don Martino* her Guard, or rather her Goaler. Poor *Cecilliana* now exceedingly weeps and grieves at this cruelty of her

her Mother and Brother *Don Martino*, which as yet her dear Brother *Don Pedro* cannot remedy, by perswading or prevailing with them to release her; he acquaints *Monfredo* with it; they both consulting, find no better expedient to free her from this domesticall imprisonment, than counterfeiting to give her Mother to understand and believe, that her Daughter hath now changed her mind, and that (by Gods direction) she is fully resolved to abandon *Monfredo*, and so to spend and end her dayes in a Nunnery; but contrariwise, they resolve to fetch her away by night, and without delay. Accordingly hereunto *Cecilliana* acts her part well, and pretends now to this spirituall will and resolution of her Mother, as before she was disobedient. Her Mother infinitely rejoyceth at this her conversion, and no less (or rather more) doth her Brother *Don Martino*, who to fortifie and confirm her in this her religious resolution, they send some Friars and Nuns to perswade her to appoint the precise day for her entrance into this Holy House and Orders; which with her tongue she doth, but in her heart resolves nothing less, or rather directly the contrary. The Mother now acquaint both her Sons with this resolution of their Sister, which is the next Sunday to give her self to God and the Church, and to take holy Orders; when *Don Pedro* purposely very artificially seems as strongly to oppose, as his Brother *Don Martino* cheerfully approves thereof, now extolling her devotion and piety as far as the sky, if not many degrees beyond the Moon; so the day appointed for her entrance and reception drawing near, the Lady Abbess is dealt with by her Mother, her Cell provided, her spirituall Apparell made, all her Kinsfolks and chief friends invited to a solemn Feast, to celebrate this our new holy Sisters marriage to God and the Church. But whiles thus *Don Caterina* the Mother, and *Don Martino* her Son are exceedingly busie about the preparation and solemnity of this spirituall business, *Don Pedro* and *Monfredo* resolve to run a contrary course, and so to steal away *Cecilliana* the very night before the prefixed day of her entrance into the Nunnery, as holding that Saturday night the fittest time and most void of all suspicion and fear, whereof (both by tongue and letter) they give her exact and curious notice; which striking infinite joy to her heart and thoughts, she accordingly makes her self ready, packs up all her Jewels and Bracelets in a small Casket, and acquainting none of the world therewith, for that her Brother *Don Pedro's* Chamber was next to hers, and he as vigilant and watchfull as her self, for *Monfredo's* coming about midnight, which was the appointed hour for his *Rendezvous*. when at last both their severall Watches (in their severall Chambers) assuring them that it was near one of thy clock, it being the dead time of the night, none of the house stirring, but all hushed up in silence, as if every thing seemed to conspire to her escape and flight; then, I say, *Don Pedro* issues forth of his Chamber to hers, where the door being a little open, and her Candle put out, he finds his Sister ready, when conducting her by the arm, they softly descend the stairs, and so to a Postern door of the Garden; where they find *Monfredo* (joyfully ready to receive the Queen regent of his heart) assisted with two valiant confident Gentlemen his friends, who were well mounted on excellent Horses with Swords and Pistols, and for himself and her a Coach with six Horses: When briefly passing over their Complements and Congees each from other, they (with a world of thanks) leave *Don Pedro* behind them, and so away as swift as the wind, who seeing them gone, secretly and softly returns to his Chamber and Bed, silently shutting all the doors after him, whiles *Monfredo* with his other self and his two friends drive away to *Vald. belle*, a manner house of his some eight leagues from *Burgos*.

Don Pedro lies purposely long in his bed the next morning, thereby the better to colour out his ignorance and innocency of his Sisters clandestine flight and escape: So his Mother about five, or neer six of the clock, send *Felicia* her Daughters Wayting Gentlewoman to her Chamber to awak and apparell hers to receive many young Ladies and Gentlewomen, who were come to visit her, and to take their leaves of her before her entry into Gods House: but *Felicia* speedily returns to her with this unlookt-for answer; That her Ladies Chamber door is fast locked, whereat she hath many times called and knock'd aloud, but hears no speech. The Mother is amazed hereat, and no less, (rather more) is her Son *Don Martino*; so they both run to her Chamber, and knock and call aloud, but hearing no answer, they force open the door, where they find the Nest, but the Bird flown away; whereat the Mother infinitely weeps, and her Son *Don Martino* doth exceedingly rage and storm, at this their affront and scandall, he tells his Mother he will engage his life, that his Brother *Don Pedro* is accessary to his Sister *Cecilliana's* flight, and gone with her; so they both run to his Chamber, but find him in his Bed fast sleeping and snoring, as he pretends and they believe, their out-cries awake him; but they shall find him as subtle and reserved in his policy towards them, as they were in their malice to his Sister; so he hears their news, puts on his apparell, seems to be all in fire and choler

hereat, profereth his Mother his best endeavours and power to recover his Sister, and to revenge himself on the villain who hath stoln her away. But his Brother *Don Martino* is so galled and nettled at the escape of his Sister, and these words of his Brother, as he tels him to his face, in presence of their Mother, that his speeches and profers are counterfeit, and himself a dissembler, and that it is impossible but he assisted and favoured her escape and departure; for which uncivill and foul language of one Brother to another, *Don Pedro* gives him the lye, and seconds it with a box on the Ear, and then very cunningly betakes himself to console and comfort the Lady his Mother, who is not a little grieved and angry at this her second affliction, and the more in regard he did it in her presence; so *Don Pedro* reconducting her to her Chamber, and leaving her weeping in company of many of their sorrowfull Kinsfolks and Neighbours, he then calls for his Horse, and under colour to find out his Sister, he rides to *Valdebelle* to her and *Monfredo*, staves there some eight dayes, where being exceeding carefull of the preservation of his Sisters honour and reputation, he before his departure sees them solemnly but secretly married; where leaving them to their Nuptiall joyes, and pleasure, he againe returns to *Burgos*, and tels his Mother it is impossible for him to hear any news of his Sister.

And now what doth the return, fight, and presence of *Don Pedro* do here in his Mothers house at *Burgos*, but only revive his Brother *Don Martino's* old malice, and new choller and revenge against him, for the lye and box on the Ear, which he so lately gave him? For the remembrance thereof so inflames his heart and thoughts against him, that he forgetting his conscience and soul, yea Heaven and God, as he assumes and gives life to his former bloody resolution to murther him, and thinks no safer, nor surer way for him to effect it, than by poyson, that ingredient of Hell, and drug of the Devill. But *Don Martino* is resolute in his rage, & execrable in his bloody malice & revenge against this his generous and noble Brother *Don Pedro*; so disdainning all thoughts of religion & considerations of piety he procureth a pair of poysoned perfumed Gloves, and treacherously insinuating them into his Brothers hands, and wearing, the fatall invenom'd sent thereof in lesse than two dayes poisoneth him; so he is found dead in his Bed: when *Don Martino*, the more closely to overvail this damnable fact of his, purposely gives it out, that it was an Impostum which brok within him, and so he dyed suddenly thereof in his bed, there being no servant of his own, nor none else that night near him, or by him to assist him, and this report of his passeth currant with the world; so the Lady his Mother and himself cause him to be buried with more silence than solemnity, and every way inferiour to his honourable birth and generous vertues, because she still affected and loved *Don Martino* far better then him: so his death did not much afflict or grieve her, and far less his Brother *Don Martino*. But for his Sister *Cecilliana*, as soon as she understood and heard hereof, she is so appalled with grief, and daunted with sorrow and despair, that she sends a world of sighs to Heaven, and a deluge of tears to Earth for the death of this her best and dearest Brother. Her Husband *Don Monfredo* (for henceforth so we must call him) likewise infinitely laments *Don Pedro's* death, as having lost a constant friend and a dear and incomperable Brother in law in him; and yet all the means which he can use to comfort this his sorrowfull wife, hath will, but not power enough to effect it; for still she weeps and sobs, and still her heart and soul do prompt and tell her, that it is one Brother who hath killed another, and that her Brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the Martherer of his and her Brother *Don Pedro*; but she hath only presumption, no proofs for this her suspicion, and therefore she leaves the detection and issue hereof to time, and to God.

Now by this time we must understand that *Dona Catherina* hath perfect news, that it is *Monfredo* who hath stoln away her Daughter *Cecilliana*, and keeps her at his house of *Valdebelle*, in the Countrey, but as yet she knows not that he hath married her; wherefore being desirous of her return, not for any great affection which she now bore her, but only to accomplish her former desires, in frustrating her marriage with *Monfredo*, and in marrying her to a Nunnery, she again still provoked and egged on by the advice of her Son *Don Martino*, sends him to *Valdebelle* to crave her of *Monfredo*, and so to perswade and hasten her return to her to *Burgos*, but writes to neither of them. *Don Martino* arrives thither, and having delivered *Don Monfredo* and his Sister *Cecilliana* his mothers message for her return to *Burgos*, he then vainly presumes to speak thus to them from himself. He first sharply rebukes her of folly and disobedience, in flying away from his and her mother, and then (with more passion than Judgment) checks him of dishonour to harbour and shelter her; that this was not the true and right way to make her his Wife, but his Strumpet, or at least to give the World just cause to think so; and if he intended to preserve her prosperity and honor, and not to ruine it, that he should restore his Mother her Daughter, and himself his Sister, and no longer retain her; but speaks not a word of his Brother *Don Pedro's* death, much lesse

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makes any shadow to mourn, or shew to grieve or sorrow for it. His sister *Cecilliana* (at his first sight) is all in tears for the death of her brother *Don Pedro*, and yet extremely incensed with him for these his base speeches towards her and her *Monfredo*, she once thought to have given him a hot and chollerick reply, but at last considering better with her self (as also to prevent *Monfredo*, whom she saw had an itching desire to fit him with his answer) she then in general terms returns him this short reply; that she is now accomptable to none but to God for her actions, who best knows her heart and resolutions, and therefore for her return to her mother at *Burgos*, or her stay here at *Valdebelle*, she wholly refers it to *Don Monfredo*, whose will and pleasure therein shall assuredly be hers, because she hath, and still finds him to be a worthy and honourable Gentleman: when (before she conclude her speech to him) she tells him, that she thought his coming had been to condole with her for the death of their brother *Don Pedro*, but that with grief she is now enforced to see the contrary, in regard his speeches and actions tend to afflict, not to comfort her, and rather to be the argument of her mourning, than the cause of her consolation. But *Monfredo* being touched to the quick, with these ignoble and base speeches of *Don Martino*, both to himself and *Cecilliana*, he is too generous long to digest them with silence, and therefore preferring his affection to her, before any other earthly respect, and her reputation and honour dearer than his life, he composing his countenance to discontent and anger, returns him this answer: That if any other man but himself, had given him the least part of those unworthy speeches, both against his honour, as also against that of his sister *Cecilliana*, his Rapier, not his Tongue, should have answered him; that his affection and respects to her, are every way vertuous and honourable; and that she is, and shall be safer here in *Valdebelle*, than the life of his noble brother *Don Pedro* was in his mothers house at *Burgos*; that as the young Lady his sister is pleased to refer her stay or return to him, so (reciprocally to requite her courtesie) doth he to her; and for his part, he is fully resolved not to perswade, much less to advise her to put her self into her mothers protection, or his courtesie; for that he is fearful, if not confident in this belief, that the one may prove pernicious; and the other fatal and ruinous to her. And so with cold entertainment, and short Ceremonies, *Don Martino* is enforced to return to *Burgos* to his mother without his sister, where as soon as he is arrived, he tells his mother of his sister *Cecilliana*'s constant resolution, from whence he thinks it impossible to draw or divert her, because he finds *Monfredo* of the same opinion: but whether he have married her or no, he knows not, neither could he inform himself thereof.

And here yet *Don Martino* is so cautious to his Mother, as he speaks not a word or syllable of any speech or mention they had of the death of his brother *Don Pedro*. But as soon as he had left his Mother, and retired himself to his Chamber, then he thinks the more thereof; yea, then he again and again remembers what dangerous speeches he publicly received from his Sister *Cecilliana* and *Monfredo*, concerning that his sudden death, whereby they silently meant, and tacitely implied no less than Murder; Wherefore he is so hellish and bloody-minded, that he resolves shortly to provide a plaister for this sore; and he knows, that to make their tongues eternally silent, he cannot better or safer perform it, than by murdering them, whereof he says the reason is apparantly and pregnantly true: for as long as that suspicion lives in them, he therefore can never live in safety, but in extream danger himself. But because of the two, *Monfredo* seemed to intend and portend him the greatest choller, and the most inveterate rage, therefore (as a Limb of the Devil, or rather as a Devil incarnate himself) he resolves to begin with *Monfredo* first, and as occasions and accidents shall present, then with his Sister *Cecilliana* after, without ever having the grace to think of his Conscience or Soul, or of Heaven or Hell, or without once considering, that our own malice and revenge doth more hurt us than our enemies; That anger is a short madness, and that it is a most assured happiness for us rather to forget offences, than to revenge them; and which is more, that (in a manner) it is but right now that he came from poysoning of his own Brother, whose innocent blood is yet hardly cold in his untimely grave, but still cries aloud for vengeance from Heaven on his head for that cruel and damnable Fact.

But this shame, this monster of Nature, *Don Martino*, who fears none less than God, and loves none more than the Devil, will not thus forsake his cruel malice, nor abandon his execrable revenge: but understanding that *Monfredo* sometimes (though secretly) leaves *Valdebelle* to see *Burgos*, he hearkens out therefore for his next coming thither: when being assured that he was now in the City, he waiting for him as he issued forth his house, which he did between eleven and twelve at night, he with his small Target, and dark Lantern in his left hand, and his Rapier drawn in his right, runs him twice thorow the body therewith,

of which two mortal wounds he presently fell dead in the street, his misfortune being then so great, as he had no Servant nor Friend present to assist him, and his fear and care of himself so small, as he was kill'd before he could see his enemy, or have the leisure to draw his sword in his own defence and assistance; so fierce and sudden was *Martino's* rage and malice, in murdering of this harmless and innocent Gentleman; the which as soon as he had performed, he secretly hies home to his Mothers house, and speedily betakes himself to his bed, where the Devil rocking him asleep in security, he as his infernal Agent, and bloody Factor, nothing cares what God or man can do unto him. The next morning at break of day, this breathless body of *Don Monfredo* is found in the Street: so all *Burgos* resounds of this his lamentable Murther, but no mortal eye hath seen, or tongue as yet can tell who the Murtherer should be. But God (in his Divine Justice, and for the exaltation of his sacred Glory) will shortly bring both it and him to light, by an accident no less strange than remarkable.

Dona Catherina hears hereof, and is so far from grieving, as she rejoiceth thereat, no way doubting, but *Monfredo* being dead, she with much facility (according to her desires and wishes) shall now of two resolutions, draw her Daughter *Cecilliana* to embrace and follow one; that is, either to Marry *Delrio* in earnest, or a Nunnery no more in jest. The next day after Dinner, the Relation of this deplorable accident arrives at *Valdebelle*, and consequently to the knowledge of our *Cecilliana*, who so pittifully weeps and mourns thereat, as for meer grief and sorrow she tears her hair, bolts her self into her Chamber, and there throws her self down on the floor, and neither can, nor will be comforted, no, nor permit any one to administer it to her, or which is less, to see or speak with her. So although *Monfredo's* Kinsfolks and Friends do infinitely lament this his unfortunate Death, yet all their sighs and tears put together, are nothing in regard of those of his young Wife, and now Widow, *Cecilliana*, who (out of the immoderate excess of this her anxiety and affliction) is now become so reasonless and desperate, that first the Murther of her dear brother *Don Pedro*, and now this of her sweet husband *Monfredo*, is both a grief to her thoughts, and a torment to her heart and mind, yea to her very soul; For still she remains confident in this opinion, that her brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the Murtherer of them both; and from this suspicion of hers, she cannot, she will not be diverted; yea, her living affection to their dead Memories, is so extream and fervent, that to be assured whether it be him, or who else that hath murdered them, it leads her minde to a resolution, to prove an Experiment, which though prophane curiosity in some persons sometimes seem to allow and practise as tolerable, yet sacred Religion must and doth for ever both reject and condemn it as Diabolical. She disguiseth her self in her apparel, and very early in the morning rides to one *Alfonso Sanchez*, a famous reputed Wizard or Sorcerer, who dwelt at *Arena*, some six Leagues off from *Valdebelle*, and giving him the two Pictures of her murdered Brother and Husband, as also a perfect note of their age, and horoscope of their Nativities, she prays him to discover and shew her in a Looking-Glass, the true pictures and representations of their murderers; When to have him dispatch both it and her self the sooner, she gives him ten Duckers, upon the receipt whereof he promiseth her his best Art and Skill, makes her stay till almost dark night, and then fools her off with this sham, that he hath effectually invocated and raised his Spirit, from whom he could get no other answer, but that God for that time would not permit him to shew her these Murtherers Pictures in a Glass; whereby this Wizard proving himself more a cheating Knave than a Sorcerer, and more a true Impostor, than a Christian, he herein makes a fool of this sorrowfull young Lady, in thinking to make her know that which it is both a foul shame, and a shamefull ignorance for any Christian to be ignorant of, (to wit) *That it is not the devil, or his Agents, but only God, who (in his divine pleasure and Providence) hath power to reveal Murthers, and Murtherers, both when, where, how, and by whom it seems most agreeable and pleasing to his All-seeing and sacred Majesty.*

Cecilliana returning home, more loaden with doubts than Gold from this Monster of Men, (because in effect he makes it his profession to be less a man than a Devill) she is ashamed of her ignorance and impiety herein, and (for meer grief and sorrow) weeps, to see that the foundation of her faith should be so weak and reeling, as not constantly to relye upon the providence and Justice of God, but to repose her foolish curiosity and belief upon this prophane and sottish Sorcerer, for the detection of these Murtherers. But leaving her for a while in her disconsolation and sorrow at *Valdebelle*, I come now to this wretched villain *Don Martino* her Brother, in *Burgos*, who having thus committed these two cruell and lamentable Murthers, doth for the first two or three moneths after put a cheerfull and frolick countenance thereon, thereby the more absolutely to betray, and blear the eyes of the World, that the least spark or shadow

shadow thereof should not diffuse or reflect on him. But here before I proceed further, the Reader is requested to observe this one remarkable circumstance of Gods Justice and Providence, in detecting of *Don Martino*, to be the sole Authour and Actor of these two unnaturall and deplorable Murthers. For as the Devill had made him so cautious in his malice, and subtile in his Revenge, that he imployed no other Minister, nor used no other Agent or Assistant herein but himself; so being deprived of any witness, either to accuse, or make him guilty hereof; God (I say) out of the immensity of his Power, and profundity of his Providence, will make himself to become a witness against himself, and wanting all other meanes, will make himself the onely meanes both to detect and destroy himself. The manner thus.

As there is no felicity to Peace, so there is no felicity or Peace comparable to that of a quiet and innocent Conscience; It is a precious Jewell of an inestimable value, and unparallel'd price, yea, a continuall Feast, than which Heaven may, but Earth cannot afford us a more rich or delicious: and the contrary it is, where the Heart and Conscience have made themselves guilty of some foul and enormous crimes, and especially of Murther, wherein we can never kill Man the Creature, but we assuredly wound God the Creator: for then, as those, so this, (with lesse doubt and more assurance) gives in an heavy and bloody evidence against us, and which commonly produceth us these three woefull and lamentable effects, *Despair*, *Horror*, *Terror*; the which we shall now see verified and instanced in this bloody and miserable Wretch *Don Martino*, who (as I have formerly said) hath not fully past over the term of three moneths in externall Mirth, Jollity, and Bravery, thereby to cast a cheerfull countenance and varnish on those his bloody Villains, but God so distracted his wits and senses, struck such an astonishment to his thoughts, and amazement to his Heart and Conscience, as it seemed to him, that (both by night and day) the Ghosts of his kinsman Brother *Don Pedro*, and of innocent *Don Monfredo*, still pursue him for Revenge, and Justice of these their Murthers. And now his looks are extravagant, fearfull, and ghastly, which are still the signes and symptoms either of a distempered Brain, a polluted Conscience and Soul, or of both. He knows not to whom, or where, or where not to go for remedy herein, but still his Heart is in a Mutiny and Rebellion with his Conscience, and both of them against God. He is afraid of every Creature he sees, and likewise of those who see him not. If he look back, and perceive any one to run behind him, he thinks it is a Sergeant come to arrest him; and if he chance to behold any Gentleman in a Scarlet cloak comming towards him, he verily beleeves and fears it is a Judge in his Scarlet Robes to arraign and condemn him. He hath not the grace to go into a Church, nor the boldnesse to look up to the Tower thereof, for fear least the one swallow him up alive, and the other fall on him, and crush him to death: If he walk in any Woods, Fields, or Gardens, and see but a leaf wag, or a Bird stir, he is of opinion, there some furies or executioners come to torment him; or doth he hear any Dog howl, Cat crie, or Owle, whoot, or screech, he is thereat so suddenly appalled and amazed, as he thinks it to be the voice of the Devill, who is come to fetch him away. He will not passe over any Bridge, Brook, or River, for fear of drowning, nor over any plank, gate or stile, least he should break his neck. The sight of his shadow is a corrosive to his Heart, and a Panique terror to his thoughts, because he both thinks and believes, that it is not his own, but the Hang-mans; and when any one (out of charity or Pity) come to see or visit him, he flies from them, as if Hell were at his back, and the Devill at his heeles. The very sight of a Rapier, stabbes him at his Heart, and the bare thought, or name of Poyson, seems to infect and kill his Soul; and yet miserable Wretch and Miferant that he is, all this while he hath not the goodnesse to look down into his Heart and Conscience with contrition. nor the grace to look up to Heaven and to God with repentance. The Lady *Catharina* his Mother is wonderfully perplexed and grieved hereat, and so are all his Kinsfolks and Friends in and about *Burgos*, who cause some excellent Physicians and Divines to deal with him, about administering him the meanes to cure him of this his Lunacy and Distraction. But God will not permit, that either the skilfull Art of those, or the powerfull perswasions of these do as yet prevail with him, or perform it. Two Moons have fully finished their celestially course; whiles thus his Phrensie and madnesse possesseth him; and in one of the greatest, and most outrageous fits thereof, he (without wit or guide) runs to Saint *Sebastiano's* Church, finds out Father *Thomas* his Confessor, in private and serious confession, reveals him, how he hath poysoned his Brother *Don Pedro*, and also murdered *Don Monfredo*; adding withall, that God (out of his indulgent Mercy) would no longer permit him to charge his soul with the concealing thereof, and then begs his Absolution and Remission for the same.

His Confessor (being a religious Church-man) much lamenting, and wondring at the foulness of these his (Penitents) two bloody facts, although he find more difficulty than reason to grant his desire, yet enquiring of him, if there were any other accessory with him in these Murthers, and *Don Martino* freely and firmly acknowledging to him there was none, but the Devill and Himself: he (after a serious check, and religious *reprimendo*) in hope of his future contrition and repentance, gives him a sharp and severe Penance (though no way answerable to his crimes) and so absolves him; and yet for the space of at least a whole moneth after, his Lunacy (by the permission of God) still followes him, when (for a further triall of his comportment, and hope of his repentance) God is again pleased to slack the hand of his Judgement, and so frees him from his madness and distraction, to see whether he will prove Gold or Dross, a Christian or a Devill.

Not long after this, his Confessor Father *Thomas*, (being Curate of one of the neighbouring Parishes) falls extream sick of a Plurisie, and so dangerously sick, that his Physician (despairing of his life) bids him prepare his body for death, and his Soul for Heaven and God: Who then revoking to mind (what he hath heard and seen) how grievously and sorrowfully the Lady *Cecilliana* takes the Death of her Brother and Husband, and more, in that she is ignorant who are their Murtherers, he is no longer resolved to burthen his conscience and soul with concealing thereof; but to write it to her in a Letter, the which he chargeth and conjureth his own Sister *Cyrilla*, to deliver into her own hands, some three daies after his buriall; the which we shall see her shortly perform: for the Priest Father *Thomas*, her Brother lived not three weekes after.

In the mean time, come we to the Lady *Dona Catherine*, the Mother, who having outwardly wept for the Death of her eldest Son *Don Pedro*, for the disobedient flight and clandestine Marriage of her Daughter *Cecilliana* to *Monfredo*, who is now murthered, but by whom she knows not, and seeing her said Daughter thereby made a sorrowfull Widdow, she (as an indulgent and kind Mother) forgetting what she had formerly done and been, and now desirous to comfort her, and to be comforted of her, again sends her Son *Don Martino* to *Valdebelle*, to sollicite his Sister to return, and to live with her in *Burgos*: Who (detesting this project and resolution of his Mother) is very sorrowfull therat; but seeing that she will be obeyed, he rides over to *Valdebelle*, to his Sister, and there delivereth his Mothers will and message to her; but in such faint and cold tearmes, as she thereby knowes, he is far more desirous of her absence than her presence, and of her stay, than her return; yea, (and to write the truth of her mind) his very sight strikes such flames of fear into her heart, and of suspicion into her thoughts, that she still assumes and retaines her old opinion and confidence, that he is the absolute Murtherer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*; but herein she now holds it discretion to conceale her self to her self, and so gives him kind and respective entertainment she prays him to report her humble duty to her Mother, that she will consider of her request, and either send or bring her her resolution shortly: but inwardly in her Heart and Soul, she intends nothing lesse, than either to hazard her content upon the discontent of her Mother, or (which is worse) her life on the inveterate malice of her Brother *Don Martino*.

And now we approach and draw neer, to see the Judgements and Justice of God overtake this our wretched *Don Martino*, for these his two most lamentable and bloody murthers. And now his sacred Majesty is fully resolved to detect them, and his Arrow is bent, and Sword whetted, to punish him for the same; for we must understand that the very same day which her Brother *Don Martino* was last with her at *Valdebelle*, his Confessor Father *Thomas* died; and some three daies after, his Sister *Cyrilla* (according to his dying Order) rides over to the Lady *Cecilliana*, and delivereth her the Priest her Brothers Letter; at the receipt whereof, *Cecilliana* findes different emotions in her Heart, and Passions in her mind: when going into the next Room, she breakes up the Seales, and finds therein these Lines.

FATHER THOMAS TO CECILLIANA.

Well knowing that the Laws of Heaven are far more powerfull and sacred than those of Earth, as I now lie on my Death-bed, ready to leave this Life, and to flie into the Armes of my Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus, I could not go to my Grave in peace, before I had signified unto thee, that very lately thy Brother DON MARTINO in Saint HONORIAS Church, delivered

delivered unto me in Confession, That he had first paysoned thy Brother DON PEDRO with a paire of pefumed Gloves, and then after murdered thy Husband DON MONFREDO with his Rapier in BURGOS: And although I must and doe acknowledge, that he was in his Fit of Lunacy and Madneß, when he thus made himself a witneß against himfelf hereof, yet no doubt the immediate Finger and Providence of God led him to this resolution, as an Act which infinitely tends to his Sacred Honour and Glory. I send thee this Letter by my Sister CYRILLA, whom I have strictly charged to deliver it to thee three dayes after my Buriall, because I hold it most consonant to my Profession and Order, that not my Life, but my Death should herein violate the Seal of Confession, and thou shalt shew thy self a most Religious and Christian Lady, if thou make this use hereof, that it is not myself, but God who sends thee this newes by me.

FATHER THOMAS.

Cecilliana having over-read this Letter, and therein understood and found out that her Brother Don Martino is the cruell Murtherer, both of her Brother Don Pedro, and her Husband Don Monfredo, Her Griete therat doth so far overway her Reason, and her Malice and Revenge her Religion, as once she is of a mind to Murther him with her own Hand, in requitall hereof; but then againe strangling that bloody thought in its conception, she vowes, that if not by her own Hand, he shall yet infallibly dye by the hand of the Common Executioner: When Love, Pitty, Nature, Reason, Griefe, Sorrow, Rage, and Revenge, Acting their severall Parts upon the Stage of her Heart, she findes a great combate in her her Heart, and reluctancy in her Soul, what, or what not to doe herein; when with many Teares and Prayers (by the Advice and Counsell of God) she enters into this consultation hercon with her self. Ahlasse, unfortunate and sorrowfull Cecilliana! It is upon no light presumption, or triviall circumstances, that I beleeve my Brother Martino to be the inhumane Murtherer of my Brother Don Pedro, and Husband Monfredo; for besides that God ever prompted mine Heart, and whispered my Soul that this was true, yet now here is his own Confession to his Ghostly Father, and his Ghostly Fathers own Letter and Confession to me, to the same Effect, Evidences and Witneses, without exception, as clear as Noon-day, and as bright as the Sun in his hottest and brightest Meridian, that he, and only he, was the Murtherer of them both: but Oh poor Cecilliana (quoth she) to what a miserable estate and perplexity hath these his bloody facts and crimes now reduced me! For he hath murdered my Brother and my Husband, shall I then permit him to live? but withall, he is likewise my Brother, and shall I then cause him to die? True it is, I cannot recall their Lives, but it is likewise as true that I may prevent his Death; for as the first lay not in my power to remedy, yet all the World knowes, that the second meerly depends of my pittie, courtisie, and compassion to prevent: But Ahlasse, (saith she) the eyes of Heaven are, and ought to be infinitely more strong then those of Earth, and the glory of God to be far preferred before all our naturall affections and obligations to our best Friends, or nearest or dearest Kinsfolks whosoever. Therefore, as to detect these Murthers of his, thou art no Friend to Nature; so again to conceale them, thou thereby makest thy self en enemy to Grace; for assure thy self, unfortunate Cecilliana, that God will never be appeased, nor Justice satisfied, untill their innocent blood be expiated, and washed away in his, who is guilty thereof; because, as by detecting Murther, we blesse and glorifie God, so by concealing it, we heap a fatall Anathema, and curse upon our own heads.

As Clouds are dissipated, and blown away, when the Sun ariseth and mounteth in his verticall lustre and glory, so Cecilliana having thus ended her consultation with her self, and now began her resolution with God, she leaves Valdebelle, takes her Coach, and dispeeds away to Burgos; where in stead of going to her Lady Mothers, she goes directly to the Corrigador's (or criminall Judges) of that City, and with much grief and sorrow (her teares interrupting her sighes, and her sighes her tears) before them accuseth her Brother Don Martino to be the bloody Murtherer of her Brother Don Pedro, and her Husband Don Monfredo; and for proof of this truth, produceth the Letter of Father Thomas his Confessor. The Judges read it, and are astonished with this report of hers, and far the more, in regard they here see a Sister call the life of

of her own Brother in Question; but they see that she hath as much right and reason for her Accusation, as her inhumane Brother *Don Martino* wanted for his malice, in making himself guilty of these foul and bloody Crimes: Wherefore attributing it wholly to the Pleasure and Providence of God, they highly extoll her piety and integrity towards his sacred Majesty, in preferring his Glory before the scandall and misery of her so wretched and execrable Brother; and then (out of their zeal and honour to Justice) they (to evince and vindicate the truth of this lamentable buisness) send away for *Cyrilla*, and (as soon as she came) upon her Oath propose her these three Questions; First, whether she had this very Letter from her deceased Brother Father *Thomas* his own hand, and that he gave her order and charge to deliver it to the Lady *Cecilliana*, three daies after his decease? Secondly, if it were of his own writing and sealing? And Thirdly, if she with her own hands, delivered this Letter to the Lady *Cecilliana*? To all which three Questions, *Cyrilla* (with a staide look and countenance) answereth affirmatively, and thereupon (with haile and secrecy) they grant out a Warrant to apprehend *Don Martino*, when he was as it were drowned in Voluptuousness, Security and Impenitency, as making it his vain glory build Castles of content in the aire, and to erect Mountaines of wealth and preferment in the *Utopia* of his ambitious desires and wishes, without ever having the grace, either to think of his former horrible Crimes, or future punishment for the same. He is amazed at his Apprehension by the Sergeants, but far more, at the sight and presence of the Criminall Judges, before whom he is now brought. They sharply accuse him of these two aforesaid foule Murthers, and for evidence and witnesses, produce him his Confessor Father *Thomas* his Letter, his Sister *Cyrilla*, and his own sister the Lady *Cecilliana*; at the sight and knowledge whereof, he at first seemed to be much appalled and daunted, but at last recollecting his Spirits (taking counsell of the Devill, and not of God) assumes a bold countenance, puts himself and his Tongue on the points of denyall and Justification, and so to his Judges tearms his Confessor a Devill, and no Man, and *Cyrilla* and his Sister *Cecilliana* Witches, and no Women, so unjustly and falsly to accuse him of these foule Murthers, whereof he affirms not only the act, but the very name and thought is odious and execrable to him. But God will not be mocked, nor his Judges deluded with this his Apology: So they adjudge him to the Rack; the first tortures whereof, he indureth with an admirable fortitude and patience, but the second he cannot; but then and there confesseth himself to be guilty, and the sole Authour and Actor of both these deplorable Murthers: But yet his Heart and Soul is still so obfuscated by the Devill, as he hath neither the Will to be Sorrowfull, nor the Grace to be Repentant for the same.

For expiation of which his inhumane and bloody Crimes, his Judges condemn him to be hanged, and his right hand to be first cut off and burnt the next morning, at the common place of Execution, notwithstanding that his afflicted and sorrowfull Mother (out of the naturall and tender affection which she bore him) imployed all her Friends and possible power, yea, and offered all her own Estate and Lands to save his life; but she could not prevail or obtain it. So the next morning (in obedience to this his sentence) this Monster of Nature *Don Martino* is brought to the common place of Execution, to take his last farewell of this life, and this world: He was clad in a black silk Grograin Sute, with a faire white Ruffe about his neck, and a black Beaver Hat on his head, which he drew down over his eyes, that he might neither see, nor be seen of that great concourse of people there present, who came to see him conclude the last Scene and Catastrophe of his life; When after his right hand was cut off and burnt, which held the Rapier, whereby he murdered *Don Monfredo*, he then ascended the Ladder: Where the Spectators expecting some repentant and Religious Speech from him before his Death, he resembling himself (I mean, rather an Atheist than a Christian, and rather a Devil than a man) as lived so he would dye, a prophane and gracelesse Villain; for some speeches he (betwixt his teeth) mumbled to himself, but spake not one word that could be heard or understood of any one: and so most resolutely he himself putting the Rope about his neck, although all the people, and especially two Friars neer him, cryed to him to the contrary) he saved the Hang-man his labour, and so with more haile and desperation than repentance) he cast himself off the Ladder, and was hanged. And thus was the bloody life and deserved death of this Hell-hound, and Limbe of the Devill, *Don Martino*; and in this sort and manner did the just Revenge of God triumph ore his foul and bloody Crimes; which may all true Christians read to Gods Glory and to the Instruction of their own souls.

And if the curiosity of the Reader make him farther desirous to know what became of the old Lady *Catherina* the Mother, and of *Dona Cecilliana* the Daughter, after all these their dismal and disastrous Accidents, I thought good (by the way of a Post-script) briefly to add this for his satisfaction, That the Mother lived not long after, but her Daughter was first reconciled to her: and she to her Daughter, to whom she (having no other child) left all her whole Estate: And for her, who was now become likewise very rich, as having a fair yearly Revenue and Joynture out of her deceased Husband *Don Monfredo's* Lands and Means, although she were again sought in Marriage by some noble Gallants of *Castile* and *Burgos*, yet she resolved never to Marry more; and as I have within these very few years understood, she then lived sometimes at *Burgos*, and sometimes at *Valdebelle*, in great Pomp and Felicity.

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIII.

Alphonso poysoneeth his own Mother Sophia, and after shoots and kills Cassino (as he was walking in his Garden) with a short Musket (or Garabine) from a Window. He is beheaded for these two Murthers, then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River.

AS Faith and Prayer are the two Pillars of our Souls, and may well be called the Fortrefs of Christian Piety against the tentations of Satan: so by the contrary we expose and lay open our selves to the treacherous lures and malice of the Devil. For if by Faith we do not first believe, then pray unto God for our own preservation, it will be no hard matter for him to tempt us in our choller, to quarrel with our best friends, and in our malice and revenge to murther even our nearest and dearest kindred. O Faith, the true foundation of our sovereign felicity! O Prayer, the sweet preservative and sacred Manna of our souls, how blessed do you make those who embrace and retain you! and contrariwise, how miserable and wretched are they who contemn and reject you! Of which last number, this ensuing History will produce us one, who (by his debauched life, and corrupt conversation) trampled those two heavenly Vertues and Graces under his feet, without thinking of God, or regarding, much less fearing his Judgements: But how God (in the end) requited him for the same, this History will likewise shew us. May we therefore read it to Gods glory, and to our own instruction.

In the City of *Verceli*, (after *Turin*, one of the chiefest of *Piedmont*) bordering neer to the Estate and Dutchy of *Millan*, there lately dwelt a rich Cannon of that Cathedrall Church, named *Alofius Cassino*, who had a dainty sweet young Gentlewoman to his Neece, named *Dona Eleanora*, whose Mother (being Sister to *Cassino*) named *Dona Isabella Celia*, lately died, and left this her only Daughter and Child her Heir, very rich both in demeanors and monies, when her Uncle *Cassino*, being nearest her in blood, takes *Eleanora* and her estate into his protection and wardship, and is as tender of her breeding and education, and as curious of her comportment and carriage, as if she were his own Daughter; for there is no sweet quality, nor exquisite perfection requisite in a young Gentlewoman of her rank and extraction, but he caused her to become, not superficial, but artificiall therein, as in Dancing, Musick, Singing, Painting, Writing, Needling, and the like, whereof all the Nobility and Gentry of *Verceli* take exact notice and knowledge; yea, her beauty grew up so deliciously with her years, that she was (and was justly reputed to be) the prime Flower and Phenix of the City. *Cassino* considering that his House was destitute of a Matron, to accompany and oversee this his Neece *Eleanora*, that his age was too Stoical for her youth, and that his Ecclesiasticall profession and Function called him often to preach and pray; he therefore deeming it very unfit and unseemly (in the Interims of his absence) to leave her to her self, and to be ruled and governed by her own fancy and pleasure, she being now arrived to twelve years of age; He therefore provides her new apparel, and other pertinent necessities, and giving her a Waiting-maid, and a Man of his own to attend her, he sends her in his Coach to the City of *Cassall*, in the Marquisat of *Montferrat*, to the Lady *Marguerita Sophia*, a Widdow Gentlewoman, left by her deceased Husband but indifferently rich, but endowed with all those ornaments of Art and Honour, which made her famous, not only in *Piedmont* and *Lombardie*, but also to all *Italy*; and to her he therefore writes this ensuing Letter to accompany his Neece, and chargeth his Man with delivery thereof to her.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

TO satisfy your courteous requests, and my former promise, I now send you my Neece *Eleanora* to *Cassall*, whom I heartily pray thee to use as thy Daughter, and to command as thy Hand-maid. She hath no other Uncle but me, nor I any other acquaintance but thy self, with whom I would entrust her for her Education, and recommend her for her Instruction. She is not inclined to any vice that I know of; except to those imperfections wherein her youth excuseth her ignorance, and it is both my order and charge to her, that she carefully and curiously adorn her self with virtues in thy example and imitation, without which the priviledges of Nature and Fortune (as Beauty and Wealth) are but only obscure shadows, and no true substances, because there is as much difference betwixt those and these, as between the purity of the soul and the corruption of the body, or between the dignity and excellencie of Heaven, and the invaliditie and baseness of Earth. I am content to lend her to you for a few moneths, but do infinitely desire to give her to thy Vertues for ever. In which my voluntary transaction and donation, thou wilt confer much happiness to her, and honour to me, and consequently for ever bind both her Youth, and my age to thee in a strict obligation of thanks and debt. What apparell, or other necessities thou deemest her to want, thy will shall be mine. God ever bless her in his fear, and you both to his Glory.

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* receives this sweet young Virgin with much content and joy, yea, she sees her tender years already adorned with such excellent beauty, and that beauty with such exquisite virtues, that it breeds not only admiration, but affection in her towards her, whom she entertaineth with much respect and care, as well for her own sake, as also for her Uncle *Cassino's*, whose Letter she again and again reads over, highly applauding his virtues and honourable care of this his Neece, whom in few years she hopes will prove a most accomplished and gracious Gentlewoman; when *Cassino's* Coachman after a daies stay, deeming it high time for him to return to *Verceli* to his Master, he takes his leave of his young Mistress *Eleanora*, who, out of her few years, and tender affection and duty to her Uncle, with tears in her eyes, prays him to remember her best service to him at his coming home; and the Lady *Sophia* by him likewise returns and sends him this Letter in answer of his.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

I Know not whether you have made me more proud, or ioyfull, by sending me *Eleanora*, wherein you have given mee far more honour than I deserve, though far less than she meriteth, and who henceforth

henceforth shall be as much my Daughter in affection, as she is your Niece by Nature; and if I have any Art in Nature, or Judgment in Inclinations, her vertues and beauty do already anticipate her years; for as the one is emulous of Fame, and the other of Glory: so (as friendly Rivals, and yet honourable friends) they already seem to strive and contend in her for Supremacie: to the last of which (as being indeed the most precious and soveraign) if my poor capacity, or weak endeavours may add any thing, I will esteem it my ambition for your sake, and my felicity for hers. But if you resolve not rather to give her to me for some years, then to lend her to me for a few moneths, you will then kill my hopes in their buds, and my ioyes in their blossoms, and so make me as unfortunate in her absence, as I shall be happy in her sight and company. As for her Apparell, and other necessaries, she shall want nothing which is either fit for her to have, or you to give. Let your prayers to God ever desire, and follow her welfare, and then rest confident, that her prayers and mine shall never faile to wish you long life, and to implore all prosperity for you.

SOPHIA.

Cassino did well to place his young Niece Eleanora with the Lady Sophia, but ill in forgetting that she had a very debauched young Gentleman to her Son, named Seignior Alphonso, of some two and twenty years of age, who (to her grief and shame) haunts her and her house as a Ghost, make himself the publique laughter and pity of all the different humours of Cassall yea the lewdness of his life, and the irregularity of his conversation, and actions, hath reduced him to this fatall point of misery, that he holds it a noble vertue in him, to participate himself and his reputation into base debts, vices, and company, making this his shame his glory, and lewd vices his honour, till in the end not caring for the world, the world will not care for him, nor he for himself, untill he have wholly lost himself in himself, without either desert, or hope ever to be found or recalled again. But at last seeing so sweet a beauty, and so rich an Heir as Eleanora fallen into his Mothers hands, and therefore he vainly thinks into his; and hoping that her wealth shall redeem his prodigalities, and revive his decayed Estate and Fortunes he secretly Courts her: but Eleanora (as young as she is) sees his vices with disdain, himself with contempt, and his affection to her with scorn. He is importunate in his sute, and she perverse and obstinate in her deniall, but she resolves to conceal it from all the World. As for Alphonso, he (after some six moneths time) acquaints the Lady Sophia his Mother herewith, and with his fervent desire and affection to marry Eleanora; but she chargeth him on her blessing, never to proceed any further herein without her consent and order; and quoth she, if here (in the presence of God and himself) thou wilt now swear wholly to abandon all thy former vices, henceforth to be absolutely led by my advice and counsell, and to steer all thy actions by the star of Honour, and the card of Vertue, then I will promise thee to use all my best endeavors and possible power, both with Cassino and Eleanora, to effect thy desires. Alphonso heares (with much courtesie and humility) thanks his Mother, and solemnly swears to God and her, to perform all these points carefully and punctually; and to add the more Religion and reverence to this Oath, he doth it on his knees; and it is a wonderfull joy to her, to see that the fruits and effects thereof do accordingly fall out and follow: for this her Son Alphonso in a very few dayes, is become a new man, and she from her heart and soul praiseth and glorifieth God for this his happy conversion: and if his Mother Sophia be glad thereof, no less is our sweet young Eleanora, for now hereby she sees that she is rid of her Sutor.

Cassino comes over three severall times to Cassall to see his Niece. The Lady Sophia gives him her best entertainment. He is wonderfull glad to see that she hath imprinted such Characters of vertue and honour in her; and during his stay there, Sophia chargeth her Son Alphonso not to speak or motion a word to Cassino, of this his affection to his young Niece Eleanora: so he bears himself exceeding modestly and respectfully towards him, and for his Mother, she holds it fit not as yet to break or speak a word hereof to Cassino. Cassino (no way dreaming of their intents and desires towards his Niece) tels the Lady Sophia, he is infinitely joyfull to see that her Son Alphonso proves Fame to be true, but a tatling goddess in his condition, and conversation; whereat she heartily thanks him: and thinking then (though reservedly and secretly) to take time and opportunity at advantage, she leaves not a vertue of her Sons either undisplayed, or unmagnified, but extols them all to the skie, and himself beyond the Moon, and so leaves the remainder hereof to time, and the issue of God. But yet revolving and ruminating in her mind, how (in a fair and honourable way) to obtain this rich and beautifull young prize for her Son; and holding it discretion, not as yet either to motion or mention it to her, she secretly layes wait at Verceli to know when Cassino will have home his Niece, and so some three weeks before that time she holds it fit to motion it to him by her Letter, which she doth in these terms.

Sophia

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

THe fervent affection, and vertuous desire of my Son Alphonso, to marry your Neece Eleanora is now the sole cause and argument of this my Letter to you, the which I had not attempted to, write or send you, but that I know his love and zeal to her is as pure, as her beauty and vertues are excellent. He (without my privacy or knowledge) hath already motioned his sute to her, and as he tells me, she hath returned him her deniall instead of her consent, whereof I held my self bound to advertise you, because his ambition and mine herein is so honourable, as it shall go hand in hand with your good will and approbation, but never without it, especially in regard you have pleased to recommend her to my charge and custody, wherein I faithfully promise you, nothing shall be designed or practised to the prejudice of her honour or your content. All the estate and means which I can give, or you require of mee, to make my Son a fit Husband for your Neece, I will freely and chearfully depart with; and yet were I not fully and firmly assured, that he is now as deeply enamoured of vertue and goodness, as heretofore he was of their contraries, neither my tongue or pen had dared thus to have presented his sute to her acceptance, and your consideration. The joy and blessing of which Marriage (if God in his secret and sacred Providence resolve to make it a Marriage) will, I hope in the end be theirs, the honour mine, and the content your own; wherein I request your answer, and entreat you to remain most confident, that both in this, and in all things else, Alphonso's will and resolution shall ever be Sophia's, and hers, Cassino's.

SOPHIA.

Cassino, upon the receipt and perusal of this Letter of the Lady Sophia, is not a little displeased, to see her ambition in desiring his Neece Eleanora for wife to her Son Alphonso, and although he be formerly well acquainted with the weakness of the Mothers estate, as also perfectly advertised of her Sons debauched life, and corrupt and prodigall conversation, howsoever she pretend to put a vertuous gloss and colour hereon to the contrary, yet he holds it discretion to seem to be ignorant of the one, and not to take notice of the other, but will frame his excuse to them herein, that he hath already disposed of his Neece, and that their motion to him for her came too late, when in heart resolving to make her preferment and fortunes more assured, and not so doubtfull; and to match her in a higher blood, and nobler family than that of theirs; he yet in discretion and honour, knowing himself bound to answer the Lady Sophia's Letter, calls for Pen and Paper, and by her own Servant and Messenger returns his mind and resolution to her thus.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

Although the tender years of my Neece Eleanora make her incapable of marriage, yet your rich deserts and resplendent merits, and your Son Alphonso's honourable affection and zeal to her (which every way exceeds her poor beauty and vertues) had infallibly made me to grant her for his wife, which I am now inforced to deny, in regard I have already (by my promise) disposed and given her to another before your Letter came to my hands, and consequently before that motion of his arrived to my knowledge and understanding: For to me it would and should have been both a sweet joy and a singular honour, to have seen your Son matched to my Neece in the links of Wedlock. But God having otherwise decreed it; you have many reasons to rest confident, that your Son is reserved for her better, and she promised to his inferiour; and therefore the freeness of this your profered courtship to her, and of your honourable respect and affection towards me, shall for ever tie me to a thankful acknowledgment and an immortal obligation; and I will make it my chiefest Felicity and Ambition, if (in requitall thereof) I may any way either serve you in your Son Alphonso, or him in his Mother Sophia, of whose conversion to vertue, and propension to goodness, your Letter hath so firmly and joyfully assured me, that the truth hereof will, I hope, hereafter prove his happiness in your content and glory; the which my most Religious Prayers shall still desire of God, because he is your only Child and Son by Nature, and your self my most honourable friend both by desert and purchase.

CASSINO.

H

Within

Within three weeks after that *Cassino* had dispatched away this his Letter to the Lady *Sophia*, he then (in contemplation and consideration of the debauched life and corrupt pranks and vices of her Son *Alphonso*) not thinking his Niece *Eleanora* to be safe with her in *Cassall*, for fear lest her old wit, or his smooth tongue might peradventure too far prevaile and work upon her young years and indiscreet affection: he therefore sends over his Coach, and one of his Servants to bring her home, and to the Lady *Sophia* writes this Gratulatory Letter for her honourable education and entertainment.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

According to my last Letter to you, having heretofore privately contracted my Niece *Eleanora* to a Husband, reason and Religion, his request and my promise now require, that I take her from you in *Cassall* to give her to him here in *Vercely*; to which effect I here send my Coach and Servant to you for her, and desire you to return her to me with your best prayers as I sent her to you with my best affection: and had not God now visited me with sickness, my resolution for her returne had not been either so suddain or so speedy. For your honourable care in adorning her few years with so many excellent vertues and sweet perfections, I know not how to deserve, much less how to requite, except in my Prayers and Orisons to God for his best favours and graces to you, and the best prosperities and honours to your Son: But if my age now cannot, I hope her youth hereafter will endeavour partly to free me of that debt and to acquit her self of that strong obligation, till when as I will not fail to give it a place in my heart, so I am sure will not she likewise to allot it one in her remembrance: in which mean time, I forget not my chiefest respects first to your self, then to your Son. God give give us all his Grace that we may live and die his Servants.

CASSINO.

Now as *Cassino's* first Letter to *Sophia* (wherein he denied her Son to marry his Niece) exceedingly afflicted and discontented her, so this his second to her, wherein he so suddenly sends for her away from her, doth extremely afflict and torment her, and not only her, but likewise her Son *Alphonso*, who is all in sorrow, all in grief hereat: For now they feare that their hopes of this young Lady are frustrated, and she according to her Uncles report in his Letter is contracted to some Gallant of *Vercely*: When *Alphonso* again laying before his Mother the fervency of his affection to *Eleanora*, and representing unto her the extremity of the grief and misery which her refusall of him, and his losse of her, will occasion him, he with sighs and tears again and again entreats his Mother to seek out some cure for this his disconsolation, and that she will please once more to try her chiefest wits and invention to change *Eleanora's* refusall, and her Uncle *Cassino's* deniall of him to be her Husband; when at last his Mother being much moved and induced with these his sorrowfull passions and importunities, she before her departure doth her self break this motion for her Son to her, wherein her wit and age sets upon the innocency and simplicity of her youth, with the sweetest Oratory and most delicious speeches and perswasions which possibly she could invent, but she finds her Art to be Ignorance, and her Eloquence folly therein. For *Eleanora* is (as young as she is) deaf to her requests, and dumb to her entreaties and perswasions; returning contempt to the first, and little deafness to the second, and disdain to both; so as in detestation of his sute, and envy of his affection, she will no more hear the Mother for her Sons sake, nor see the Son for his Mothers sake. When yet again, although *Sophia* despaire of the Niece, yet she will once more make farther triall of her Uncle *Cassino*, flattering her self with the hope, and her hope with this conceit, that his pretence of precontracting her to another, might be but only a policy of his, to try her Sons affection in his constancy towards his Niece, and her own zeal in her perseverance thereof towards himselfe: When seeing Break-fast being ended, the Coach prepared, and *Eleanora* ready to depart, she betakes her to her Closet, where taking pen and paper, she hastily scribbles out a few lines, and sealing up her Letter, delivereth it privately to *Eleanora*, whom she secretly prayeth, and effectually conjureth to deliver it carefully to her Uncle *Cassino* at her coming to *Vercely*, which this young Lady confidently promiseth her; when likewise taking her own Coach, she and her Son conduct her three or four miles in her way, where the Mother with many sugred speeches and complements, and the Son with many amorous sighs, regards and kisses, take their leave of her, they returning to *Cassall*, and she driving away to her Uncle *Cassino* at *Vercely*, who receives her with much joy, and welcomes her with infinite gladness and humanity; to whom she delivering the Lady *Sophia's* Letter, he hastily breaking up the seals thereof, finds therein this Language.

SOPHIA

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

BEfore I was so happy to answer your first Letter, your second which now calls home your Niece from me, makes me again double unfortunate: Neither do I hold it your resolution, but rather your pleasure, or at least your policy, in thinking to make me believe you have formerly contracted her to another. I will not say but that she deserves my Sons betters in marriage; but thus much I will speak for him out of my knowledge of his affection, and confidence, of his zeal towards her, that in heart and soul he is a perfect honourer of her virtues, and a true admirer of her Beauty: Yea, and no way to exceed or stray from the truth, I have many pregnant reasons for this belief of mine, that he is a servant to the first, and a slave to the second, and that his flame is so fervent towards her, that he would think himself honoured to prostrate his life at her feet, and esteem himself blessed to receive his Death at her commands. Think not then so slightly of him, who thinks so seriously and sincerely of her; and this assure your self, that if you will give her to him in marriage, I will give nothing which I enjoy in the world from him. In obedience to your request and order, I now send you your Niece, and I am sure that her proficiency as her stay, hath been so small with me in Cassall, as it neither deserves her debt, or your obligation, your requitall or her remembrance. My Son was desirous to have visited you with this Letter, but that I commanded his Pen and resolution herein to silence: And notwithstanding all your prayers for his prosperity, I am assured he is more your real Servant, than you as yet are his intended friend. God bless your self and my Son, your Niece and my self, and make us all the lovers of his Grace, and the heirs of his glory.

SOPHIA.

Cassino upon the perusal of this Letter, perceiving that the Lady Sophia and her Son Alphonso, were so far from giving over their sute to his Niece Eleanora, as they now prosecuted it with more importunity and violence than before, he not only calls her respect toward him, but her discretion in her self in question, to see that shee is incredulous that he hath precontracted her, or that his former Letters to her in that behalf are not worthy of her belief and confidence: Whereupon being sensible of a kind of disrespect and wrong, whereof she had voluntarily made her self guilty towards him, in the passage of this business, and absolutely refusing to hearken to, or entertain any other parley, and so to cast away his Niece on the vices and prodigalities of her Son, He arming his pen with discontent and choller, returns her this peremptory answer, which he covenanteth and resolves with himself, shall be the very last that he will either write or send to her in this nature.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

I Had well hop'd and thought, that your affection and judgment would have deemed my former Letters to you (in contracting my Niece) to be currant, not counterfeit; yea, to be the pure truth, and therefore no way my policy to inform you of the contrary; for such proceedings to any one, especially to your self (whom I so much respect for your Birth, and honour for your virtues) are as unworthy of me, as I am and will be ignorant of them: As for your Son, his zeal to my Niece, or his affection to her service in the way of Marriage; if it be as pure and fervent as you affirm it, she is the more bound to him; but I notwithstanding, the less to your self, in that you endeavour to make me an enemy to my self and to mine own honour, which next to my Soul is the best part of my self, in persuading me to take her from a Gentleman, to whom (by faith and promise) I have solemnly given her; and as this was my first, so it shall be my last resolution and answer to you, which I assure you I write not slightly, but (to use your own words) seriously and sincerely: Therefore I thank you for imposing silence to your Sons pen; and if you will henceforth likewise prescribe the same Law to your own herein, I will take it both for a courtesie and a respect from you; only in any other matter whatsoever that you will think me capable to stand him, or serve you, your will and pleasure shall be my Law, and your Letters shall receive many respects and kisses from mee: I have received my Niece, and her tongue, and mine eye and eare informe me, how much we both are bound to you for your care, and her proficiencie in Cassall, the which my Age and her Youth will expose to Usury before I have the honour to pay you the Principall, and shee the interest thereof. God ever bless you, and your Son Alphonso, and give you no less joy and honour of him, then I hope and desire to find in mine own Niece

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* grieves, and her Son *Alphonso* stormes at the receipt of this unkind Letter from *Cassino*, whereby they see their hopes of his Niece *Eleanora* reversed and frustrated; and although this his flat refusall made her of opinion no more to stir or intermeddle herein, yet (as Lovers are impatient of denials and delays) some three weeks after, he prayes his Mother to ride over to *Vercely*, again to prove *Cassino*, and likewise to (again) motion and sollicite it to *Eleanora*, hoping that her presence may purchase that which her Letters cannot procure; and he is very desirous and willing to accompany her himself. His Mother *Sophia* grants both his requests; they arrive to *Vercely*, where the Mother courts the Uncle and the Son the Niece; and although they finde exceeding great Cheer and noble Entertainment, yet in the point of their business, which is *Alphonso's* Marriage to *Eleanora*, they finde themselves lost, and their sute in vaine, and so they are enforced to return to *Cassall* with their definitive sentence of deniall, which makes her to bite the lip, and infinitely grieves and exasperates her Son; so now hee again casts off the Cloak of Vertue, and far worse than ever, flies to his old vices and sins, which his Mother with her sweet perswasions & remonstrances can no longer retaine or conceal, especially from his Whoring and Drunkenness: yea, and which is most lamentable and deplorable, he will no longer serve God, either abroad or at home, for he forsakes the Church, and wholly abandoneth that sweet and Heavenly vertue of Prayer, which is the spirituall food and life of the Soul. His Mother *Sophia* exceedingly weeps and grieves hereat, but how to remedy it she knows not: For his discontent hath made him so vicious, his vices so obstinate, and his obstinacy so outrageous and violent, as his Mother surfeits with his Love-sute to *Eleanora*, and will no more intermeddle with it. He prayes and reprayes her to make one Journey more for him to *Vercely* to see what alterations time may have wrought in the hearts of *Cassino* and *Eleanora*, but she is as averse and wilfull, as he is obstinate and peremptory: and therefore constantly vows, neither to write, nor ever to confer more with them herein. But this resolute answer of the Mother breeds bad blood in the Son, yea it makes a Mutiny in his thoughts, a Civill Warr in his Heart, and a flat Rebellion in his resolutions against her for the same, to which the Devill (the Arch-enemy, and Incendiary of our Soules) blowes the Coals. For hee who heretofore looked on his Mother with obedience and affection, cannot (or at least, will not) see her now but with contempt and malice; yea, he is so devoid of Grace, and so exempt of Goodness, that he looks from Charity to Wrath, from Religion to Revenge, from Heaven to Hell; and so resolves to murther her, thinking with himself, that if he had once dispatche her, he should then be sole Lord of all her wealth, and that then this his great and absolute Estate would soon induce *Cassino* and *Eleanora*, to accept of his affection: But he reckons without his Soul and without God, and therefore no marvell if these his bloody hopes deceive and betray him, his Religion and Conscience cannot prevail with him, neither hath his Soul either grace or power enough to divert him from this fatall business, and execrable resolution; for he will be so infernall a Monster of Nature, as to act her death of whom he received his life. He consults with himself, and the Devill with him, whether he should stab or poyson her, but he holds it far more safe and less dangerous, to use the Drug than the Dagger; and so concludes upon poyson; to which end he being resolute in his rage, thus to make away his Mother, he as an execrable Villaine (or indeed rather as a Devill) provides himselfe to poyson, the which he still carries about him, waiting for an opportunity, to give an end to this deplorable business, the which the Devill very shortly administred him: The manner thus.

This refusall of *Sophia* to her Son *Alphonso*, and his miserable relapse to Whoredome, Drunkenness, and neglect of Prayer, doth exceedingly distemper the Lady *Sophia* his Mothers spirits, and they her body, so that she is three dayes sick of a burning Feaver; when to allay the fervour of that unaccustomed heat, she causeth some Almond-milk to be made her, the which she compoundeth with many cool herbs and other wholesome Ingredients of that nature and quality; which she takes three times each day, morning, after dinner, and before she goes to Bed: So the third day of her sickness, walking in the afternoon in one of the shaddowed Allies of her Garden with her Son, and there with her best advice rectifying and directing his resolutions from Vice to Vertue, she is unexpectedly surpris'd with the syntome of her Feaver; when sitting down, and causing her waiting Maid to hold her Head in one of the Arbours, shee prayes her son *Alphonso* to run to her Chamber, and to bring her a small wicker Bottle of Almond-milk, the which he doth, but bloody Villain that he is, nothing can withhold him (but his Heart being tempered with inhumanity and cruelty) he first poures in his Poyson therein, and then gives it her, who, good Lady, drinks two great draughts thereof; when a sweat presently over-spreading her face, and she beginning to look pale, he (as a wretched Hypocrite) makes a loud outcry from the Garden to the House, and calling their servants to her assistance, he likewise calls for a Chair, so she is brought to her Chamber, and laid in her Bed

dead, and within few hours after (as a vertuous Lady and innocent Saint) she forsakes this Life and this World for a better, and the ignorance of her Servants, and her bloody Son (drench'd as it were in the rivolets of his feigned tears, together with his excessive lamentations) do coffin her dead body up somewhat privately and speedily so that there is no thought nor suspicion of Poyson; and thus was the lamentable Murther, and deplorable end of this wise and religious Lady *Sophia* committed by her own wretched and internall Son. Now this Devill *Alphonso* (to set the better lustre on his sorrows, and he better varnish and colour on his mourning for the death of his Mother) gives her a stately Funerall, the pomp and cost whereof, not only equallized, but exceeded their rank and quality: For he left no Gentleman or Lady in or about *Cassall* uninvited to be at her Buriall, and his Feast, and deighted himself and all his Kinsfolks and Servants in mourning attire, thereby the better to carry off the least reflexion or shadow of suspicion from him of this his foul and inhumane Murther.

The news of the Lady *Sophia's* death, runs from *Cassall* to *Vercely*, where *Cassino* and his Neece *Eleanora* understanding thereof, they both of them exceedingly lament and sorrow for it, in regard she was a very honourable, wise, and religious Lady, and to whom the tender youth of *Eleanora* was infinitely beholding and indebted for many of her sweet vertues and perfections; so that as her Uncle honoured her so this his Neece held her self bound to reverence her, as making her eminent and singular vertues the mould and pattern whereon she framed all her terrestriall comportments and actions, which in few moneths after were so many, and so excellent, that as she was known to be one of the most beautifull, so she was likewise justly reported to be one of the wisest young Ladies of all that City and Country, which together with her own great Estate, as also that of her Uncle *Cassino's* to the full enjoying whereof (in contemplation of her vertues and consanguinity) he had justly both designed and adopted her his sole Heir; the which made her to be sought in marriage by divers young gallants of very noble and chief houses; most whereof were superior to *Alphonso*, both in blood and wealth. When her Uncle at last (with her own free affection and consent) privately marries her to *Signior Hieronymo Brasciano*, a rich and brave young Gentleman of *Vercely*, who was Nephew and Hair to the Bishop of that City; but he being likewise very young, the tenderness of both their ages dispensed them from as yet lying together, and both the Bishop and her Uncle *Cassino* (for some important reasons best known to themselves) caused this their marriage as yet to be concealed from all the world with great privacy and secrecy, he for the most part living with the Bishop his Uncle at the City of *Turin* (which is the Court of the Duke of *Savoy*) and she in *Vercely* with her Uncle *Cassino*, only they visit each other with their Letters, which is all the familiarity that as yet they are permitted to reap and receive each of other.

And here the true order of our History calls us again, to speak of this degenerate and debauched Gentleman *Alphonso*, who had no sooner embred his guilty hands in the innocent blood of the Lady *Sophia* his Mother; but he then without any farther shew of sorrow, or sight or sense of repentance for the same, again desperately abandoneth himself to all old vices and prodigalities, flaunting it out in brave apparell (for his mourning weeds he speedily cast off) and swimming as it were in the vast Ocean of all his carnall Delights, and worldly Pleasures and Sensualities, never thinking of Religion or Prayer, but passeth away whole dayes and nights, yea consumeth whole weeks and moneths in all licentious riots, and excessive prodigalities with his debauched Companions and Strumpets, which began to drown his Estate, and to devour his Lands apace: and in the heat and ruffle of these his joviall follies, and exorbitant intemperancies, he bethinks himself again of the wealth and beauty of the young Lady *Eleanora*, and so (in the vanity of his conceits, and the imbecillity of his judgement) flattering himself, that being now Lord of all his deceased Mothers Lands, and Wealth, her Uncle *Cassino* could not refuse to give her him in Marriage, not so much as once dreaming or remembring how plainly and peremptorily, both he and she had formerly given him the repulse: To which effect he dights himself and his followers in exceeding rich Apparell, and (with a train too worthy of himself) he rides over to *Vercely*, and there becomes a most importunate Sutor, both to *Cassino* and *Eleanora*, first seeking her, and then courting her Uncle for her: but all in vain, for he puts him off with disrespect, and she rejects him with disdain; and when yet they see that his importunacy herein passeth the bounds of reason, and exceedeth the limits of discretion and civility, then *Cassino* tells him plainly that his Neece is married; and that therefore (in that consideration) he forbids him his house and her company; which point of discourtesie (and as *Alphonso* tearms it of dishonor) to him, he takes in so ill part from *Cassino*, that exchanging his reason into rage, and forgetting himself to be a

man, or which is more a Gentleman, or which is most of all a Christian, he again strikes hands and agrees with the Devill, and for meer despight and rage vowes that he will murder *Cassino*: The Devill making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that this speech and suggestion of his, that his Neece *Eleanora* is married, is but fabulous and false and that if he were once dead, he could not impeach or hinder him from enjoying the faire and rich *Eleanora* to his Wife, which is the same prodigious bait and lure whereby Sathan formerly drew, and betrayed him to poyson his Mother: the Devill kill so closely over-vailing his Conscience and Soul, and to eclipsing, and winking his understanding and judgement, that as his hand, so his heart is injured and obdured to the effusion of innocent blood, and therefore he will not retire with grace, but onwards with impiety to the finishing of this cruell Murder of *Cassino*; and although he had an itching desire, and an hellish ambition likewise to effect it by Poyson, yet in regard he was denied access to his house and company, as also for that he was unacquainted with any Apothecary or Physician of *Vercey*, he therefore resolves with the Devill to do it by a Carabine, which many times by night he wore and carried about him. There is nothing easier than to do evill, and as it is the nature, so it is the policy of Sathan, as well to furnish us with the means, as the matter thereof: For when we cast our selves from malice to Revenge, and from revenge to Murder, he then makes us industrious, first in the contriving, and then in the execution thereof, but in the end God will so ordain, that this hellish policy shall turn to misery.

Alphonso's malice against *Cassino* will give no peace to his thoughts, so he informs himself, that every morning and evening he is accustomed to walk alone in his Garden, for an hour or two in his spirituall Meditations, and therefore he thinks this a fit place (from some adjacent house or window) to shoot at him; when being likewise assured, that there was a poor small Tavern (not much frequented with company) that lay somewhat neer and commodious to *Cassino's* Garden, he resolves to make choise of that, and there to give end to this bloody bulinse, which his heart so much desireth, so abandoned by God, and guided and conducted by the Devill, he about six of the clock in the evening rides thither, and tying up his Horse to the door, he in a disguised sute of Apparell, pretending there to stay for a friend of his, which promised to come thither to meet him (and having purposely sent away his Servants before him to *Cassall*) he goes up into the Chamber, calls for Wine and something to eat, the better to favour and colour out his stay there, when bolting the Chamber door to him, he (putting aside the paper Casements, which they use in *Italy* to expell the fervency of the Sun) from thence (according to his former intelligence) plainly perceives *Cassino* walking in his Garden with his Hat in one hand, and his Breviary (or Prayer-book) wherein he reads, in another, with which he was as busie with God in his meditations and devotions, as he was with the Devill, in charging his Carabine with a brace of Bullets, and dressing of his Fire lock, and priming of his powder touch-hole, when, without the least spark of grace, or fear of God, or his punishments, he lets flye at him; and the Devill had made him so expert a Mark-man, that as *Cassino* was softly coming on, walking towards the Window, wherein he secretly and scelerously stood, both the bullets hit him right in the brest, a little below the left Pap, whereof this harmlesse and religious old Gentleman *Cassino* fell presently dead to the ground, and none being in the Garden with him (wherein I my selfe have since sometimes been) I could not understand, that he had the power or happiness to speak a word: But we shall see, that this inhumane and bloody murderer, shall not go far before the Judgments of God will surprise and overtake him. The manner whereof is thus.

As soon as *Alphonso* had given this bloody blow, and seen *Cassino* fall dead to the ground, he unbolting the Chamber, presently resolves to take horse and flye away, but God ordained the contrary: For as he had again put up his Carabine into his Belt, God presently struck him into a stupified swoon, whereof falling to the ground, the noise of his fall, the report of his Carabine, and the ratling of his Sword and it, presently invited the people of the house below, to see what had befallen above to this Gentleman, where finding him groveling and gasping for life, they (by Gods immediat direction) do think that he hath there shot and murdered himself; when devesting him of his Apparell, and laying him in bed to search for his wounds, they find none; but yet it is an hour before they perceive any motion, or action of life in him. And then opening his eyes, he with a distracted look and amazed countenance, deeming himself upon the very point of death; and that for his murdering of *Cassino* the Lord in his judgement had infallibly stricken him with sudden death, he finding this foul and bloody act of his, to lie heavy upon his soul and conscience, in this last Scen (as he then thought) of his life, he (rather raving then speaking) in the heat of his madness and distraction, cryes out again and again, that he had murdered *Cassino*: The which the people of the house are exceedingly astonished to understand. And now by this time *Cassino* is found dead

dead in the Garden, and shot thorow with a brace of Bullets. So his Neece *Eleanora* is all in tears hereat, and all *Vercelle* resounds of this his lamentable murther. When *Cassino's* friends and servants make speedy search for the Murtherer, and finding a Horse tyed to this little Tavern door, they find the Man, Wife, and Servants thereof in out-cries and amazement: So they ascend the stairs, find *Alphonso* in bed, with his Carabine by him on the Bench, and his cloths on the Table, and examining the people of the House, they report to them this sudden accident of his swooning, and therein of his confession of the murdering of *Cassino*; so they all praise and glorifie God, in that they have so soon, and so readily found out the inhumane Authour and Actor of this bloody Murther.

But here before I proceed farther, I (in the name and fear of God) do request and invite the Reader to take notice of another remarkable (I may say miraculous) circumstance of Gods mercy and glory, which likewise appears in this detection and confession of *Alphonso*, to be the cruell murtherer of this innocent, harmeles Gentleman *Cassino*; for he being no better than distracted of his wits, before God had caused and brought him to confess it, which else he had never done, but that in the agnoy and anxiety of his stupified spirits he (as I have formerly said) thought himself on the point and brink of death, and no shadow of hope left him, either of this life or this World: Then, I say, as soon as he had confessed it, God in his good pleasure and providence presently restored him again to his perfect health, strength, and memory; so that being put in mind, and again remembring his confession, and seeing the eminency of his danger by the presence of *Cassino's* friends and servants, who were there present about his Bed, to apprehend and carry him away to Prison for the same; he now with tears, and bitter Oaths, and curses, declines and recants what he hath formerly spoken thereof, and rather as the Devill than a Christian, in lofty and proud speeches stands upon the terms of his justification, alleadging and affirming to them farther that what he had formerly confessed, or said to them, concerning the murther of *Cassino*, proceeded from the distemperature of his heart and brains, in that of his distraction, or else from the delusions and temptations of the Devill, and no otherwise. But his own confession, the testimony of those of the house who heard it, and the rest of the presumptions and circumstances are so pregnant and apparant, that he is the undoubted murtherer of *Cassino*, as they beleeve not what he now sayes in his own behalf and Apologie, or that it is any way the delusions of the Devill, but the good pleasure of God, which brought him to this detection and conviction of himself for the same: So they being deaf to his requests and Oaths, they enforce him to draw on his apparell, and then by order of the criminall Judges, they that night commit him to Prison, where the Devill having brought him, he now leaves him to himself, and to his own misery and confusion, which it is to be believed, that the Lord hath ordained shall speedily befall him.

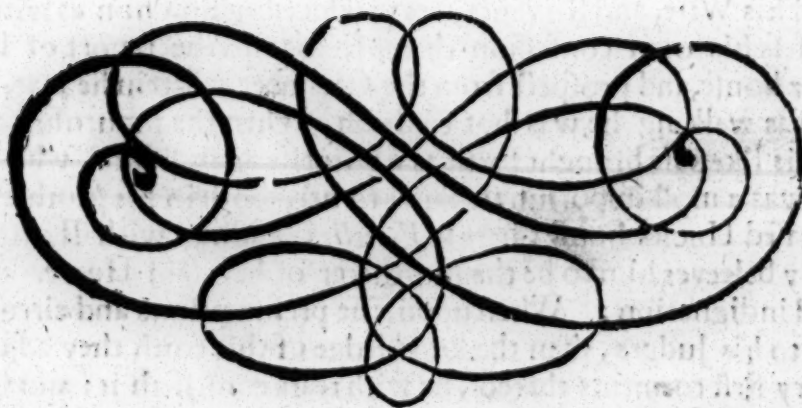
The next morning this Monster of Nature *Alphonso*, is called to his arraignment, where being by his Judges, charged with this foul murther, the Devill hath as yet so obdured his heart, as he not only denies it, but contests against it with vehemeney and execrations. So the Vintner and his Wife, and Servants, are produced against him as witnesses, who acknowledge and confess his own confession thereof, as also the report of his Carabine, and the vicinity of their house, and prospect from the Chamber wherein he was, to *Cassino's* Garden, wherein as he was walking he was shot to death. When the mournfull and sorrowfull young Lady *Eleanora*, is likewise brought forth as a witness against him, who informs his Judges, that *Alphonso* was a most importunate Suter to her, both in his Mothers house at *Cassall*, as also at her deceased Uncles house, here in *Vercelle*; adding withall, that (in her heart and soule) she verily beleeves him to be the Murtherer of her said Uncle. But still he denies it with choler and indignation: Whereupon, the presumptions and circumstances hereof, being more apparant to his Judges, than the knowledge of this truth, they adjudge him to the Rack, where at the very first torments thereof, he with tears confesseth it; and God is now so mercifull to his soule, as he seems to be very sorrowfull and repentant thereof: so they seeing him guilty, pronounce sentence against him, the next day to have his head cut off for the same; and that night the Judges (out of their honourable zeal to charity and piety) send him some Friars to prison to him, to direct his soule to Heaven; who willing him to disburthen his conscience and soul of any other capitall crime, which he might have committed in all the course of his life, to the end that it might not hinder her passage and transmigration from Earth to Heaven; He then and there reveals them, how he had also formerly poysoned his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, at *Cassall*, for the which he likewise craved absolution both of them and God. Whereat his Judges are exceedingly amaz'd and astonished, to see a Gentleman so degenerate, inhumane, and bloody, as to be the death of his own Mother, of whom formerly he had received his life.

The

The day following (according to his sentence) *Alphonso* is brought to the place of execution, clad in a black sute of Silk Grograin, and a falling Band, where ascending the Scaffold, and drawn to much humility and contrition, by his secular Priests and Friars, he in presence of a great concourse of people, there made this short speech. That these two murderers of his, and especially that of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, were so odious in the sight of God and Man, that he acknowledged, he no longer deserved to tread on the face of the Earth, or to look up to Heaven. That he knew not justly, whereunto to attribute this infamy and misery of his, but to his continuall neglect and omission of prayer, whereby he banished himself from God, and thereby gave the Devill too great an interest over his body and soul; that he desired God to forgive him, these his two foul and bloody crimes of Murther, as also that of his neglect of Prayer; and so (with tears in his eyes) besought all who were there present, likewise to pray unto God for him: When again beseeching the vertuous young Lady *Eleanora*, to forgive him the murther of her good old Uncle *Cassino*, he often making the sign of the Cross, and recommending himself into the hands of his Redeemer, bad the Executioner do his office, who presently with his Sword severed his head from his body, and both were immediately burnt, and the ashes thrown into the River of *Ticino*, without the wals of *Vercelle*, although his Judges were once of opinion, to send his said head and body to *CASSALL*, for the Judges of that place to do their pleasure therewith, for there poysoning of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*.

And thus was the miserable (and yet deserved) death and end, of this bloody and execrable Gentleman *Alphonso*, and in this sort did the judgements and punishments of God befall him, for these his two most inhumane, and deplorable Murthers. May God of his infinite grace and mercy, still fortifie and confirme our faith by constant and continuall prayer (the want whereof was the fatall Rock whereon he perished) that so we may secure our selves in this World, and our soules in that to come.

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIV.

Pont Chaufey kills La Roche in a Duell. Quatbriffon causeth Moncallier (an Apothecary) to poison his own Brother Valfontaine, Moncallier after falls, and breaks his neck from a paire of Stairs. Quatbriffon likewise causeth his Fathers Miller Pierot to murder, and strangle Marieta in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond. Pierot the Miller is broken alive on a wheel, and Quatbriffon first beheaded, then burnt for the same.

WEE may truly affirme, that the world is in her wane, when Murther is become the practice of Christians, which indeed is the proper office of the Devill; and how frequently those wofull accidents happen, we cannot think of, but with much horreur, nor remember but with grief of mind, and compassion of heart; For it is not to make our selves wilfull Traitors and Rebels to God, to violate his Divine Majesty, in spoiling his true Image and resemblance; yea, is it not the high way of Hell? But that this age of ours produceth such Monsters of Nature read we but this ensuing History, and it will informe us of much innocent blood shed, we know not whether more wilfully or wickedly.

It is not unknown, that the Province of Little Brittain, was (long since) annexed and united to the flourishing Kingdom of France, by the marriage of Charles the Eighth, with Anne the young Dutchess thereof, notwithstanding that she was formerly contracted to Maximilian (Arch-Duke of Austria) where we shall understand, that in the City of Vannes (formerly the Court and Residence of those Brutish Dukes) there of late years dwelt a Noble Gentleman (of rich Demaines and Revenues) termed Monsieur de Carestaing, who by his Wife Madamoyelle de

de le Ville Blanche, had two Sons, the eldest named by his title *Monsieur de Quatbrisson*, and the youngest *Monsieur de Valsontaine*: The first aged of twenty four years, being short and corpulent, the second of twenty, being tall and slender; both of them brave and hopefull Gentlemen, as well in their outward personages, as in the inward perfections, and endowments of their minds; For in all respects, the care and affection of their Parents, had made their education answerable to their births. *Valsontaine* (for the most part) lived in the City of *Nantes* (the second of that Dutchie) with an Uncle of his named *Monsieur de Manffie*, being President of the Kings Chamber of Accounts which is kept there, who frequenting the Bals or publike Dancings (whereunto the youth of *France* are generally addicted) amongst many other excellent beauties, wherewith that City is graced, and those pastimes and meetings honoured, he sees a young Gentlewoman (being a stranger, and newly come to the City) so infinitely rich in the excellencies of nature, and the treasure of loveliness and beauty, as (with a kind of imperious commanding power) she attracts all mens eyes to behold, to admire, to affect her. So as although *Valsontaines* youthfull heart and years, had never as yet stooped or sacrificed to Love, yet at the very first sight of this sweet young Gentlewoman, (whose name we shall not go far to know) he cannot retain his enamoured eyes from gadding on the Roses, and ranging on the Lillies of her sweet complexion, nor his resolutions from enquiring, what her name and her self was; when being enformed, that she was the only Daughter and Heir of a rich and noble Gentleman, a Widdower termed *Monsieur de Penelle*, of the Parish of Saint *Argnaw*, four leagues from the City, and her name *Madamoyselle la Pratiere*, on the age of some seventeen, he at the very first sight likes her so well, and loves her so dearly, that (if her interiour vertues come not too short of her exterior beauty and feature) he vows he will be her Sutor and Servant; and so he attempts to court and seek her for his Wife.

To which end, he (more like a Tutor than a Pupill, in the Art and School of Love) is so farr from neglecting any, as he curiously and carefully seeks all opportunities and occasions to enjoy the felicity of her company, and so (for the most part) he conducts her to and from the dancings, sits and talks with her in her Lodgings, meets her at Church, where as well at *Vespers* as *Mass*, he accompanies and prays with her, and (briefly) she can difficultly be present any where, where he is long absent from her; For by this time (which is scarce a moneth since he first saw her) her peerless beauty, and unparallel'd vertues and discourse, have acted such amorous wonders in his heart, as he vows he must either live her Husband, or dye her Martyr. But see the providence and pleasure of God, for if *Valsontaine* tenderly love our sweet and fair *La Pratiere*, no less doth she him; for knowing him to be the Son of his Father, and therefore a Gentleman of Noble extraction and worth; and seeing him to be wise, discreet, and proper, as also remembring and marking, that he fervently and infinitely affects her, she is so delighted with his neat feature and personage, and ravished with the melody of his discourse, as albeit at first, her tongue be so evill and modest to conceal her affection from him, yet her eyes (the Ambassadors of her heart) cannot but in dumb Eloquence, and silent Rhetorick bewray it him. So as (to omit the gifts, presents, and especially the Letters, which interchangeably pass between them) and which indeed powerfully assisted to the sympathizing and cementing of their youthfull affections, it sufficeth that we take notice and knowledge, that *Valsontaines* presence was *La Pratiere's* delight, and the enjoying of her company, his felicity and glory, and that she in life and death would remain his obedient and faithfull Wife, and he her faithfull and loving Husband, only she prays him carefully and respectfully to conceal her affection to him, and so likewise to observe her Father in seeking his consent to their marriage, the which he promiseth her shortly to perform; For as soon as *La Pratiere* hath left *Nantes*, and purposely retired her self home to her Fathers house, at *St. Argnaw*, *Valsontaine* is not many dayes behind her, where he acquaints her Father *Pennelle*, with his affection to his Daughter, seeks her in marriage, requesteth his consent, and with many reasons, fairly and discreetly endeavoureth to enduce him thereunto, where for three or four dayes he takes up his lodging and residence, under pretence to court the Daughter, whom we know he hath already won, but his sute is no wayes pleasing, but distastfull to *Pennelle*, who although he know, that *Monsieur de Saerstaing* his Father (as well for Lands as blood) is every way rather his Superiour than his Equall, yet because his Daughter *La Pratiere* is his only child and Heir, and *Valsontaine* but a Cadet (or younger Brother) therefore covetousness makes him assume this resolution, that he will have none of him for his Son in Law: but this reason, and conclusion he conceals to himself, and so (in generall terms) gives *Valsontaine* a cold and averse answer, little better in effect than a flat deniall; and thus for his first Journey, *Valsontaine* takes leave of his sweet *La Pratiere*, no way doubting but that his second to her, will prove less distastfull and more fortunate, he leaves *Nantes* and rides home to *Vaanes*.

Being

Being arrived at *Vannes*, he acquaints his Father and Mother, with his affection and sute to *Mademoyselle La Pratiere*, the only Daughter and Heire (as we have heard of *Monsieur de Pennelle*, of *Saint Argnaw*, whereunto (because they know him to be rich and noble, and his Daughter faire and vertuous) they give good approbation and allowance, when *Valfontaine* praying his Father to ride over to *Monsieur de Pennelle*, to confer with him about this business; whose presence he hopeth will eff. & that with him, which he fears and knows his poor power cannot: But his Father although he be very glad, to procure his Sons advancement and content by this match, yet being at that time much troubled with the Gout, he excuseth himself upon his indisposition, and so defers off that journey to another time. *Valfontaine* missing of his Father, deems it rather expedient than impertinent, to entreat his Brother *Quatbrisson* herein, to whom he fully relates what hath past between *Pennelle* and himself, but withall conceals upon what terms he stands with *La Pratiere*, or that she is any way his, or he hers, either by contract or promise, to the end that he may have no just cause either to tax her immodesty, or condemn her indiscretion, in so sodainly giving her self to him *Quatbrisson* very willingly yeeld to his Brothers request; when (followed with a train and equipage answerable to their rank and quality, and armed with their Fathers Letter to *Monsieur de Pennelle*) they take horse and ride to *Saint Argnaw*. Now as it is the errour (or nature) of Lovers to be still unsecret Secretaries, in delighting to talk and prattle of their Mistresses, whom they esteem their Sovereign good and chiefest felicity: So all the way between *Vannes* and *Saint Argnaw*, *Valfontaine* could neither refrain, nor restrain his tongue from painting forth *La Pratiere* in all the excellency of her prayes, and from extolling her beauty and perfections above the skies; yea, he ran so curious a division, and so ample a comment on the wonders and rarity of her beauty, that his verball relation already prepared his Brothers eyes to behold a female Master-peece of Nature in *La Pratiere*; but being arrived to her Fathers house (a little before Dinner time) and seeing, and saluting, first him, then her, at the very first encounter and sight, his senses are so surpris'd with the sweetness of her countenance, and so taken with the exquisiteness of her feature, as he now finds that his Brothers report and prayes of her come infinitely short the dignity and excellency of her beauty.

Dinner being ended, and *Quatbrisson* delivering his Fathers Letter to *Pennelle*, with whom making a slight and superficial conference, concerning his Brothers affection and sute to his Daughter, he turnes from him to her, who dying her milk white cheeks with a roseat blush to entertaine him, he ravished with the delicacie of so amorous an encounter, and sweet object, could not likewise refrain from blushing to see her blush, when enquiring of her, if she pleased to take the aire of the Garden (where her Father and his Brother were already gone and attended them) and she replying, that his pleasure therein should be hers, he taking her by her hand conducts her thither; where *Valfontaine* in civilitie purposely walking aloof off, because he hoped and assured himself, that his Brother *Quatbrisson* now meant effectually to speak with his Mistress in his behalf, there being then no witnesses to their conference, but only the sweet Quiristers of the woods (the Thrushes and Nightingals) who purposely and pleasantly sate on every bush and tree, to delight them with their mellifluous melody; the very first words he administred and directed to her was; That if she pleased to swear her tongue to secrecy, to what he should now say and deliver to her, he would reveal her a secret which should infinitely import her good. *La Pratiere* (wondring at the nature of *Quatbrissons* first speech and request and what it might mean and concern) stood a little while mute and silent, not knowing what to conceive thereof, much less what to answer thereto: But at last considering that *Valfontaine* was her Lover, and *Quatbrisson* his Brother, she imagined there was some plot secretly compacted between them, that if her Father would not condescend to their desires, that they had then resolved to steal her away from him, and so to make it a *Claudestine* marriage: Whereupon (her affection being desirous to know the certainty hereof, and her curiosity ambitious to see this abstruce myserie unlocked) she grants him his request, vowing to impose secrecy to her tongue in what he should deliver, or entrust her with: When he kissing her, and evaporating many far fetch'd sighs (as the Herauld to proclaim his affection) he tels her, that her incomparable beauty hath captivated his thoughts, and made his heart both her Tribunal, and her Prisoner; that he envies his Brothers happiness, in having the honour to see her before himself. That as he is his Superior in years, so he is in affection to her, and that he knowes his Brother is as unworthy of her, as himself worthily bestowed on her: *La Pratiere* (whose affection and thoughts ran a direct contrary Carriere, lest dreaming of that which she is now enforced to understand) is so afflicted, and withall so incensed at these unexpected speeches of *Quatbrissons*, that (her passion giving a law to her civility) casting

casting a snow-white vaile over her crimson cheeks, and bending her brow (in whose furrows it seemed that discontent and choller sate now triumphant) her affection is too sincere and entire to *Valfontaine*, as she returns his discourteous Brother *Quatbrisson*, this short and sharp answer: *Quatbrisson* (quoth she) to have offered this unkindness of yours to your friend, had been ignoble ingratitude, but to do it to your own Brother, can be no less than treachery; and therefore this know from me, that I esteem your primogenitorship as inferiour to *Valfontains* Vertues, as they are in all respects superiours to yours, and had you not tied and wedded my tongue to silence, I would now presently publish it to the world, to the admiration and detestation of all good men, and so (with a look ingendred of choller, and derived from disdain) she hastily and suddenly trips away from him, leaving him alone in the Garden to his Muses; *Quatbrisson* biting his lip at this sharp repulse of *La Pratiere*, is yet resolute not thus to leave her, when hoping to find her Father more tractable and propitious to his sute than his Daughter, he seeks him out, and in fair termes informs him of his affection and love to her, and that (notwithstanding his Brothers research of her) he himself infinitely desireth her to be his own wife. Old *Pennelle* (being more covetous of his Daughters preferment, than any way carefull of her content) gives an attentive and pleasing Eare to this motion of *Quatbrisson*, and is so delighted with the melody of his speeches, as already in heart, he wisheth her married to him, but how to answer, or give content to *Valfontaine* he knows not.

Now the better to effect, and to compasse this match, so much wished of *Quatbrisson*, and desired of *Pennelle*; he (in the absence of *Valfontaine*) sends for his Daughter into his Closet, shews her what preferment and happiness is now offered her, if she will forsake *Valfontaine* and accept of his elder Brother *Quatbrisson* for her Husband. *La Pratiere* (both moved and grieved with this her Fathers proposition and speeches) very humbly beseecheth him; that if ever he will respect her content, or regard her life, that *Valfontaine* may be her Husband, and not *Quatbrisson*, because she confesseth she loves the younger Brother, but that she neither can nor will affect the elder: Now although this her resolute and obstinate answer, do exceedingly afflict and grieve her Father, yet hoping that a little time will prove capable to draw her to his desires, he secretly bids *Quatbrisson* to ride home to *Vannes*, to take his Brother with him, and shortly after to return again to *Saint Argnaw* without him, and that he shall find no cause to fear, or reason to doubt, but that he shall enjoy his Mistress; the manning whereof, he prays him to refer to his care in his absence: Thus we see the Father and Daughter differently affected, he loves *Quatbrisson* and not *Valfontaine*, and she *Valfontaine*, but not *Quatbrisson*, who grieving as much at the Daughters refusall, as he rejoyceth at her Fathers consent; Hee now venteth his malice on the Innocency, and his treachery on the integrity of his Brother, by acquainting him, that he hath used his best power and art of solicitation towards *Pennelle*; and that he finds it impossible to draw him to reason; adding withall, that he is so far from consenting, that he shall obtain his Daughter in marriage, as (upon the whole) in terms enough clear and apparant, he futurely denies him access to his house; Wherefore Brother (quoth he) because I see with grief, that you strive against the stream, and that in all actions and accidents whatsoever, the shortest errors are still best, let us to morrow take horse and away, and let this indifferency be your resolution: That if God have decreed it shall be a match, it then will be, otherwise not. *Valfontains* heart bleeds at *Pennelles* averfness and cruelty, and his eyes overflow with tears, so soon to forsake the sight and company of his Daughtet, of his dear and fair Mistress *La Pratiere*; but being ignorant of all his Brothers passages, and treacheries intended, and meant towards him, he holds it folly to impugn, or contradict his pleasure, and so resolves to leave *Saint Argnaw*, and depart home with him to *Vannes*.

Our fair *La Pratiere*, seeing all things bent to cross her desires, and her *Valfontaines* wishes, she (out of her tender affection to him) resolves to give him a privat meeting and conference, when that very night (as her Father and his Brother were in their Beds soundly sleeping) she sends for him into her Chamber, where seeing him extreemly pensive and sorrowfull she bids him be cheerfull and couragious, tels him that he hath no reason to despair, but to hope, for that in life and death she will be his, and only his; and then informs him, that instantly upon his arrivall to *Vannes*, shee will write and send him a Letter, wherein she will acquaint him with the passage of a business, whereof he neither can conceive or dream, conjuring him now to enquire no farther what it is, for that her tongue was enjoined to secrecie, and sworn to silence, and so (with much chat, and more kisses) he giving her a Diamond Ring from his fingers, and she him a paire of Pearl Bracelets from her armes, in token of their mutuall constancy and affection each to other, they (infinitely against their minds) are enforced to take leave each of other, and the succeeding morn being come, the two Brothers prepare, and dispose themselves for their Journey.

When

When breakfast ended, according as it was concluded betwixt Pennelle and Quatbriffon, Pennelle takes Valfontain a side to a window, and in short tearms prays him, henceforth to forbear his house, and refrain his Daughters company, for that he hath provided another Husband for her; so having severally and solemnly taken their Congees, first of the Father, and then of the Daughter, they take Horse and away. Now as they are riding home towards Vannes, as it is a sensible and heart-killing grief to La Pratiere, so soon to be deprived of her Valfontains dear and sweet company, so again she cannot refrain from smiling, to see how ingratfully and subtilly Quatbriffon goes to work to betray his Brother, in seeking to obtain her for himself in marriage, but measuring the integrity of the one, by the treachery of the other, and likewise remembering her promise to Valfontaine, to write to him at the end of two dayes after their departure, she (by a confident Messenger) accordingly sends him this Letter.

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

My promise owes you this Letter, whereby I give you to understand, that I know not whether you have greater cause to love me or hate your Brother Quatbriffon, in regard he vows, he affects me dearer than your self, and hath attempted to rob you of your Wife, and consequently me of my Husband; and as this is ingratitude in a friend, so it must needs be treachery in a Brother. I have heard his courting, and seen his complements tending that way, but for your sake I relish those with distast, these with neglect, and himself with contempt and disdain. He hath won my Father to his will, but rest your confident (my dear Valfontain) that he neither can, nor shall draw me to his desire. And because true affection, especially in accidents of this nature, cannot still be exempt of fear, therefore if any arise, or engender in your thoughts, let this dissipate and dispell it, that although my Father have banished you his house, yet his Daughter is (till death) constantly resolved to retain and cherish you in her heart, and none but you: Manage this your Pratiere's advice with discretion towards my Father, and not with choller towards your Brother, and be but a little time a patient Spectator of my affection and constancy to you, and you shall assuredly see him at his own shame, and your glory; his affliction, your content and desire.

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine having received and read this Letter; the base ingratitude and foul treachery of his Brother Quatbriffon, doth extremely afflict and torment him; yea, the knowledge and remembrance thereof, throws him into such passions of choller, and fumes of revenge, as once he resolved to right himself on him, by sending him a Challenge, and fighting with him: vowing that the bonds of nature were not by far so strong, as those of affection, and that his Brother having given the first cause of offence and breach of amity betwixt them, it was no marvell that he took that course and preferred that forme of proceeding to any other. But then again considering his dear La Pratiere's injunction and prohibition from choller, this last reason overruled and prevailed against his former resolution, when knowing himself infinitely obliged to her for her courtesie, and constancy, so sweetly expressed to him in this her Letter, he can do no less, than return her an answer thereof in requitall, the which he doth by her own Messenger in these terms.

VALFONTAINE to LAPRATIERE.

Of all men of the world, I least thought that my Brother Quatbriffon would have proved my Rival, in attempting to love you, because he perfectly knows, I affect you far dearer than the whole world; yea, this error (or as you justly terme it, this treachery) of his, is so odious, so strange to me, as it had far exceeded my belief, if your affection and constancy had not so courteously revealed it to me in your Letter, the which I both blushed and palled to peruse. Neither is it any thanks to him, that he missed of his desire, in missing of you, rather to your vertuous self, which distasted his courting and complements for his own sake, and disdainning him for mine. Dear and sweet La Pratiere, in that my Brother hath won your Father, I exceedingly grieve, but in that I have not lost his Daughter, I far more triumph and rejoyce: But why think I of losing you, sith to call your constancy in question, is no lesse than to prophane your affection and my Judgement, and so to make my self both incapable and unworthy of you, for how can my love to you, retain any spice or spark of fear, for that being banished your Fathers House, I am yet so happy, to recover so safe a Harbour and Sanctuary, yea so precious a Temple, as your heart; In which regard it is every way fit, that your requests should be to me commands, for otherwise my Sword had already called me Coward, if by this

time I had not called my Brother to a strict and severe account for this his treachery. I will still observe your Father with respect, though he refuse to respect me with observance; and for my ingratefull and treacherous Brother, he may act his own shame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content, or desire, because that must sely proceed from your self, sith in the sweet enjoying of you to my Wife, consists the only content of my life, and the chiefeſt of all my earthly felicity.

VALFONTAINE.

Some two dayes after that *La Pratiere* was made joyfull with this answer of her *Valfontaine*, she hath again sorrowfull news of *Quatbrissons* arrivall to her Fathers house at *Saint Aignaw*, who had purposely given it out to his Brother *Valfontaine* at *Vannes*, that he rides to *Aennbon*. He here renews his late sute to the Father and Daughter, but he finds them both in the same humours and resolutions, he left them; he willing, and she coy, he desirous to have him his Son in Law, and she resolute never to make him, but his Brother *Valfontaine* her Husband. He profereth her many rich gifts and presents, and a blanck to write down what Joynture she pleaseth to demand, but she peremptorily refuseth it all, and bids him bestow it on some other, of whom it may find better acceptance; yea, I may safely say, and truly affirm, that their affections are far more opposite, and contrary, then their sexes, for the more he sees her, he loves her, and the oftner she beholds him, the more she hates him; so that when he apparantly perceives, that she deeply vows to her Father, and himself, only to marry his Brother *Valfontaine*, or her Grave, he seeing his labour for the time present lost, and his affection to her in vaine; having nothing left to comfort him against the repulse of this amorous sute, but the constant friendship of her Father, he sorrowfully takes his leave of them, and rides home to *Vannes*; but as close as he bears this his Journey from his Brother *Valfontaine*, yet *La Pratiere* holds her self bound to signifie it to him, the which the very next day she doth by her second Letter, which speaks thus.

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

I Hold it a part of my duty and affection to advertise you, that these two dayes, I have been again importunately haunted and solicited by your unkind Brother *Quatbrisson* for marriage, but he hath found my first answer, to be my second and last; Yea I have so nipt his vain hopes in their blossoms, by signifying to him and my Father, my infallible resolution, either to wed you or my Grave, as I think (except their hopes betray their Judgments) the one is assured, and the other confident, that time will make it apparant to the World, that my words will prove deeds, and that the last will make the first reall: But if your said Brother will yet (notwithstanding farther exercise his sely in my patience, and so make himself as ridiculous to me, as to you he is treacherous, I out of the dear affection, and tender respect which I bear you) will then fall on my knees to my Father, to hasten his consent to our marriage; that in seeking my content, you may therein find your own; and this is my resolution, wherewith if yours concurr and sympathize, Heaven may, but Earth shall not cross our desires.

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine receives this second Letter from his Mistress with smiles and frowns; with smiles to see her inviolable constancy and affection, with frowns to behold his Brother *Quatbrissons* continuall malice and treachery towards him, the which considering (as also because it so neerly concerns him) he resolves to tax him thereof, and to see whether (by fair requests and perswasions) he may reclaim him from affecting his fair and deer *La Pratiere*, and so to give over his sute to her, but first he knows himself indebted and obliged, to return her an answer to this her last Letter, the which he doth in these terms.

VALFONTAINE to LA PRATIERE.

IT is every way your affection, no way your duty (sweet *La Pratiere*) which again advertiseth me of my Brother *Quatbrissons* perseverance in his treachery towards me, by seeking to betray and bereave me of your self, in whom my heart and thoughts imparadise their most sovereign earthly felicity; and your resolution in nipping his hopes, and your Fathers will, by electing me or your Grave for your Husband, doth so ravish my heart with joy, and so rap my conceits in an extasie of sweet content, as I am confident God hath reserved *La Pratiere*, to be *Valfontains* sweet wife, and he to be her dear Husband. But as I know not whether my unkind and treacherous Brother, will yet farther

ther bew ray you his folly, in exercising your patience with his importunity; so to save you that labour and penance; which for my sake and love you are ready to impose to your self, I am both ready and resolved, not only to fall on my knees to your Father, but also to your sweet self, that our marriage be hastned; for as your resolution herein, is, and ever shall be mine, so our hearts and thoughts sympathizing in these wishes, I hope that both Heaven and Earth have resolved, not to cross, but shortly to consummate and finish our desires.

VAL FONTAINE.

He having thus dispatched and sent away his Letter, to his sweet and fair Mistress, he now resolves to have some conference with his unkind Brother, to see what a brazen face, he either will, or can put upon this ingratitude and treachery: But *Quatbrissons* policie will anticipate and prevent him; for he having his heart and contemplations deeply fixed on *La Pratiere's* beauty, and having ran over all the inventions of his art and affection, how to make her forsake her coynefs, and so how to obtain her for his Wife, he at last resolves to fain himself sick, and so then to reveal to his Brother *Valfontaine*, that it is his dear and fervent affection to *La Pratiere*, which is the cause thereof. To which purpose he keeps his Bed, and in his perfect health is twice let blood, thereby to look ill; when sending for his Brother to his Chamber, and exempting all other company thence, he acquaints and informs him, That since he first saw *La Pratiere*, he still most tenderly loved her, and that he must now die, because she will not affect and love him; He prays and conjures him (by virtue of all the same blood, which equally streams in both their bodies) for the saving and preserving of his life, that he will now abandon his affection from her, and so yeeld him up all the power and interest that he hath, or pretends to have in her, and that in requitall thereof (if occasion require) he shall still find him ready, not only to expose all his means, but his dearest blood and life at his command: A request so unjust and a proposition so devoid of common sense and reason, as *Valfontaine* observing it, and therein seeing his Brothers impudency, now grown to the height of baseness and folly, he exceedingly incensed thereat (with a disdainfull look) returns him this sharp and bitter, yet deserved reply. Was it not enough that I understood your treachery; by my fair and dear *La Pratiere*, in seeking and attempting to bereave me of her, but that thou art thy self become so sottish, to make thy tongue the Advocate. as well to plead and apologise thy treachery to me, as to publish thy shame to thy self, and to the whole world, in seeking and desiring me to surcease my affection to her, and to renounce my interest of her to thy self: No, no, base *Quatbrisson* (for henceforth I highly disdain to term or esteem you my Brother) I give thee to understand and know, that in heart, and in honour she is mine, and I hers, and therefore you shall dye and damn, before I will permit thee to enrich thy self with my loss of her, whom I affect and prize a thousand times dearer than my self, or than all the lands and treasures of the World; when without any other farewell, he hastily and cholerickly flings forth his Chamber from him.

Quatbrisson seeing his Brothers furious departure, and remarking his peremptory and incivil answer to him, he (in his heart and thoughts) vows revenge, and in his resolutions swears to make him repent it. To which effect, forsaking his Bed, and abandoning his counterfet sickness his choller hardly affording his patience three dayes to recover his blood and strength, but knowing his Brother to be now at *Nantes* with their Uncle *De Massy*, he seeks out a dear and intimate friend of his named *Monsieur La Roche*, whom ingaging to be his Second in a Duell against his own Brother *Valfontaine*, they ride over to *Nantes*, when coming to a small Parish, termed *S. Vallerge*, within a league of the City, he writes a Challenge, delivers it to *La Roche*, and so dispeeds him away with it to his Brother. *La Roche* comes to *Nantes*, finds out *Valfontaine* at the President, his Uncles house, being in the company of a very intimate friend of his, of that City, named *Monsieur de Pont Chaussey*, and delivereth him his Brothers Challenge fast sealed, the which he hastily breaking open, and perusing, he finds that it speaks this Language.

QUATBRISSEON to VALFONTAINE.

IN regard it is impossible for both of us to enjoy the fair *La Pratiere* to Wife, therefore it is fit that one of us die, that the other may survive and live, to be enriched with so precious a treasure, and crowned with so inestimable a blessing and felicity; which considering, as also because my modest requests have (undeservedly) met with thy incivill carriage, and been requited with thy malicious execrations, Therefore find it not strange, to see affection give a Law to Nature, and mine honour to con-

temne thy contempt and malice, in inviting thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine with your single Rapiers, to morrow twixt two or three after dinner, in a fair meadow at the East end of Saint Vallery within a little flight shot thereof, where thou shalt find this Gentleman (whom I have prayed to be the Bearer hereof) who will safely conduēt thee to me, where I will patiently attend thee; I expect no other answer but thy self, neither do I any way doubt (much less despair) of thy meeting mee, since by birth I know thou art Noble, and by inclination pretendest to be Generous.

QUATBRSSON.

Valfontaine smiles at the reading of this Challenge, and in conceit lamghing at his Brother *Quatbrissons* errors and folly, he cheerfully turns himself to *La Roche*, to whom he speaks thus. *Monsieur La Roche*, I mak no doubt but you are *Quatbrissons* Second; to whom he replies; My respect to your Brother hath engaged mee thereunto, in stead of a more worthy, and yet I ingeniously confesse and protest (Sir quoth he) that I have promised no more to him, than (if occasion presented) I am ready to perform for your self. *Valfontaine* thanks him; and prayes him to return his Brother *Quatbrisson* this answer, That to morrow at the appointed hour and place he will not fail to meet him: When entreating *La Roche* to walk with him into the next Chamber, he told him, he presumed he should shew him his Second; when *Valfontaine* taking *Pont Causey* to the window, he shews him his Brothers Challenge, and prayes him to honour him in being his Second. *Pont Causey* (not out of any fear in himself, but in love to these two Brothers) as a Christian Gentleman profereth to ride over to *Quatbrisson* to *Saint Vallery*, and to use his best power and endeavors to take up and reconcile these differences between them; but *La Roche* tels him he may save that Journey and labour, For (that to his knowledge) *Quatbrisson* is both resolute and irreconcilable in that quarrell; whereupon *Pont Causey* freely engageth himself to *Valfontaine*, and so these two Seconds (though not as loving friends, yet as friendly and honourable Enemies) very secretly that evening provide their Rapiers, which done *La Roche* rides back to *Saint Vallery*, acquainting *Quatbrisson* with his Brother *Valfontaines* generous resolution, to meet and fight with him the next day, as also that *Pont Causey* is Second.

And although (by the instigation of Satan) that Choller and Revenge make minutes seem hours, and hours years, ere it hath wrought his wished effects, and effected his bloody designee: So these our four rash and inconsiderate Gentlemen (more full of Valour than Vertue, and of courage than Christianity) the hour appointed for the Rendezvous approaching, and *Quatbrisson* with his Chirurgion, beeing first in the Field, hath difficultly made two turns before *La Roche* ushereth in his Brother *Valfontaine*, his Second *Pont Causey* and their Chirurgion, when they all tying up their Horses to the Hedge, they (according to the custome of Duels) do all throw off their Dublets, and each unbooting his fellow, they appear in their silk stockings and white Pumps, as if they were fitter to dance *Coranto's* or *Pavins*, than to fight Duels.

So the two Brothers first draw, and approach each other, and at their first comming up, *Valfontaine* (without being touched himself) givers *Quatbrisson* a deep wound in his right thigh, as if his Rapier had not beaten down the thrust, it had undoubtedly nailed him to the ground; at their second encounter they are both hurt, *Quatbrisson* in the right arme, and *Valfontaine* of a scar in the neck, and here they make a stand to take breath, *Quatbrisson* not as yet despairing, nor *Valfontaine* triumphing or assuring himself of the Victory, and the sight and effusion of their blood is so far from rebating or quenching, as it rather revives their Courages with more spleen and animosity, so they will again try their fortunes; They now traverse their ground, and approach each other, and although they are not lesse valorous than before. yet (to the eyes of their Seconds and Chirurgions) they are now more cautious in their plea, and more advised in choosing and refusing their ground, when *Valfontaine* breaking a thrust (which his Brother presented him) he then calling to mind the sweetness of his *La Pratières* beauty, and the foulness of his Brothers malice and treachery towards him, drives home a thrust at him, which entereth betwixt his short ribbs, and making the blood to gush and stream forth, doth soon quail his courage; so as he who right now thought himself Master of his Brothers life, now feares his own, so that he thinks he hath given enough, if not received too much in counter-exchange, as well to secure his reputation from the scundall of his friends, as to warrant his Generosity from the detraction of his Enemies, and therefore throwing away his Rapier, he (with more wisdom than honour) beggs his life of his Brother, vowing henceforth wholly to forsake and leave him *La Pratière*, and to love him as dearly as formerly he hated him deadly: Which cowardise of his, is so far from being

being relished, or approved of the Spectators, as it proves the wonder of *Valsontaine*, the laughter of *Pont Chaufey*, the disdain of his own Second *Le Roche*, and the contempt of both their Chirurgions; but *Valsontaine* was as benign as *Quatbrisson* was base and envious, and as noble as he was treacherous, and so upon his submission, he sheaths up his Sword, gives him his life, and with his Hat in his hand embraceth him, and thus with many fraternall words and complements, these two Brothers (in all outward shew) are again reconciled, and become perfect friends: But the end proves all things.

Now to follow the stream of our History, and the ceremonies of Duels, we must passe from *Quatbrisson* and *Valsontaine* the Principals, to *Le Roche* and *Pont Chaufey* their Seconds, to see in what shape they will come forth, and how they resolve to bear themselves in the conclusion, and knitting up of this reconciliation; As for *Pont Chaufey*, he thinks it no disparagement or shame to him now to refuse to fight, sith his Principall hath given his Enemy the foile, in giving him his life; but contrariwise, *La Roche* being Second to the Challenger, not the Challenged, he therefore holds it no lawfull plea or excuse for him to exempt himselfe from fighting, *Pont Chaufey*s modesty seems to over-vaile his valour with silence and indifferency, which the insulting vanity of *La Roche* doth so far misconstrue, as he erroneously attributes it, rather to fear and cowardise, than to reason or judgement. The worst of *Pont Chaufey*s malice venteth no other speeches and language, but that he will follow and abide the censure of their Principals, whether they being their Seconds ought to fight or no, and accordingly he is ready either to retire or advance; but *Le Roche*s intemperate passions (flying a higher pitch) with much vehemency and choller protesteth, that he came into the Field purposely to fight and not to keep sheep, or to catch flies with his Rapier: the two Brothers interpose and consult hereon, and do joyntly affirme, that because they themselves are recouiled, and become good friends, they hold it repugnant to reason and contradictory to the right and nature of Duels, that their Seconds should once draw their weapons, much less fight; But this neither doth nor can as yet satisfie *Le Roche*, whose choller is now become so boundlesse, as he in lofty terms elevateth *Valsontaine*s valour to the skies, and dejecteth *Quatbrisson*s cowardise as low as Hell, begging permission of the one to fight with the Second, and peremptorily informing the other, that he will fight, but both *Quatbrisson* and *Valsontaine* condemn those fumes and this heat of *La Roche*, and are so far from applauding it in him, as they (in down right termes) repute it to temerity and rashness, and not to magnanimity and valour; yea, his impatience hath so provoked and moved their patience, as (not in jest but in earnest) they bandy these words to him, that he glorieth so much in his generosity, as in now ambitiously seeking to add to his valour, he substracteth from his judgement. When *Pont Chaufey* (to retort and wipe off the least taint or blemish, which either *Le Roche*, or the two Brothers might conceive lay on his reputation) thinks it now high time to speak, because as yet he had spoken so little, and prays *La Roche* to find out some expedient, either that they might return as loving friends or fight it out as Honourable enemies, and that for his part he is so far from the least shadow of fear, or conceit of cowardise, as he tells him plainly, he shal find his Rapier of an excellent temper, and his heart of a better: Whereupon vaine and miserable *Le Roche*, consulting with nature, not with grace; he to give end to this difference, resolves on an expedient as wretched, as execrable, the which he proposeth to *Pont Chaufey* and the two Brothers in these terms; That the only way, and his last resolution is, that a fair pair of Dice shall be the Judge and Umpier between them, and that who throws most at one cast, it shall be in his choice either to fight or not to fight, whereunto *Pont Chaufey* willingly consenteth, although *Quatbrisson* and *Valsontaine* do in vain contradict and oppose it. But the decree is past, and *Le Roche* (very officious in his wickedness, and forward in his impiety) spreads his Cloak on the ground, draws a pair of Dice forth his Pocket, and because he was of the challengers side, he will throw first, which he doth, and the fortune of the Dice gives him seven; *Pont Chaufey* follows him, and likewise taking the Dice throws only five: Whereat *La Roche* gracelessly insulting and triumphing, with an open throat cries out, fight, fight, fight; and so presently draws his Rapier. *Pont Chaufey* seeing his enemy armed, thinks it no longer, either safe or honourable for him to be unarmed, when (yet with a kind of religious reluctancy, and unwilling williness) he likewise unsheaths his Rapier, and so without any farther expostulation, they here approach each other: But because (for brevities sake) I resolve to passe over the circumstances, and only to mention the issue of their single combat, let me (before I proceed further) in the name and fear of God conjure the Christian Reader, here to admire with wonder and admiration, at his sacred Providence, and divine Justice which in the issue of this Duell is made conspicuous and apparant to these two rash and inconsiderate Gentlemen, the Combatants, and in them to all others of the whole world; For loe, just as many picks as each of them threw on the Dice,

so many wounds they severally received each from other, as *Pont Chauvey* five, and *La Roche* seven, and he who so extremely desired to fight, and so insatiably thirsted after *Pont Chauvey's* blood, is now here by him nailed dead to the ground, and his breathless corps all gored and washed in his own blood. A fearfull example and remarkable president for all bloody minded Gentlemen of these our times, to contemplate and look on, because wretched *La Roche* was so miserable, as he had no point of time to see his errour, no spark of grace to repent it.

Quatbrisson and his Chirurgion (as sorrowfull for his death, as his Brother *Valfontaine* is glad thereof) take order for his decent transporting to the Citie; whiles *Valfontaine* congratulates with *Pont Chauvey* for his good fortune and victory; who for his safety flies to *Blavet*, untill the Duke of *Rajes* (to whom he was homager) had procured and sent him his pardon from the King, the which in few weeks after he effected. *Monsieur de Caerstainge*, and *Madamoyelle Ville-blanche* his Wife are advertised of their two Sons quarrell at *Saint Vallery*, and of the cause and issue thereof, who condemn *Quatbrisson* for his treachery and malice, and applaud *Valfontaine* for so nobly giving of his Brother his life, when it lay in his power and pleasure to have deprived him thereof, which news is likewise speedily conveyed first to *Nantes*, and to *Saint Aignaw*, where *Pennelle* as much grieves at *Quatbrissons* foile and disgrace as his Daughter our fair *La Pratiere* triumphs at her *Valfontaines* victory, and because she will no longer be deprived of his presence, whose absence deprives her of all her earthly content and felicity, she makes her prayers and tears become such incessant Orators, and importunate Advocates to her Father, as she now drawes his free consent to take *Valfontaine* for her Husband, which at last to their own unspeakable joy, and the approbation and content of all their Parents of either side, is at *Saint Aignaw* performed and consummated with much pomp and bravery.

But albeit *Quatbrisson* (as we have formerly understood) have all the reasons of the world, to be fully and fairly reconciled to his Brother *Valfontaine*, yea (and according to his promise and Oath) to affect him tenderly and dearly, yet where the heart is not sanctified and in peace, the tongue may pretend though not intend it; For the more he gazeth on his Sister in Law *La Pratiere's* beauty, the more the freshness and delicacy thereof revives and inflames his lascivious lust towards her, when knowing her to be as chaste as fair, and being confident that he was out of all hope to receive any immodest courtesie, or familiarity from her, whiles her Husband his Brother *Valfontaine*, lives, the Devill hath already taken such full possession of his heart, as (with a hellish ingratitude and impiety) he wretchedly resolves to deprive him of his life, of whom as it were but right now he had the happiness to receive his own.

As soon as we think of revenge we meerly forget our selves, but when we consent to murder we absolutely forget God; for that hellish contemplation, and this inhumane and bloody action, do instantly work so wretchedly in us, that of Men we become Monsters, and (which is worse) of Christians, Devils; for thereby we make our selves his slaves and members. A misery to which all others are not comparable, because those are finite, in regard they have only relation to the life of our bodies but this infinite, in regard it occasioneth the death of our soules: But notwithstanding, it is not in jest but in earnest, that *Quatbrisson* assumes the bloody resolution to murder his Brother *Valfontaine*; For seeing that it was neither in his power or fortune to kill him in the Duell, he therefore holds it more safe, less dangerous, to have him poysoned, and so deals with his Brothers Apothecary, named *Moncallier*, to undertake and perform it, and in requitall thereof he assureth him of three hundred crowns, and gives him the one half in hand, whereupon this Factor of the Devill this Emperick of Hell, confidently promiseth him speedily to effect and perform, the which he doth.

The manner thus.

Valfontaine within six weeks of his marriage, findes his body in an extream heat, some reporting it to an excess of Wine, which he had the day before taken at *Pontivie* Fair, and others for having bin too amorous and uxorious to his sweet young wife *La Pratiere*; but it matters not which excess of these two gave him his sickness, only let it satisfie the Reader, that (as we have already heard) his body was very much inflamed and hot, the dangerous symptoms either of a burning Feaver, or a Plurisie, the which to allay and cool, he sends for his Apothecary *Moncallier* from *Vannes* to *Saint Aignaw*, and after their consultation he openeth him a vein very timely in the morning, and draws ten ounces of blood from him, and towards night gives him a Glister, wherein he infused strong poyson, which spreading ore the vitall parts of his body, doth

doth so soon work its operation, and extinguish their radical moisture, that being the most part of the night tortured with many sharp throes, and heart killing convulsions, he before the next morning dyes in his bed: His Wife *La Pratiere* being desperately vanquished with sorrow, doth (as it were) dissolve and melt her self into tears, at this sudden and unexpected death of her Husband *Valfontaine*, and indeed her griefs and sorrows are far the more infinite and violent, in that she sees her self a Widdow almost as soon as a Wife. Her Father is likewise pensive and sorrowfull for the death of his Son in Law, and so also is his own Father and Mother at *Vannes*. But for his inhumane Brother *Quatbrisson*, although he neither can, or shall blear the eyes of God, yet he intends to do those of men, from the knowledge and detection of this foul and bloody fact; for he puts on a mournfull and disconsolate countenance, on his rejoycing and triumphing heart, for the death of his Brother, the which he endeavoureth to publish in his speeches and apparell; so he rides over to *Saint Aignaw* to his Sister in Law *La Pratiere*, condoles with her for her Husband his Brothers death, and with his best oratory strives to dissipate and dispell her sorrows; but still her thoughts and conscience do notwithstanding prompt her that (considering his former affection to her, and his fighting with his Brother her Husband for her) sure he had a hand in his death, but in what manner or how she knows not, and so as a most vertuous and sorrowfull Lady, leaves the revealing thereof to the good pleasure and providence of God; and the curious heads both of *Nantes* and *Vannes* concur with her in the same conceit and belief.

But three moneths are scarce past over, since *Valfontaine* was laid in his Grave, but *Quatbrisson* is still so deeply besotted with his own lust, and the beauty of *La Pratiere*, as he sets his wit for folly, and again becomes a Sutor to marry her, having none but this poor Apologie to colour out his incestuous desires; that he will procure a dispensation from *Rome* to approve it; and that he hath already spoken to *Tyon* Bishop of *Reimes* to that effect, who was many years Penitentiary (or Almoner) to Pope *Paulus Quintus*. And what doth this indiscretion of his work with *La Pratiere*, but only to increase her jealousy, to confirm her suspicion, and to make her the more confident, that her Husband had been still in this World if he had not been the means to soon to send him into another: Wherefore she rejecteth both his sute and himself, tells him, that if he can find in his heart and conscience to marry her; she cannot dispence with her soul to espouse him, and therefore that he shall do well to surcease his sute, either to the Pope or Bishop, such if it lay in their power, yet it should never in her pleasure to grant, or resolution to effect it; but this peremptory refusall of hers cannot yet cause *Quatbrisson* to forsake and leave her; For if his lust and concupiscence formerly made him peevish to seek her for his Wife, now it makes him meerly sottish and impudent to alter his sute, and so to attempt and desire to make her his Strumpet: But he hath no sooner delivered her this base and obscene motion, but all the blood of her body flushing into her face, she highly disdaineth both his speeches and himself, and vowing and scorning henceforth ever more to come into his company, so she informs her Father of his dishonourable intent, and unchast motion to her, who to rid himself of so uncivill and impudent a guest, thereupon (in sharp termes forbids him his House and his Daughters company, as having hereby altogether made himself unworthy to enjoy the priviledge of the one, or the honour of the other; when this sweet and chaste young Lady (to be no more haunted with so lascivious a Ghost and Spirit) being sought in marriage by divers noble and gallant Gentlemen, she among them all (after a whole years mourning for the first) makes choice of *Monsieur de Pont Chauvey* for her second Husband, and marries him; *Quatbrisson* seeing himself so disdainfully sleighted and rejected of *La Pratiere*, he (as a base Gentleman, and dishonourable Lover) metamorphosed his affection into hatred towards her, and vows that his revenge shall shortly match her disdain, and meet with her ingratitude and so flies her sight and company as much as he formerly desired it. But as the best revenge is to make our enemies see that we prosper and do well, so he quite contrary makes it his practise and ambition to do evill; for from henceforth among many other of his vices he defileth his body with whoredome, and gives himself over to Fornication and Adultery, which hath taken up so deep a habit in him, as it is now grown to a second nature; for he wholly abandoneth himself to Queans and Strumpets, that be she Maid, Wife, or Widdow, his wanton eye scarce sees any, but his lustfull heart desireth, and his lascivious tongue seeks.

Now *Quatbrisson* (among many other) hearing that a poor Peasant, or Countreyman termed *Renne Malhot*, of the Parish of *Saint Andrews*, three miles from *Vannes*; had a sweet and fair young Daughter, he therefore very lewdly resolves to see her, and to tempt her to his obscene desires, when provoked and halled on by his lust, as that was likewise by the Devill, he

he rides over to her Fathers house, and alighting from his Horse calls there for some wine, but with his Hawk on his fist, and his Lackey and Dogs at his heels, thereby the better to over-vail and colour out his lascivious design and intent: And that the Reader may the better and apparently behold this Country Virgin *Marieta*, she was aged of some sixteen years, and towards her seventeenth, tall and straight, and rather a little enclining to fatness than to leaness; her hair was of a bright flaxen colour, and she of so fresh a beauty, and sweet delicate complexion, that her eyes were capable to inflame desire, and her Cheeks to engender and exact affection, so that as it was a wonder among many to find so delicate a Countrey-lass, it was also many wonders in one, to see how sweetly her rich beauty graced her poor cloathes, whiles they (though in vaine) endeavour to disgrace it. *Quatbrisson* no sooner sees *Marieta*, but she is so fair and amiable in his eyes, as they inform him, that report comes infinitely short of her beauty, when burning in the flames of his beastly concupiscence towards her, his lust so exceedingly outbrave his reason, that his eyes and heart do already do homage to hers, and he is so far caught and insnared in the contemplation of her fresh youth and beauty, as he vows to leave no Art unattempted to obtain his lustfull desires in enjoying of her virginity: To which end he very often and secretly visiteth her, discovereth her his lewd desires and affection, gives her Gloves, Bonlace, Lawn, worsted Stockings, and the like trifles, thereby the sooner to prevail with her, when God knows this fair poor Maiden was so chaste, as yet she knew not what belonged to unchastity, such was her obscure dwelling, and innocent education, and yet behold the Devill was so busie with her, and *Quatbrisson* with the Devill, to draw and prostitute her to sin, as she was so far in love with his gay clothes, sugred speeches and fair promises, rich gifts, and especially because he was a Gentleman, that in a few weeks she had hardly the power or will to deny him any thing, no not her self.

But whiles thus *Quatbrisson* layes close siege to the chastity of the Daughter, her Mother *Jane Chaumett* (being of a quick wit and sharp apprehensions, measuring his youth by her Daughters beauty) begins to mistrust and fear that by his often visits, he endeavoured to put a rape on her vertue, in seeking to enrich himself with the losse of her Maiden-head, the which to prevent; she forbids him her house, shewing him that she had rather dye, than live to see her Daughter made a Strumpet, adding farther, that if hereupon he did not forbear her house and her Daughters company, she would forthwith acquaint his Father *Monsieur de Caerstainge* therewith, alleadging that how close soever he bore himself, she knew him to be his Sonn and Heir, and termed *Quatbrisson*; which crosse speeches of hers do much afflict and perplex him, and the more because he sees he cannot now approach *Marieta*, and which is worst of all, in regard he knows not whom to imploy towards her, to win her to his desires: But at length remembering that he was well acquainted with an old Franciscan Frier of *Auroy*, named *Father Symplician*, who many years begged the Countrey for the repairing of their Monastery, and with whom he had often caroused and been merry: He therefore holds him a fit Instrument and Agent for his purpose, and so rides over to *Auroy*, and sends for him to his lodging, where giving him good cheer, and well heating his head with wine, he there from point to point, discovereth this secret, and layes open himself to him: So this old Frier loving his cups better than his Beads, and *Monsieur de Quatbrisson* better than his Guardiar (because he had twice formerly expelled him the Monastery for some of his dishonest and debauched pranks) he freely, engageth himself to him, affirming that he well knew both Father and Mother, and Daughter having heretofore many times layen in their house, when he hath been overtaken, either by night or raine.

Hypocrisie is the Devils Mask or Visard, and there is no way so subtle; or sinfull to deceive as under the Cloak and Colour of Religion, and therefore it is a most pernicious and odious shame to Christians, that those who profess piety should prophane it. This good-Fellow Frier *Symphician* (taking the tide of time, and the wind of opportunity) under the pretext of visiting some of his Kinsfolks leaves *Auroy*, repaires to *Vannes*, and so to *Malliot*s house in the Country, where purposely faining himself sick, thereby to procure himself the better colour for his stay, and the better means for the dispatch of this love business for *Monsieur Quatbrisson*, there *Malliot* and his Wife *Jane Chaumet* (out of their respect to Religion, and reverence to Churchmen) entertain him lovingly, and attend him carefully and diligently, thinking no cost too much, nor any meat, care or labour enough which they spent and bestowed on him; But we shall see him requite this Hospitality, and repay this courtesie of theirs with a base ingratitude.

For in the absence of the Father and Mother, this deboshed Frier teacheth their fair Daughter *Marieta* a new Catechisme; he tels her that *Monsieur Quatbrisson* is deeply in love with her; that if she will hearken to his affection, and so become flexible to his desires, he

he will shortly steal her away from her Parents, and either maintain her Gentlewoman-like in brave apparell, or else marry her to some rich Serving-man, or Farmers Son, with whom she might live merrily, and at her hearts content all the daies of her life; adding withall, that it was pittie her delicat fresh beauty should be so strictly and obscurely mew'd up in her Fathers poor Cottage, and that it was a shame to her to prove an enemy to Nature, who had been so bountifull and so true a friend to her, with many more obscene reasons, and deboshed speeches looking that way, the which (in modesty) I cannot remember without shame, nor relate without detestation. So this pandarising old Fryer (degenerating from his habit, profession, and name,) what with the hony, (or rather indeed the poyson) of his speeches and promises, and the sugar of some gifts and tokens which he delivered her from *Quatbrisson*, he draws this harmless and innocent poor country Maid, so far to forget himself, her Parents, and God, that in hope of rich apparell, and a good Husband, she tels her Father *Symplician*, that she is wholly *Quatbrissons* at command, and that for his sake and love she is absolutely resolved to forsake her Father and Mother, and to go away with him any night or day, when hee pleaseth to fetch her; the which she shortly doth, and she accomplisheth: And thus was the odious ingratitude of this Fryer *Symplician*, towards honest *Malliot* and his Wife, for his good cheer, lodging and entertainment, to betray and bereave them of their only child and Daughter; whom they well hoped would have proved the joy of their life, and the staff and comfort of their Age.

Quatbrisson (in the vanity of his voluptuous thoughts (having thus (by himself and the Fryer) played his prize in stealing away fair *Marietta*, he by night brings her to his own old Nurse her house, which is a little mile distant from that of his Father, where he secretly keeps her, takes his pleasure of her, and as often as he pleaseth, lies with her whole nights together; but *Marietta's* sorrowfull Father and Mother seeing themselves thus robbed of their only Jewell their Daughter, they bitterly lament her losse; and their own misfortunes therein. They complain to all their Neighbours thereof, and leave few adjacent Parishes or Houses unsought for her; yea her Mother *Jane Chaumers* grief and jealousy transport her so far, as vehemently suspecting that *Monsieur de Quatbrisson* had stolne her away, she trips over to his Fathers House, and there (with sorrow in her looks, and tears in her eyes) acquaints both him and the Lady his Wife thereof; who presently send for their Son *Quatbrisson* before them. They shew him what an infinite scandall this foul fact and crime of his will breed him, and likewise reflect upon themselves, and all their Kinsfolks and Family. How the justice of God infallibly attends on whoredom and fornication, and that he hath no other true course or means left him to expiate and deface it, but Confession, Contrition, and Repentance, and by returning the poor Country Girl again to her aged and sorrowfull Parents: But *Quatbrisson* their Son (as a base deboshed Gentleman) denies all, terms old *Malliot's* Wife an old Hag and Devill, to charge him thus falsly with the stealing away of her Daughter; and so without any other redress or comfort, this poor Mother returns again home to her sorrowfull Husband, and *Quatbrisson* secretly to his Nurses, to frolic and sport it out with his sweet and fair Countrey Mistris *Marietta*.

But to observe the better Order and *Decorum* in the dilation and unfolding of this History, leave we (for a small time) this lascivious young couple. wallowing in the beastly pleasures of their sensuality and fornication, and come we a little to speak how suddenly and sharply (at unawares) the vengeance and justice of God surpriseth our execrable Apothecary *Moncallier*, who so wretchedly and lamentably (as we have formerly understood) had sent innocent *Valfontaine* from Earth to Heaven, by that damnable drug and ingredient of poyson. The manner whereof briefly thus thus.

Quatbrisson (as we have already seen) having exchanged his former affection into future malice and envie towards his Sister in Law *La Pratiere*, doth still retain such bloody thoughts against her, as (riking hands with the Devill) he (in favour of three hundred Crowns more) hath again ingaged his hellish Apothecary *Moncallier* likewise to poyson her, at his first administering of Physick to her; which intended deplorable Tragedy of theirs is no sooner projected and plotted of the one, than promised speedily to be acted and performed by the other, to the end (quoth these two miserable wretches) to make her equall, as in marriage, so in death with her first Husband *Valfontaine*. Thus *Quatbrisson* longing, and *Moncallier* hearkning out for *La Pratiere's* first sickness, two moneths are scarce blown over, since her marriage with *Pont Chaussey*, but she is surpris'd with a pestilent Fever; when he as a loving and kind Husband (at the request of his sick Wife) rides over to *Vannes* for this Monster of his profession and time *Moncallier*, to come with him and give her physick, the which presently (with as much treacherous care, as feigned sorrow) he promiseth to effect; and so inwardly resolves with

with the Devill, and himself to poyson her : but we shall see here that Gods providence will favourably permit the first, and his goodness and mercy miraculously prevent the second.

Moncallier sees this his fair and sweet Patient *La Pratiere*, but he is yet so far from shame or repentance that he had poysoned her first Husband, as (with a graceless ratiocination) he confirms his former impious resolution likewise to dispatch her self: but for that time he contenteth himself only to draw six ounces of blood from her, and promiseth to return to her the next morning with Physick, and therein to insinuate and infuse the poyson. But here (in the fear, and to the glory of God) let me request the Christian Reader to admire and wonder with me at the strangeness of this sudden and divine punishment of God, than and there shown on this wretched Apothecary *Moncallier*: For as he was ready to depart, and being on the top of the stayres (next to the Chamber door where *La Pratiere* lay sick) complementing with her Husband *Pont Chaussey* at his farewell, he trips in his Spurs, and so falls down headlong at the foot thereof, there breaks his neck, and which is lamentable and fearfull, he hath neither the power or grace left him to speak a word, muchlesse to repent his cruell poysoning of *Valfontaine*, or to pray unto God to forgive it him. And thus was the miserable end of this wretched *Moncallier*, who, when he absolutely thought that that bloody fact of his was quite defaced and forgotten of God, then God (as we see) in his due time remembered to punish him for the same, to his utter confusion and destruction, that as his crime was bloody, so his punishment should be sudden and sharp.

Return we now again to *Quatbrisson* (who amidst his carnall pleasures with his young and fair *Marieta*) is advertised of *Moncalliers* sudden and unnaturall death at *S. Aignan*, whereat (resembling himself) he is so far from any apprehension or grief, as he exceedingly triumpheth and rejoyceth thereat; yea, he is as glad that he hath thus brok his neck, because he can now tell no tales, as sorrowfull if now before his death he have not poysoned *La Pratiere*, as formerly he did her Husband *Valfontaine* his Brother. Whiles thus *Quatbrissons* joy in enjoying *Marieta*, proves the grief and disconsolation of her Parents, for it is now generally bruted in *Vannes*, that *Quatbrisson* hath stoln away *Mallions* Daughter *Marieta*, whereof her Father and Mother being sorrowfully acquainted (he being weak and sickly) she again repairs to *Monsieur de Caerstainge* and his Lady, and with tears in her eyes throwing her self at their feet, acquaints them with this puplick report, humbly beseeching them to be a means to the Gentleman their Son, that he restore them their Daughter; but they are (in a manner deaf to her requests, and so only return her this generall answer, that they will again examin their Son, and cause all their Tenants houses near about to be narrowly searched for her, and this is all the redress and consolation which this sorrowfull Mother could get for them; Whereof *Quatbrisson* being advertised, he (with much secrecy and hast) about midnight, causeth *Pierot* his Fathers Miller, to fetch *Marieta* away from his Nurses house to his Mill, which is some quarter of a League from his Fathers house, the which accordingly *Pierot* effecteth. The very next morning *Quatbrisson* goes secretly to the Mill and visits her; he informs her how her Parents have incensed his against him, and against her self likewise; he bids her be of good comfort, that she shall want nothing, that he will very shortly procure her a better lodging, and provide both for her safety and reputation, and so continually frolicks it out, and there takes his pleasure of her; yea, he lies so often with her many whole nights and some dayes at this Mill, that at last her belly swells, and both of them apparantly perceive that she is with child by him: when poor *Sol*, seeing her self as it were pent up in a prison, that she had no new apparel, nor was towards any Husband; yea, looking back into the foulness of her fault, and seeing that she had made her self the grief of her Father and Mother, the laughter of the world, and almost the disdain of *Quatbrisson*, who (suffetting in his pleasures with her) began now to look lesse familiar, and more strange to her than accustomed, she with many sighes and tears repents her self of her error, but how to remedy it, she knows not.

As for *Quatbrisson*, he supposing he had his Fathers Miller *Pierot* at his command, proffereth him two hundred French Crowns to marry her; whereat this Meal-cap Miller (being a lusty young fellow of some five and twenty years old) could not at first refrain from blushing and laughing; when seeing *Marieta* to be young and fair, he is so far in love with her, as at first he wisheth her to his wife; but then again considering that she hath a geat belly by his young Master, that he still lyes with her, and that if he should marry her, he would undoubtedly be more Master and owner of her than himself, he prayes him therefore to excuse him, for that he is fully resolved not to marry her.

When *Quatbriffon* yet farther desirous to draw him to take her to his Wife, profereth *Pierot* a new Lease and Estate of his Mill from his Father for seven years, at his own cost and charges. But this Miller (being a pleasant joviall wag) tels his young Master that he had rather never hear the clacking of his Mill, than to live to see himself cornuted; and so upon no terms will marry *Marieta*, but for any other service, he swears to him, that he is, and ever will be wholly at his command. Poor *Marieta* now seeing her hopes grow small, and her belly great, and consequently her joyes decline, and her sorrows increase, finding that she is now rather *Quatbriffons* prisoner than his prize, and the Miller rather her Goaler than her Land-lord, (she with many far fetcht sighs & brinish tears) very passionately beseecheth *Quatbriffon* on her knees, that he will speedily either provide her a Husband, or permit her with her shamefull and sorrowfull burthen to return home to her afflicted and angry Parents. Two requests, and both so reasonable (quoth she to him) as if it be not in your power to grant me the first, yet I hope it will be your pleasure not to deny me the second. But *Quatbriffon*, notwithstanding all these tears and prayers of *Marietta*, he is still so vexed, as well with her importunity, as with the sharp complaints of his own Parents, and the bitter lamentations and outcries of hers, that (in the heat of sottish choller and ingratfull disdain) he flies from her, absents himself longer then accustomed, and thenceforth (by degrees) begins as much to loath her, as he formerly loved her. *Marietta* perceiving this his unexpected and ingratfull unkindness towards her, it pierceth her very heart with grief, and her soul with despaire; She requests the Miller to tell *Monsieur de Quatbriffon* that she prayes him to see her, or to permit her to see him; but he perceiving that his young Master slighted her; and that his hot affection was by this time waxed cold and frozen to her, he refuseth to go himself, and so sends his Boy; But what doth this importunity of hers procure or effect with *Quatbriffon*, but only the more inflame his choller, and therein the more increase her own sorrows, and accelerate and hasten on her miseries? For he bids the Boy tell her, that he is gone to *Rennes*, and will not return in a moneth; and withall, he wils him to bid his Master to come secretly to him in the morning, at his Fathers Orchard. So if *Quatbriffons* unkindness to *Marieta* formerly made her seem to be the picture of sorrow, Alas, now this his discourteous departure, and disdainning either to see her, or once bid her farewell, makes her really to be sorrow her self; for she tears her hair, and (with a mournfull and sorrowfull Ambition) endeavoureth to drown her self in the Ocean of her tears; yea, her griefs are so infinite, and her discontents so insupportable (in that she hath so deeply disobeyed her Parents, and offended God with her Fornication) as the remembrance of these sins and crimes of hers make her not dare to look up to Heaven for assistance; a thousand times she repents her self of her folly, and as often saith and dictateth to her, that she should be as happy as now she is miserable, if she again were a child, and not with child, and that she were again as living in her Mothers belly, as now by this time she finds her own poor unfortunate innocent babe is in hers. She as high as Heaven exclaimeth on *Quatbriffons* ingratitude, and curseth the name and memory of Fryer *Symplician* as low as Hell, for thus betraying and seducing her to sin, which hath now brought her to misery and disconsolation; yea, her unfortunacy is so great, as she cannot write for assistance from any where, or if she could, she knows not from whom once to expect, much less to receive it: but rather sees her self reduced to such extreme affliction and misery, that she is every way far more capable to weep or sigh forth her sorrows to her self, then to speak, or make them known to the world.

Whiles thus *Marieta* is pensively and pitifully echoing forth her complaints to the bare wals of her poor Chamber, *Pierot* the Miller finds out his young Master *Quatbriffon*, in the Orchard behind his Fathers house, according to his appointment, where betwixt this wretched and execrable couple the Reader must prepare to see them consult and conclude a most bloody and mournfull business, which will both exact pittie, and command lamentation from the most flinty and barbarous heart, yea in a word, from any living mortall man, whose prophane life and impiety hath not absolutely made him a meer Devill. For *Quatbriffon* having thus satiated and surfatted himself in reaping his beastly pleasures of poor *Marieta*, and (as before) exchanged his familiarity into malice, and his affection into envie towards her, knowing that she will be a perpetuall eye-sore to hi, Parents, and a continuall shame and scandall to himself, as long as she lives in this world, he therefore most ingratfully and cruelly resolves speedily to send her into another; and no consideration whatsoever either of her youth or beauty, of her great belly, or of his quick child within her, or of his own soul, can prevaile with him to the contrary: But the Devill is so strong with him, that he is miserably resolute not to retire, but to advance in this bloody business. To which effect, he breaks with *Pierot* the Miller to attempt and finish it, and again promiseth him the Fee-simple (or at least a Lease of seven years) of his Mill, to finish it; which this bloody miscreant (out of his hellish covetousness, and itching desire

to please his young Master) promisseth to accomplish. They now consult of the manner how to murder *Marieta*: The Miller affirms it to be the surest way (under some pretext) to take her into the next Wood by night, and there to murder her, which *Quatbrisson* contradiceth, because (saith he) her dead body being found so neer his Fathers house, this her murder will reflect on him; and therefore to make sure work, he bids the Miller to strangle her by night in her Bed, and so to bury her in his outer yard, and there to clap a Wood-vine over her, whereon they both agree. When swearing perpetuall secrecy each to other, this execrable Miller here promisseth *Quatbrisson* to dispatch her within three dayes at farthest.

This bloody bargain and compact being thus concluded between them, *Pierot* the Miller returns to his Mill, where poor *Marieta* (little suspecting or dreaming, what a dismall stratagem was plotted and resolved against her life) she (finding comfort from no where, and therefore seeking it every where) enquires of him if he came from *Monsieur de Caerstainges* house, and if his Son *Monsieur Quatbrisson* were departed from *Rennes*, as his Mill-boy had told her; who (here the better to lull her asleep, thereby with more facility to finish his bloody design on her) tells her that he was gone thither, but that before his departure he had left secret word for him to use her curteously in his absence, the which he swore to her he would carefully perform; whereat *Marieta* thanks him, but yet again prying more narrowly into this Millers looks than his speeches, she found that he now looked more fullen and haggardly to her than accustomed, or else that either her conceit or his countenance and Physiognomy deceived her therein. But here (before I proceed further) let us remark the strange effects, and events hereof; For a dreams prove seldome true, because they are as incertain as their causes, which for the most part either proceed from the influence of the heart, or else flow from the operations of the brain in their different passions of affection, Envie, Hope, Fear, Joy, Sorrow, or the like; So it pleased God that the very same night *Marieta* dreamt, that *Pierot* the Miller killed her, and threw her dead body into the Pond; the which remembering the next morning, she likewise remembred to acquaint him therewith, who (vile wretch and dissembling Hypocrite) seemed to be in choller thereat, vowing and swearing to her with many oaths and deprecations, that she was and should be as safe in his Mill, as if she were either in the Tower of *Bylin*, or in the Castle of *Blavet*, which indeed are reputed to be two of the strongest and most important peeces of little *Britany*; whereat poor *Marieta* again and again thanks him. But this notwithstanding, I now here tremble to report, that the very next ensuing night (*Marieta* proving too true a Herald and Prophetess, to her own immediate mournfull Tragedy) as the night had given truce to her tears, and sleep administred rest to her eyes, as she lay in her poor pallat bed, then this bloody villain *Pierot* the Miller very secretly enters her Chamber, and softly conveies a small cord under her head, and fastning it to her further bed poast (his strength conspiring with his malice) he then and there strangles her dead, giving her neither the power or time to cry, much less to speak one word, and as soon as this Agent of Hell had bereaved her (and consequently the fruit of her womb) of life, he within less than an hour after (not to give the lye to her own dream) changeth his purpose in the manner of her buriall, and so (in her clothes as she was) carries her to his little Mill-boat in the Pond, where fastning a great piece of an old broken Mill-stone to her middle (or waist) by a strong new Rope which he had purposely provided, he there throws her into the deepest place of his Pond, hoping, yea assuring himself, that she should never see nor hear more of her.

The very next morning after the finishing of this deplorable fact, *Pierot* (the Miller (not able to sleep for joy (at the very break of the day, dispeeds himself away with the news hereof to his young Master *Quatbrisson*, who hears and receives it with much content and joy, when (by his promise and oath again assuring the Miller of his Mill) he the better to bear, and wipe off the suspicion which this murder might reflect or cast on him (if it should ever hereafter come to be detected or discovered) rides away to the City of *Rennes*, where the States Generall of that Province (which we in *England* term our Parliament) was then to assemble, where rejoicing that he had so happily dispatched his clownish Strumpet *Marieta*, and *Pierot* the Miller at home likewise singing and triumphing at this his easie purchase of his Mill, they not so much as once look up to Heaven and God, or down to their own consciences and soules, what this foul and detestable Murder of theirs deserves. And not to go far, by this time the Lord thinks it high time, to bring this their cruell Murder to light, by a strange (I may justly say by a miraculous accident, which at unawares and when they least think thereof, will (amidst their mirth and security) befall them.

A moneth is not full past over since this Murder of *Marieta*, but God (in his sacred mercy and justice) is now resolved to make *Monsieur de Pont Chauvey* (*La Pratières* second Husband)

o be the first means for the detection hereof (and in that likewise afterwards of the poysoning of *Valfontain*) who being one day at *Vannes* with three other Gentlemen, his friends, he is desirous to hunt a Duck with two of his own Spaniels; And no Pond being so fit or neer as that of *Monsieur de Caerstaignes*, he makes choice thereof, but the Duck is no sooner in the Pond and the Dogs after her, but these two poor harmless Curs swimming eagerly for their prey, as they come to the place where *Marieta's* dead body was sunk and tyed, they instantly forsake and abandon the Duck, and there puddling with their feet, and snuffling with their noses in the water, they most lamentably set up their tunes, and aloud howl and bark each at other, without departing or stirring thence, the which *Pont Chauvey* and the other Gentlemen well observing, God instantly inspires their conceits with this apprehension, and their hearts with this jealousy; that (peradventure) there was some body, either accidentally or purposely drowned there, and that it now pleased his Divine Majesty to make these two poor Dogs his Agents and Officers to discover it, whereupon they once resolve to draw up the sluice, and to let out all the water of the Pond, but first they resolve to make another trial and experiment hereof, so for that time they take up their Duck, depart, and call away their Spaniels, but after Dinner they return, and the Duck being again put in, the Spaniels in the very same place do the like as in the morning, still howling and barking most lamentably, the which indeed yields harsh and displeasing musick to the trembling heart and guilty conscience of this murderous Miller, but still the Devil his School master makes him put a brazen face on his fear. Now this second action and demeanor of the Spaniels, confirms the first jealousy and apprehension of *Pont Chauvey* and his associates, who (to vindicate this truth) are now resolute in their former proposition, and desire of letting out the water of the Pond, the which they attempt to effect: But then this wretched Miller seeing himself now so narrowly put to his trumps and shifts, and therefore knowing it high time to prevent them, at least if he meant to provide for his own safety and life; he with many humble and sugred speeches (not seeming any way to take notice of their apprehension) tells them, that he is a poor young man, that this is his first year of setting up his Trade of a Miller for himself, that it being now in the midst of a hot and a dry Summer, his Pond will not receive in water again for his Mill to go in a week or two after, which will infallibly begger him, and therefore (almost with tears) he beseecheth them to desist from their purpose, and not to turn out the water of his Pond, yea he speaks so passionately and piteously to them, as his reasons prevail with the three other Gentlemen, but with *Pont Chauvey* they cannot, but rather the more confirm his former apprehension and belief, that sure there was some one or other drowned, and withall God doth afresh distill and infuse into his imaginations, that this very Miller himself might have some hand therein, notwithstanding all his humble prayers and smooth speeches to the contrary.

To which end *Pont Chauvey* the better to effect his desire & resolution, he (as a wise and discreet Gentleman) grants the Miller his request, when purposely sending away his Servants, Duck and Dogs, he enquires of the Miller if he have any dice or cards in his Mill, who answers him that he hath cards, but no dice: So into the Mill they all four go, and play at Lansknight for Cartdescus, and the Miller (now ravished with joy to see how his fair tongue hath kept the water in his Pond) is wonderfull diligent to wait, and officious to attend them and their commands.

But they having played an hour, *Pont Chauvey* now thinks it high time for him to effect his design and resolution, and then tells *Pierot* the Miller, that he is very dry and thirsty, demanding of him if there be any wine to sell neer his Mill, who tells them there is none nearer than the Town, where he willingly profereth to go and fetch some speedily, which indeed is that very part and point whereat *Pont Chauvey* only aimed: So he gives him money to fetch two grand pots of wine; when this inconsiderate and secure Miller (without either fear or wit) seems rather to flie than to run to the Town with joy for it, thinking and assuring that the storm of his danger was now already quite past and blown over; but he is no sooner out of sight, but *Pont Chauvey* presently throws up the Cards, and prays the rest of the Gentlemen to assist him in drawing up the sluice and emptying the Pond, for that his heart still prompts him there is some one drowned therein, whereunto they all give free consent; so by that time the water is half out, Lo (with much admiration and pittie) they behold a dead body floating therein, and yet fastned with a Rope to the bottom of the pond. And prying more narrowly to discern it, they (by the coats it wore) perceived it to be a woman, whom they cause to be taken up in the Mill boat, but her flesh is so riveld and withered with the water, and eaten and disfigured by the fish, as it was impossible to know what she was, and she stunk so

so odiously, as almost none durst approach her. *Pont Chaufey* (and his associars) seeing this wo-
full and lamentable spectacle, and comparing therewith the Millers earnest refusall, not to per-
mit them to empty his pond, he here confirms his former jealousie, and now confidently su-
spect him, either to be the Author or Actor of this cruell murther; To which end he and his
associars lay exact and curious wait for his return with the wine who comming therewith from
the Town merrily singing, and not so much as once dreaming what had hapned at the Pond,
he ascending the top of the Hill by the Woods side, and espying his Pond emptied, then the soul-
ness of his fact and conscience, and the eminency of his danger doth so terrifie and amaze him,
that he set down his pots of wine on the ground, and (committing his safety to the celerity
and swiftness of his heels) he with all possible speed runs away towards the centre of the Wood;
the which *Pont Chaufey* and the rest of the Gentlemen espying, they need no other evidence but
this his flight, to proclaim himself guilty of this murther, and so they speedily send after him,
and within one hour after he is found out, apprehended and brought back; they vehemently
accusing, and he as resolutely excusing himself of this murther; but notwithstanding they shut
him up close in his own Mill, till it be found out what this drowned murdered woman is.

The report of this mournfull accident being speedily divulged in *Vannes*, and bruted in the
neighbour Parishes, there are a world of people, who from all parts flock to the Pond, to be
spectators of this dead woman; and among the rest, *Yvon Malliot* and his wife *Jane Chaumet*,
no sooner understand hereof, but knowing it to be a woman, and drowned in *Monsieur de Caer-
staings* Pond, they exceedingly fear it is their Daughter *Marieta*, and to see the issue and truth
hereof she runs before, and he limps after as fast as he can, as if they should not come time e-
ough to make themselves miserable, with the sight and object of their misery. Now they are no
sooner arrived to the Pond, but they see all the people stand aloof from this murdered corps, be-
cause of the stinck thereof; but they (hardned by their fear, and encouraged by their affliction)
do willingly rush towards it, but cannot as yet discern what she was, by reason the fishes had al-
most eaten away all the flesh from her bones, which therefore no way satisfying their curiosity
and enquiry, they then fall to wash away the mud and oze from her clothes, hoping to draw some
information and light from them, as alas they now instantly do, for they find the Waistcoat and
two Petty-coats; that of ash colour serge, and these of green and red Bayes to be the very same
which their Daughter *Marieta* wore, when she either fled, or was stolen from them; whereat
crossing their Arms, and sending their sighs to heaven, and their tears to earth, this poor affli-
cted Father and Mother cry out that it was the dead body of their fair and unfortunate Daugh-
ter *Marieta*, and doubtless, that either *Monsieur Quatbrisson* or *Pierot* the Miller, or both of them
were her Murtherers; whereat all the people admire and wonder, every one speaking thereof
as their severall fancie led them, and as they stood affected, or disaffected to *Quatbrisson*, and
the Miller.

But *Pont Chaufey* rides presently to *Vannes* (leaving the other three Gentlemen his friends to
guard the Miller in his mill) and advertiseth the Seneſhall, and the other two Judges of this
deplorable fact; so they send for this Miller to *Vannes*, and the next day being brought before
them, they examine and accuse him for thus murthering of *Marieta*, but (having learnt his an-
swer and resolution of the Devill) he with many bitter oaths and curses denies its deposing and
swearing that he never knew her nor saw her; but this false answer and counterfeit coyn of his
will no way pass current with his Judges, but they forthwith ordain him to the Rack. Our
wretched Miller *Pierot* is amazed and terrified at the sight hereof, yea now his courage begins to
fail him, as fearing it to be the true Prologue, and fatall Harbinger to his death; so he endures
the single torment reasonable well, but feeling the pinches and tortures of the second, and well
knowing that his heart, Joynts, and patience can never endure it, he then and there confesseth to
his Judges, that he was the only Author and actor of this murther, and that he strangled her
in his Mill, and then sunk her in his Pond, because she would never consent or yeeld to be his
wife, but speaks not a word of *Quatbrisson*, or that he had any way seduced or hired him to
commit it; but fed his exorditant thoughts and erroneous hopes with the ayr of this vain belief
That when he was condemned to die here in *Vannes*, that he would then appeal thence to the
Court of Parliament of *Rennes*, where he knew his young Master *Quatbrisson* then was, & where
he presumed he had so many great and noble friends, as he should not need to fear his life: But
(contrary to these his weak & poor hopes) the very next morning when he expected to hear the
sentence of death pronounced against him, his Judges again adjudge him to the torments of the
Scarpines, to know if *Monsieur Quatbrisson*, or any other were accessory with him in this mur-
ther, when they cause his left foot to be burnt so soundly, as he will not endure to have his right
touched, and so confesseth that his young Master *Quatbrisson* seduced and hired him to strangle
Marieta in her bed in his Mill, and promised him the Fee Simple or Lease thereof to perform it,
that he it was who likewise threw her into the Pond, and that he also believes she was quick
with child by his said Master.


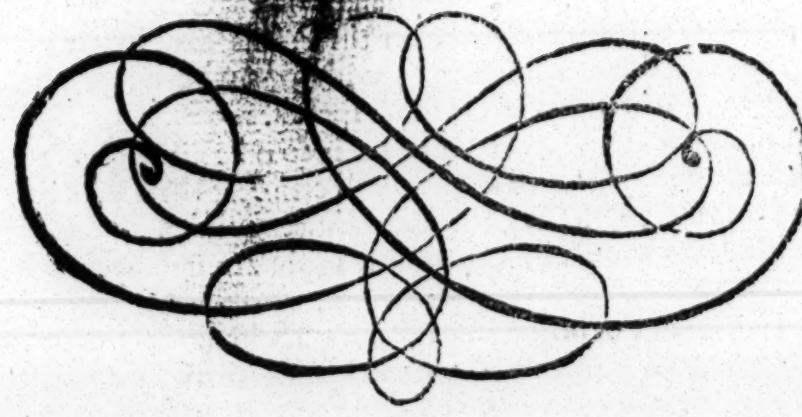
All *Vannes* wonder and talk of *Quatbrissons* base ingratitude and cruelty, towards this silly and harmless young Countrey Maiden *Marieta*, yea this foul and lamentable murder, admitteth likewise talk in all the adjoining Towns and Parishes; So this execrable Miller *Pierot* is by the Seneshall condemned to be broken alive on the Wheel, but yet (in regard of the necessity of his confrontation) they defer his execution till *Quatbrisson* be apprehended in *Rennes*, where the Seneshall, and Kings Attorney Generall of *Vannes*, do by post send away his accusation to that famous Court of Parliament; where whiles he is prancing in the streets of that City on his great Horse, and ruffling in his Scarlets and Satins, with three Lacpuies (richly clad) at his heels, the height of this pomp and bravery makes his shame the more apparant, and his crimes the more foul and notorious; For then when he thought himself to be farthest from danger, loe the Justice and Providence of God brings him nearest to it; for he is now here by a band of Hysliers (or Pursuivants) taken off from his horse, apprehended and imprisoned by the command of the Lieutenant Criminiall of that great Court, who yet vainly relying on the fidelity and secrecie of *Pierot* his Fathers Miller, he seems to be no way dismayed or daunted thereat; But when he hears his accusation and inditement read, that *Marieta's* murdered body was found in the Pond, that *Pierot* the Miller was apprehended and imprisoned for the same, and that he had confessed him to be the Author, and himself the Actor of this her cruell murder, then I say he is so appalled and daunted, and so far from any hope of life, as he utterly despaires thereof, and palpably sees the Image of death before his eyes: When (with a few tears, and many sighes) he here to his Judges confesseth himself to be the author of this foul fact, and so begs pardon thereof of God; for from these his grave and incorruptible Magistrates he is assured and confident to find none; Whereupon although four of the Counsel and one of the Presidents, were resolved in regard of this his inhumane and base crime to have him hanged, yet the rest of that wise and honourable Senate, knowing him to be the Son and Heir to a very ancient Gentleman, nobly descended, they over-sway and prevail with the others; and so they adjudge him the very next day to have his head cut off. although this his sorrowfull aged Father *Monsieur de Caerstange*, offered the one half of his Lands to save his life, & likewise was a most importunate Suppliant to the Duke of *Tremouille* (who then and there preceded at the Estates for the Nobility) to intercede with that Parliament for his reprieve, and with the King for his pardon, but in vain; For that noble Duke (considering the baseness and enormity of this his inhumane fact) was too wise to attempt the one; and too Honourable and generous to seek the other. So the very next morning *Quatbrisson* (apparrelled in a Sute of black Sattin, trimmed with Gold Lace) is brought to the Scaffold (at the common place of execution, which is in the midst of the City) where a very great concourse of people of all sorts, resort and flock to see him take his last farewell of this world, of whom the greatest part and number, lamented and pitied, that so proper and noble a Gentleman, should first deserve, and then receive so untimely a death: When after the Priests and Friars have here prepared and directed his soul, he ascending the Scaffold, with somewhat a low voice, and dejected and sorrowfull countenance, he delivered this short speech:

That in regard he knows, that (now when he is to take his last leave of this life) to charge his conscience with the concealing of any capitall crime, it the direct and true way to send his soul to hell instead of Heaven, he will now therefore reveale, that he is yet more execrable and bloody, then his Judges think or know, or his spectators imagine, for that he not only hired *Pierot* his Fathers Miller to murder *Marieta*, but also the Apothecary *Moncallier* to poyson his own Brother *Valfontain*; of both which foule and bloody crimes of his, he now freely confesseth himself guilty, and now from his heart and soul sorrowfully lamenteth and repenteth them; that his filthy lust and inordinate affection to women was the first cause, and his neglect of prayer to God the second, which hath justly brought him to his shamefull end and confusion; and therefore he beseecheth all, who are present to be seriously forewarned of the like by his wofull example, and that (in Christian charity) they will now joyn their devout prayers with his to God for his soul. When on the Scaffold praying a little whiles silently to himself kneeling, and then putting off his Dublet, he commits himself to the Executioner; who at one blow severed his head from his shoulders. But this punishment and death of *Quatbrisson* sufficeth not now to give full content and satisfaction to his Judges, who (by his own confession) considering his inhumane and deplorable poysoning of his own Brother, *Valfontaine*, they as soon as he is dead, and before he be cold, adjudge his body, to be taken down, and there burnt to ashes at the foot of the Gibbet, which accordingly is performed.

And here our thoughts and curiosity must now return Poast from *Rennes* to *Vannes*, and from wretched *Quatbrisson* to the base and bloody Miller *Pierot*, whom God and his Judges have now ordained shall likewise smart for this his lamentable murder on poor and harm-

lets *Marieta*. He is brought to the Gallows in his old dusty mealy Suit of Canvas, where a Priest preparing him to dye, he (either out of impiety, or ignorance, or both) delivereth this idle speech to the people, That because *Marieta* was young and fair he is now hartily sorry that he had not married her, and that if he had been as wise as covetous, the two hundred Crowns, or the Lease of his Mill, which his young Master *Monsieur Quatbrisson* proffered him, might have made him wink at her dishonesty, and that although she were not a true Maid to her self, yet that she might have proved a true and honest wife to him, with many other frivolous words and lewd speeches tending that way; which I purposely omit, and resolve to pass over in silence, as holding them unworthy either of my relation; or the Readers knowledge: when not having the grace once to name God, to speak of his soul, to desire Heaven, or to seem to be any way repentant and sorrowfull for this his bloody offence, he is stripped naked, having only his shirt fastned about his waist, and with an Iron Bar hath his legs, thighs, armes, and breast, broken alive, and there his miserable body is left naked and bloody on the Wheel, for the space of two dayes, thereby to terrifie and deterre the beholders from attempting the like wretched crime. And the Judges of *Vannes* being certified from the Court of Parliament at *Rennes*, that *Quatbrisson* at his death charged the Apothecary *Moncallier* to have (at his hiring and instigation) poysoned his Brother *Valsontaine*, they hold the Church to be too holy a place for the body and buriall of so prophane and bloody Villain: When after well near a whole years time that he was buried in Saint *Francis* Church in that Town, they cause his Coffin to be taken up, and both his body and it to be buried by the Common Hang-man, and his ashes to be thrown into the aire; Which to the joy of all the Spectators is accordingly performed:

Gods



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXV.

Vaſti firſt murthereth his Son George, and next poyſoneth his own wife Heſter, and being afterwards almoſt killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth theſe his two murderers, for the which he is firſt hangd, and then burnt.

TO religious hearts, there can nothing be ſo diſtaſtfull as Sin, nor any Sin ſo odious and execrable as Murther: for it being contrary to Nature and Grace, the very thought, much more the act thereof, ſtrikes horrow to their hearts and conſciences. Wherefore, if this foule and bloody Sin be ſo diſpleaſing to godly men, how infinitely more deteſtable is it then to God himſelf, who made all living creatures to ſerve Man, and only created Man purpoſely to ſerve himſelf? But as Choller and Malice proceed from the paſſions of men, ſo doth Murther from the Devill; for elſe we ſhould not ſo often and frequently ſee it perpetrated in moſt Countreyes and Cities of the World as we do: A mournfull Example whereof I here produce to your view and ſerious conſideration.

The place of this Hiſtory, is Fribourg (an antient City of Switzerland) which gives name to one of the Diviſions (or Cantons) of that famous and warlike Country: Wherein (of freſh memory) dwelt a rich burger named Peter Vaſty, who had to his wife a modeſt, diſcreet, and vertuous woman named Heſter, by whom he had one only child, a Son called George Vaſti,

whom God sent them the latter end of the first year of their marriage; and for the term of some ten years following, this married couple lived in most kind and loving sort each with other, yea their hearts and inclinations so sympathized in mutuall and interchangeable affection, as they held and reputed none of their Neighbours so rich in content as themselves; for shee was carefull of her Family, and he very diligent and industrious to maintain it; both of them being chaste and continent in themselves, very religious towards God, and exceeding charitable, affable, and courteous to all their Neighbours and Acquaintance, only they are so temperate in their drinking, as he would not, and she could not be tainted with that beastly vice of drunkenness, whereunto that Country, and the greatest part of that people, are but too excessively addicted and subject: So that had *Vasti* still imbraced and followed those Vertues in the course and conduction of his life, he had not then defiled this History with the profusion of so many sins, nor be sprinkled it with the effusion of so much innocent blood, nor consequently have administered so much sorrow to the Reader, in perusing and knowing it: but as contrary Causes produce contrary Effects, so he (by this time) polluting himself with filthy and pernicious Company, it is no marvell if he leave his temperancie to follow drunkenness, his chastity to commit fornication and adultery, yea, it is no marvell I say, if these foul sins (as Bawds to rage and revenge) exact such power in his heart, and predominacie in his soul, as in the end to draw him to murther: for good men cannot receive a greater plague, nor the Devill afford or give them a worse pestilence, then bad company. It is the fatal Shelves, and dismall rocks, whercon a world of people have, and do daily suffer shipwreck; yea, it is the grief of a Kingdom and Countrey, the bane of our Age, and the corruption and poyson of our Times: for it turnes those who profess and pursue it, out of their Estates and homes, which they are then inforced either to sell, or rather to give away to usurers and Cormorants; and consequently which makes themselves, and their poor Wives and Children ready to starve and dye in our streets. So this is now the cause of our *Vasti*, and therefore it will be his happiness, if it prove not his misery hereafter: for after twelve years time of a most peaceable cohabitation, and Godly conversation between him and his vertuous wife *Hester*, it is a thousand griefs and pitties that she must now be inforced to see so brutish and beastly a Metamorphosis in her Husband: for he is no more the man which he was, nor the Husband which she formerly found him to be. He loves neither his house nor his wife, but staves abroad every day with his whores, and then at night returns home to her stark drunk, in lamentable sort reviles and beats her, whereas heretofore he would rather have lost his life than have stricken her, and whereas heretofore he affected and loved her so dearly, as he thought he could not be kind enough to her, now (in the extravagancie of these his deboshed humours) he hates her so deadly as he deems and supposeth he can not be sufficiently cruell to her, although her affection be still so fervent to him, and her care so vigilant and respectfull of him, as she gives him nothing but either sweet words, tears, sighs, silence, or prayers; yea, she proves her self so good a woman to so bad a man, and so courteous and vertuous a wife to so unkind and vitious a Husband, as to the eyes and judgements of all their Kinsfolks and Neighbours, they know it is now her praise and glory, and fear it will hereafter prove his shame and misery. She leaves no means unassayed, or invention unsought and unattempted, to divers and turn this foul inundation of his vice into the sweet streams of Vertue, and the pure rivers of Godliness: But Alls good woman, her care proves vain, and her affection and zeal impossible herein, although her pale cheeks, mournfull eyes, brinish tears, far fetcht sighs, religious prayers, and sweet perswasions, do still second and accompany her indeavours in this her desired hope of his reformation; for she inforced to know that he keeps a young Strumpet named *Salyna*, at the Town of *Cleraux*, some six Leagues from *Fribourg*, whether most mornings he goes to her, and to make himself the more treacherous a dissembler to his wife; and the more execrable a traitor to his soul, he fortifieth and coloureth out this his accustomed journey to his Strumpet with this false Apologie, that he goes to *Cleraux* to hear the Sermons of Mr. *Abraham Tislin*, a very famous and religious Preacher there, when God and his ulcerated soul and conscience know the contrary, and that this pretended excuse of his is but only a false cloak to overvaile his true Adultery, and prophane Impiety: for he needed not to have formerly added whoredome to his drunkenness, and now ingratitude, cruelty and impiety to his Whoredome; in regard the least of these enormous crimes and finnes assuredly have the power, and will infallibly find the means to make him futurely as miserable, as now he foolishly thinks himself happy; for these his journeys to *Cleraux* are only the Pilgrimage of his wanton Lust. *Salyna* is the Saint of his voluptuous devotion, her house the Temple of his obscene wishes, and Adultery the oblation and sacrifice of his lascivious desires.

We can difficultly make our selves guilty of a fouler sin on earth, than to seem sanctified in our

our devotions towards God, when we are prophane, or to indeavour to appear sound without, when we are rotten within in our faith and Religion; for as man is the best and noblest of all Gods creatures, so an hypocrite towards God in the worst of men, yea or rather a devill and no man; for our hearts and actions, and our most retyred thoughts, and secret darling sins, are conspicuous and transparant to Gods eyes, as his decrees and resolutions are invisible to ours, such he sees all things, and we see nothing when we do not see him. A miserable hight of impiety, in making of our selves foolishly sinners, and wilfully Hypocrites, and yet it is a more fatall and fearfull degree thereof, when we so delight in sin and glory in hypocritie, as to make Apologies for the same.

But *Vasti* not thinking either of Religion or God, frolicks it out with *Salyna* his strumpet in *Cleraux*, whiles his own vertuous wife *Hester* weeps at home at *Fribourg*, and when he returns thence, he is still so hard hearted and cruell to her, as he continually beats her. Now by this time *George* their Son is sixteen years of age, of a mans courage and stature, and of a very pregnant wit; so that as young as he is, he hath been long enough a sorrowfull eye-witness of his Fathers cruelty, in beating of his Mother; He hath formerly seen the lamentable affects, and now he falls on his knees to her, and (with tears and prayers) beseecheth her to acquaint him with the true cause thereof, and from whence it proceeds; when his Mother (adding more confidence to his wisdom than to his youth) from point to point fully relates it to him, accordingly as we have formerly understood; *George* burst forth into sorrowfull passions at her repetition, and his knowledge hereof, as not able to refrain from sighing to see her sigh, nor from weeping to see her weep; He as much grieves to be the Son of so vicious a Father, as he rejoiceth and glorieth to be that of so vertuous a Mother, so he makes her sorrows his, and here weds himself to her quarrell (with promise and Oath) either to right it with his Father, or to revenge it on *Salyna*, whom he knows to be the originall cause of all these stormes and tempests, of all these afflictions and miseries which befall his Mother, and in he himself: He will no longer be a child, because God and nature hath now made him a man, so the very next time he sees his Father beat his Mother he steps to her assistance, and defends her from the tyranny of his blows, and then advanceth so farr, as he performs it with an unwilling willing resistance of him, the which his Faaher takes extremely ill and cholerickly from him, gives him sharp words, and menaceth him with bitter blows. *George* his Son, first returns him a brief rehearsall of the wrongs and indignities he still offereth to his Mother, when protesting of his obedience to him, he yet tells him, that he is willing to entertaine his words but no longer capable to digest and receive his blows, adding withall (as a passionate Corollary) that ere long he will visit his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*, and make her feel a part of her base carriage, and ill deservings, both towards his Mother and himself: *Vasti* is much astonished at this audacity and boldness of his Son, but far more to hear him name and threaten *Salyna*, the very thought of which his speeches grates him to his heart, and grieves him to his soul, so hee puts water in his wine, holds it for that time a vertue, to be no longer stormy but calme, and then (chollerickly threatning him with his finger) he departs to his Chamber, leaving his wife and his Son consulting in the Parlour, how (with most assurance, & least scandal) they may provide for their affairs. The next morning, *Vasti* his Father keeps his bed, & gives order, that neither his Wife or Son have admittance to him, the which discourtesie of his, gives his Son a fresh and strong motive, to revive his last nights discontent against his Father, and his choller against *Salyna*, when bidding his Mother the good morrow, and craving her blessing, he (purposely) frames an excuse to leave her till she be ready, and so very privately takes horse, and that morning acts a business, every way worthy of himself, and indeed far more worthy of laughter, then of our pittie. For it is not so much his malice to *Salyna*, as his affection to his Mother *Hester*, which carries him and his resolution to *Cleraux*; where entring *Salyna*'s house, he (with fire in his looks and thunder in his speeches) calls her whore and strumpet, chargeth her for abusing his Father, and in him his Mother and himself. His choller cannot retain her patience, to hear her false answers and apologies to the contrary, but disdainig as much to use his sword on a woman, as to fowl it on a Strumpet, he takes his mans short cudgell, and gives her at least a dozen blows on her back, armes and shoulders therewith, seriously vowing and swearing to her; That if she forsake not his Fathers company, and use the means that henceforth he do utterly abandon hers, he will shortly give her so bitter a payment and requitall, as he will hardly leave her either the will or power to thank him for his courtesie, and so remounts his horse, and presently gallops home to his Mother, whom he acquaints therewith, but yet conceals it from his Father, whereat she seems not to be a little joyfull, and yet heartily prayeth to God, that this breed no bad blood in her husband, or prove either an incitation to his choller against her self, or a passion of revenge against their Son.

But this joy of *Hester* and her Son *George*, proves the sighs and tears of *Salyna*, who not accustomed to receive such sharp payment, and usage from any mans hands whosoever, it makes her

her extream chollerick and vindiictive, so that her stomack is so great, and her heart so highly and imperiously lodged, that she will not suffer this cruell affront offered her by *George Vasti*, to go unrequited; but yet she will be as advised and secret in her revenge towards him, as hee was rash and publick in his towards her. To which end and purpose, seeing that *Vasti* his Father came not to her that day (whereby she judged he was wholly ignorant what had befallen her from his Son) she that night writes him a short-Letter, and the next morning sends it home to *Fribourg* to him, by a confident messenger of hers, who arriving there and finding him pensively walking in his Garden, hee respectfully delivered it to him, who breaking up the Seales thereof, found it spake thus.

SALYNA to VASTI.

B*Y all the inviolabl love and tender affection which is betwixt us, I pray and conjure you to leave Fribourg, and come over to me with hast and expedition to Cleraux, because I have a great and important secret to reveal you, which equally concerns us, and which I dare not to commit to pen and paper; for that the relation and knowledge thereof needs no other witnesses but our selves. If you any way neglect this my advise, or deny, or deferr this my request, the grief will be mine now, but the prejudice and repentance yours hereafter. I write you these few lines with infinite affliction and sorrow, which nothing can deface but your sight, nor remedy but your presence, and when you come to me, prepare your heart and resolution, to receive it from me, with farr more tears then kisses.*

SALYNA.

This Letter of hers doth so nettle *Vasti* with apprehension and fear, that his Son *George* hath offered her some violence and out-rage, as he is almost as soon in *Cleraux* as he is out of *Fribourg*, where his Mistress *Salyna* very passionately and chollerickly informes him of his Sons cruelty towards her, and (to add the more efficacie to her speeches, the more power to her complaints, and the more Oile to the fire of his anger and revenge) she forgets not to paint out to him (in all their colours) the number of his Sons blows, and the nature and quality of his threats given her, when watering her words with her tears, she swears, that if he speedily do not right and revenge these her wrongs upon his said Son, she will never kiss, or see him more. *Vasti* takes these speeches from *Salyna* tongue, and placeth them in his own heart; yea he hereat is so chollerickly intended toward his Son, and so sottishly affected to her, as consulting with rage, but not with reason, and with Satan, not with God, hee (to exhale her tears, and so to give consolation to her sorrows) tels her; That he loves her so tenderly and constantly, as he will not fail to kill his Son for this uncivill and inhumane fact of his towards her. *Salyna* is amazed and astonished at this his unnaturall resolution to his Son, the which (as vicious as she is) she abhors and condemns in him as soon as understands. So she tells him plainly, that albeit she have given him her heart and body, yet that she is not so exempts of grace, nor so wretchedly instructed in Piety, as to take away her soul from God, and therefore that although she be guilty of Adultery, yet she will never be of Murther; so in religious termes (worthy of an honest woman then her self) she powerfully seeks to dissuade him from this bloody and unnaturall attempt, as well to prevent their future wrongs and fears, as to secure their dangers and reputations, and so prays him to seek out some other remedy and requitall towards his Son, the which he promiseth her, and seals it with some Oaths and many kisses; staves and dines with her, and immediatly takes horse and rides homewards. His Son *George* finding his Father ridden forth, and being ascertained that he was gone to *Cleraux*, to his Strumpet *Salyna*, where she should acquaint him at full with his beating of her, he fearing his choller, holds it more discretion then disobedience in him, to take his sword with him for his defence; when choosing a good horse out of the Stable, he deems it more secure and lesse dangerous to meet his Father halte way, betwixt *Cleraux* and *Fribourg*, and there in the open Field to expect and attend what he had to say to him. *Vasti* seeing his Son *George* a far off come riding towards him, with his Sword by his side, he much marvelleth thereat, when well knowing his courage and vallour, and that (as young as he was) he had lately at *Shafouse* acquitted himself of a duell to his honour and reputation, hee therefore resolves to make it a tongue and not a sword quarrell with him, and so they meet: *George* doing his duty to his Father with his Hat off, and his Father speaking not angerly but mildly to him: Their meddow conference which they then had there had betwixt them was thus.

Fa. What reason hadst thou so cruelly to beat poor *Salyna*?

So. A thousand times more then you have to beat my Mother Hester.

Fa. Tell me why.

So. The reason is just and pertinent, because that is your lascivious whore, and this your chaste and vertuous wife.

Fa. What hast thou gotten by this thy rash choller in beating her?

So. Not by farre so much as you have lost by your sottish lust in kissing her.

Fa. It is thy Mothers jealousie which hath sown and scattered these untruths in thy believe.

So. I pray excuse me, for they are palpable and apparant truths, and such as it is wholly impossible either for your hypocrisie or police to root thence.

Fa. Since when becamest thou so sawcie and peremptory?

So. From that very time I first understood you were become so vicious.

Fa. I have a mad Son in thee.

So. It were a great happines both for my Mother and my self, if you proved a tamer Husband to her and an honest Father to me.

Fa. If thou follow those courses, to love thy Mother better than my self, I vow I will wholly disinherite thee.

So. If you follow these courses, to love Strumpets better than my Mother, I swear you will shortly consume all your estate, and disinherite your self first.

Fa. This word Strumpet is very rife in thy mouth.

So. I wish to God that the thing were not so frequent in your heart.

Fa. Wilt thou be friends with Salyna, and reconcile thy self to her?

So. Yes, when I see you become an enemy to her, and a friend to my Mother, and your self, but not before.

Fa. Why, Charity is the true mark of a Christian.

So. But I assure you, so is not Adultery and Cruelty.

Fa. Shall I make peace betwixt thee and Salyna?

So. No, but I would make it the ioy of my heart, and the glory of my life, if I might be so happy to knit and confirm a good peace betwixt your self and my Mother.

Fa. Wilt thou attempt it, if I request thee?

So. I will, if you please to command me.

Fa. I pray thee George do.

So. My best endeavours shall herein wait on your desires, and dutifully follow your commands.

Fa. But be carefull to make my reconciliation with thy Mother eternall.

So. It can never subsist, nor prosper, if you henceforth resolve to make it temporary, because affection and amity which once receives end, had never beginning.

Fa. Here I vow constantly a reformation of my life from all other women, and a perpetuall renovation of my affection to my Wife thy Mother.

So. God and his Angels bless this your conversion, and confirm this resolution in you.

Fa. And God bless thee my Son, for wishing and desiring it.

So. I thank you Sir, but I humbly pray you likewise to forgive and forget this my boldness to you in my Mothers behalf.

Fa. George, here in presence of God I cheerfully and freely do it from my heart.

So. Amen, Amen, Sir.

This meddow conference thus ended between them, they ride home towards Fribourg, and by the way Vasti willeth and prayeth his Son, to finish this peace between him and his Mother that very night, and to dispose her so effectually thereunto, as that they may make a merry supper of it, and all former differences between them, to be then and there ended, and for ever trampled under foot, the which George his Son to the best of his possible power cheerfully and joyfully promiseth him; So home they come; Vasti walks in his Garden, and George finds out his Mother in her own Chamber, being newly risen from her prayers, wherein she was so zealous and religious as she spent the greatest part of her time. Here George informs his Mother Hester at full, what conference had now past in the open fields betwixt him and his Father: And (in a word) hee here acts his part and duty so well and discreetly, as he leaves no art nor persuasions unattempted to draw her to this attonement with his Father. When she at first considering the nature and quality of her Husbands unkind and cruell usage to her, she found an opposition hereof in her mind, and a resistance in her will; and a reluctancy in her nature and judgement; But at last giving now her former discontent to charity, her passions to peace, her sorrows to silence, her resolutions to Religion, her anger to affection, her malice to oblivion, and her grief unto God, she (after a brief consultation, and a short expostulation hereof between them) with a cheerfull countenance thanks her Son for his care of her, and his affection to her herein; and so informs him, That shee (having never justly offended her Husband in thought word or deed) is as willing of peace and reconciliation with him, as he can possibly desire or wish, and here to testifie it to her Son as well in action as words, she would then have gone down with him to her Husband, there privatly to have concluded this Christian business betwixt

twixt them, had her Son not diverted her from it; For being exceeding carefull to preserve his Mothers right and reputation, he prays her to stay, alleading that he would presently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requisite and just, that the Delinquent, should first see and seek the party wronged, before the party seek the Delinquent whereat she cannot refrain from smiling, and then bids him go: So *George* descends to the Garden; and acquaints his Father with his Mothers free disposition, and cheerfull resolution to a perpetuall peace with him, whereat he seems infinitely glad and joyfull, and so ascends her Chamber, and having saluted her, tells her, that he is very sorrowfull and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindness towards her, whereof he prays her pardon, and constantly vows reformation; so this his vertuous and kind wife *Hester* freely forgets and forgives *Vasti* her Husband; and then he gives her many kisses in requitall, and bids his Son *George* to provide good cheer for Supper; and the better to seal and solemnize this their reconciliation and atonement, he bids him to invite some of their Kinsfolks and Neighbours to be present thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheer and choyce wine is wanting; So they are wonderfull frolick, pleasant, and merry, all rejoyce at this good news, and highly applaud their Son *George*, for his discreet carriage and care in the managing of this business. Thus all things seem to be fully reconciled, and here *Vasti* drinks many times to his wife *Hester*, and she again to her Husband with much affection and joy: When Supper being ended, their guests departed, and their Son *George* having received both of their blessings, they betake themselves to their Chamber and bed.

Now (in all humane sense and reason) who would once conceive or think, that after this Meadow conference of *Vasti* to his Son *George*, but that this his now Table reconciliation with his wife *Hester* were true, and pronounced with much integrity from himself, with deep affection to her, and infinite zeal and devotion to God; but Alas nothing less, for here I am enforced to relate, that *Vasti* the same night had not lain in Bed by his wife five or six houres, but she (good woman) sleeping in her innocency, he (as a devill incarnate) was waking in his malice and revenge, and laughing in his sleeve to see how cunningly and subtilly he hath lulled asleep the courage of his Son, with a Meadow conference, and the jealousy of his Wife with a Supper, and a few sweet words and kisses: When here againe the Devill blowing the coles to his lust, and marshalling up his former obscene desires and resolutions, only his body is in bed with his wife *Hester*, here in *Fribourg*, but his affection and heart is still in the bosome of his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*; yea the Devill I say, is now both so busie and so strong with him, that (as a hellish counsellour, and prodigious pen-man) hee writes down this definitive sentence in his thoughts, and fatall resolution in his heart: That *Salyna* he will love, and his wife *Hester* he cannot, and that shortly he will give so sharp a revenge to his Son *George*, for his disobedience towards him, and for beating of his *Salyna*, as she shall have no further cause to feare his cruelty, nor himself his courage, and because he prefers her love to his own life (as being dangerously intangled and captivated in the snares of her youth and beauty) he likewise resolves to write and send her a Letter the very next morning.

Now judge Christian Reader, is not this like to prove a sweet reformation and reconciliation of *Vasti* to his wife and Son, sith these are the sparks which diffuse and flie out from the fire of his lust, and the fatall lines which issue forth from the Centre of his bloody heart, and sinfull soul, for in the morning before his wife is out of her bed, he is stirring and writes this Letter to *Salyna*, which hee sends her by a trusty messenger.

VASTI to SALYNA.

I Am plotting of a business, which will infinitely import both our contents; so if thou wilt resolve to brook my absence, with as much patience, as I do thine with sorrow, I shall finish it the sooner, and consequently the sooner see thee. I have met with an Accident, which I thought was wholly impossible for me to meet with; and though at first it brought me fear and affliction, yet at length I was enforced to interpose discretion, in stead of courage, thereby to draw security out of policie, which I could not hope for out of resistance; for I must inform thee of this truth, that if my Zeal and affection to thee had not been of greater power and consideration then that of mine own life, I should then with more facility and willingness rather have hazarded it for thy sake, then have reserved it for mine own. But the mists of those doubts are now dissipated, and the Clouds of these fears blown away; or if not, I will shortly take that order, that thou shalt have no cause to fear the one, or I to doubt the other. When I shall be so happy to see thee, I know not, but if fortune prove propitious to my desires and wishes, my return shall be acted with as much celerity, as it is eagerly longed for of me with affection and passion.

VASTI.

Salyna

Salyna receives this Letter of *Vasti* with equall fear and joy ; for as she was glad to heare of him and his news, so she was sorrowfull, as fearing that for her sake he should imbarke himself in some bloody business, which might prove ruinous to them both : And although her apprehension do far exceed her knowledge herein, yet her suspicion will give her no truce, neither can her jealousie administer any peace either to her heart or mind, before she be resolved by *Vasti* of the doubtfull and different truth hereof, She is so prophane and lascivious, as she can content her self to make him guilty of Fornication; but yet Religion hath left some sparks and impressions of Piety in her, that she would still have him innocent of Revenge and Murther : to which effect, by his own messenger she returns him this answer.

SALYNA to VASTI.

BEcause you deem mee unworthy to know your Designes, therefore I have assumed the boldness to fear them, in which regard and consideration find it not strange that I now intreat you to ingrave in your heart, and imprint in your memory, that malice is most commonly squint ey'd, and Revenge still blind : therefore if you will not ruine our affections and fortunes, take heed that you imbrue not your heart and hand in innocent blood; for Murther is a crying and a Scarlet sin, which God may forgive and make white by his Mercie, but will not by his Justice ; whereof this my Letter of advice to you shall be a witness betwixt God, your self, and me: and therefore, as you love mee, hazard not your life for my sake, but preserve it for your own. As it is in your will to make your stay from mee as long or short as you please, so it shall be in my pleasure to Judge thereof, and thereby likewise of your affection to me. I wish I could be more yours then I am, and your self as often in my sight and company, as I desire God prosper you in your stay, and me in your absence.

SALYNA.

Vasti having thus settled his affection and affaires with *Salyna*, he sees with grief that it is now almost impossible for him to see her in *Cleraux*, because of the vigilant and watchfull eye of his Son *George*, over himself and his actions here in *Fribourg* ; wherefore notwithstanding her wholesome and religious advice to him to beware of blood, yet his lustfull affection to her doth so outbrave and conquer his naturall love to him, that to satiate his inordinat concupiscence, and to give content to his obscene and beastly desires, he vows he will shortly send him to Heaven in a bloody Coffin. Now the sooner and better for him to compass and finish this his deplorable stratagem, and unnaturall resolution against his Son, his counsellour the Devill adviseth him that he must for a short time make wonderful fair weather with him, and gild over all his speeches and actions to his wife *Hester*, with ^{son} her respect and courtesie; the which *Vasti* doth speedily put in practice : So for a moneth or six weeks time, he sees not *Salyna*, but all things (to the eye of the World) go in great peace, affection, and tranquility betwixt Father, Mother, and Son. But this false Sunshine will be too soon o'retaken with a dismall storm and tempest : for what religious or Christian shew soever *Vasti* externally makes unto them, yet although he have God in his tongue, he neverthelesse internally carries the Devill about him in his heart; so again and again he definitively vows and swears to himself, that his Son *George* shall not live but die. Thus being resolute in his bloody purpose, hee likewise resolves to add policy to his malice against him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility to draw him to the lure and snare which (in his diabolical invention) he hath ordained for his destruction, he fills his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generosity and dignity of a Souldier, whereunto as also to travell into our Countries, he knew that this his Son of himself was already ambitiously inclined and affected. At other times he representeth to him, to how many dammages and dangers idleness is exposed and subject, and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learn Vertues abroad, thereby to be the more capable to know how to practise them at home, and with what renown and glory their Ancestours have heretofore beaten and ruined the Dukes of *Burgundie*, their professed enemies, and now made themselves and their Countrey famous to the greatest Princes and Potentates of *Europ*, especially to the Kings of *France* and *Spain*, who these many years, and now likewise at present (qd. he) do equally court our affections and service, though not with the same or like integrity. And these, and such treacherous Lectures, doth *Vasti* still read unto his Son *George*, as often as he calls him into his company and presence untill at last the fame and name of a Souldier, and the honour of travell, have so surpris'd his youthfull affection, and seiz'd on his ambitious resolutions, that at last he beseecheth his Father to send him abroad in some martiall service, or generous imployment. But the Father being as cunning as his Son is rash and inconsiderate, suffereth himself of purpose to be earnestly and

twixt them, had her Son not diverted her from it; For being exceeding carefull to preserve his Mothers right and reputation, he prays her to stay, alleadging that he would presently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requisite and just, that the Delinquent, should first see and seek the party wronged, before the party seek the Delinquent whereat she cannot refrain from smiling, and then bids him go: So *George* descends to the Garden; and acquaints his Father with his Mothers free disposition, and cheerfull resolution to a perpetuall peace with him, whereat he seems infinitely glad and joyfull, and so ascends her Chamber, and having saluted her, tells her, that he is very sorrowfull and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindness towards her, whereof he prays her pardon, and constantly vows reformation; so this his vertuous and kind wife *Hester* freely forgets and forgives *Vasti* her Husband; and then he gives her many kisses in requitall, and bids his Son *George* to provide good cheer for Supper; and the better to seal and solemnize this their reconciliation and atonement, he bids him to invite some of their Kinsfolks and Neighbours to be present thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheer and choyce wine is wanting; So they are wonderfull frolick, pleasant, and merry, all rejoyce at this good news, and highly applaud their Son *George*, for his discreet carriage and care in the managing of this business. Thus all things seem to be fully reconciled, and here *Vasti* drinks many times to his wife *Hester*, and she again to her Husband with much affection and joy: When Supper being ended, their guests departed, and their Son *George* having received both of their blessings, they betake themselves to their Chamber and bed.

Now (in all humane sense and reason) who would once conceive or think, that after this Meadow conference of *Vasti* to his Son *George*, but that this his now Table reconciliation with his wife *Hester* were true, and pronounced with much integrity from himself, with deep affection to her, and infinite zeal and devotion to God; but Alas nothing less, for here I am informed to relate, that *Vasti* the same night had not lain in Bed by his wife five or six houres, but she (good woman) sleeping in her innocency, he (as a devill incarnate) was waking in his malice and revenge, and laughing in his sleeve to see how cunningly and subtilly he hath lulled asleep the courage of his Son, with a Meadow conference, and the jealousy of his Wife with a Supper, and a few sweet words and kisses: When here againe the Devill blowing the coles to his lust, and marshalling up his former obscene desires and resolutions, only his body is in bed with his wife *Hester*, here in *Fribourg*, but his affection and heart is still in the bosome of his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*; yea the Devill I say, is now both so busie and so strong with him, that (as a hellish counsellour, and prodigious pen-man) hee writes down this definitive sentence in his thoughts, and fatall resolution in his heart: That *Salyna* he will love, and his wife *Hester* he cannot, and that shortly he will give so sharp a revenge to his Son *George*, for his disobedience towards him, and for beating of his *Salyna*, as she shall have no further cause to feare his cruelty, nor himself his courage, and because he prefers her love to his own life (as being dangerously intangled and captivated in the snares of her youth and beauty) he likewise resolves to write and send her a Letter the very next morning.

Now judge Christian Reader, is not this like to prove a sweet reformation and reconciliation of *Vasti* to his wife and Son, sith these are the sparks which diffuse and flie out from the fire of his lust, and the fatall lines which issue forth from the Centre of his bloudy heart, and sinfull soul, for in the morning before his wife is out of her bed, he is stirring and writes this Letter to *Salyna*, which hee sends her by a trusty messenger.

VASTI to SALYNA.

I Am plotting of a business, which will infinitely import both our contents; so if thou wilt resolve to brook my absence, with as much patience, as I do thine with sorrow, I shall finish it the sooner, and consequently the sooner see thee. I have met with an Accident, which I thought was wholly impossible for me to meet with; and though at first it brought me fear and affliction, yet at length I was enforced to interpose discretion, instead of courage, thereby to draw security out of policie, which I could not hope for out of resistance; for I must inform thee of this truth, that if my Zeal and affection to thee had not been of greater power and consideration then that of mine own life, I should then with more facility and willingness rather have hazarded it for thy sake, then have reserved it for mine own. But the mists of those doubts are now dissipated, and the Clouds of these fears blown away; or if not, I will shortly take that order, that thou shalt have no cause to fear the one, or I to doubt the other. When I shall be so happy to see thee, I know not, but if fortune prove propitious to my desires and wishes, my return shall be acted with as much celerity, as it is eagerly longed for of me with affection and passion.

VASTI.

Salyna

Salyna receives this Letter of *Vasti* with equall fear and joy; for as she was glad to heare of him and his news, so she was sorrowfull, as fearing that for her sake he should imbarke himself in some bloody business, which might prove ruinous to them both: And although her apprehension do far exceed her knowledge herein, yet her suspicion will give her no truce, neither can her jealousie administer any peace either to her heart or mind, before she be resolved by *Vasti* of the doubtfull and different truth hereof, She is so prophane and lascivious, as she can content her self to make him guilty of Fornication; but yet Religion hath left some sparks and impressions of Piety in her, that she would still have him innocent of Revenge and Murther: to which effect, by his own messenger she returnes him this answer.

SALYNA to VASTI.

BEcause you deem mee unworthy to know your Designes, therefore I have assumed the boldness to fear them, in which regard and consideration find it not strange that I now intreat you to ingrave in your heart, and imprint in your memory, that malice is most commonly squint ey'd, and Revenge still blind: therefore if you will not ruine our affections and fortunes, take heed that you imbrue not your heart and hand in innocent blood; for Murther is a crying and a Scarlet sin, which God may forgive and make white by his Mercie, but will not by his Justice; whereof this my Letter of advice to you shall be a witness betwixt God, your self, and me: and therefore, as you love mee, hazard not your life for my sake, but preserve it for your own. As it is in your will to make your stay from mee as long or short as you please, so it shall be in my pleasure to Judge thereof, and thereby likewise of your affection to me. I wish I could be more yours then I am, and your self as often in my sight and company, as I desire God prosper you in your stay, and me in your absence.

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Vasti having thus settled his affection and affaires with *Salyna*, he sees with grief that it is now almost impossible for him to see her in *Cleraux*, because of the vigilant and watchfull eye of his Son *George*, over himself and his actions here in *Fribourg*; wherefore notwithstanding her wholesome and religious advice to him to beware of blood, yet his lustfull affection to her doth so outbrave and conquer his naturall love to him, that to satiate his inordinat concupiscence, and to give content to his obscene and beastly desires, he vows he will shortly send him to Heaven in a bloody Coffin. Now the sooner and better for him to compass and finish this his deplorable stratagem, and unnaturall resolution against his Son, his counsellour the Devill adviseth him that he must for a short time make wonderful fair weather with him, and gild over all his speeches and actions to his wife *Hester*, with respect and courtesie; the which *Vasti* doth speedily put in practice: So for a moneth or two weeks time, he sees not *Salyna*, but all things (to the eye of the World) go in great peace, affection, and tranquility betwixt Father, Mother, and Son. But this false Sunshine will be too soon o'retaken with a small storm and tempest: for what religious or Christian shew soever *Vasti* externally makes unto them, yet although he have God in his tongue, he neverthelesse internally carries the Devill about him in his heart; so again and again he definitively vows and swears to himself, that his Son *George* shall not live but die. Thus being resolute in his bloody purpose, he likewise resolves to add policy to his malice against him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility to draw him to the lure and snare which (in his diabolical invention) he hath ordained for his destruction, he fills his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generosity and dignity of a Souldier, whereunto as also to travell into our Countries, he knew that this his Son of himself was already ambitiously inclined and affected. At other times he representeth to him, to how many dammages and dangers idleness is exposed and subject, and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learn Vertues abroad, thereby to be the more capable to know how to practise them at home, and with what renown and glory their Ancestours have heretofore beaten and ruined the Dukes of *Burgundie*, their professed enemies, and now made themselves and their Countrey famous to the greatest Princes and Potentates of *Europ*, especially to the Kings of *France* and *Spain*, who these many years, and now likewise at present (qd. he) do equally court our affections and service, though not with the same or like integrity. And these, and such treacherous Lectures, doth *Vasti* still read unto his Son *George*; as often as he calls him into his company and presence untill at last the fame and name of a Souldier, and the honour of travell, have so surpris'd his youthfull affection, and seiz'd on his ambitious resolutions, that at last he beseecheth his Father to send him abroad in some martiall service, or generous imployment. But the Father being as cunning as his Son is rash and inconsiderate, suffereth himself of purpose to be earnestly and

and frequently importuned by him to that effect; the which he doth: When at last his Father promiseth to send him to *Rome*, to his Uncle *Andrew Vasti*, who (he saith) is a chief Captain of one of the Companies of this present Pope *Urban VIII.* his Guard; who was an old man, very rich, and without wife, childe, or kinsman with him. *George* thanks his Father for this his courtesie and honour, and importuneth him again and again to hasten this his departure and journey to *Rome* to his Uncle, the which he then firmly promiseth him: but yet the greatest difficulty hereof is, how he may obtain his Wifes consent to this journey of her Son; who at first opposeth it very strongly and passionately, as knowing her Son to be her only childe, her right arm, a great part of her self, the delight and joy of her life, and the prop and stay of her age. But the Father leaves his Son to draw and obtain his Mothers consent, as politickly knowing and foreseeing, that the less himself, and the more his Son importun'd her, the sooner she would grant it; the which indeed fell out as he expected. Only whereas the Son requested to stay four years abroad, his Father gave him but three, and his Mother would grant him but two, whereunto at last both Father and Son were enforced to condescend; and now this cruel-hearted Father provides his courteous natured Son *George* a new Suit of apparel, a Horse, and Money, and resolves to accompany and bring him at far as *Turin* in his journey; which courtesie of his, his Wife and Son take most lovingly and thankfully. The morn of *George* his departure comes, and because his Mother the precedent night dreamt that her Son should die in this journey, she was now exceeding sorrowfull to let him go and depart from her; but being again fortified and rectified by the advice of her Husband, and likewise vanquished by the importunate requests and prayers of her Son, she bedews his cheeks with her tears, gives him much good counsel, some gold, and her blessing; and so they take leave each of other, God putting apprehension into her heart, and the Devil assurance into her Husbands resolutions that she should never see her Son again: And indeed I write with grief, that we shall progress very little farther in this History, before we see her dream verified, and her apprehension confirmed. The manner thus.

For *Vasti* (being privately as resolute in his malice and revenge to his Son, as this his Son is innocent in not deserving it of his Father) is so far from bringing him to *Turin*, as he will not bring him as far as *Geneva*, but a mile before he comes to *Lofanna* (where he tells his Son he would lye that night) the night approaching, and in a long narrow Lane, where he saw that no earthly eye could see him (being wholly deprived of the grace and fear of God, and absolutely abandoned to Satan and Hell) as his son rides close before him, he shoots him thorow the back with his Pistoll, charged with a brace of bullets, who immediatly falling dead to the ground, he there descends his horse, and (without any remorse or pittie, as no father, but rather as a Devil incarnate) cuts off his nose, most lamentably scars and mangles his face, that he might not be known, and takes him on his shoulders, and there throws him into a deep ditch or precipice, as also the saddle and bridle of his horse, and turning the horse to seek his fortune in the wide fields, he (to provide for his safety) rides swiftly to *Morges*, and there very secretly hasteth himself up, pretending to be sick, and eight days being expired (which was the prefixed time and day, he gave his wife for his return) he by a contrary Road way of *Rolle* and *Saint Claude*, arrives home to *Fribourg* to her, brings her word of the health of her son, and of the remembrance of his duty to her, and that he left him well in *Turin* expecting the benefit of good company to travel up to *Rome*; whereat, harmles loving Mother, she weeps for joy, and yet rejoiceth in weeping.

And now for some ten days after his return from acting this wofull and deplorable Tragedy on his son, he keeps a good correspondency and decorum with his Wife *Hester*; but at the end thereof (solely forgetting his heart and soul, his God and his conscience, his promises and oaths, and his attonement and reconciliation (he again falls into the dangerous relapse of his former old Vice; Whoredom and Drunkenness; and yet counselled by a better Angel then his own, he forbears to beat her, as well seeing, and now knowing, that thereby nothing redounded to him, but scandal and scorn from all his neighbors, friends, and kinsfolks. But now his lust is again so great, and his desires so fervently lascivious towards *Salyna*, that in staying less than eight weeks, he thinks he hath stayed more than seven years from her; when pretending another journey to his Wife, he rides over to *Cleraux* to her. *Salyna* gives him many kisses for his welcome, and a many more for relating to her, that he hath sent away his son *George* to *Rome*, & to reside and live there; for she being his Fathers strumpet, her guilty and sinful conscience made her stand in extream fear of him; but yet amidst her kisses & pleasures with him, (remembering the tenour and contents of his last Letter to her, and her answer thereof to him) her thoughts are something touched with doubt, and her mind assaulted & perplexed with fear, that the Father had played no fair play with his Son, but that in regard of his inveterate malice to him for beating her, he might have sent him to heaven, and not to *Rome*.

To

To which purpose, she feels and sound him every way, but he is as constant to deny it, as she curious to enquire after it. So she believing that he had assumed no bloody thoughts against his Son, she is not yet so devoyd of grace, or exempt of goodness, but she gives him this religious caveat for a Memento, which she delivers to him accenively and passionately, That if she knew he had made away his Son by any untimely end, or unnaturall accident, or that he were any way accessary to any prodigious disaster which had befalln him, she vowd to God, and swore to him, that she would spit in his face, disdain his company, and reject his affection and himself for ever; for that she was most assured and confident that God (in his due time) would pour down vengeance and confusion on those whom the Devill had seduced and drawn to imbrue their hearts and hands in innocent blood. But *Vasti* is past grace, and therefore slightly passeth over these vertuous speeches of his vitious *Salyna*, with a denyall and a kiss; and then they fall to their mirth and familiarity, and he staves there all that day, and lies with her the whole night following; but still *Salyna* (resembling her self and her profession) is very fingrative of his Gold, and he as sottishly prodigall in giving it to her, as she is covetons to crave and desire it of him: so (after he had glutted himself with his beastly pleasures of *Salyna*) he the next day rides home to his wife, who knowing where, and with whom he had been, and considering it to be the first time of his new errour, and his first relapse into his old one, since their reconciliation, she sayes nothing to him to discontent him; but yet thinks and fears the more. When retiring her self into her Garden (after many bitter sighs and tears for these her immerited crosses and calamities) she there grieves and repents herself for permitting her Son *George* to go to *Rome*, and a thousand thousand times wisheth his return to assist and comfort her: but her tears herein prove as vain, as her wishes are impossible to be effected, although at present very needfull and necessary for her.

For now *Vasti* her Husband (to make her sorrows the more infinite, her hopes the more desperate, and her afflictions the more remedieless) falls again to his old practice of beating her, notwithstanding all his late Oaths and new promises to the contrary; but he the more especially playes the Tyrant with her in this kind, when he comes home to her from his cups and whores, for she knows with grief, that he retains and entertains more than *Salyna*, only she is too sure that *Salyna* hath his purse, his company, his affection, and his heart at her command, far more than her self; she sends her sighs to Heaven, and her prayers to God, that (out of the profundity of his mercy and goodness he would be pleased, either to amend her Husband or to end her self; for griefs, sorrows, and afflictions are so heaped on her, and (like the waves of the Sea) fall so fast one upon the neck of the other to her, that she is weary of her life, and of her self. When on a time after he had cruelly beaten her, torn off her head attire, given her a black eye and swoln face, and dishevelled and disparpled her haire about her ears and shoulders (making God her Protector, and Chamber her Sanctuary, exempting her servants who came to assist and comfort her, and fast bolting her door) she to her self very pensively and mournfully breaths forth these speeches.

O poor *Hester*, what sensible grief is it to my heart, to think, and matchless torments to thy mind, to see and remember, that whiles thou art true to thy Husband *Vasti*, he proves both ingratefull and false to thee, and that he continually makes it his delight and glory to hate thee who art his dear wife, purposely to bestow his time and his affection, yea to cast away his estate and himself, on his lewd young strumpet *Salyna*. O were he more happy and less guilty in that lascivious and beastly crime, I should then be less miserable, and more patient and joyfull in the remembrance thereof. O how wretched is his estate and condition! and therefore how miserable is thine, in that he wilfully forsakes God and his Church to follow adultery and drunkenness, and abandoneth all piety and prayer, to Shipwrack himself, and (which is worse) his soul, upon all carnall pleasures and voluptuous sensualities; The which grieving to see, and almost drowning my self night and day in my tears to understand; I have none but God to assist me in these my bitter afflictions and miseries, and under God, none, but my hopefull Son *George*, left to comfort me in these my unparalleld calamities and disconsolations. Therefore, O God, if ever thou heardest the prayers, or beheldest the tears of a poor miserable distressed woman, because I can neither now see, nor futurely hope for any reformation in the life & actions of my debauched and vicious Husband, be (beseech thee) so indulgent and gracious to me, thy most unworthy Hand-maid, that either shortly thou return me my said Son from *Rome*, or speedily take me to thy self in Heaven; But yet O my blessed Saviour and Redeemer, not my, but thy will be done in all things.

She having thus (privately to her self) vented her sorrows, but not as yet found the means, either how to remedy or appease them, because her Husband is no Changeling, but is still resolute in this ingratefull unkindness and cruelty towards her, she is now resolved (though with infinite grief and reluctance) to acquaint the Preacher of the Parish and some

twixt them, had her Son not diverted her from it; For being exceeding carefull to preserve his Mothers right and reputation, he prays her to stay, alleading that he would presently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requisit and just, that the Delinquent, should first see and seek the party wronged, before the party seek the Delinquent whereat she cannot refrain from smiling, and then bids him go: So *George* descends to the Garden; and acquaints his Father with his Mothers free disposition, and cheerfull resolution to a perpetuall peace with him, whereat he seems infinitely glad and joyfull, and so ascend her Chamber, and having saluted her, tells her, that he is very sorrowfull and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindness towards her, whereof he prays her pardon, and constantly vows reformation; so this his vertuous and kind wife *Hester* freely forgets and forgives *Vasti* her Husband; and then he gives her many kisses in requitall, and bids his Son *George* to provide good cheer for Supper; and the better to seal and solemnize this their reconciliation and atonement, he bids him to invite some of their Kinsfolks and Neighbours to be present thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheer and choyce wine is wanting; So they are wonderfull frolick, pleasant, and merry, all rejoyce at this good news, and highly applaud their Son *George*, for his discreet carriage and care in the managing of this business. Thus all things seem to be fully reconciled, and here *Vasti* drinks many times to his wife *Hester*, and she again to her Husband with much affection and joy: When Supper being ended, their guests departed, and their Son *George* having received both of their blessings, they betake themselves to their Chamber and bed.

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Because you deem mee unworthy to know your Designes, therefore I have assumed the boldness to fear them, in which regard and consideration find it not strange that I now intreat you to ingrave in your heart, and imprint in your memory, that malice is most commonly squint ey'd, and Revenge still blind: therefore if you will not ruine our affections and fortunes, take heed that you imbrue not your heart and hand in innocent blood; for Murther is a crying and a Scarlet sin, which God may forgive and make white by his Mercie, but will not by his Justice; whereof this my Letter of advice to you shall be a witness betwixt God, your self, and me: and therefore, as you love mee, hazard not your life for my sake, but preserve it for your own. As it is in your will to make your stay from mee as long or short as you please, so it shall be in my pleasure to Judge thereof, and thereby likewise of your affection to me. I wish I could be more yours then I am, and your self as often in my sight and company, as I desire God prosper you in your stay, and me in your absence.

SALYNA.

Vasti having thus settled his affection and affaires with *Salyna*, he sees with grief that it is now almost impossible for him to see her in *Cleraux*, because of the vigilant and watchfull eye of his Son *George*, over himself and his actions here in *Fribourg*; wherefore notwithstanding her wholesome and religious advice to him to beware of blood, yet his lustfull affection to her doth so outbrave and conquer his naturall love to him, that to satisfie his inordinat concupiscence, and to give content to his obscene and beastly desires, he vows he will shortly send him to Heaven in a bloody Coffin. Now the sooner and better for him to compass and finish this his deplorable stratagem, and unnaturall resolution against his Son, his counsellour the Devill adviseth him that he must for a short time make wonderful fair weather with him, and gild over all his speeches and actions to his wife *Hester*, with respect and courtesie, the which *Vasti* doth speedily put in practice: So for a moneth or six weeks time, he sees not *Salyna*, but all things (to the eye of the World) go in great peace, affection, and tranquility betwixt Father, Mother, and Son. But this false Sunshine will be too soon overtaken with a dismal storm and tempest: for what religious or Christian shew soever *Vasti* externally makes unto them, yet although he have God in his tongue, he neverthelesse internally carries the Devill about him in his heart; so again and again he definitively vows and swears to himself, that his Son *George* shall not live but die. Thus being resolute in his bloody purpose, hee likewise resolves to add policy to his malice against him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility to draw him to the lure and snare which (in his diabolical invention) he hath ordained for his destruction, he fills his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generosity and dignity of a Souldier, whereunto as also to travell into our Countries, he knew that this his Son of himself was already ambitiously inclined and affected. At other times he representeth to him, to how many dammages and dangers idleness is exposed and subject, and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learn Vertues abroad, thereby to be the more capable to know how to practise them at home, and with what renown and glory their Ancestours have heretofore beaten and ruined the Dukes of *Burgundie*, their professed enemies, and now made themselves and their Countrey famous to the greatest Princes and Potentates of *Europ*, especially to the Kings of *France* and *Spain*, who these many years, and now likewise at present (qd. he) do equally court our affections and service, though not with the same or like integrity. And these, and such treacherous Lectures, doth *Vasti* still read unto his Son *George*, as often as he calls him into his company and presence untill at last the fame and name of a Souldier, and the honour of travell, have so surpris'd his youthfull affection, and seiz'd on his ambitious resolutions, that at last he beseecheth his Father to send him abroad in some martiall service, or generous employment. But the Father being as cunning as his Son is rash and inconsiderate, suffereth himself of purpose to be earnestly and

and frequently importuned by him to that effect; the which he doth: When at last his Father promiseth to send him to *Rome*, to his Uncle *Andrew Vasti*, who (he saith) is a chief Captain of one of the Companies of this present Pope *Urban VIII.* his Guard; who was an old man, very rich, and without wife, childe, or kinsman with him. *George* thanks his Father for this his courtesie and honour, and importuneth him again and again to hasten this his departure and journey to *Rome* to his Uncle, the which he then firmly promiseth him: but yet the greatest difficulty hereof is, how he may obtain his Wifes consent to this journey of her Son; who at first opposeth it very strongly and passionately, as knowing her Son to be her only childe, her right arm, a great part of her self, the delight and joy of her life, and the prop and stay of her age. But the Father leaves his Son to draw and obtain his Mothers consent, as politicly knowing and foreseeing, that the less himself, and the more his Son importun'd her, the sooner she would grant it; the which indeed fell out as he expected. Only whereas the Son requested to stay four years abroad, his Father gave him but three, and his Mother would grant him but two, whereunto at last both Father and Son were enforced to condescend; and now this cruel-hearted Father provides his courteous natured Son *George* a new Suit of apparel, a Horse, and Money, and resolves to accompany and bring him as far as *Turin* in his journey; which courtesie of his, his Wife and Son take most lovingly and thankfully. The morn of *George* his departure comes, and because his Mother the precedent night dreamt that her Son should die in this journey, she was now exceeding sorrowfull to let him go and depart from her; but being again fortified and rectified by the advice of her Husband, and likewise vanquished by the importunate requests and prayers of her Son, she bedews his cheeks with her tears, gives him much good counsel, some gold, and her blessing; and so they take leave each of other, God putting apprehension into her heart, and the Devil assurance into her Husbands resolutions that she should never see her Son again: And indeed I write with grief, that we shall progress very little farther in this History, before we see her dream verified, and her apprehension confirmed. The manner thus.

For *Vasti* (being privately as resolute in his malice and revenge to his Son, as this his Son is innocent in not deserving it of his Father) is so far from bringing him to *Turin*, as he will not bring him as far as *Geneva*, but a mile before he comes to *Losanna* (where he tells his Son he would lye that night) the night approaching, and in a long narrow Lane, where he saw that no earthly eye could see him (being wholly deprived of the grace and fear of God, and absolutely abandoned to Satan and Hell) as his son rides close before him, he shoots him thorow the back with his Pistoll, charged with a brace of bullets, who immediatly falling dead to the ground, he there descends his horse, and (without any remorse or pittie, as no father, but rather as a Devil incarnate) takes off his nose, most lamentably scars and mangles his face, that he might not be known, and takes him on his shoulders, and there throws him into a deep ditch or precipice, as also the saddle and bridle of his horse, and turning the horse to seek his fortune in the wide fields, he (to provide for his safety) rides swiftly to *Morges*, and there very secretly hasheth himself up, pretending to be sick, and eight days being expired (which was the prefixed time and day, he gave his wife for his return) he by a contrary Road way of *Rolle* and *Saint Claude*, arrives home to *Fribourg* to her, brings her word of the health of her son, and of the remembrance of his duty to her, and that he left him well in *Turin* expecting the benefit of good company to travel up to *Rome*; whereat, harmless loving Mother, she weeps for joy, and yet rejoiceth in weeping.

And now for some ten days after his return from acting this wofull and deplorable Tragedy on his son, he keeps a good correspondency and decorum with his Wife *Hester*; but at the end thereof (solely forgetting his heart and soul, his God and his conscience, his promises and oaths, and his attonement and reconciliation (he again falls into the dangerous relapse of his former old Vice; Whoredom and Drunkenness; and yet counselled by a better Angel then his own, he forbears to beat her, as well seeing, and now knowing, that thereby nothing redounded to him, but scandal and scorn from all his neighbors, friends, and kinsfolks. But now his lust is again so great, and his desires so fervently lascivious towards *Salyna*, that in staying less than eight weeks, he thinks he hath stayed more than seven years from her; when pretending another journey to his Wife, he rides over to *Cleraux* to her. *Salyna* gives him many kisses for his welcom, and a many more for relating to her, that he hath sent away his son *George* to *Rome*, & to reside and live there; for she being his Fathers strumpet, her guilty and sinful conscience made her stand in extream fear of him; but yet amidst her kisses & pleasures with him, (remembering the tenour and contents of his last Letter to her, and her answer thereof to him) her thoughts are something touched with doubt, and her mind assaulted & perplexed with fear, that the Father had played no fair play with his Son, but that in regard of his inveterate malice to him for beating her, he might have sent him to heaven, and not to *Rome*.

To

To which purpose, she feels and found him every way, but he is as constant to deny it, as she curious to enquire after it. So she believing that he had assumed no bloudy thoughts against his Son, she is not yet so devoyd of grace, or exempt of goodness, but she gives him this religious caveat for a Memento, which she delivers to him accenively and passionatly, That if she knew he had made away his Son by any untimely end, or unnaturall accident, or that he were any way accessary to any prodigious disafter which had befallen him, she vowd to God, and swore to him, that she would spit in his face, disdain his company, and reject his affection and himself for ever; for that she was most assured and confident that God (in his due time) would pour down vengeance and confusion on those whom the Devill had seduced and drawn to imbrue their hearts and hands in innocent blood. But *Vasti* is past grace, and therefore slightly passeth over these vertuous speeches of his vitious *Salyna*, with a denyall and a kisse; and then they fall to their mirth and familiarity, and he staves there all that day, and lies with her the whole night following; but still *Salyna* (resembling her self and her profession) is very fingrative of his Gold, and he as sottishly prodigall in giving it to her, as she is covetous to crave and desire it of him: so (after he had glutted himself with his beastly pleasures of *Salyna*) he the next day rides home to his wife, who knowing where, and with whom he had been, and considering it to be the first time of his new errour, and his first relapse into his old one, since their reconciliation, she sayes nothing to him to discontent him; but yet thinks and fears the more. When retiring her self into her Garden (after many bitter sighs and tears for these her immerited crosses and calamities) she there grieves and repents herself for permitting her Son *George* to go to *Rome*, and a thousand thousand times wisheth his return to assist and comfort her: but her tears herein prove as vain, as her wishes are impossible to be effected, although at present very needfull and necessary for her.

For now *Vasti* her Husband (to make her sorrows the more infinite, her hopes the more desperate, and her afflictions the more remedieless) falls again to his old practice of beating her, notwithstanding all his late Oaths and new promises to the contrary; but he the more especially playes the Tyrant with her in this kind, when he comes home to her from his cups and whores, for she knows with grief, that he retains and entertains more than *Salyna*, only she is too sure that *Salyna* hath his purse, his company, his affection, and his heart at her command, far more than her self; she sends her sighs to Heaven, and her prayers to God, that (out of the profundity of his mercy and goodness he would be pleased, either to amend her Husband or to end her self; for griefs, sorrows, and afflictions are so heaped on her, and (like the waves of the Sea) fall so fast one upon the neck of the other to her, that she is weary of her life, and of her self. When on a time after he had cruelly beaten her, torn off her head attire, given her a black eye and swollen face, and dishevelled and discoloured her haire about her ears and shoulders (making God her Protector, and Chamber her Sanctuary, exempting her servants who came to assist and comfort her, and fast bolting her door) she to her self very pensively and mournfully breaths forth these speeches.

O poor *Hester*, what sensible grief is it to my heart, to think, and matchless torments to thy mind, to see and remember, that whiles thou art true to thy Husband *Vasti*, he proves both ingratefull and false to thee, and that he continually makes it his delight and glory to hate thee who art his dear wife, purposely to bestow his time and his affection, yea to cast away his estate and himself, on his lewd young strumpet *Salyna*. O were he more happy and less guilty in that lascivious and beastly crime, I should then be less miserable, and more patient and joyfull in the remembrance thereof. O how wretched is his estate and condition! and therefore how miserable is thine, in that he wilfully forsakes God and his Church to follow adultery and drunkenness, and abandoneth all piety and prayer, to Shipwrack himself, and (which is worse) his soul, upon all carnall pleasures and voluptuous sensualities; The which grieving to see, and almost drowning my self night and day in my tears to understand; I have none but God to assist me in these my bitter afflictions and miseries, and under God, none, but my hop:full Son *George*, left to comfort me in these my unparalleld calamities and disconsolations. Therefore, O God, if ever thou heardest the prayers, or beheldest the tears of a poor miserable distressed woman, because I can neither now see, nor futurely hope for any reformation in the life & actions of my debauched and vicious Husband, be (beseech thee) so indulgent and gracious to me, thy most unworthy Hand-maid, that either shortly thou return me my said Son from *Rome*, or speedily take me to thy self in Heaven; But yet O my blessed Saviour and Redeemer, not my, but thy will be done in all things.

She having thus (privatly to her self) vented her sorrows, but not as yet found the means, either how to remedy or appease them, because her Husband is no Changeling, but is still resolute in this ingratefull unkindness and cruelty towards her, shee is now resolved (though with infinite grief and reluctance) to acquaint the Preacher of the Parish and some

two of her Husbands dearest and nearest Kinsfolks to speak with him again, and to acquaint them with his pernicious relapse into all his old vices of Drunkenness, Whoredome, and fighting, and to desire them to use all their possible power to divert him from it, wherein her resolution hath this just excuse, that if they cannot work it, none but God can; But all their care, affection and zeal cannot prevail with him; For he with the filthy Dog returns to his vomit, and with the brutish Swine againe to wallow in the dirt, and welter in the mire of his former vices and voluptuousness. For now her Husband *Vasti* is oftner at *Cleraux* with his *Salyna*, then at home at *Fribourg* with his wife, who (as formerly we have understood) still makes him pay dear for his pleasures, and as a subtle rooking strumpet, emptieth his Purse of his Gold, as fast as he foolishly filleth it, he being not contented to waste his body, to Shipwreck his reputation, to cast away his time, but also to cast away his estate, and himselfe on her; the which his vertuous wife cannot but observe with sorrow, and remember with griefe and vexation, but she sees it impossible for her how to redress it: For she is not capable to dissemble her discontent to him so privately, as he publicly makes known his cruelty to her, wherefore her thoughts suggest her, and her judgment prompts her, to prove another experiment and tryall on him. To which end she tels him, that if he will not henceforth abandon beating of her, forsake his old vices, and become a new man, and a reformed Husband, that then all delays set a part, she will speedily (by some one of her nearest Kinsfolks) send Poast to Rome to his Brother Captain *Andrew Vasti*, that her Son *George* return home to her to *Fribourg*, the which she is more then confident, upon the receipt of her first Letter, he will speedily and joyfully performe.

Her Husband *Vasti* is extremly galled with this speech, and nettled with this resolution of his wife *Hester*, because (wretched villain as he is) he (but too well) knows he hath already sent his Son to Heaven in a bloody winding sheet, and therefore both fears and knows, that by this his wifes sending Poast to Rome, his deplorable and damned fact will infallibly burst forth and come to light, the which therefore to prevent, he (as bad and cruell hearted as the Devill himself) is execrably resolved to heap *Offa* upon *Pelion*, to add blood to blood, and murder to murder; and so now so poyson the Mother his wife, as he had lately pistolled his and her only Son to death. O *Hester*, it had been a singular happiness for thee, that thou hadst not thus threatned thy Husband *Vasti*, to send to Rome for thy Son *George*, but that thou hadst either been dumb when thou spakest it, or he deaf when he heard it; for hereby thinking to preserve thou hast extremly indangered thy self, and hoping to make thy Son thy refuge and champion, I fear with grief, and grieve with fear, that thou hast made thy self the ruine of thy selfe.

For *Vasti* is so strong with the Devill, and so weak with God, in this his bloody design, to murder his wife *Hester*, as neither grace or Nature, Religion or God, the fear of his bodies tortures in this life, or of his soules torments in that to come are able to divert him from it, he having no other reason for this his damnable rage, nor no other cause for this his infernall and hellish cruelty, but this triviall and yet pittifull poor one, that his wife *Hester* is an eyesore to him, because his *Salyna* is so to her. A wretched excuse, and execrable Apology, and no less execrable and wretched is he that makes it. So he (turning his back to God; and his face and heart to the Devill) provids himself of strong poyson, and cunningly infusing it into a musk Mellon, which he knew she loved well, and resolved to eat that day at dinner, she greedily eating a great part of it, before night dies thereof. When very subtly he gives out to his servants and Neighbours, that she dyed of a Surfet, in then and there eating too much of the musk Mellon; and so all of them confidently beleeve and report.

Thus we have seen with sorrow, and understood with grief, that this execrable wretch *Vasti* hath played the part of a Devill, in poysoning his vertuous and harmeles wife *Hester*, and now we shall likewise see him play the part of an Hypocrite to conceal it, as if it lay in his power to blind-fold the eyes of God, as wel, or as easily, as to hood-wink those of men from the sight and knowledge thereof. He seems wonderfull sorrowfull for his wifes death, dights himself and his servants all in black, provides a great dinner, and performes her Funerall with extraordinary solemnity. But notwithstanding God looks on him with his eye of Justice, for both these his cruell and inhumane barbarous murders of his Son and wife, and therefore now (in his providence) resolves to punish him sharply and severely for the same; As mark the sequell, and it will instantly inform us how.

Our debauched and bloody *Vasti*, immediatly upon his wifes death and buriall, doth without intermission haunt the house and company of his lascivious strumpet *Salyna* at *Cleraux*, as if the injoying of her sight, presence, and self, were his chiefest delight, and most soveraigne earthly felicity. He spends a great part of his estate on her, and to satifie her covetous and his lustfull desires, he is at last enforced to morgage and sell away all his Lands, For as long as he had

had mony, she was his, but when that failed him, then she (as a right strumpet, acted a true part of her self) failed in her accustomed kindnesse: and familiarity towards him, and casts him off.

The judgements of God, and the decrees of Heaven, are as secret as sacred, and as miraculous as just, which we shall see will now by degrees be apparently made good and verified in this monster of men, and Devill of Fathers and Husbands, *Vasti*. For his mansion house, and all his utensills and moveables in *Fribourge*, are consumed with a sudden fire, proceeding from a flash of lightning from Heaven; as also all his granges of corn, and stacks of Hay, and yet those of all his Neighbours round about him are untouched and safe. His corn also which grows in the Field brings forth little or no increase, his Vines wither and die away, all his horses are stoln from him, and most of his Cattell, Sheep and Goats, die of a new and strange disease; For being (as it were mad) they wilfully and outrageously run themselves to death one against the other; he is amazed at all these his (unexpected) wonderfull losses and crosses, and yet this vile miscreant and inhumane murtherer, hath his conscience still so scared up, and his heart and soul so stupified and obdured by the Devill, that he hath neither the will, power, or grace to look up to Heaven or God, and so to see and acknowledge, from whom and for what all these afflictions and calamities befall him: He grows into great poverty, and again to raise him and his fortunes, he now knows no other art or means left him than to marry his strumpet *Salyna*, to whom he hath given great store of Gold, and on whom (as we have formerly heard) he hath spent the greatest part of his Lands and Estate. He seeks her in marriage, but (hearing of his great losses, and seeing of his extreme poverty) she will not derogate from her self, but very ingratelully denies and disdains him, and will not henceforth permit, him to enter into her house, muchlesse to see or speak with him: he is wonderfull bitten and galled with this her unkind repulse, and then is driven to such extreme wants and necessity, as he is enforced to sell and pawn away, all those small trifles and things which are left him, thereby to give himself a very poor maintenance. So (as a wretched Vagabond whom God had justly abandoned for the enormity of his delicts and crimes) he now roams and strangleth up and down the streets of *Fribourg*, and the Country Parishes and houses thereabouts, without meat, mony or friends, and which infinitely worse then all, without God. But all these his calamities and disasters, are but the Harbingers and Fore-runners of greater miseries and punishments, which are now suddenly and condignly prepared to surprize and befall him; whereof the Christian Reader is religiously prayed to take deep notice, and full observation; because the glory of God, and the Triumphs of his Revenge, in these his Judgements, do most divinely appear, and shine forth to the whole world therein.

Vasti on a time returning from *Cleraux* towards *Fribourg* (where he had been to beg some mony or meat of *Salyna*, either whereof she was so hard hearted to deny him) the Providence and pleasure of God so ordained it, That in the very same Meadow and place, and neer the same time and hour, which formerly he, and his Son *George* had their conference there (being very faint and weary) he lay himself down to sleep there at the foot of a wilde Chest-nut-tree; yea, he there slept so soundly, the Sun being very hot, that he could not hear the great noyse, and out-cry which many people there a far off made in the Meadow, for the taking of a furious mad Bull; This Bull I say, no doubt but being sent from God, ran directly to our sleeping and snoring *Vasti* tost him twice up in the ayre on his horns, tore his Nose, and so wonderfully mangled his face, that all who came to his assistance held him dead; but at last they knowing him to be *Vasti* of *Fribourg*, and finding him faintly to pant and breath for life against death they take off his clothes and apparell, and then apparantly discover and see, that this mad Bul with his horns hath made two little holes in his belly, whereof at one of them a small piece of his Gut hangs out, they carry him to the next Cottage, and laying him down speechless, they and himself believe, he cannot live half an hour to an end, and as yet he still remains speechless; but at last breathing a little more, and well remembring himself, and seeing this his disastrous accident, it pleased the Lord (in the infiniteness of his goodness) to open the eyes of his faith, to mollifie the flintiness of his heart, to reform the deformity of his conscience, and to purge and cleanse the pollution of his soul, for now he layes hold of Christ Jesus and his promises; forsakes the Devill and his treacheries, and God now so ordaineth and disposeth of him, that for want of other witnesses (seeing himself on the brink and in the Jaws of death) he now becommeth a witness against himself, and confesseth before all the whole company; That he it was neer *Lofanna*, who murthred his own Son *George* with a Pistoll, and who since poysoned his own wife *Hester* with a Musk Mellon, for which two foul and inhumane facts of his, he said, he from his heart and soul begged pardon and remission of God.

Here upon this confession, some of the company rid away to *Fribourg*, and acquaint the

Criminall Officers of Justice thereof; who speedily send two Chirurgions to dress his wounds, and four Sergeants to bring *Vasti* thither alive, if possibly they can. They search his wounds, and although they find them mortall, yet they believe he may live three or four dayes longer. So they bring him to *Frybourg* in a Cart, and there he likewise confesseth to the Magistrates his two aforesaid bloody and cruell Murthers, drawn thereunto as he saith, by the treacherous allurements and temptations of the Devill: So the same day, they for satisfaction of these his unnaturall crimes do condemn him to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to Ashes; which is accordingly executed in *Fribourg*, in the presence of a great concourse of people, who came to see him take his last farewell of the world, but they thinking and expecting that hee would have made some religious speech at his death, hee therein deceived their hopes and desires: for he only prayed to himself privatly, and then repeating the Lords Prayer, and the Creed, and recommending his soul to God, and his body to Christian buriall, without once mentioning or naming his Son *George*, his wife *Hester*, or his strumpet *Salyna*, he (lifting up his eyes to Heaven) was turned over; and although (being a tall and corpulent man) he there brake the Rope and fell, yet he was found stark dead on the ground.

And thus was thr wretched life, and deserved death of this bloody Monster of Nature *Vasti*. May we therefore read this his History to Gods glory, and to our own reformation,

The end of the fifth Book.

F I N I S.

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
AGAINST
THE CRYING AND
Execrable Sin of Murther;

EXPRESSED
In thirty severall Tragickall Histories, (digested into
Six Books) which contain great variety of mournfull and
memorable Accidents, Historicall, Morall, and Divine.

Book VI.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS.



LONDON:

Printed by Sarah Griffin for William Lee, and are to be sold at his Shop in
Fleet street, at the sign of the Turks Head neer the Mitre-Tavern. 1656.

The Days of ~~Leisure~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~

And



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir JAMES STANLEY,
Knight of the Bath, Lord Strange, Son and Heir
apparent to William Earl of Derby, one of the most an-
cient Knights of the Illustrious Order of the
G A R T E R.

MY LORD,



He first time that I had the honour to see and know
your Lordship was in France, when you then be-
gan your Travels, accompanied with your Noble
and Generous younger Brother Sir Robert
Stanley, (likewise Knight of the Bath) who
now lives with God: And (if my fancy deceive
not my Iudgement) it is equally worthy both of
my thoughts, and of your Lordships memory, to
see how propitious God hath since proved to your content, and remains to
your felicity, in so highly recompensing this your loss of a Noble Bro-
ther, with the rich gift of a Vertuous Wife, your Right Illustrious
Lady, who is descended from no meaner house than the famous Dukes of
Tremoville by her Father, and the Victorious Princes of Orange by
her Mother, and who being transplanted from France, and (in the Sa-
cred Bonds of Marriage) here matched and incorporated to your Lord-
ship, hath (by the Mercy and Providence of God) in a few years brought
you

The Epistle Dedicatory.

you many sweet Olive Plants and Branches to perpetuate your ancient Name, and most Honourable Family of the Stanleys.

And what are all these benefits of Nature, and blessings of Grace, which God hath so opportunely sent, and graciously given you, in and by them, but such, and so sublime and transcendent, that they are strong proofs of his Mercy and Goodness towards you, and I doubt not but (in a pious resolution) your Lordship reciprocally makes them the cause of your eternall gratitude and thankfulness to his sacred Majesty for the same.

And indeed who can possibly have, or conceive a different thought, that observes how your Lordship conducts all your actions by Reason, and not by Passion: That as you esteem Vertue, to be the chiefest earthly Honour, so you likewise value Piety and Godliness to be the best and most Sovereign Vertues. That you are confident, that in Hearts and Soules which are well and fairly endowed, Honour and Honesty should still bee Twins, or inseparable Companions and Individuals, because the former without the latter, is but as fire of straw to the Sun-shine; and to shew up this point, that your Honour gives the chiefest functions and faculties of your Soule to God, and the second to the prosperity and service of your Prince and Countrey, that being the true mark of a Religious Christian, and this of an excellent Subject, and Honourable Patriot.

And this (my good Lord) was the Originall cause, and these are the prevailing Motives and Reasons, why I trench so farr upon your Lordships Greatness and Goodness, in proffering up this my Sixth and last Book of Gods Revenge against Murther, to your Noble Protection and Patronage; not that your Lordship is the last in my Affection and Zeal, much lesse in my Respects and Observance: But that I could give no satisfaction to my self, before I had prefixed your Illustrious Name, to this my unpollished Work, and before I had given a publike testimony to the whole world in generall, and more especially to our little world England in particular, what place and power your Honourable Birth and Vertues have deservedly taken up in my heart, and worthily purchased in my most reserved and intire affection.

The Histories which this Book relates, are memorable and mournfull, and to give your Honour my opinion of them, they are as lamentable for the bloody facts, as memorable for the sharp, yet just punishments inflicted for the same; wherein Gods sacred Justice and Revenge (with equall Truth and Glory) triumphed ore their wretched Perpetrators. I have cast them in a low Region of language, and therefore if they come short of your Lordships accurate Judgement, my Presumption in this
my

The Epistle Dedicatory.

my Dedication to you, hath no other hope of excuse or pardon, then to flie to your Lordships innate Goodness, and to appeal to your known and approved Generosity and Candor, as making it your Honourable Ambition to cherish Vertue in all men, and to defend it against unjust scandall, and malicious detraction.

Proceed my Lord, as you have fairly and fortunatly began, in the happy exercise and progress of Piety, Vertue and Honour; and as the hopes are new ours, so may the happy fruits and effects thereof, infallibly still prove your Lordships hereafter, untill it have perfected and compleated you to be a most Illustrious Pattern of Goodness in this world, and a glorious Saint in that to come, the which none shall pray to God for with more true Zeal, nor desire with more unfeigned Affection, then

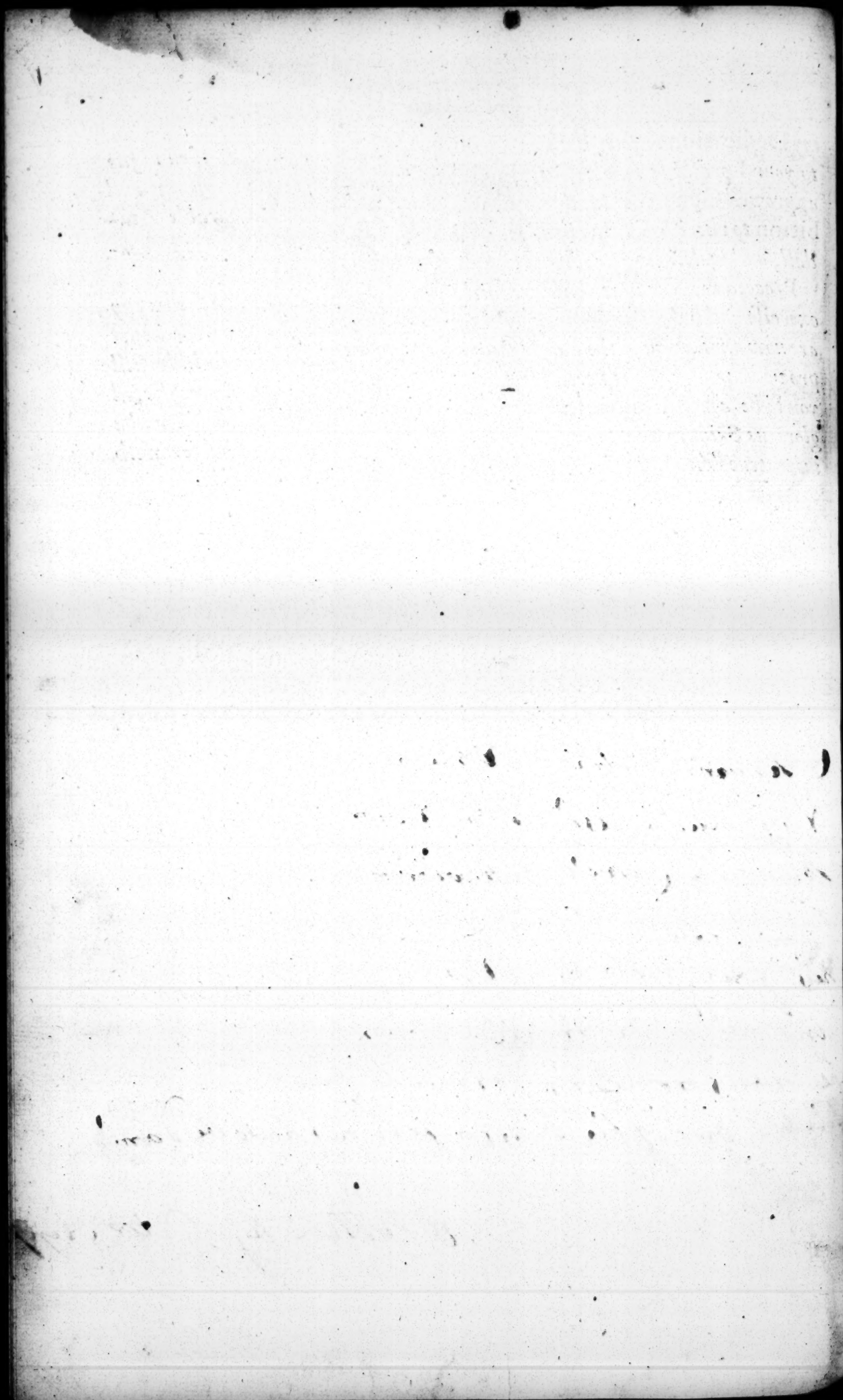
Your Honours humblest

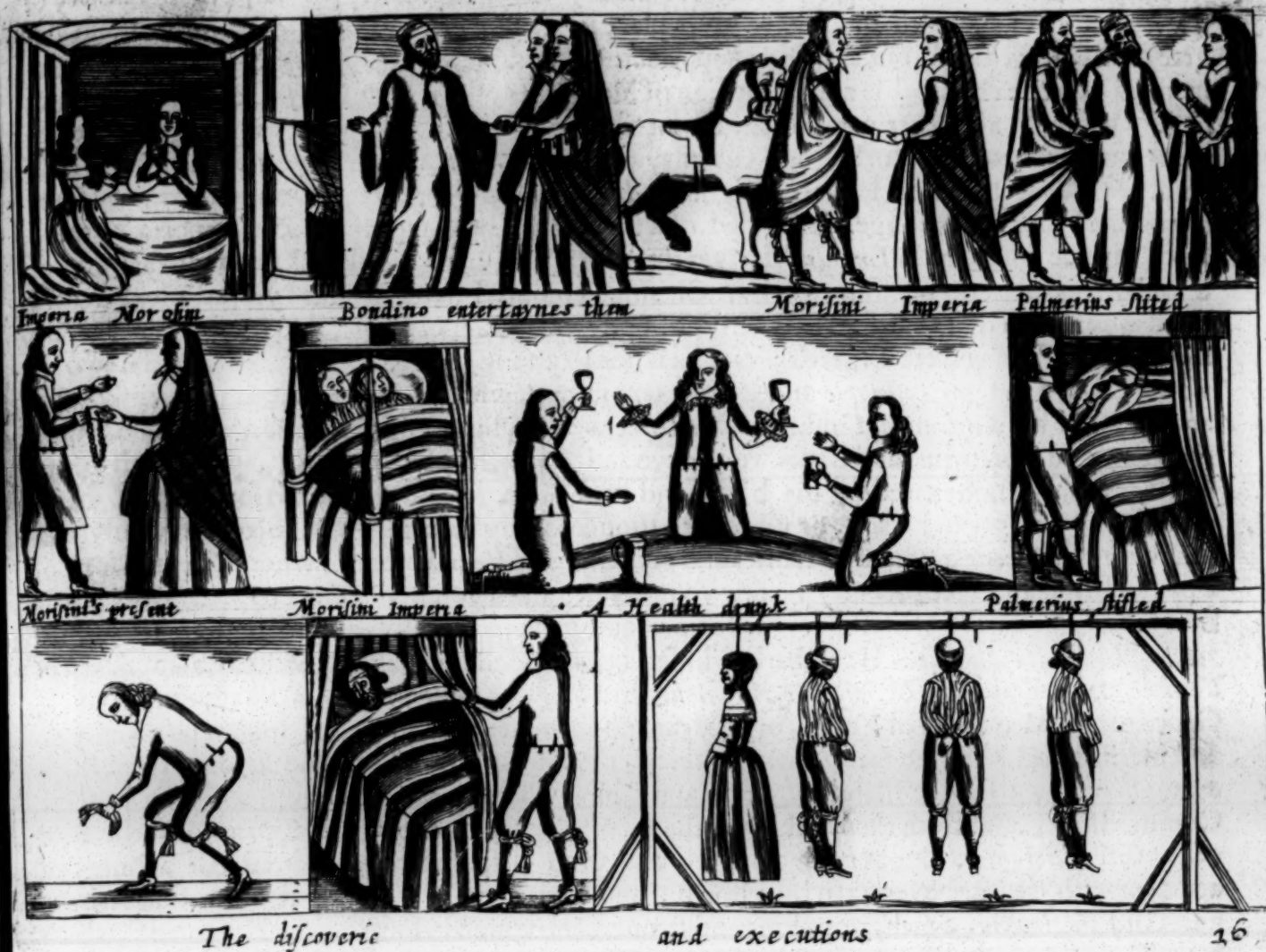
devoted Servant.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

A Church by trade a Chavver
Very much used to the Razor
But of a Curved Behaviour
For to know the man
He's four foot and a span
And When he drink a Dram
He runs home as fast as he can
Frighted out of his wits, for fear he should be dam'd

Written by Peter King





Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVI.

Imperia for the love she bears to young Morosini, seduceth and causeth him (with his two consorts, Astonicus and Donato) to stifle to death her old Husband Palmerius in his bed; Morosini mis-
 fortunatly letting fall his Gloves in Palmerius his Chamber that night which he did it; They are
 found by Richardo the Nephew of Palmerius, who knows them to be Morosinies, and doth therup-
 on accuse him and his Aunt Imperia, for the murther of his Unkle, so they together with their ac-
 cessaries Astonicus and Donato, are all four of them apprehended and hanged for the same.

THose luteperate and lascivious affections which favour more of Earth than Heaven, are
 still attended on with shame and repentance, and many times followed by miserie and
 confusion: For God being our Maker by Creation, and our Saviour by Redemption, conse-
 quently should be of our loves and affections, and the true and sole object, in whom only they
 should begin and terminate: For Nature must be a Handmaid, not a Mistress to Grace, because
 God (in his Divine decree and creation of man) hath made our bodies mortall, but our soules
 immortall. And the like Antithesis which there is between Lust and Charity, the same there is
 between sinfull adultery and sanctified marriage. But where our youthfull affections begin in
 Whordome, and end in Murther, what can be there expected for an issue, but ruine and deso-
 lation. Crimes no lesse than these doth this ensuing History report and relate: A History I
 confesse, so deplorable for the persons, their facts and punishment, that I had little pleasure to
 pen it, and lesse joy to publish it; but that the truth and manner thereof gave a contrary Law
 to my resolutions in giving it a place among the rest of my Histories; That the sight and know-
 ledge of others harmes, may the more carefully and conscionably teach us to avoid and pre-
 vent our own.

The free Estates and Common-weales of *Italy*, more especially the famous Seigniory of *Venice* (which for wealth and power gives place to no other of Christendom) holds it no degree of disparagement, but rather an happy and honourable vertue in their Nobles and Gentlemen, to exercise the facultie and profession of Merchants, the which they Generally perform in *Turkie*, and all other parts of the levant Seas, with as much profit as glory, to the admiration of the whole World, and the envy of their private and publike enemies: of which number of Venetian Gentlemen, Seignior *Angelo Morosini* is one, a young man, of some twenty and four years of age, descended of a Noble name and family, and (if reports be true) from whence ours here in *England* derives their Originall: He is tall and slender of stature, of a lovely sanguine complexion, a bright Chestnut-coloured hair, but as yet adorned with a small apparitions of a beard: He is active of body, of a sweet carriage, and nimble wit, and a most pleasing and gracefull speech; and he is not so young, but he hath already made two severall voyages to *Constantinople* and *Alexandria* in both which he resided some five or six years and through his wisdom and industry won some wealth, but more reputation and fame, in so much as his deportments and hopes, to the eye and judgment of the world, promiseth him a fortune equal, if not exceeding his bloud and extraction. Holding it therefore rather a shame than a glory as yet to marry, or which is a thousand times worse, to pass his time vainly and lasciviously at home among the Ladies and courtisans of *Venice*, upon whom (by the way of a premonition and precaution) he saw so many deboshed young Gallants to cast away their Estates and themselves, he assumes his former ambition to travell, and so undertakes a third voyage to *Constantinople*: He embarks himself upon a good ship named the little Saint *Mark* of *Venice*, and in company of Seignior *Astonicus*, and Seignior *Philippo Donato*, likewise two young Gentlemen, Merchants of *Venice*, of his dear and intimate acquaintance (with a pleasant gale and merry wind, they set sail from *Malanoca*, the Port of that City; and so direct and shape away their course for the Islands of *Corfu* and *Zant*, where they are to stop, and take in some Commodities, and from thence thorow the *Archipelagus*, by *Candy* and *Cyprus*, to the Port of the Great Seignior. But as men propose, and God disposeth of all terrestriall actions and accidents; so they are overtaken by a storm, and with contrary wind put into the Harbour and City of *Ancona*, a rich, populous and strong City which belongs to the Pope, and which is the Capitall of that Province of the *Marca Anconitona*, from whence it assumes and takes its denomination, and wherein there are well near three thousand Jews still resident, who pay a great yearly Revenue to his Holiness. The wind being as yet contrary for our three Venetian Gallants, and they knowing that our Lady of *Loretto* (the greatest and most famous Pilgrimage of the Christian world) was but fifteen small miles off in the Country, whereas yet they had never either of them been, they in meer devotion ride thither, their ship now being fast anchored and moored in the Peer of *Ancona*, which stands on the Christian side, upon the *Adriatique* Sea, Vulgarly tearmed the gulf of *Venice*.

And here it is neither my purpose or desire to write much, either of the (pretended) piety of this holy Chappell of *Loretto*, which the Romanists say was the very Chamber wherein the Virgin *Mary* brought up her Son, our Saviour *Jesus Christ*; or of her Picture which they likewise alleadge was drawn by the hand and pencill of the Apostle *Saint Luke*, and both the one and the other, as they affirm miraculously brought over the Seas from *Palestine* by Angels, and first placed by them on the hills of *Recagnati* (three little miles thence) and long since by the said Angels translated and placed here in this small Town of *Loretto*. But as for my self, this legend is too weak to pass current with my faith, muchless to esteem it as an Article of my Creed. Only this I will confess and say. That as it was devotion, not Curiosity which carried our *Morosini Astonicus* and *Donato* thither: so it was my curiosity, not my Devotion which made me to take the sight thereof in my Travells. Where in the rich and sumptuous Quire of a stately Cathedrall Church, I saw this little old Brick Chamber (now termed the Holy Chappell) very richly adorned with great variety of massie Gold and Silver Lamps, and this Picture of the blessed Virgin in a shrine of Silver, most richly decked with Chains and Robes, imbroidered with Gold and Silver, and set with pretious Stones of inestimable value, which (to expresse the truth in one word) bred much admiration in my thoughts, but no veneration at all in my heart. So I leave *Loretto*, and return again to our History, which was the only Relique that I brought thence.

The two first days, our three *Venetian* Gallants visit this holy Chappel with much solemnity and devotion, where not to *Jesus* the Son, but to *Mary* the Mother they offer up their prayers, and pay their vows of thankfulness for their deliverance from the late storm which put them and their ship in safety at *Ancona*. But the third day there betides an unexpected accident

to *Morosini*, which will administer matter and life to this History. He leaves his two Friends and Companions in Bed, and steals away to the holy Chappell, where being on his Knees at his devotion, he neare to him, sees a sweet young Gentlewoman likewise on her Knees at her devotion and orisons very rich in Apparell, but incomparably faire and beautifull. Hee curiously marks her Roseat Lilly Cheeke, her piercing Eye, the Amber tresses of her Haire, her Aleblaster Neck and Paps, and her streight and slender Waist, all which made her to be the Pride and Glory of Nature; At whose Sight and Contemplation, his mind is so suddenly inflamed with affection to her, that he who heretofore could not possibly be drawn to love any Gentlewoman, or Mayden, now despight of himselfe (and of his contrary inclination and resolution) he at first sight is enforced to love her, and only her. For the more he sees her, the more he affects her; which ingendereth such strange motions and sudaine passions in his heart, that the sweetnesse of this sweet Object, enforced his eyes incessantly to gaze on her both with affection and admiration. Our *Morosini* would faine have boorded and saluted her there, but that he would not make Heaven so much steepe to Earth, nor prophane the holinesse of his affection and of this place with such impiety. But at last seeing her to rise from her prayers and so to depart the Chappell, he could not, he would not so leave her, nor forsake the benefit of this sweet opportunity to make himself known to her; When withdrawing his devotion from the old Lady of *Loretto* to give it to this his young Lady (and pretended Mistrisse) in *Loretto*, he trippes away after her, into the body of the Church, where seeing her only attended, by a well clad Boy and her young waiting Gentlewoman, (after salutes on both sides performed) he there proffereth her his service in these generall tearmes.

Morof. I know not sweet young Lady, whether I may tearme my self happy or unfortunate, in being this Morning honoured with the sight of so beautifull a Nymph, and Virgin as you are self, because in thinking to gaine my soul, I fear I have lost my heart in the amorous extacies of that delicious Object and Contemplation; therefore I beseech you think it not strange, that having received my wound from your beauty, I fly to your Courtesie for my cure and remedy thereof; and that seeing you so weakly guarded, I presume to request the favour of you, that you will please to accept of my Company to reconduct you to your home.

This young Lady, seeing her self so much gazed on by this unknown Gentleman in the holy Chappell, and now so courteously saluted by him in the Church, she could not refrain from dying her Lilly Cheeckes with a Vermillian blush, when having too much beauty to be too unkind, and yet too much Coynesse and Modesty at first to prove too courteous to him, she (brooking her name well) returnes him this answer.

Imp. Sir you being so happy to have given up your Soul this Morning in your devotion to the blessed Lady of this place, I do not a little wonder, that you so soon prophane it, by endeavouring to make me believe, that you have lost your heart in the Contemplation of so poore, and so unworthy a beauty as mine; For herein as you prophane your zeale to her, so your affection to me, fith that should be more sacred, and this not so much feigned or hypocritical. But such wounds still carry their cures with them, and therefore as my beauty was not capable to occasion the one, so shall not my courtesie be guilty in granting the other: if my weake guard be not strong enough to conduct me to my home, my *Innocency* and *Chastity* are, as also to defend me from the snares and lures of those Gentlemen, whose best vertue consists more in their tongues then in their soules, & more their complements then their actions. Of wich number fearing and taking you to be one, and my Fathers house being so nigh, I shall not want your company; because as I deserve so I desire it not, and therefore I will leave you, and yet not without leaving my thanks with you, for this your proffered favour and unexpected courtesie.

Although *Morosini* could not refrain from smiling at this her sharp and witty answer, yet he seeing his complements retorted, and his courtesie returned with a refusall, he could not yet refrain from biting his lip thereat. But again considering her to be exceeding faire and vertuous, and hoping withall that her Father might likewise prove rich, he would not disgrace his breeding nor make himself a Novice in Love to be put off with this her first repulse, but again sounds her in these tearmes.

Morof. My devotion to the Mother of our Saviour doth not prophane, but I hope blesse and sanctifie my affection to you, and therefore if it be not the custome of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto* to use strangers with this discourtesie, I cannot beleve that you would purposely thus exercise your wit in my patience, by inflicting on me this your unjust refusall. As for your feigned shewes of Hypocrisie: I am as innocent of them as you suspect and tearme me guilty, and have no more snares or lures in proffering you my affection and service, than

that which your pure Beauty and chaste Vertues give me. Neither am I of the number of those Gentlemen, whom you please to traduce and disparage because their Hearts and Tongues agree not, or for that their actions prove not their Speeches and Complements real; because I as much disdain as you condemn them; Therefore if you cannot give me the courtesie, I pray at least lend me the favour, that I may wait on you to your Fathers house; whom I shall ever be ready to serve with a much humility for your sake, as to cherish and obey your self with affection for mine own.

This Answer of *MOROSINI* makes this young Gentlewoman (whose name he and we shall anon know) as sweetly calm, as right now she was unkinly passionate so that looking stedfastly on him, and composing her Countenance rather to Smiles than frowns, she rejoyns him thus.

IMPERIA. It is the custome of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, to use Strangers rather with too much Respect than too little Favour, especially those Gentlemen who favour more of Honour than Vanity. If therefore I have any way wronged mine own Judgment, in suspecting or not acknowledging your merits, I know I am yet as worthy of your excuse as of your Reprehension. And because I understand by you, that you are a Stranger to this place though not to this Country, as also that you seeme to be so importunately desirous and willing to conduct me to my Fathers house; I will therefore give a contrary Law to my own Will, and now make Civility dispence with my Discretion by accepting of this your kind profer and you shall not accompany me thither to him, with so much Respect and Zeal, as I will you with observance and thanks.

Which kind speech she had no sooner delivered and *MOROSINI* received, but he againe closed with her thus.

MOROSINI. Sweet Lady, this courtesie of yours seconding your Beauty, shall eternally oblige me to your service; and in requitall thereof, I will ever esteem it my best happiness to receive your Fathers commands, and my chiefest felicity and glory to execute yours. When reciprocally exchanging salutes, he takes her by the Hand and Arm, and very gracefully conducts her to her Fathers house, not far off from this sumptuous Church, and by the way thither (among other Speeches and Complements he gathers from her that her Fathers name is, *Signior Hierome Bondino*, and hers *Donna Imperia*, his only Daughter. Wherein he for the former fame of his Wealth and the present sight of her Beauty doth both delight and glory, as dreaming of a future felicity which he shall enjoy in her sight and company; whereof for the time present he hath far more reason to flatter than to assure himself.

Now we must here understand that this *Signior Bondino* her Father, is a Gentleman of an Antient House and noble descent; and of a very great Estate both in Lands and Meanes, and withall he was exceeding covetous, as glorying more in his Wealth than in his generosity, and more in his Fair and Beautifull Daughter *Imperia*, then in any other of his Children. Here *Morosini* brings *Imperia* home, and she presents him and his courtesie to her Father, who receives him respectfully and kindly thanks him for this his observance and Honour to his Daughter: who led by the lustre of her Eyes, and the delicacy of her Beauty, was so extreamly inflam'd with affection towards her, as at that very instant he proclaimed himself her servant, and she Lady Regent of his heart and desires, and then it was that he first acquainted her with his Name & Quality, with his intended voyage to *Constantinople*, but chiefly with his constant desire and resolution to seek her in Marriage both of her self and her Father. Wherefore to contract this History into a narrow Volume, I will passe over his often courtings and visits of her, as also those sweet speeches, and amorous discourses and conferences which past between them during the space of three weekes; wherein the wind proving contrary to his voyage, proved therefore propitious to this his suit and affection. In which time he proved himself so expert a Scholler (or rather a Master) in the Art of Love, that he exchanged hearts with her, obtained her affection and consent to be his Wife upon his first return from *Constantinople*, but yet it was wholly impossible either for him or her to draw her Fathers consent hereunto, although many times he sought it of him with prayers, and she with teares. For he making Wealth to be the very Image and Idoll of his devotion, and gathering that *Morosini's* birth far exceeded his State and Meanes, as also that in his opinion, his Estate was yet far greater than his capacity or judgement, he would never harken to him, much less give anyway that he should be his Son in Law: but with much obstinacy and resolution, vowed that he would first rather see his Daughter married to her grave than to him, the which froward and harsh resolution of his, makes our two Lovers exceedingly to grieve & lament thereat. But how to remedy it they know not. *Morosini* now acquaints his two consorts *Affonius* & *Donato* with his affection to *Imperia* brings

brings them the next morning to see her, who highly commend his choice, and extol her beauty and virtues to the skies; They in *Morosini's* behalf deal effectually with *Bondino* to draw his consent to this match, mount his praises and merits as high as Heaven, and in a word, they leave no friendly office, or reasons unattempted to persuade and induce him hereunto, but they speak either to the winde, or to a deaf man; for his will is his law, and therefore they finde it a work, not only of extream difficulty, but of meer impossibility to effect it; for neither they nor *Morosini*, can so much pray and exhort *Bondino* to this Match, as he with sharp words and bitter threats seeks to divert his Daughter from it; which pierceth and galleth these two Lovers to their very souls. For by this time their affections and hearts are so strongly and firmly united, that *Imperia* loves *Morosini* a thousand times dearer than her own life, and he her no less. So when they think of their separation and departure each from other, the very conceit and thought thereof draws even drops of blood from their hearts and an Ocean of tears from their eyes. But because they are more amorous then superstitious in their devotion and affection each to other, and that (in their thoughts and desires) they sacrifice more to the Altars of *Venus* then to that of the Virgin *Mary*; Therefore fortune more envying then pitying them, and therefore resolving to separate their bodies as farre asunder, as their hearts are nearly linked and combined together; the wind comes fair, and the Master of their Ship sends speedily from *Ancona* to them to *Loratto* to come away, for that he is resolute to omit no time, but with all expedition to weigh Anchor, and set sail for *Corfu*.

Morosini receives this news with infinite sorrow, and *Imperia* with extream grief and amazement, so as if grace had not prevailed with nature, and her obedience to her Father vanquished and given a law to her affection towards *Morosini* she could then and there have found in her heart to have left *Italy*, and accompanied him in his voyage to *Turky* and *Constantinople*, so sweet was his sight and presence, and so bitter was the very thought of his absence to her heart and minde; Here *Morosini* comes again with his hat in his hand, and *Imperia* on her knees with tears to her father, that he will grant they may contract themselves each to other before his departure, but he is deaf to his requests, and inexorable to her tears and prayers. For he vows he cannot, and swears he will not consent thereunto; And therefore here the Reader must conceive, for it is impossible for me to express the thousand part of the sighs which he, and the tears which she expends, at this their sorrowfull departure, insomuch as I cannot truly define whether he then gave her more kisses, or she him tears. So here she vows to remain unmarried till his return, and he both promiseth and swears, that he will return within one year to her and marry her, the which the more authentically to seal and confirm, he gives her a rich Emerald Ring from his finger, and she him a fair Carkmet of Orient pearls from her neck, with which the great drops of her tears trickling down her vermillion cheeks seemed to have some perfect sympathy and resemblance; Of which interchangeable and mutual contract *Astonicus* and *Donato* are joyfull witnesses, who seek to add comfort and consolation to these her unspeakable sorrows, and unparalleld afflictions, for this their separation; whiles *Imperia* in the mean time at the very thought and consideration hereof, (she gazing on her *Morosini*) seems to burst her heart with sighing, and to drown the Roses and Lillies of her beauty with the shours and rivolets of her tears. So *Morosini* being again and again called away by *Astonicus* and *Donato*, he then takes leave of *Bondino*, and then of his dear and sweet Daughter *Imperia*, in whose heart and brest he imparadiseth all his most Religious prayers, and treasureth up all his amorous desires and wishes, and from thence (with his two faithfull friends and companions takes horse for *Ancona*, where assoon as they come, their long boat is ashore and takes them in, when the wind continuing still exceeding fair, they are presently for *Corfu* and *Constantinople*, where we will leave them floating upon the Seas, exposed to the favour and mercy of the winds, and according to the order of our History come we again to speak of *Bondino* and of his sweet and fair daughter *Imperia*, to see what matter they will administer us, and what Actions and Accidents they will produce.

While our fair *Imperia* day and night weeps and sighs for the absence of her dearest and second self *Morosini*, and with her eyes and hands erected to Heaven continually prays for his prosperity and return, her old Father *Bondino* assumes a direct contrary course and resolution; for within two or three moneths of *Morosini's* departure, he makes it his greatest care and ambition to provide another husband for his Daughter. He is not ignorant of her tears and pensiveness for his absence, and knows full well, that her solitary walks and pale thin cheeks, look still constantly to him, and never from him. But he is resolute that his old covetousness shall prevent and deceive this her young affection, and that to work on the advantage of *Morosini's* absence, his best and shortest course is to heave him out of her heart and minde,

and contrariwise to propound and place another husband in his stead. To which end his said daughters beauty and his own wealth having already procured her two or three Suitors, who earnestly seek her in marriage, he likes none of them so well as old Seignior *Palmerius* a rich Merchant of *Ancona*, aged of at least sixty years; whereas his fair Daughter *Imperia* was not above twenty four, who was of so deformed and decrepit a personage and constitution, that he seemed but as a withred *January* to this fresh Lady *May*, and his age but a frozen winter to the fragrant flourishing Summer of her youth and beauty. But this old dotard *Palmerius* (who is every way fitter for his own grave than for *Imperia's* bed) is so taken with the daintiness of her personage, as he hopes that her youth and her fathers age will stoop and strike sail to his wealth; and therefore he tricks and prides himself up both in his apparel and beard, as if Love had taken away much of his age, now purposely to add it to his vanity and indiscretion, so he comes to *Bondino's* house at *Loretto*, and seeks this his fair daughter in Marriage, where the consideration of his great estate and wealth act such wonders with her fathers heart and resolution, that her father and he have already swapt a bargain that he, and none but he shall marry his daughter, before as yet he have the happiness to see her. But at last her Father brings her to him, chargeth her with his commands to dispose her self to affect and marry him, and speaks to her not only in the language of a father, but of a king; for such is his pleasure. These speeches of her father, and the sight of her old lover yet new Suitor *Palmerius*, doth much amaze and terrifie his young daughter *Imperia*: so she receives and hears those with infinite affliction and sorrow, and him with much contempt and disdain; for she rejects his suit and himself, and boldly tells both her father and him, that *Morofini* is too deeply lodged in her heart; for any other of the world to have entrance or admittance, and therefore (with sighs and tears) calls her self at her Fathers feet, and prays him that he will not force her to marry Seignior *Palmerius* whom she affirms she cannot possibly affect much less obey. But her father is resolute to have it so, and therefore (passing over all other respects and considerations) he adds threats, to his commands, and vehemently chargeth her again and again to consent thereto. But her absent *Morofini* is still so present in her heart and mind, and so fresh and pleasing to her eye and memory that she cannot, she will not forget him. So that for this time her father can no more enforce her to speak with *Palmerius*, or draw her to see him, and thus she puts him off for his first coming to *Loretto* to her. *Imperia* being now infinitely glad to have thus given her father the foil, and old *Palmerius* the repulse, she raiseth a thousand new Trophies of joy, and victories of delight in her heart for the same, as if that outrageous storm and tempest (so contrary and displeasing to her heart) had received end almost as soon as beginning. Thus now ruminating on nothing less then on *Palmerius*, nor on nothing more than on her sweet and dear *Morofini*, (to whom in his absence she sacrificeth all the flames of her heart, and all the vows, desires and wishes of her soul) she passeth away her time in perpetual praying for his return, for the which she leaves not the Lady, no nor any other Saint of *Loretto* unadored, or unprayed to. But contrary to her hopes and desires herein, this her old Suitor *Palmerius*, (having wholly lost the solidity of his judgment in the excellency of her beauty) he still keeps good correspondence, and curious intelligence with her father, and continually his heart runs as much on her youth, as her fathers covetousness doth on his wealth and gold; so within two moneths he returns again to *Loretto*, where he is received with as much joy of *Bondino*, as with extream discontent & sorrow of his daughter *Imperia*, who now poor soul can receive no peace nor truce from either of them, but they incessantly haunt her as her ghosts, and fail not day and night to importune her for the consummation of this contract and marriage, but her heart is so close united and wedded to *Morofini* that it is as yet impossible for either, or both of them to divorce or withdraw her from him. *Palmerius* thinks to gain her by rich gifts and presents, but she refuseth them all for the sake of the giver, and her father now tempts her with sweet speeches and persuasions, and then again, terrifies her with bitter commands and threats, hoping thereby in the end to make her flexible to his desires and wishes: But his daughter *Imperia* notwithstanding all this (with a constancy worthy of her beauty, and every way equal to her self) resolves to frustrate the hopes of the first, to annihilate and make vain the expectation of the second, and so to deceive the desires and wishes of them both, and to keep her heart wholly for *Morofini*, as she hath formerly promised and obliged her self to do.

But although *Palmerius* were heretofore the first time so easily beaten off with *Imperia's* refusal, he will not be so the second, and therefore his heart and minde telling him that the sweetness of her youth, and the delicacy of her beauty deserve a stronger, and longer siege of his affection. He (by the free advice and consent of her father) resolves to stay and burn all that Summer in *Loretto*, hoping that time would change her resolutions and make that feasible in his daughters affection, which now in a manner seemed to be impossible. Thus if

Palmerius

Palmerius use his best endeavors to bear and conquer *Imperia* one way, no less doth her Father another way, for the first gives her a world of sugred words and promises, and the second of sharp and bitter threats to effect it; Poor *Imperia* seeing her self thus streightly and narrowly begirt on both sides, she hath again recourse to her sighs and tears. the only weapons left her in the absence of her *Morosini* to defend her affection and constancy against the lust of *Palmerius*, and the power and tyranny of her father *Bondino*. A thousand times a day she wisheth that *Constantinople* were *Loretto*, or *Loretto Constantinople*, and as often prays that either she were in *Morosini's* arms, or he here in hers. But *Palmerius* being as obstinate as her Father was. resolute and furious in this suit and motion towards her, she shuts her self up in her chamber, where seeming to drown her self in a matter of this weight and importance, and what invention she should finde out and practise, to abandon *Palmerius* and to call home her *Morosini* to marry her, then which under Heaven she desired nothing more, or to write truer, nothing else. So at last she resolves to send one purposely to *Constantinople* to hasten his return (which now wanted but a little of his prefixed time of a year) when making choice of a dear friend of his of *Ancona* named *Seignior Mercario*, and furnishing him with gold for so long a journey as to sail from *Brundisium*, to *Ragusa*, and so from thence by Post to *Constantinople*, she takes pen and paper, and thereon (as much with tears as ink) traceth her *Morosini* these lines wherewith she dispatcheth him away.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Should betray my affection to thee, and consequently make my self unworthy of thine, if by this my Letter (which I purposely send thee by thy friend *Seignior Mercario*) I did not now acquaint thee, with how much impatency and sorrow my self, and with how much joy my Father brooks thy long absence. Thou knowest in what a sweet, and strict sympathy of Love, our hearts are united. So as measuring *Morosini* by *Imperia*, I am confident that all those Seas between *Ancona* and *Constantinople* are not capable to wash away the remembrance thereof, either from thy heart or my soul. And yet holding it a part both of my duty and of my self, I am enforced to command my pen to relate thee, that my Father *Bondino* begins to exercise a point not only of his will, but of his power, yea I may justly say of his tyranny over me, to perswade me to leave my young *Morosini* to make me marry his old *Palmerius*. In which regard and consideration, if my poor beauty or merit have left any impression in thy brest or memory, I now most heartily pray thee to leave *Turky* for *Italy*, and *Constantinople* for *Loretto*, and to make me as happy in enjoying thy sight and presence, as I am miserable without it. And when our God, and my good fortune, shall permit this my innocent and sorrowfull Letter to fall into thy hands, think, yea judge with thy self, what an ingratitude, yea what a crime it will be for thee not to bring me thy self, but to send me any excuse whatsoever to the contrary. Farewell my other self, my sweet self, and may God and his Angels ever prove propitious to thy Desires and my Wishes.

IMPERIA.

Mercario (in three weeks time) arrives at *Constantinople*, and finds out his friend *Morosini*, to whom he delivereth his Mistress *Imperia's* Letter; the which he first kissing, presently peruseth it, and very passionately both rejoyceth and grieves thereat: So *Morosini* very kindly feasts his friend *Mercario* there some eight days, and then returneth him home with an answer, which in less than a moneths time he delivereth into *Imperia's* own hands in *Loretto*, who is extremely glad thereof, and then beautifying her snow white cheeks, with some crimson blushes, she hies her to her closet and breaking up hastily the seals thereof, finds it traced and charged with this message.

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

Thy beaulty and constancy makes me as joyful in the receipt of thy Letter, as thy Father *Bondino* his disrespect to me, and love to *Palmerius* makes me sorrowfull, for so dear and tender is the true affection of my *Imperia* to her *Morosini*, and the sympathy of our hearts so sweetly and sacredly united, that for my part not only those small Rivers of the *Mediterraneum* & *Adriatique Sea* between *Constantinople* and *Ancona*, but that of the vast Ocean is incapable to wash off the least sense or memory thereof. But as in the actions and accidents of humane life, reputation and profit, deserves sometimes to be intermixed with pleasure, because the sweetness thereof is still made sweeter by its substance and permanency. So by the Seigniorie of *Venice*, and by Landy their Embassador resident here in *Constantinople*, (contrary to my expectation or merits) I am now made Consul of *Aleppo*. I cannot

therefore so soon leave Turkey for Italy, which I infinitely desire, nor in that consideration so soon imbrace and kiss my fair and dear Imperia, which above all the Crowns and Scepters of the world I chiefly love and long for; but what this year cannot perform the next shall, and then (all delays and excuses set apart) I will bring thee thy Morosini with as much true joy, as he transported himself from thee with bitter tears and unfained sorrows, in the mean time my hopes and heart tell me, that thy affection to me shall surmount thy Fathers tyrannie to thy self, and that thy beauty and merits are so incomparably resplendent, that though Palmerius be the soyle, yet Morosini shall live and die the Diamond of thy love and the Love of thy Heart, as God is of thy Soul. O then my dear and sweet Imperia, repute it no ingratitude, much less a crime in me to send thee this Letter of excuse instead of bringing thee my self, for I speak it in presence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other half so I am wholly thine, and that thou canst not be the thousand part so sorrowfull as I am miserable in this our short yet too long sequestration: Farewell, Farewell the only Saint of my heart, and Goddess of my affections, and assure thy self that no mortal man whatsoever is or can be so much thy faithfull Servant and Slave, as

MOROSINI.

Our Imperia kisseth this Letter a thousand times for her Morosini's sake who wrote and sent it her, and again as often weeps to see, that he loved Honour and Profit better than her self, and Turkey better than Italy, so whereas she formerly hoped, now she begins to despair of his speedy return, and esteems her self as miserable without him, as she thought to have been happy with him. She reads over his Letter again and again, and then weeps as fast as she reads, at the very perusal and consideration thereof; she would fain draw comfort from any part or branch of it, but then his intended stay affords her nothing but disconsolation and sorrow instead thereof. She blames her own misfortune, as much as his unkindness, and then again imputes this impatiency of hers, more to her fathers cruelty, than to Morosini's discourtesie; she loves him as much as she hates Palmerius, and hates her self because Morosini will not love her more, and Palmerius less. But Morosini is so firmly seated and enthronized in her heart, that she is constantly resolved to stay his return, and rather to die his Victim and Martyr, than to live Palmerius his wife. And here her affection acts a great part in passion, as this passion doth in Love, she cannot refrain from enquiring of Mercario how Morosini lives, and how he looks, who performs the part of a friend, to his friend, and tells her that he lives in great pomp and reputation, and is the properest and bravest young Gallant either of Venice or Italy which he saw in Constantinople, at the report whereof, she could not refrain from blushing and smiling, as if her delight and joy thereof were such, as she could not receive or hear it, without these publike expressions and testimonies of her private zeal and interior affection to him; But all this notwithstanding, wheresoever she goes or turns her self, her Father as her shadow, and Palmerius as her spirit, are never from her, but still follow her in all times and places without intermission. It is a wonder to see and consider their obstinacy to make it a match, and her resolution and refusal against it, as if they were wholly composed and made of commands, and she of denials. In which interchangeable comportment, and different carriage of theirs. We must allow six moneths time more past and slidden away, where, in despite of Palmerius his importunities and her fathers power, she still remains inflexible to them, constant to her Morosini, and true to her promise. But at last this old lustfull Lover Palmerius (who was fitter to kisse an image in the Church, then so sweet and fair a young Lady as Imperia in her bed) seeing that he had consumed and spent so long time in vain by courting her, and that she sleighted him and his suit as much, if not more now, than when he first meant and intended it to her, he bethinks himself of a new policy and proposition to gain her, which love cannot so much excuse, as discretion justly condemn in him: He goes to her Father Bondino, and proffers him that if his daughter will become his wife, that he will infeofee, and endow her with the one half of his Lands, and give all the rest of his estate and wealth into his hands and custody, for him to purchase her more. Which great and unexpected proffer of his doth solely and fully weigh down her covetous father to Palmerius his will and desire, as he constantly tells him; that in lieu of this his great affection and bounty to his daughter: he will speedily use all his power and authority with her fully to dispose her to affect and content him; To which end Bondino goes to his daughter Imperia, acquaints her with this great gift, and voluntary proffer of Palmerius to her if she will marry him; he lays before her how infinitely it will import his content, and her own good and reputation, and that few Gentlewomen of Loretto, or Ladies of the whole Marca of Anconitana, do enjoy such rich Fortunes, that his wisdom and wealth is far to be preferred to the vanity

vanity and prodigality of *Morosini*, and that the first will assuredly bring her much content and prosperity, but the second nothing else but poverty, ruine, and misery, and therefore he most importunately conjures and commands her to cut and cast off all delays and so forthwith to dispose her self to love and marry *Palmerius*, or else he vows for ever to renounce her for his Daughter, and no more to acknowledge himself for her Father. A cruelty which (in my opinion and judgement) ought to be admired with pity, and pitied with admiration, and not to serve for a precedent and example to other Parents, because this of *Bondino's* was grounded on far more passion than reason, and covetousness than virtue; and which Nature hath all the reasons of the world, rather to term tyrannie than providence or fatherly affection in him.

Our *Imperia* is, as it were, struck dead with grief and sorrow, at the thunder-bolt of these her Fathers cruel speeches towards her, so that she cannot speak, nor yet weep, for sighing and sobbing; but at last encouraged by her own virtue, as much as she was daunted and dismayed by her fathers severity and cruelty towards her, she (casting her self at his feet) with a trembling heart and faltering voice, returns her heart and minde to him in these terms.

Honoured Sir, although my afflictions and sorrows are such, and so infinite, that I am far more capable to weep and sigh, than to breathe or speak them forth to you, yet I hold it my duty, not my disobedience, to acquaint you, that because Marriages are first made in Heaven, before contracted or consummated in Earth; therefore being to happy first to love *Morosini*, before I was so unfortunate as to see Seignior *Palmerius*, I hope it is the pleasure of God, that he hath ordained the first to be my Husband, and consequently my self never to be Wife to the second: I am proud in nothing but in my humility and obedience, and therein I hope I shall still both triumph and glory, and yet I far more under-value *Palmerius* wealth than you do *Morosini's* virtues. If then you will not for my sake, I humbly beseech you for my Mothers sake, or which is more, for Gods sake, to make me Wife to *Morosini*, and not to *Palmerius*, because my heart and minde tells me, that I shall be as happy in the company of the one, as miserable in that of the other. In granting me which just desired favour and courtesie, my soul shall become pledge and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you shall have no true cause either to renounce me for your Daughter, or to deny your self for my Father. And to conclude this my sorrowfull and humble speech, it is impossible for you to wrong me, but you must and will extreemly wrong your self, by attempting and resolving to enforce me to the contrary. But if yet you will not be sensible hereof, then I invoke God to be a just Witness, and Judge between us, of your cruelty towards me, and of my candid innocency towards you, and my betrothed Spouse *Morosini*.

Imperia had no sooner (with sighs and tears) delivered this her speech to her Father on her knees, but (as if he had lightning in his eyes, and thunder in his tongue) he suddenly tusheth forth her compayny; when more to displease her than to please himself, he looking back on her, gives her this sharp answer; and cruel farewell. Minion (quoth he) I will very shortly cool thy courage and thy tongue, and make thee know with repentance, what it is to disobey thy Father, in making so much esteem of *Morosini*, and so little of Seignior *Palmerius*, contrary to my advice and request to thee; for I say, consider well with thy self, and thou shalt then do well speedily to forsake this errour and obstinacy of thine, except thou resolve to die as miserable, as I desire thou shalt live happy: Once more Girl, consider and remember what I have now said to thee, and beware lest *Morosini* prove thy shame, as much as *Palmerius* will thy glory. *Imperia* weeps because she can weep no more at these heart-killing speeches of her Father to her, against her absent *Morosini*: So being not well, she betakes her self to her bed, and there again consults with God and her self, what she shall do in this perturbation of minde and affliction of heart, and then and there (with waking eyes) reads a whole nights Lecture to her self of her obedience to her Father, and her affection and constancy to the other half of her self *Morosini*; when in the morning being prompted by her thoughts and desires, that she shall receive more delights and joys from the last, than discords from the first, she at her up-rising resolves again to write away for her *Morosini*, as hoping that his presence would easily dispel and scatter all these her clouds and tempests, when dispatching a private messenger to *Ancona* for *Mercario*, she again earnestly prays him to undertake a second voyage for her, either to *Aleppo* or *Constantinople*, to her *Morosini*; the which he then promiseth: so that night again perusing over his Letter, she then from point to point punctually makes answer to it, and the next morning very secretly gives it to *Mercario* in her Chamber, and therewith takes off a rich Bracelet of Sparks of Diamonds from her right arm, and prays him to deliver it to him as a token of her true affection and constancy,

cy, the which she affirms to him shall ever live and die with her. *Mercario* having received his commission from *Imperia*, as also more Gold for the discharge and defraying of his journey, he hires a small Brigantine to transport him to *Corsu*, and from thence imbarques himself on a ship of *Marseilles*, which accidentally stopped there, and so sailed first to *Aleppo*; where being arrived in less than three weeks, and finding his dear friend *Morosini* to be Consull there for the Seigniorie of *Venice*, he secretly delivereth this Bracelet and Letter of *Imperia* to him in his study, where he was then hastily writing a dispatch for *Constantinople*: But the arrival of *Mercario*, who he knew came from his dearest friend and Mistress *Imperia*, (for meer joy) made him presently to cast away his Hat and Pen, and so to kiss and receive this her Letter and Token from him, whereof with much haste and more affection breaking up the seals, he therein found couched these ensuing Lines.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Had little thought (because less deserved) that either profit or preserment had been dearer to thee than *Imperia*, or that the Seigniorie of *Venice*, or their Ambassador Landy, had had more power to stay thee in *Aleppo*. than she to have requested or conjured thy return to *Loretto*; for if my poor beauty, or rich affection to thee, be of so low and base an esteem, as thou preferrest thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miserable as I thought my self happy in my choise, and the sweetness of my desires and wishes consequently have end, as soon as they received a beginning. And see what a palpable incongruity, yea, what an apparant contradiction there is between thy heart and thy pen, sith faintly endeavouring to make me believe thou lovest my kisses and embraces above all the Crowns and Scepters in the world, I yet am truly enforced to see that thou lovest *Turkey* far better than *Italy*, and art well contented that *Palmerius* should love me better than thy self, for else thou wouldst never permit, that my fathers tyranny to me should (in thy absence) give a law to my affection to him, or consent that *Palmerius* should be the Diamond, and thy self prove only the foil of my heart and love: And if this ingratitude of thine be not a crime, I know not what a crime is, nor how nor in what terms to define or determine thereof. Judge therefore with thy self (at least if thou art not as wholly exempt of judgement as of love) what a poor half, yea, what a small part I am of thee, when by thy voluntary absence thou wilt wholly resign me up to another, and that *Palmerius* must be my Husband, when my heart and soul; yea, when God and his Angels well know, I desire nothing under Heaven so much, as to live and die thy Wife; or else thou wouldst not have been so unkind, to confine thy will or to bound thy obstinacy to no lesse than a whole years sequestration and absence from me, which if thy heart were equal, or but the least shadow of mine, thou wouldst deem to contain as many moneths as hours, and as many ages as moneths. But God forbid this discourtesie of thine should prove so great a cruelty to me, or before I know what belongs to fortunacy, I should be constrained to feel and suffer so much infelicity. Come away therefore, my dear *Morosini*, and my sighs, tears, and prayers shall implore the Winds and Seas to prove propitious to thy speedy return; and blame not me, but thy self, if thy absence and my fathers obstinacy bereave me of my sweet *Morosini*, and thee of thy Dear.

IMPERIA.

Morosini could not refrain from blushing at the reading of this his Mistress *Imperia*'s Letter, as ashamed to see what an exceeding advantage her courtesie had got of his unkindness. He oftentimes kisseth this her Letter and Bracelet, as the two sweet pledges of her sweetest love and affection to him, the which he vows to requite, and shortly to make his return, redeem and ransom the ingratitude of his long stay from her. He shews this Letter of hers to his two old Comrades, *Astonicus* and *Donato*, for their friendship and familiarity is still so great, as they cannot; (hey will not forsake each other) who infinitely tax his unkindness, and condemn his inconstancy, in sequestering himself so long from so sweet and fair a Mistress as *Imperia*. Now for the space of some ten days *Morosini* feasted his friend *Mercario* in *Aleppo*, wherein he forgets not continually to solemnize his *Imperia*'s health in the best and richest Greek wines; at the end whereof (very bountifully rewarding his love and pains, for so often crossing those dangerous Seas in his behalf) he chargeth him with his Letter in answer of his, and in requital of her bracelet of sparks of Diamonds, he returns and sends her a fair chain of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring fastned to the end thereof, with a pair of Turkish silver embroydered bracelets, and so commits him to the mercy of the Winds and Seas; who in six weeks after arrives safely to *Ancona*, and the next morning posts away to *Loretto*, where repairing secretly to *Bondino*'s house, he finds out his daughter *Imperia* alone, solitarily walking at the farther end of the Garden among ranks of Sycamour and Olive trees: Who no sooner espies *Mercario*, but all her blood flashing into her face for joy, she speedily trips away towards him, who (after salutes) bidding him a thousand times welcom home, and he giving her *Morosini*'s Letter & Token, she claps the last in her pocket, and hastily kissing and breaking up the seals of the first, steps aside a pace or two, and therein finds and reads these lines.

MORO.

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

THy sweet beauty, and rich affection and constancy shall not only command my resolution but my self, and it is impossible either for my profit or reputation to give but to receive a Law thereof; for thy requests being to me commands, and consequently thy felicity and misery equally mine, I will therefore shorten and hasten the time of my stay, and so convert a whole year into a few months: For if Imperia be Palmerius his Wife, Morosini can then never be either himself or his own friend, and to write thee the life of my heart, as thou hast now the heart of thy soul, It is not the ambition of a Consular dignity, nor all the treasure of Turkey, or the Indies, which shall keep me from enjoying of my fair and sweet Imperia, in whose divine cheeks and eyes my heart hath imparadized all my most sovereign earthly felicity: So that I not only deny but desire that Palmerius, or any other of the world, is capable to love her the thousand part, or so tenderly or dearly as my self; to whose sake and service I will still be found ready to lay down my best blood, and to prostitute and sacrifice my dearest life. O then, my fair and sweet Imperia, live therefore my dear Wife, and Morosini will assuredly die thy loving and constant Husband, and thou shalt briefly see that I will hate ingratitude as much as thy inconsiderate Father loves and intends cruelty towards thee, and make thee as joyfull in my presence, as thou writest me thou art afflicted and sorrowful in my absence. I come my sweet Imperia, and if I want Winds or Seas to bring me to thy blessed presence, my sighs shall increase the one, and my tears supply and augment the other to effect it. Prepare therefore thy heart and eyes to see and salute me, as I do mine arms and lips to embrace and kiss thee, and I both hope and rest confident, that my prayers and constancy seconded by thine, will make thy Fathers obstinacy vain, and prove Palmerius his attempts and hopes ridiculous, in thinking to have thee to his Wife, who art already mine by choice and promise.

MOROSINI.

This Letter of *Morosini* affords no small musick to the heart, or melody to the minde of our *Imperia*, for she sweetly and carefully treasureth it up in her brest and memory, and now in hope of his short return, she leaves no Church nor Chappel in or about *Loretto* unfrequented to pray for it; yea, she is so religious and vertuous, as she gives her self wholly to prayer, the sooner to obtain it: whiles (in the mean time) her cruel Father *Bondino* (contrary to her expectation and desires) cuts her out new work, in resuming his old resolution to marry her to her old Lover *Palmerius* who still loves her so tenderly that for her sake, he will not forsake *Loretto* to live in *Ancona*, so that here the Reader is prayed to understand and know, that *Bondino* finally, (and once for all) to cast his daughter *Imperia* and her affection from *Morosini* to *Palmerius*, seeing that all other means will not prevail, he infinitely debars her of her liberty, takes away from her, her chiefest apparel and jewels (the delight and glory of young Ladies and Gentlewomen) as also her best viands and diet, and in a word intreateth her so rigorously, as (upon the matter) he makes her more his prisoner then his daughter. *Imperia* who was never heretofore acquainted with such sharp severity and course entertainment bites her lip and hangs her head hereat. But the more she prays her Father to reserve her for *Morosini*, the more tyrannously he commands her speedily to marry *Palmerius*, so that all her sighs and tears to the contrary do rather exasperate then appease his indignation against her, and now she finds the long stay of *Morosini* from her, not only to exceed her first expectation, but also his last promises to her in his Letter, and is enforced to see, that her Father is as cruel as *Palmerius* is obstinate and resolute in his suit to her. She hath nothing to comfort her but the memory and letters of *Morosini*, and yet nothing doth so much confound her hopes and patience, as her Fathers cruelty in crossing this her affection. But at last despairing of *Morosini*'s return, and vanquished by her Fathers tyrannie, she (with an unwilling willingness) is enforced to suffer her self to be overcome by him, as also to permit the walls of her affection, and the bulwarks and fortifications of her constancy to be battered and razed down, by the incessant solicitations, gifts, and prayers of *Palmerius*; So that forgetting her promise, and her self, and putting a rape on her former resolution, she is at last contracted and married to him, or rather to the calamities and miseries which we shall shortly see will ensue thereof.

Here now then this old dotard *Palmerius* is married to fair *Imperia*, who esteems himself as happy as she finds her self unfortunate in this match. His Age is too old for her Youth, and her Youth far too young for his Age; Disparity of years seldom (or never) breeds any true content or felicity in Marriage. He cannot sufficiently estimate, much less deserve or requite the dainties of her youth, so that truth must here needs implore this dispensation for me of modesty, to affirm that his chiefest power was desire; and his best performance but lust towards her; for whiles every night, as soon as he comes to bed to her, he falls to his sleep;

sleep; so poor young Gentlewoman she turns to her repentance, wishing (from her very heart & soul) that her Husbands bed were her grave, and that her Nuptials had been her Funeral. A thousand times every day and night she accuseth her Fathers cruelty and (with bitter sighs and tears) as often condemneth her own levity and inconstancy for consenting therunto. She can neither honour or love her husband, or rather not love him, because she so tenderly loves the person, and honoureth the memory of *Morofini*. Thus whiles *Palmerius* retaineth and enjoyeth our *Imperia* in his bed, no less doth she her *Morofini* in her heart, so that the first hath only her body, but the second wholly her minde and affection, the sorrowfull consideration and remembrance whereof, doth so torment her heart and perplex her mind, that she protesteth publicly to her self, and privately to all the world, that there is no calamity equall to hers, nor no misery comparable to that of a discontented bed. Thus being as much a maid as a wife, and yet more a Nun than a maid, she makes spiritual Books her exercise, solitariness her pastime, her chamber her chappel, and her Closet her Oratory to pray to God to forgive her Fathers cruelty, and her Husbands indiscretion towards her, as also her own inconstancy and treachery towards *Morofini*, which foul ingratitude and crime of hers she cannot remember but with extream grief, nor once think of, but with infinite shame, sorrow, and repentance. Although this her old husband *Palmerius*, be so amorous and kind to her, and so tender of this his fair young wife, that he leaves no cost bestowed on her, aswell in rich apparel, as Chains and Jewels, wherein the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Italy* chiefly pride themselves. But this was not the content and felicity which our *Imperia* desired because deserved; because her fresh youth, and her Husbands feeble and frozen Age, cast her heart on other opposite conceits, and her mind on other different contemplations.

While thus *Bondino* and *Palmerius* as much rejoyce as *Imperia* mourns and grieves at this her unequal and discontented Match, and *Morofini* confidently relying on the firme affection and constancy of his *Imperia* made his stay in *Aleppo*, some ten months longer than his promise to her. He at last led by the star of her beauty and his own affection to her, leaves *Turky*, and (in company of his constant old Friends *Astonicus* and *Donato*) sets sail for *Italy*, and purposely puts in with their ship into *Ancona*, where they and he are no sooner arrived, but *Mercario* finding him out, entertains him with the welcom of this sorrowful news, that his Mistress *Imperia* is now in this City of *Ancona*, and Married to old *Seignior Palmerius*, whereat *Morofini* infinitely grieves and *Astonicus* and *Donato* much wonder. He is stricken at the heart at this sorrowful news, and (tootoo soon for him) believes it with as much affliction as admiration. By this time likewise is *Imperia* advertized of his and their arrival, whereat she seems to drown her self in a whole deluge of tears; yet not for sorrow, but for joy of his arrival. He employs *Mercario* to her to grant him a private visit, the which most joyfully the next night she doth in her own house, her old Husband being in bed, and snoring fast asleep. At *Morofini*'s first sight and entrance into her chamber (where she all alone privately stays for him) she throws her self on her knees at his feet, and with sighs, tears, and blushes begs his pardon for her inconstancy in marrying *Palmerius*, the which she no way attributes to his long stay, but rather to her Fathers cruelty and her own misfortune. *Morofini* is as joyfull of her sight as sorrowfull of this her error, and so will not permit her to kneel, because he sees and knows, and also assureth her, that she is still the Goddess of his heart and affection. He takes her up in his arms, and there embraceth and freely pardons her, and so they reciprocally speak each to other in the sweet Language of love, I mean of kisses, sighs, and tears, with the last whertof, they again and again, bedew and wash each others cheeks, as if love had made them far more capable to sigh then speak, and to weep than sigh: Here their old affections revive, and flame forth a new with more violence and impetuosity. She hath no power to deny him any thing, no not her self. For as he swears to live her servant, so she constantly vows to live and die his handmaid, and that his will shall ever be her Law, and his requests in all things her commands. Here his heart beats for love, and her brest pants for joy. For as he promiseth her, that she shall be his sole and only love; so she willingly) forgets her self so far, as solemnly to protest to him, that he shall be more her husband than *Palmerius*, when with many embraces and kisses, they for that night part.

The next morning *Morofini* and his two Consorts *Astonicus* and *Donato* (by the feigned way of a rejoycing complement) do visit his young Mistress *Imperia*, and her old Husband *Palmerius*, who (more out of his own goodness then their deserts) bids them all most kindly and courteously welcom. They congratulate with him for this his happy match with *Imperia*, for which, old *Palmerius* respectively thanks them, but he knows not what dangerous snakes lurk under the green leaves of this their pretended fair courtesie. As for his Wife *Imperia*, the

she is so reserved in her comportment, and so coy in her carriage towards them, that (according to the custome of *Italy*) her Husband can hardly perswade or cause her to see and salute them, the which at last she faintly and fainedly performs, rather with an eye of disdain than of respect. They all see the young Wife with love and pittie, but look on her old Husband with contempt and envy; yet *Morosini* then and there in stealth sees *Imperia's* heart in her eyes, when in counterchange, she knowes his heart by his enamoured looks and countenance: So *Palmerius* (being as innocent as aged) having discoursed with them about their voyage, and about *Turkie* and *Constantinople*, and courteously prayed them to be no strangers to him and his house, whiles the contrary winds kept them here in *Ancona*, which they readily and thankfully promise him, they for this time take leave each of other, *Astonicus* and *Donato* highly applauding the beauty of *Imperia*, and *Morosini* infinitely condemning and contemning the simplicity and age of her old Husband *Palmerius*.

But this is not all, for that very after-noon *Morosini* (out of the intemperate heat and passion of his love) by a confident Messenger sends to pray *Imperia* to meet him at three of the clock in her Garden, which was a pretty way distant from her house, the which she joyfully grants him, and here it is where they meet, and where I am enforced to say, that in the Pavillion or Banqueting-house of this Garden, these our two youthfull lovers (after a thousand sweet kisses and embraces) first received each of other those amorous delights and pleasures, which modesty will not, and chastity and honesty cannot permit me to mention, as also for that these pills of sugar are most commonly candid in bitter wormwood and gall, and but too frequently prove hogey to the palate, but poyson to the heart and soul.

And here in this her Garden (I say again) was the very first time and place where our fair *Imperia*, who was so famous in *Loretto* and *Ancona* for her Piety and Chastity, forgetting the first, made shipwrack of the last, & where of a Gentlewoman of honour, she lost her honor by committing this her beastly sin of sensuality & Adultery. When the winds, which were contrary to *Morosini's* voyage proved so favourable and propitious to his lustfull desires, that he thinks of nothing lesse than of his return to *Venice*, nor of any thing so much as of his stay here in *Ancona*, with his fair and sweet love *Imperia*; who likewise finds lesse content and pleasure in the compauy of her husband *Palmerius* than she hoped for, and now far more in her dear friend *Morosini* than she either dreamt or expected: In which triviall regard, and sinfull consideration she (in a manner) abandons the first, and gives her self wholly over to the will and pleasure of the second, and so turning the custome of these their lascivious dalliances into a habit, and that into a second nature, both in her Garden, and her own house, she very often (both by day and night) commits this bitter-sweet sin of Adultery with *Morosini*, whereof a subtile young Nephew of *Palmerius*, of some eighteen years old, who was his Sisters Son, and tearmed *Richards*, takes exact and curious notice, and once among the rest he peepes in at the key-hole of his Aunts Chamber door, and there sees her and Seignior *Morosini* on the bed together, and in no lesse familiarity then was requesite or could be expected betwixt his Unkle her Husband *Palmerius* and her self; whereupon secretly envying and hating her, because he was afraid she should beare away all, or at least the greatest part of his said Unkles Estate and Wealth from him (who for want of Children, hoped that he therefore should be his adopted Heire) he therefore maliciously beares the remembrance of this object and accident in his mind, with an intent that when occasion should hereafter present the report and knowledge thereof to his said Unkle, he might justly cause him wholly to heave and raze her out of his good opinion and affection.

As for *Morosini* and *Imperia* they (notwithstanding all this) do still strongly endeavour to blear the eyes of her Husband *Palmerius*, who (thinking his Wife to be as chaste as fair, and rather a *Diana* than a *Lais*) out of his good nature doth sometimes in his house feast *Morosini* and his two Consorts *Astonicus* and *Donato*: But they will prove pernicious and fatall guests to him, for ere long we shall see them requite this hospitality and courtesie of his with a prodigious and treacherous ingratitude. In which meantime all *Ancona* resounds of the great expence and profuse prodigality of *Morosini*, and his two Associates, for they here Revell it out in the best Tavernes and Companies of the City, and not only exceed others, but also themselves, in the richness and bravery of their Apparell, but most especially, *Morosini*, whose Apparell is every way fitter for an Italian Nobleman, than a Venetian Merchant. Our Lustfull and Lascivious *Imperia* is never well contented or pleased but in his presence, and her Husbands absence; and here to relate the truth of her heart, *Morosini* is more her Husband than *Palmerius*; or rather *Palmerius* is but the shadow, and *Morosini* the essentiall substance of her Husband, and therefore (I desire the Reader to know

know and remember) that in that regard and consideration I have purposely entitled this History not to be of *Palmerius* and *Imperia*, but of *Morofini* and *Imperia*.

Morofini, *Astonicus*, and *Donato* (in their Lodging and Chambers) have many times many private speeches and conferences, what pitty is it that so sweet and faire a young Gentlewoman as *Imperia*, should (by the constraint of her unkind and cruell Father) thus be clogged and chained in Marriage to so old a Dotard as *Palmerius*, (for a more favourable Epithiete their Vanity and Folly could not afford to give him) and *Morofini* (in the dumb eloquence and Logick of *Imperia*'s sighes and teares) apparantly beleeves that (in her Heart and Soul) she infinitely desireth and wisheth that *Palmerius* were in Heaven, and himself now her Husband here on earth in his place; He reads as much in her looks and Countenance, and is therefore confident that her heart and ambition aspire to no sweeter earthly felicity. He hath not lost his Wit in his Affection, nor wholly drowned his Jugement, either in the fresh Roses and Lillies of her Beauty, or in the resplendant lustre of those sparkling Diamonds and Starres, her Eyes. He knowes that his Estate is farre inferiour to his Birth and extraction, and yet that his prodigalities and expences (both in *Turkey* and *Italy*) are far superiour and above his Estate: He would faine (therefore) find out the means to bear up his port, and consequently to preserve his Reputation with the whole world, the which he esteemes equall to his life, if not above it. He knowes that *Imperia* is already more his Wife than her Husbands, and is very confident that he can make her apt for any impression, and capable of any design; which may advance his own fortunes, and confirm both their contents whereunto conjoyning the sweenesse of her Beauty, and the excellency of her Feature, and the exceeding great Wealth of her old Husband, he adding all these considerations together, they here weigh him down to Hell and Satan, by terminating his thoughts & fixing his heart upon this Hellish Resolution, to send him speedily to Heaven in a bloody winding sheet; and no other charitable thought, or Christian consideration can divert him from this inhumane and bloody project, neither can he possibly reap any truce of his thoughts, or peace of his Heart, before he have attempted and finished it.

To which end, the very next Night that he lay and wantontzed in Bed with his *Imperia*, (for God knowes her old Husband lay but seldome with her) and finding her extraordinarily to sigh, he layes hold of this advantage, and oportunity, and very earnestly demands of her what ayles her, whereat her tongue then fled to her heart, because her heart was then flying from God to the Devill, so she continues her sighing, but is still mute and returns him no answer. Till at last *Morofini* suspecting that in her which his hopes desired, and his desires hoped for, then I say what his demands could not obtain of her, his kisses do, when swearing him to secrecy, she (after many far fetcht sighes) tells him; that she loves him so dearly and tenderly, as for his sake she tither wisheth her selfe in her Grave, or her Husband *Palmerius* in Heaven; which is the sweet Musick and melody that *Morofini* expects, and which to his unexpressable joy he now receives from her, when paying her the principall and interest of this her dearest Love and affection towards him, with many kisses; he passionaly intreats her, that she will imploy him to finish this pleasing Tragedy, but she is again mute hereat, and therefore he again more earnestly intreats her to confer this favour on him; Who then taking Counsell of her Lust, and of Hell, she grants his first Request herein with silence, but his second with a free and Cheerfull Consent. When (as two Wretched and Bloody Miscreants) they reciprocally swear secrecy herein each to other, as also that they will speedily dispatch him, and so in a very short time after Marry each other, and no longer live in *ANCONA* but in *VENICE*. But what a fatall, what a Hellish contract was this? which they equally confirm as well with Oaths as Kisses, and how at one time do I pitty both their Youth and Folly and hate their obscene affections each to other; and their foul crimes unto God herein! They cannot content themselves with Lust but with Blood, for they are so resolutely inhumane and impious, as they will needs adde Murder to Adultery, as if one of those two foule finnes were not enough sufficient to make both of them wretched in this Life, if not wiserable in that to come; But the Devill is so strong with them as they vow to advance, and disdain to retire in the perpetration of this deplorable businesse; So from the matter they proceed to the manner hereof: *Morofini* proposeth Poyson, but *Imperia* rejects this his opinion, as being dangerous both in the procuring and administering. When she propoundeth to have him stifled by nigh in his Bed, to the which after two or three pauses and considerations, he will and freely consenteth. So hereon they both do finally agree and resolve. But because *Morofini* knowes his *Imperia* to be a wise and weak Woman, and therefore fitter for counsell than execution, and him self alone peradventure not strong enough (with safety) to perform it without some other mens assistance, he therefore tells her that he will likewise engage his

his faithfull friends and companions *Astonicus* and *Donato* herein. But *Imperia* is extremely against it, as grounding her apprehension and tear upon this Maxime. That as one is more capable and proper to keep counsell then two, so consequently are two than four. But when (in answer hercof) he vows and swears to her that they are no less his faithfull friends and servants than he hers; then (with much alacrity and joy) she yeelds thereunto, so they confirming this their agreement with many Oaths, and sealing it with a world of kisses, he leaves this his fair sweet-heart in bed, and at break of day departs from her, and so hies him home to his own Lodging to his two companions *Astonicus* and *Donato*, who (the promises considered) do perfectly know, at what midnight Mass he hath been, what shrine he hath visited, and what Saint adored and prayed to.

Some three hours after they all call for their breakfasts, the which as soon as they have taken and ended, (for still as yet the wind is contrary for them to set sail for *Venice*) *Morosini* prays them forthwith to walk with him up to the *Domo* (or Cathedral Church) of that City which stands over it on a high rocky hill, and there proudly looks up towards the Mountains of *Loretto*, and *Recagnati*, and down to the azur'd plains and valleys of the Adriatique Sea (whereon *Boreas* rings his Northern peals, and *Neptune* danceth his Southerne Lavolta's.) So here in this famous Church, (which was built for offering up religious prayers to God, and not for making up bloody conferences and contracts to, and with the Devill) *Morosini* first acquaints them with this business, and with his, and his *Imperias* most earnest prayers, and affectionate requests for their assistance therein; Sith the life of her old doating Husband was no less their affliction and misery, than this his death would infallibly prove their prosperity, triumph and glory, because she was formerly contracted to himself, long before he married her: which she was enforced and constrained to do through the cruelty and tyrannie of her Father. Now as their needs not many good words and perswasions to base hearts, and polluted and prophane souls, who of themselves are already disposed to wickedness and prepared to sinfull actions: So (because of *Morosini*'s old friendship and familiarity, of *Imperias* beauty, and her old Husband *Palmerius* his exceeding great wealth and riches) these two graceless wretches *Astonicus* and *Donato* do cheerfully promise *Morosini*, the very utmost of their possible powers for the accomplishment hereof, whereon they all three doe there solemnly and interchangeably give their hands and oaths, as also for eternall secrecie. Which done they return to their Lodgings; and at dinner (when they had purposely sent away their Servants, as also those of the house) they in very great glasses of *Albania* wine, do on their knees drink healths to the prosperity of this their intended great business: The which after dinner *Morosini* (with much joy) fully relates to his *Imperia*, and she (for her part) understands and receives it from him with no less delight and exhilaration. When being (as strongly seduced and provoked by their lascivious desires, as they were meely propagated and engendred by the Devill who was the first and sole Author thereof) impatient of all delays they conclude to finish this business the second night after, (which (as I have been credibly informed in *Ancona*) was the very Eve of the purification of the blessed *Mary* so famous and famoused in *Loretto*) and hereon these our two lustfull and lewd Lovers *Morosini* and *Imperia* do give and take exact and curious directions each from other, both of the hour and the manner, thereby the better to dispatch it, with lesse danger and more assurance and facility; And they are so lascivious in their wishes, so vain and prophane in their hopes, so cruell and inhumane in their desires, and so fierce and bloody in their resolutions, at they think every hour an age before they see it effected. All this while our innocent and harmeles old *Palmerius*, albeit he have the will, but not the power to please his young wife *Imperia* by night, yet by day (yea and almost every day) he hath both the power and will to bestow some rich gifts and presents on her, and to rain down showers of Gold into her lap, as *Jove* did to his fair *Danae*, and as one way he held it his felicity to gaze and contemplate on the excellency of her pure beauty, so again he made it his delight and glory to see her flant it out in rich and brave Apparrell, and also to provide her the most rarest Viands and daintiest dyet that Gold or Silver could procure. But poor *Palmerius* (all this cost and courtesie of thine to thy wife notwithstanding) I am enforced to write with equall pity to thee, and shame to her, little dost thou conceive or think, what a dangerous Cockatrice or pernicious Viper thou harbourest in harbouring her in thy House, thy Bed, thy Bosome.

The dismall night being now come, which these four execrable persons have designed and destined for the finishing of this deplorable business. It is no sooner twelve of the Clock by *Morosinies* watch, but he with *Astonicus* and *Donato* (with their Rapiers and Pistols without any light) issue forth their lodging, and presently trip to *Palmerius* house, where (according to promise) they find the street door a little open and *Imperia* (as a fury of Hell) there ready to

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receive them, when although it were a time and place far more fitter for them to tremble than kifs; yet so fervent is the fire of *Morofini* and *Imperia*s lascivious and furious affection; as they cannot yet refrain from giving each other one, or two at least. When leaving *Donato* (with his Rapier drawn) close within the door, to guard and make it good against all opposing and intervening accidents, *Morofini* leads *Imperia* by her right arme, and *Atonicus* by the left, and so for the more security (purposely) leaving their shoes below with *Donato*, and drawing on wollen pumps, they all three ascend the stairs when she (with wonderfull silence) first conducts them to her own Chamber (which was some two distant from her (Husbands) where the windows being close shut, and a small wax candle burning on her Table, and her Prayer-book by it wherein (still expecting the hour of midnight) she silently reads whiles the Devill held the candle to her, she there gives each of them a pillow to work this damnable fact, having silently given such order, that her Husbands Nephew *Richardo*, and all the servants of the house, were gone to bed above three hours before: Thus this treacherous she-devill *Imperia* (for I can no more tearm her a woman, much less a wife, and least of all a Christian) is the fatall guid to bloody *Morofini* and *Atonicus*, who brings them first to the door of her old Husband *Palmerius* his Chamber, which she had purposely left a little open, and then to his bed, who is deeply and soundly sleeping in his innocency towards them, as they were but too too wide waking in their inveterat malice against him, she keeping the door, and *Morofini* standing by one side of the bed, and *Atonicus* by the other, they there (in regard of his impotencie and weakness) do easily stifle him to death, not so much as suffering him either once to crie or screech; and then then to make sure work, they speedily and violently thrust a small Orange into his mooth, thereby the better to cover and colour out this their villanie to the world, in making all men beleve, that it was *Palmerius* himself who had put that Orange into his own mouth, thereby purposely to destroy himself; when leaving his breathless body in his bed, they secretly issue forth the Chamber, and she draws fast the doore after her, and so descends with them down the stairs to the Street-door, where with much triumph, joy, and thanks between them all, *Morofini* giving his *Imperia* many kisses, and she desiring them all three immediatly to repair to their Lodgings, and not to stir thence till they hear from her, which she promiseth *Morofini* shall be as soon as conveniently and possibly she can, they depart home: When the first softly bolting the Street-door, and then her own Chamber-door, she presently (with much security, and no repentance) betakes her self to her bed, where (vilde wretch that she is) she no more wakes for grief at the life, but now sleeps for joy at the death of her old doating Husband *Palmerius*. But we shall not go for, before we see God convert these her triumphs into tears, and this her false joy into true miserie and confusion for the same.

The manner thus.

Whiles *Morofini*, *Atonicus*, and *Donato* do in their Lodging, for joy of this their bloudie fact, carowse the remainder of the night, and the next morning keep their beds till nine of the clock, without once thinking of God or Heaven or of fearing either Hell or Satan; *Imperia* putting an Angels face on her devillish heart, goes (according to her accustomed manner) about six of the clock in the morning away with her waiting-maid, and her Prayer-book and Beads in hand, to hear Mass at Saint *Francis* (which is the Gray Fryers) Church near to the Jews Street, with an intent to stay there in her Oraisons till past eight. But let the reader judge, with what a prophane zeal and prodigious and impious devotion she doth it; as also farther know, that God who is the great Judge of Heaven and Earth (in his sacred Justice) is now resolved to bring this lamentable murthering of *Palmerius* to detection and light, and to proclaim and publish it to the sight and knowledge of the world by a way no less strange than remarkable.

Within less than half an hour that *Imperia* went away to Mass to Saint *Francis* Church, an Inn-keeper of *Loretto*, who dwelt there at the sign of the Crown, named *Antonio Herbas*, arrives there in *Ancona* to *Palmerius* house, with a Letter for him from his Father *Bondino*; who speaking with his Nephew *Richardo*, he delivereth and sendeth up the Letter to his Uncle, who then opening the latch of his Chamber door, he no sooner entereth, but with his foot he stumbles at a pair of rich Gloves, which taking up, and knowing them to belong to *Seignior Morofini*, because some two or three dayes together he had seen him wear them, he with a smile elaps them into his pocket, and so giving his Uncle the good morrow, he advanceth up to his bed, to deliver him this Letter: When with drawing the Curtains, hee (contrary to his expectation) finds him dead, and well-near cold in his bed, with a whole small Orange in his mouth; whereat hee makes so lamentable and sorrowfull an out-crie that the noise thereof brings up two servants of the house, to enquire and know what the cause thereof might be.

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Who being likewise sad spectators of this their Masters sudden and unfortunate death, they conceive and beleeve, that he had voluntarily stopped his own breath, and destroyed himself by putting this Orange in his mouth, and that his face being black and swollen, was only his own struggling for life against death; which opinion of theirs, in common sense and reason was probable enough, if God had not here resolved to disprove it, in verifying and making apparent the contrary. For *Richardo* (who was of a pregnant wit, and of a sharp and quick apprehension) considering that these were *Morosini's* Gloves which he found there in his Uncles Chamber; and his memorie now telling his heart, what lescivious dalliances and obscene embraces and familiarity his eyes had lately seen and known betw^{een} him and his Aunt *Imperia*, as also that God heretofore prompted and informed his soul, that they both had an equall share and hand in this lamentable murder of his Uncle, and that it was far better for him justly to ruine her now, then she unjustly to begger him hereafter: Hee therefore (with tears in his eyes) prays the servants to stay a little while in the Chamber with his dead Uncle till his return; and then (with those Gloves in his pocket, and this Letter in his hand) he speeds away to the Podestate (or criminall Judge) of this City, named Seignior *Ludovicus Ceranno*, and in a passionate and sorrowfull speech makes him know as much as himself knows of this lamentable murder of his Uncle *Palmerius*, for the which he strongly chargeth *Morosini* and his said Aunt *Imperia* to be the Author and Actor, and so craves Justice on them both for the same. This grave personage is very sorrowfull at this lamentable accident, and likewise at this relation and accusation of *Richardo*, as well for the manner thereof, as for the quality of the persons who he hears and fears are interested herein, when walking a turn or two, deeply contemplating hereon in his Chamber, he sits himself down in his Chair; and then (bidding *Richardo* approach nearer to him) he seriously demands of him these four Questions. First, if he were assured that these were *Morosini's* Gloves; to which *Richardo* answered, he perfectly knew them to be his, for that he had seen him wear them three or four severall times. Secondly, where *Morosini* was lodged in that City; whereat he replied, that he and his two associates, *Altonicus* and *Donato*, lay at the sign of the Ship upon the Key. Thirdly, where he thought his Aunt *Imperia* now was; whereat he tells him, she is now in Saint *Francis* Church in her devotions. And fourthly, what Letter that was which he held fast sealed in his hand; when he also informed him, that this was the very same Letter which he formerly told him of, the which Seignior *Bondino* (the Father to his Aunt *Imperia*) sent to his Uncle this morning from *Loretto*, by an Inn-keeper of that Town, named *Antonio Herbas*, whom he said he had brought along with him to affirm so much; the which being called up before the Podestate he upon his corporall Oath did so: when the Podestate taking that Letter from *Richardo*, and breaking up the Seals thereof, he finds it to speak this language.

BONDINO to PALMERIUS.

IT was a sensible grief to me, when I first heard of *Morosini's* arrivall from *Turkie* to *Ancona*; but far the greater, when I since understand of his long and lingring stay there: and to write thee the truth of my heart, my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, do still prompt and assure me, that as it is likely he will attempt something against the Chastity of thy Wisemy Daughter, so it is not impossible for him likewise to plot somewhat against thine own life; for by nature and inclination I beare he is very malicious and revengefull. If he depart speedily to *Venice*, then burn this Letter in *Ancona* (which I now send thee there by my neighbour *Antonio Herbas*;) but if he farther protract his stay there, then speedily bring thy self and thy Wife away to me here in *Loretto*; where my House shall be a Sanctuary for her, and a Castle and Cittadel for thy self: Slight not this my carefull and tender advice to thee, but rather resolve with confidence, that as God gave it first to my heart, so from my heart I most affectionatly now send it to thee.

BONDINO.

The Podestate being ascertained of all these Evidences, from the confession of *Richardo*, the Gloves of *Morofini*, the Letter of *Bondino*, and the acknowledgement of *Herbas*, although hereupon he verily believes that *Palmerius* was stifled in his bed by his Wife *Imperia* and her lover *Morofini*, yet (as a wise Judge and a prudent Magistrate) he will inform his knowledge of one important point more, for the better disquisition and vindication of the truth of this deplorable business: He will not send any subordinate Officer, but a privat friend of his, to the Hoast of the Ship upon the Key, where *Morofini* lodged, whose name he now knows to be *Stephano Fundi*, and that (in favour of a Cup of Wine) he should courteously allure him home to his house and presence, the which that friend of his performs; where the Podestate then told him, that he hath been informed by divers, that he is an honest man, and therefore in friendly sort he prays him to answer him the truth of three demands which he shall make unto him. First, if *Morofini* and his friends *Altonicus* and *Donato* lay in his house all the last night, or if not, when they went abroad, and at what hour returned. When *Fundi* (performing his dutie and reverence to) the Podestate) tells him, that they all three went forth of his house together the last night with their Rapiers, without any lights, a little after twelve of the clock, and returned home again a little before two, as near as he could guess. Secondly, the Podestate shews him the Gloves, and asks of him, if he thought these were *Morofini's*; to the which he answered, he did assure himself they were, for that he had many times seen him wear them. Thirdly, he enquires of him, if he knew where *Morofini*, *Altonicus*, and *Donato* now were; whereunto he made answer, that after they came home to his house the last night, they merrily carrowed and drank in their Chamber till six of the clock in the morning; that they then went to their beds, and there as yet they all lay soundly sleeping. The Podestate having thus happily cleared all these rubs, he makes no doubt they were the murtherers of *Palmerius*, and therefore resolves speedily to lay sure hold of them all. But he is so solid and wise in his administration of Justice, as he will add subtiltie to his power, and discretion to his authority. First therefore in friendly manner he confines *Fundi* to a Chamber here in his own house, to prevent that he should not return home to tell tales to *Morofini* and his associates. Then he presently sends away two of his own Sons, who were gallant young Gentlemen, named *Seignior Alexandro* and *Thomaso Ceranno* (who were ignorant of all this matter) with his Coach to Saint Francis Church, and when they there see the fair Gentlewoman *Imperia* to issue forth, then in courteous manner not to fail to bring her away in Coach with them to his house, under pretext and colour, that the Lady *Honoris* their Mother doth desire to see and speak with her, and that she will please to pass one hour with her in her Garden, with whom and where she (by the way of visits) had formerly sometimes been. These two young Gentlemen (in obedience to their Fathers commands) drive away to that Church, and presently espie *Imperia* on her knees; who now riseth and goes forth; they follow her, and in the street, with their Hats in their hands, do present their Lady Mothers request and errand to her, as we have formerly heard. *Imperia* knowing them to be the Podestates two Sons, she at first is so infinitely perplexed, grieved, and amazed hereat, yea, she is hereupon vexed and tormented in so strange a manner, that with much perturbation of mind, she now (through her foul and guilty conscience) looks pale for sorrow, and presently red again for shame; so that in the turning of a hand, and twinkling of an eye, she exchangeth the Lillies of her Cheeks into Roses, and those Roses as soon again into Lillies. But then (fearing her danger least, when she had all the reasons of the world both to doubt and fear is most) considering that the Podestate and the Lady his Wife were her kind and honourable good friends, and had now sent their Coach for her, as also observing the fair carriage and courteous language of these two her young Sons towards her, she then (being blinded by the Devill) doth so wholly forget both her crime and her danger, her judgement and her self that rejecting her fear, and composing her countenance to a modest chearfulness, she willingly obeyes the Mothers commands, and accepts of the Sons courtesie, and so goes along home with them in their Coach, where being arrived. These two young Gentlemen, do usher and conduct her up to the Gallery, where not the Lady their Mother, but the Podestate their Father, (accompanied with two other grave Officers of justice attended her coming. Their very first sight is sufficiently capable to daunt her courage with fear, and to transpierce her heart and soule with sorrow; When the Podestate calling her to him, hee with a sterne Countenance gives her this thundring peale for her good morrow and breakfast. That hee is sorry to see that so fair a Gentlewoman as her self, should harbour and enshrine so foule a heart. That her good old Husband *Seignior Palmerius* is this morning found stifled to death in his Bed with an Orenge in his mouth, and that hee both thinks and assures himselfe, it is done by her, and by her bloody Ruffian and Enamourato *Morofini*,
for

for the which he saith he is constrained (in honour to Justice) to make her Prisoner to the Pope his Holiness, his Sovereign Lord and Master, whereat this false hypocrite *Imperia* (with a world of sighs and tears cries out and tels him, that she left her old Husband *Palmerius* in perfect health in his bed this morning, that therefore she hopeth and trusteth in God he is not murdered, or if he be, that it must needs be done by his wretched Nephew *Richardo*, who impatiently gaped and hoped for his great wealth and riches, or else by some Devill in his shape, of his seducing and hiring him thereunto. That *Morosini* is not her Russian or Enamourato, but a brave Marchant by his profession, and an honourable Gentleman of *Venice* by birth and extraction, and that she dares pawn her life for his, that they are both of them as innocent of this foul crime as the Infants who were born but the last night, and that she hath far more reason to weep for the death of her Husband, than any way to fear her own life, because she knows that God is the defender of Innocents, and the Protector of the righteous, with many other passionate and sorrowfull speeches conducting and looking that way; but these her speeches and tears cannot prevaile with the Podestate, for both he and his two Coliegues do yet firmly beleve that she is guilty of this inhumane murder; So he imprisoneth her in a Chamber of his own house for that day, and intends at night to send her to the common Goale of that City. Now as she is led along between two Ushers (or Serjeants through a lower room, where all the Podestates Servants and some few others of the City were flocked thither to see her pass by, she infinitely more caring for her *Morosini's* life, and fearing his death than her own, it is her chance to espie *Mercario* (whom we have formerly understood she sent with her Letters to him to *Constantinople* and *Aleppo*, and knowing that the Serjeants would then difficultly permit her to speak with any of the company, she amidst her tears bethinks her self of a pretty pollicie; for as she pass close by *Mercario* she purposely lets fall her Gloves and wet Handkerchief for him to take up, the which he doth; and as he was stooping to effect it, she secretly and swiftly rounds him in his ear thus. I pray go instantly upon the Key to *Morosini's* lodging, and tell him that I am a Prisoner in the Podestates house, for the business he knows of, and therefore that he (and *Astonicus* and *Donato*) do speedily provide for their safety, as also that if I had a thousand lives I would willingly lose and sacrifice them all for to preserve his, and that I will live and dye his most loving friend and faithfull handmaid, the which as soon as she had uttered, she is imprisoned in a dark Chamber: where she hath none but her guilty conscience, the bare walles, and the two Serjeants for her miserable comforters; and yet here (thinking to breath and draw some hope among all her despair and sorrows, she prays one of the Serjeants to report her humble service to the Lady *Honorio* the Podestates Wife, and to pray her to oblige and honour her so much as to see and speak a word with her. But she having been informed by the Judge her Husband that he absolutely held and beleaved her to be the murderess of her own Husband *Seignior Palmerius*, she was too honourable to grant *Imperia* this courtesie, and therefore (in detestation of her foul fact) highly disdained to afford her this charity and consolation, and so flatly denies either to see or speak with her. And now do the Podestate, and his two Colleagues sit and debate in Councell with themselves, how and in what manner to surprize *Morosini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*, for although they are not sure, yet by their absence the last night from their lodging with *Morosini* they think that they two are accessaries with him herein; First, they are of opinion to seize on their ship, which is at Anchor in the Road; termed the *Realto* of *Venice* (a name I think derived and taken from the Merchants Exchange of that City termed the *Realto*, or else from the *Realto* Bridge, which (for one Arch) is doubtless the rarest, fairest, and richest Bridge of the world) which ship was of some three hundred Tuns, and bore some twenty peeces of Ordnance, and then presently after to seize on themselves in their lodging. But upon more mature deliberation, they resolve to abandon this their opinion, and so to seize on their persons, but not to arrest or make stay of their ship; and although their zeal to justice, and hast for their apprehension be very great, yet *Mercario* out of his respects to *Imperia*, and affection to *Morosini* tripe down through the by-streets and neereft way to the Key so swiftly, as he had already secretly related him and his two consorts the sorrowfull news which *Imperia* sent them by him. Whereat with fear in their hearts and courages, and amazement in their looks and countenances, they all three leap from their beds to their Swords, discharge their lane, pack up their Trunks and baggage, and resolve with all possible speed to flye to their ship, and then if not with, yet against thy winds to put into Sea, and for their safety to leave *Ancona*, and sayl for *Venice*. But yet here *Morosini's* heart is perplexed with a thousand torments to understand of his *Imperia's* eminent and apparent danger, and with many Hells instead of one to see that he must now thus suddenly leave her dear sight and company, which he every way esteems no less than either his earthly felicity, or his Heaven upon Earth.

But here again violently called away by the importunate cries of *Astonicus* and *Donato*, and yet far more by the consideration of his own proper fear and danger; *Mercario* is no sooner stollen away from them, but they all three with their swords drawn rush down the stayres with equall intents and resolution to exchange their Inne for their ship, and thereby to metamorphose their danger into security; But they shall see that these weak and reeling hopes of theirs will now deceive them. For they find all doors of their Inn lockt within side, and surrounded and beleagured without, with many armed Serjeants, Souldiers, and Citizens for their apprehension: And although *Morofini*, *Astonicus*, and *Donato*, were so inflamed with their youthfull blood and courage, as they were once generously resolved to sell their lives deerly, and with their Pistolls and Swords to prefer an honourable to an infamous death, yet being far overmastered with numbers and therefore enforced to take a Law of the stronger; Whereunto they the sooner hearken and consent, in regard the Serjeants and Officers do politickly cry out to them, and pray them to yeeld, as affirming that to their knowledge their resolution and fear doth far exceed the danger of their offences. They make a vertue of necessity, and unlocking the doors of their Inne and Chambers, do cheerfully yeeld up their persons, Pistols, and Swords to the Popes Officers of Justice, who as soon conveigh them all three to the common Prison of that City, which was the same wherein our not so sorrowfull as unfortunat *Imperia* was already entred, and where to her unexpressible grief, and *Morofini's* unparallell'd affliction and disconsolation, such exact charge was given of the Podestate, and such curious heed observed and taken of the Goaler, that he could not possibly be permitted either to see or speak with her, or she with him, the which indeed they conceived to be far more sharp than their crime, and infinitely more bitter than the consideration either of their fear or danger.

Now the news of these lamentable accidents being speedily posted from *Ancona* to *Loretto*, our *Imperias* cruell Father *Bondino* no sooner is ascertained thereof; But seeing his Son in law *Palmerius* murdered in his bed, and his Wife and his own only Daughter *Imperia* (with her Ruffian *Morofini* and his two consorts) to be imprisoned as the authors, and actors thereof, he for the love he bore to her life and the tender pittie and sorrow he felt of the infamy of her approaching death, suddenly falls sick, and dies; whereof his imprisoned Daughter *Imperia* understanding, she (in regard of his former severity towards her) is so much passionat, and so little compassionat, as she rather rejoyceth than lamenteth at it; Only she prayes God to forgive his soul of that cruelty of his in enforcing her to marry *Palmerius*, which she knows to be the originall cause, and fatall cloud from whence have proceeded all these dismall storms of affliction, and tempests of untimely death, which she fears must very shortly befall both her self, and her second self *Morofini*.

Whiles thus *Astonicus* and *Donato* grieve at their hard fortune and danger, and *Morofini* and *Imperia* do reciprocally more lament and sorrow for their seperation than for their imprisonment, and that the Podestate and other Officers of Justice of *Ancona* are resolved first to inform the Pope, and then to expect his holiness pleasure for the arraignment and punishment of these four Prisoners, it pleased God exceedingly to visit the Town of *Loretto*, and especially the City of *Ancona* with the Plague, whereof many thousands in a few moneths were swept away, so by speciall commission and order from *Rome*, they (in company of divers other Prisoners) are couveyed to the City of *Foligno*, two small dayes journey from *Ancona*, and there to be arraigned and tryed upon their lives and deaths; at which time as they pass by the old, little City of *Tolentino* where I then (in my intended travels towards *Rome*) lay upon my recovery of a burning Feaver; When, I say, the nature of their crimes, and the quality of their persons made my curiosity so ambitious, as to see and observe them in their severall Chambers of the Inne where they that night lay, which was at the sign of the Popes Armes, as for *Astonicus* and *Donato* I found them to be rather sad then merry; *Morofini* to be far more merry than wise, and *Imperia* to be infinitely more fair than fortunate, and all of them to be lesse sorrowfull for their affliction and danger, than for the cause thereof.

Within three hours of their arrivall to *Foligno* they are all four convented before the two criminall Judges, who are purposely sent from *Rome* thither, and are there, and then severally charged with this foul murder of stifling to death the old *Seignior Palmerius* in his bed, which all and every one of them apart do stiffly deny: Notwithstanding that *Fundi* the Host, and *Richardo* the Nephew, give in evidence of strong presumption against them, and also notwithstanding of *Morofini's* Gloves and *Bondinos* Letter written to his Son in law *Palmerius* and delivered by *Herbas* as we have formerly understood. But these two grave and prudent Judges, yet strongly susp.ecting the contrary, they will not be deluded with the airy words, and sugred speeches and protestations of their pretended innocency, but consult between themselves what here to resolve on for the Vindication of this truth; so at last they hold it expedient and

and requisite first to expose *Astonicus* to the torments of the Rack, the which (he being a strong and robustuous man) he endureth, with a firme resolution and constancy every way above himself, and almost beyond belief, and still confesseth nothing but his innocency and ignorance of this deplorable fact, whereof the Judges resting not yet satisfied, they within an hour after adjudge *Donato* to the tortures of the Scarpines, who being a little timbred man, of a pale complexion and weak constitution of body, his right foot no sooner feels the unsufferable fury of the fire, and his tormentors then confidently promising him all desired favour from his Judges if he will confesse the truth, but after some sorrowfull tears, and pitifull cries hee fully and amply doth, and in the same manner and form, as in all its circumstances we have formerly understood. The which when the Judges hear of, they cannot refrain, first from admiring and wondring thereat, and then from lamenting that personages of their rank and quality should be the authors and actors of so foul and lamentable a murther, especially of this faire Gentlewoman *Imperia* to her own good old Husband *Palmerius*. Now by this time also are *Morofini*, *Imperia*, and *Astonicus* acquainted with this fatall confession and accusation of *Donato* against them for this murther, whereat they do infinitely lament and grieve, because they are thereby perfectly assured that it hath infallibly made them all three liable, and obnoxious to death, as also for that their supposed firm friend *Donato* proved himself so false a man, and so true a coward to be the cause thereof, wherein they so much forget themselves, as they do not once think; and they will not therefore remember, that the detection of this their foul murther proceeded immediatly from Heaven, and originally from the providence and justice of the Lord of Hosts.

The very same afternoon, the Judges sent for *Morofini*, *Imperia*, and *Astonicus* to appear before them in their publick tribunall of Justice, where they first acquaint and charge them with *Donatos* confession and accusation against them for murdering of *Palmerius*, whereat they are so far from being any way dismayed or danted, as they all do deny, and refell his accusation, and so in high termes do stand upon their innocency, and justification: But when they see *Donato* brought into the Court in a Chair, (for his fiery torments of the Scarpines, had so cruelly scorched, and pittifully burnt away the flesh of the sole of his right foot, almost to the bone that he was wholly unable either to go or stand) and that they were to be confronted face to face with him, as also they being also hotly terrified and threatened by the Judges with the torments of the Rack and Scarpines, then God was so gracious to their hearts and so mercifull to their soules, that they looking mournfully each at other, she weeping, and they sighing, and all of them despairing of life, and too perfectly assured of death, they all confesse the whol truth of this foule fact of theirs, and so confirm as much as *Donato* had formerly affirmed of this their bloody crime of murdering *Palmerius* in his bed; when one of these two reverend and grave Judges immediatly thereupon do condemn them all four to be hanged the next morning at the common place of execution of that City; although *Donato* because of his confession hereof (in vaine) flattered himself that he should receive a pardon for his life; So they are all sent back to their Prison from whence they came, where all the courtesie which the importunate requests of *Morofini*, and the incessant sighs and tears of *Imperia* can obtaine of their Judges is, that they grant them an hour of time to see, converse, and speak one with the other that night in prison, in presence of their Goalers, and some other persons before they dye. When *Morofini* being guided towards her Chamber, such is the weaknesse of his Religion towards God, and the fervency (or rather the exorbitancy) of his affection towards her, that as he passeth from Chamber to Chamber, he is so far from once thinking, much lesse fearing of death, as he absolutely believes he is going to a victory, and a triumph, here *Morofini* with a world of sighs throwes himself into his *Imperia's* neck and brest; and here *Imperia* with a whole deluge of tears imbraceth and encloystereth her *Morofini* in her armes, when after a thousand kisses, they beg pardon one of another, for being the essentiall and actuall cause each of others death, and do enterchangeably both kisse and speak, sometimes privatly, and most times publickly before the spectators, that if those reports be true which I first heard thereof in *Tolentino*, next in *Folignio*, and lastly in *Rome*, I say to depaint and represent it at life in all its circumstances, I should then begin a second History, when I am now on the very point and period to end the first, neither in my conceit is it a task either proper for me to undertake or pertinent for my pen to perform, because (to speak freely and ingenuously) I hold the grant and permission of this their amorous visit and interview in prison before they dye, to be every way more worthy of the pity than of the gravity or piety of their Judges.

If therefore I do not content and please the curiosity; I yet hope I shall endeavor my self to satisfy the Judgement of my Christian Reader, here briefly to signifye this their limited hour is no sooner past, but the to sharp affliction of *Morofini*, the bitter anxiety of *Imperia*, they by
their

their Goalers are separated and confined to their severall Chambers, where (by the charity of their Judges) they find two Friers and two Nuns attending them to prepare their souls for Heaven, and in a lesse vain, and a more serious and religious conference to entertain both their time, and themselves, from an earthly to the speculation and contemplation of a divine and heavenly love, as also from them to *Astonicus* and *Donato*. But before I proceed farther, we must understand, that the two Friers have not been with *Moresini*, and the two Nuns with *Imperia* above an hour, but by the two Judges there is a chief subordinat Officer of theirs sent to prison to tell *Imperia*, that her Uncle *Seignior Alexandro Bondino*, a great Senator and famous Judge of *Rome*, hath obtained her pardon of this present Pope *Urban* the eighth. But she is no so glad of this news, as she is then curious to enquire if her *Moresini* be likewise pardoned, so the Officer tells her no, and that hee absolutely must suffer death, then she weeps faster then she rejoyceth, and affirms that she will not live but dye. The Judges send for her, and perswade her to live, but she begs them as importunately to give *Moresini* his life, as they do her to accept and receive her own. They tell her they have not the power to grant her the first, and she replies, that she then hath not the will to embrace and entertain the second. They acquaint *Moresini* herewith, who by their order and by their selves do strongly perswade her hereunto, but her first answer and resolution is her last, that she will accept of no life if he must dye, neither will he refuse any death conditionally that she may live to survive him. The two Friers and two Nuns use their best art and oratory to perswade her hereunto; but they meet with impossibility to make her affection to *Moresini*, and her resolution to her self flexible hereunto. Her life is not half so pretious to her as is his, for if she had many as she hath but one, she is both ready and resolute to lose and sacrifice them all for his sake, and would esteem it her felicity that her death might redeem and ransom his life. The Judges (out of their goodness and charity) afford a whole day to invite and perswade her hereunto, but she is still deaf to their requests, and still one and the same woman, desirous to live with him, or constant and resolute to dye for him. Therefore when nothing can prevail with her; because dye he must, so dye she will; to the which she cheerfully prepares her self, with an equall affection and resolution, which I rather admire than commend in her.

So the next morning they are all four brought to the place of common execution to suffer death. Where *Donato* is first lifted up to the Ladder, who being fuller of pain than words said little in effect, but that he wished he had either dyed in *Constantinople* or *Aleppo*, or else sunk in the Sea before he came to *Ancona*, and not to have here ended his dayes in misery and intamy. The next who was ordered to follow him was *Astonicus*, who told the World boldly and plainly, that he cared lesse for his death than for the cause thereof, and that he loved *Moresini* so perfectly and dearly, that he rather rejoyced than grieved to dye for him, only he repented himself for assisting to murther *Palmerius*, and from his heart and soul beseeched God to forgive it him, and so he was turned over. Then *Moresini* ascends the Ladder clad in a hair colour Satin sute, and a pair of Crimson silk Stockings, with Garters and Roses edged with silver lace, being so vain in his carriage, action, and speeches, as before he once thought of God, he (with a world of sighs) takes a solemn leave of his sweet heart *Imperia*, and withall the powers of his heart and soul prays her to accept of his life, and so to survive him; He makes an exact and godly confession of his sins to God and the World, & yet nevertheless he is so vain in his affection toward *Imperia*, as he takes both to witness, that had he a thousand lives he would cheerfully lose them all to save and preserve hers. As for *Imperia*, such was her dear and tender affection to him, as she would fain look on him, as long as he lives, and yet she equally desires and resolves rather to dye than to see him dye, and because she hath not the power, therefore she turns her face and eyes from him, and will not have the will to see him dye; when he having said his prayers and so recommended his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, he is also turned over.

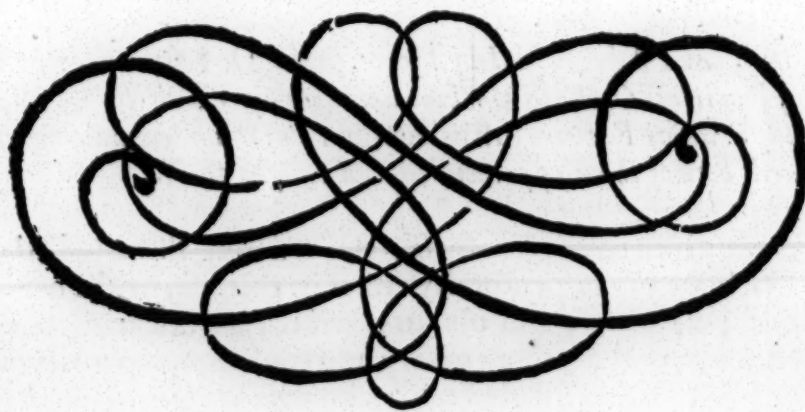
Now although our *Imperia* be here again and again solicited by the Judges, Friers, and Nuns, to accept of her life, yet she seeing her other self *Moresini* dead, she therefore disdains to survive him; she hath so much love in her heart, as she now hath little life, and less joy in her looks and countenance. She ascends the Ladder in a plain black Taffeta Gown, a plain thick set Ruffe, a white Lawn Quaise, and a long black Cypress vail over her head with a white pair of Gloves, and her Prayer book in her hands. When being far more capable to weep than speak, she casting a wonderfull sad and sorrowfull look on her dead lover *Moresini*, after many volleys of far fetcht sighs she delivers this short speech to that great concourse of people who from City and Countrey flocked thither to see her and them dye.

Good people: I had lived more happy, and not dyed so miserable, if my Father *Bondino* had not so cruelly enforced me to marry *Palmerius* whom I could not love, and to leave *Moresini*,

fini, whom in heart and soul I ever affected a thousand times dearer than mine own life, and may all Fathers who now see my death, or shall hereafter hear or read this my History be more pitifull and lesse cruell to their Daughters by his example. I do here now suffer many deaths in one to see that my dear *Morofini* is dead for my sake, for had he not loved me dearly and I him tenderly, he had never dyed for me, nor I for him, with such cheerfulness and alacrity as now we do. And here to deal truly with God and the World, although I could never affect or fancy my old Husband *Palmerius*, yet now from my heart and soul I lament and repent that ever I was guilty of his innocent and untimely death, the which God forgive me, and I likewise request you all to pray unto God to forgive it me. And not to conceal or dissemble the truth of my heart, I grieve not to dye, but rather because I have no more lives to lose for my *Morofini's* affection and sake. I have and do devoutly pray unto God for his soul, and so I heartily request and conjure you all to do for mine. Thus I commend you all to happy and prosperous lives, my self to a pious and patient death in earth, and a joyfull and a glorious resurrection in Heaven, when signing her self often with the sign of the Cross, she pulls her vail down over her face, and so praying that she might be buried in one and the same Grave with *Morofini*, she bad the Executioner perform his Office, who immediatly turns her over.

And if reports be true. Never three young men, and one fair young Gentlewoman died more lamented and pitied than they. For *Morofini* died with more resolution than repentance, and *Imperia* with more repentance than resolution, thus was their lives, and thus their deaths. May we extract wisdom out of their folly, and charity out of their cruelty, so shall we live as happy as they dyed miserably, and finish our dayes and lives in as much content and tranquillity as they ended theirs in shame, infamy, and confusion.

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVII.

Father Justinian a Priest, and Adrian an Inn-keeper poyson De Laurier, who was lodged in his house, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father Justinian and Adrian understanding, they flye upon the same, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.

WHere our hearts are given to covetousness, and cruelty, there is little sign of grace, and therefore less hope of our prosperity either in this life, or the next; For those are sins which so eclipse our judgments, and obscure and darken our understandings, that we thereby run blindfolded, and headlong to all misery and confusion, and make our estates so desperate that we shall not deserve to be pitied of others, because we would neither pity nor compassionat others, or which is worse, our selves. A deplorable example whereof, this ensuing History will present to our knowledge and consideration, in the persons of two execrable wretches which did wilfully cast away themselves, and their lives upon foul and enormous motives. May we religiously read it to the information of our Consciences, the reformation of our lives.

A Rich Goldsmith of Dijon (the Capitall City of Burgundy) named Monsieur De Laurier, aged of some threescore years or upwards, having been at Franckford Mart, and there sold many Jewels, Bracelets, and Chains of Pearl, for the which he had there received some 1700 Crowns; as he returned homewards with all that great sum of money, converted into double Pistolls

Pistols, which he carried behind him in his Cloak-bag, and some remaining Jewels; and in a privat leather girdle next to his body. It chanced that he fell sick on the way, whereof finding himself ill and weak, and therefore both unwilling and unable to travell, he got into a poor Countrey Taverne upon the high way, some five leagues off from the Town of *Salines*, where he took up his lodging for that night, and there three other Merchants who were in his company (whereof one was of *Auxonne*, and the other two of *Troyes* in *Champagne*) very unkindly forsook him, and left him alone to himself; His sickness that night increasing (which gave him much pain and little rest) he not liking his lodging, and fearing himself not safe there, the next morning takes horse, and very softly rides towards *Salynes*, where he arrived about some two of the clock after dinner and went into the very first Inne which he met, at the extreamest end of the Town, at the sign of *S. Denis*, whereof the Host of the house was named *Adrian*, and his Wife *Isabella*, they were both of them about some forty years old, very short of stature, and weak of constitution of Body, he of a cole black countenance, but she fair and of a pale white colour, as for him he was of a dissolute life and carriage, extreemly given to Wine and Women. He was of poor parentage and born to no means at all, but she was well descended, and brought him at least two thousand Crowns to her portion in marriage, the which he had prodigally wasted, and debauchedly spent and squandrad away, in following of his vicious riots and obscene pleasures and prodigalities: As for her, she was of a modest carriage and of a vertuous disposition and inclination, so that by Antithesis I may very well averr and affirme, that his base vices made her sweet vertues the more apparant and conspicuous, and her vertues his vices to all that knew them. She made chastity and piety to be the two sweet ornaments, and Jumeall vertues of her life, yea to be the Elixar of her life, and the life of her soul. It was therefore an extreame grief to her heart, and a matchless torment to her mind, to see the sordid actions and humors of her Husband, as being every way more capable to pity than to remedy them. She grieved to see how because he would not serve God, she could not serve him, and therefore that he had vitiously spent so much, as now in a manner he had almost nothing more left to spend. The sight and knowledge whereof drowns ail the pleasures of her life, insomuch as she could sacrifice to nothing but to sorrow and repentance, and that which grieved her most and worst of all, was to see that hee disdained her advice and counsell, and that he was so far from reformation, as his vices grew and increased with his years: and had now not only taken up a habit, but a second nature in the perversity of his lewd actions and affections. All the Lillies of her joyes and the Roses of her content were turned into thorns of grief, and briars and thistles of her vexation, insomuch as she was far more able to sigh than to speak forth her Calamities and miseries. He loved not his house, and which was worse he hated her company, yea his estate was so miserable, so deplorable, as he never conversed with God in prayer, and very seldom frequented his Church, the Service or Sacraments, and to shew himself the more prophane, hee hated all Priests and Preachers of Gods holy word and Ordinances, and loved none so well as his riotous and roaring companions, the very bane of the heart, and the true poyson and contagion of the soul.

And into this house, and to this vitious Host *Adrian*, is our sick *De Laurier* entred, for the end of his sickness, and the recovery of his health; and I write rather with tears than Ink, that it was impossible for him to have entred into a worse; but such was his fate, such his misfortune. He likes the carriage of *Isabella* his Hostess, farr better than the countenance or condition of *Adrian* her Husband; but as his disease gives him no truce, so consequently hee can give no peace to his patience. He grieves to be sick in an unknown place, and among strangers, but farr more to be so farr off from his own house, and from his only child and Son *Leonardo*, whom hee loves farr dearer than himself. It is another affliction to him; that his mony and some Jewels are here, and not at his home, and if his judgement fail him not, he suggesteth to himself, that the sight and knowledge thereof may engender him far more danger than security; but he conceals and dissembles that, far better than he can his sickness, for he puts his little Casket wherein it is, under his head and Bolster. He causeth *Adrian* his Host to bring him a Physician, named *La Morte*, who seeing his water and feeling his pulse, tels him he is verily dangerously sick of a burning Feaver, the which to prevent, he lets him blood two severall dayes following, and then gives him far more hope than despair of his health: But all this notwithstanding, *De Laurier* finds himself very weak, and his sickness rather much to increase, than any way to deminish. As for *Isabella*, according to the laws of hospitality (which ought to be unviolable to all the world) she tends him with much respect and diligence, and in a word, performs the part and duty, both of a good Hostess, and of a good Woman: But for her Husband *Adrian*, his thoughts and resolutions run another contrary course and and Careir; for he imagining *De Laurier* to be rich, doth therefore verily hope and pray that he

he may speedily dye in his house, or else he hath already swapt a bargain with the Devill, to murther him, thereby to make up the breaches and ruines of his poor and tottering estate. He finds it a work not only of difficulty, but of impossibility, to know what rich stuff he hath in his Casket and Cloak-bag, because he still keeps it under his pillow; and yet gathering and wresting from him, that he is a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, and that he came now from *Franckford* Mart, he therefore believes that he hath store of Gold and Jewels about him. His poverty and his covetousness gives the switch to the Devill, and the Devill gives the Spur to him, to raise his uncharitable contemplation into bloody actions, and his thoughts and resolutions as so many lines, run to terminate in this one only Centre, which is that of *De Lauriers* death. He sets his wits and inventions on the Tenter hooks, to discover this imagined Indies, but he finds him to be as cautious and secret in concealing, as he himself is curious to bewray it. He purposely keeps all company from him, and will not so much as permit his Physician or Apothecary to speak a word with him, but he will still be present to hear and understand it. He with oily words and silken speeches, preyes into his deepest secrets, and purposely endeavoureth to insinuate and screw himself into his familiarity. But *De Laurier* doth rather fear than love him, and so esteems the revealing of his Gold to be the accelerating of his danger, to the which end, with many colourable excuses and evasions, he puts him off the knowledge thereof. But he is so miserable to see his miseries approach, because the violence and impetuosity of his Fever doth every way advance, no way retire; and now it is that his hopes of the recovery of his health do fade, not flourish, and rather quail than prosper. He resolves to be as religious as he is sick, and therefore prays his host *Adrian* to bring him a Priest to give him the Sacrament; *Adrian* performs his request, but brings him a Priest named *Father Justinian*, of his own humour and complexion, and who loves Whores and Wine, better than he doth either or God; so this unspirituall Father gives him the extreme Unction, and prepares him for his journey and transmigration from Earth to Heaven. His continuall vanities and prodigalities have likewise made him poor; so being equall with *Adrian* both in vice and poverty, he is likewise equall, and sympathizeth with him in hope and desire to repair his indigence, and to enrich himself by the supposed treasure and death of *De Laurier*. But as this debauched Priest is malicious in this his policy, so he is also politick in this his malice: for imagining that *Adrian* levels and aims with him at the same Butt and Mark; he dares, but yet will not acquaint him with his bloody purpose, to contract a hellish league and confederation with him, for the violent dispatch, and inhumane and untimely dispeeding of him away from earth to Heaven. Whiles thus *De Lauriers* sickness and weakness encreaseth, and his Priest and *Adrians* covetousness begins wholly to weigh down their soules and resolutions to hasten his deplorable death; as the Priest is ready to break his mind to *Adrian*, how and in what manner they should finish and compass this bloody business, *Adrian* contrarywise, yea, and directly contrary to the rules of Nature, and Lawes of Grace, breaks his mind hereof to his vertuous and Religious Wife *Isabella*, whom he seeks to draw in as an actor in this mournfull, and as an agent in this cruel Tragedy. He is as graceless as impudent in this foul and fatall attempt of his; for he sets upon her with the sweetest speech, and smoothest perswasions, that either art could suggest, or the malice of the Devill invent or dictate to him, and therein ever and anon, leaves not to convey and distill in her minde, yea, and to imprint in her memory their forepast wealth, their present poverty and misery, and the undoubted great riches of Gold and Jewels which *De Laurier* had with him, in that (as formerly we have observed) he very carefully day and night kept his Casket under his pillow, and in a hellish eloquence represents unto her the facility of this fact; either by Poniard, or poyson, adding withall, that the danger thereof would infallibly dye with him, with a thousand other damnable alluring speeches, conducing and looking that way, which I am far more inclinable to silence than express: But wretched villain, and execrable miscreant that he is, he speaks not a word, no not a syllable of God, or his justice, of Heaven or Hell, or of the foulness of that fact, or the just revenge and punishment incident and due thereunto.

His vertuous wife *Isabella* is amazed and astonished at this bloody and inhumane proposition of her Husband, and all trembling, with sighs and tears, receives it from him with no less true affliction and sorrow, than he delivered it her with cruelty and impiety. Her cheeks were as red for shame, as his were pale with envy thereat; when God infusing as much goodness into her heart and tongue, as Satan had cruelty into his soul and resolutions, she fell on her knees to his feet, and with her eyes and hands erected towards Heaven, delivered him this vertuous and religious speech; That it was with infinite grief and amazement that she understood this his bloody position to her, which she knew he could derive from none but Hell and Satan:

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She represents to him (with much grief and passion) that as punishment is ever the reward of sin, so that of all sins murder was the foulest, and the most pernicious and diabolical. She tells him farther, that covetousness is the root of all mischief, that for her part she is as thankful to God, as he is displeased with himself for their poverty, and that she would ever choose rather to live in want, than to dye in misery and shame, and which is worst of all, either to live or dye in the horrors and terrours of a guilty and ulcerated conscience. That it is prophane and prodigious impiety to violate the laws of hospitality, but a fearfull, yea, horrible crime, to kill any one under our own roof, and who (in the right of humanity and Christianity) comes to us for shelter and protection. When rising again from her knees she takes him about the neck and (bedewing his cheeks with her tears) conjures and prays him, by the remembrance of her youth and beauty, which had formerly been so dear and precious to him, by the memory of their sixteen years sweet cohabitation and conversation together in the holy Estate of Wedlock, yea for his own sake, for his soules sake, and for Gods sake, that he would desie this Devill, which thus with his two bitter sweet pills of Covetousness and Murder mocked and sought to betray him: and that therefore (in the name and fear of God) he would henceforth resume, and put on a constant and religious resolution, no more to seduce her, or to suffer himself to be seduced by the Devill in inbruing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of this honest and harmeles Goldsmith *De Laurier*, whom God hath now made their guest lodger; In doing whereof (quoth she) the same our sacred Lord and God (in his due time) will be graciously pleased to increase our ~~state~~ and means, and to bless our poverty with plenty. But her Husband *Adrian* (as a most wretched villaine takes this godly refusall and deniall of his Wife in ill part, and in requitall and consideration thereof, henceforth looks on her with a squit eye, I mean with an eye rather of contempt and envie than of affection; but at board, and bed, yea day and night he haunts her as a ghost, and never leaves pursuing of her with his prophane and importunate solicitations to draw her consent to the acting and perpetrating of this bloody business; but God so well assisted her mind and thoughts, with the grace of his holy Spirit, and so divinely fortified her heart and soul with his sacred fear; that her Husbands sweet perswasions could not gaine, nor his threats or menaces obtaine any thing of her, but still she answered this murderous request of his, sometimes with religious refusals, and then again with passionat and peremptory denials, and therefore the more that she sees her Husband bent to maligne and hate *De Laurier*; the more devoted and resolute she is to respect and tend him, still bearing a curious, a carefull, and a vigilant eye over him during all the time of his sickness, to see that no disaster whatsoever might befall him in her house.

Adrian missing of this his purpose and desire in his Wife, he is yet so hasty and violent in this his bloody malice towards *De Laurier*, that measuring of Father *Iustinian* the Priest, by himself, and finding a conformity in their debauched vices and inclinations, he the sooner hopes to find a sympathy in their affections and resolutions, and therefore although he be a Priest, yet knowing him to be extream poor, he therefore the more easily beleaves, that the hope of Gold and Silver will act wonders with him, and make him act wonders for the obtaining thereof.

Upon these hopes, and this confidence, he delays no time, but on a Munday morning repayres to his house, and after their morning cups, telling him he hath a secret of great importance to reveal him, he takes him into a little Grove of Walnut trees behind his house, and there (swearing him to secrecie) reveals him this his bloody business, where this vitious Priest *Iustinian*, in hope of *De Lauriers* wealth needed no great labour or industry to be drawn to make one in this deplorable Tragedy. For had not *Adrian* now opened it to him, such was his insatiable thirst and desire of Gold, though with blood, that the next day he was fully resolved to do it to him, so he freely consents to him herein, and swears to assist and second him in murdering of *De Laurier*, and the tye and condition of this their hellish bargain is that what Gold, Silver, or Jewels they shall find him to have, they will instantly after his death equally divide and share between them; and hereunto like two bloody hel-hounds, they interchangeably give hands, and solemnly swear each to other. Now from the matter of this their bloody design and resolution, they proceed to the manner and time thereof, but they then are prevented therein. For Father *Iustinians* little Boy, which was accustomed to answer him at Masse comes thither hastily and with his little wine pot on his finger tells him, that there were many persons who stayed for him before the Altar on their knees and earnestly enquired for him to say Masse, whereupon they both refer the conclusion hereof to the very next morning, and in the very same place and Grove, but at least an hour sooner; So away goes

Adrian home to his house, and away likewise trips Father *Justinian* with his Surpleſs under his Arme and his Breviary (or Matines Book) in his hand to the Church, where every one may imagin what a prophane ſacrifice, his bloody heart and hands offereth up to the Lord.

They this night thinking of nothing but of Gold and blood, in the morning they (impatient of all delayes) come at the aforeſaid time and place of their rendezvous where they preſently fall to their former conſultation of the manner and time of murdering *De Laurier*, firſt, they propoſe to ſtab him in his bed to death, but this they rejeſt, becauſe the blood would appear in the ſheets, bed, and chamber; So they reſolve to poyſon him, and to this end *Adrian* buyes the poyſon, and Father *Justinian* will give and adminiſter it to him in a Waſer or *Agnus Dei*, the which he is ſometimes accuſtomed to give him in his ſickneſs: But here Father *Justinian* ſuggeſteth another doubt; and propoſeth another deſign, which is, that *Adrian* muſt likewise draw in his wife *Iſabella* to make one in this bloody conſpiracy and murder, or elſe he alledgeth that it can never be ſafe for them to attempt or effect it; *Adrian* answereth him that he hath heretofore with his beſt power and art ſought to ſeduce his Wife hereunto, but that he finds it wholly impoſſible to draw her to this conſent: But Father *Justinian* will yet make another triall and experiment on her himſelf; ſo he and her Husband *Adrian* ſet a freſh on her, to allure her to bring at leaſt her conſent, if not her hand to the murdering of *De Laurier*. But our ſweet and vertuous *Iſabela* is ſtill one and the ſame woman, for ſhe hears theſe bloody ſpeeches and perſwaſions of theirs with infinite diſcontent and deteſtation. Shee is too much a Chriſtian to be ſo much a Devill to conſent to the murder of this honeſt man; and therefore (with a world of tears and prayers) ſhe ſeeks to divert them from it, but eſpecially her Husband, becauſe (quoth ſhe) the iſſue thereof will infallibly prove ruinous to them both. They are both much grieved at this her reſolute repulſe and deniall, and yet to make a vertue of neceſſity, and to caſt the better gloſs and varniſh on their villany, they now falſly ſeem to be diſwaded from this murder, by the ſight of her tears and the conſideration of her requeſts and prayers; wherefore (with a prophane and helliſh diſſimulation) they tell her, that God by her religious ſpeeches and diſſwaſions hath now made them wholly to abandon that bloody attempt of theirs againſt *De Laurier*, as alſo the very thought thereof, and therefore they conjure her to keep and ſwear ſecrecy herein from all the World, the which ſhe willingly doth. But yet her fear prompts her heart, that this humane converſion, and religious reſolution of theirs is only falſe and feigned, as every way favouring more of diſſimulation than truth. In which regard ſhe fears with ſuſpition, and ſuſpects with doubt, that no leſſe than honeſt and innocent *De Lauriers* life, lyes now at the ſtake of their bloody malice and envie.

Here Father *Justinian*, and *Adrian* (to make ſmooth and clear work) do conclude and reſolve that *Iſabella* muſt be ſpeedily removed from *Salines* to ſome place in the Country without once ſeeing or ſpeaking with *De Laurier* when a favourable occaſion ſeconds their damnable intents and deſires herein; for now there is unexpectedly brought them word, that her own old Father who dwelt ſome four leagues off from *Salynes* is very ſick and not like to live; whereupon *Adrian* preſently diſpatcheth away his wife *Iſabella* to him, and with her their ſervant maid *Graceta*. But before her departure ſhe is deſirous to ſee *De Laurier*, and to take her leave of him; but her Husband will by no means permit her; ſo ſhe goes from her home, and from him into the Countrey, with a ſorrowfull and a trembling heart, as far more fearing *De Lauriers* unnaturall death, then doubting of her Fathers naturall cauſe. For her heart frames her ſo many apprehenſions, fears, and terrours; that her Husband and Father *Justinian* are fully reſolved to murder and make away *De Laurier*, as ſhe abſolutely and ſorrowfully beleeves, that he ſhall never ſee her more nor ſhe him. Poor *De Laurier* takes his Hoſteſs *Iſabellas* ſudden and unexpected departure from him very penſively and heavily, and far the more in that ſhe could not be permitted to ſee him before ſhe went. He holds it for a bad preſage, and fatall Omen to him, in regard ſhe was as diligent as her Husband diſtruſtfull to him, for that her care and carriage towards him, pleaſed him as much as his harſh looks and ſoure countenance diſcontented him; and now it is that God firſt imprints in his heart and thoughts, a fearfull ſuſpition and a ſuſpicious fear, that his Hoſt *Adrian*, and Father *Justinian* the Prieſt, have aſſuredly ſome dangerous and execrable plot, both againſt his Gold and his life. For hee now ſees himſelf reduced, to this miſery and deſpair, that he can be permitted to ſee no body, nor no body to ſee him, except only they two. He prayes them both, that his Phyſician *La Motte* may come to him to conſer with him about the ſtate of his ſickneſs, but they maliciously and wilfully deny it him, and tell him hee is gone into *France*; This reſuſing answer of theirs doth now very much appale and daunt our ſick and diſcontented *De Laurier*, ſo that his feare encreaſeth with his ſickneſs, and his ſickneſs with his fear. Every day and night brings him more
cauſe

cause of despair, than hope of consolation, and almost every moment he wisheth his Gold and himself in *Dijon* with his Son *Du Pont*, or he here in *Salynes* with him, to comfort him with his sight and presence. He still conceals his Gold and Jewels from this Priest and his Host, with the greatest art and care he can, and yet he thinks and fears that their jealousy thereof is not only the foundation, but will also prove the acceleration of his danger, for he very often sees them privately whispering together, and still he observes some bad sign and fatal apparition in their looks and countenances, which infallibly tell him that all is not well. And although they yet give him some sweet words and sugred speeches, yet he notwithstanding the more beleeves that they are candid in wormwood and consorted in Gall; and that they are no other but false and flattering Sun-shines, which portend some ensuing cruell storms and small tempests towards him. Once he was minded to write and send to *Dijon* for his Son, but then he as soon resolves the contrary, as finding it to relish more of danger than discretion, as well for the matter which is Letter might contain, as also for the party who should carry it thither to him. But leave we him a little to his weakness, and sickness, to his doubts, and fears, and to his sorrows, calamities, and perplexities, and come we again to speak of wretched *Adrian* his Host, and of prophane Father *Iustinian* the Priest, to see in what shapes they will come forth to act their bloody parts upon the stage of this History.

They are both of them so inhumane and cruell in their resolution to murder poor sick *De Laurier*, that neither the consideration of Heaven nor Hell is capable to reclaim or divert them from this their bloody attempt. As for his hellish Host *Adrian*, he is so wilfull and hasty in his malice, as he tels Father *Iustinian*, that they delay too long from murdering *De Laurier*, and that it is high time, yea more than time for them to dispatch him. But for Father *Iustinian* who was no less malicious in his subtilty, but yet farre more subtle in his malice towards *De Laurier*; He, I say, maturely considering that it were both a folly and a madness for them to murder him before they first knew he were rich, and that he had some store of Gold about him, he therefore in sweet tearms and phrases pathetically adviseth him to write and send for his Son *Du Pont* to come over to visit and comfort him; when likewise the better to guild over his speeches with the more pleasing and palpable shew of affection he proffereth to ride to *Dijon* himself to deliver it him with his own hands. Our poor sick *De Laurier* taking this Priests kind advice to him in good part, thereupon first thanks him for this his courtesie, but then again deeming and fearing that it proceeded more from false treachery, than from any true or real affection to him, he begins to grow cold therein, and so rather to reject, than embrace and follow that resolution; but at last weighing and considering his sickness by his danger, and his Gold and Jewels by both, as also if he should chance to dye or miscarry there, that his Son were then consequently ruined in the losse thereof; he thereupon changeth his resolution, and presently resolves to write and send over to *Dijon* for his Son, and to that end requesteth Father *Iustinian* to excuse him, and so prayes his Host *Adrian* to undertake that journey and business, the which he willingly and cheerfully granteth. Now the rest of that day, and the greatest part of the next night *De Laurier* lyes ruminating and musing in his bed what he should write to his Son, and no lesse doth Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* to think and know what he would write him; the next morning, six of the clock having stricken, *De Laurier* takes his pen and paper, and with a weak and trembling hand writes his Letter to his Son: An hour after, *Adrian* comes into his Chamber booted and spurred to receive his commands, whom he bad to take and ride his own horse, then gives him four double Pistols to defray his journey, and so seals and gives him this ensuing Letter, and prayes him and his Son *Du Pont* to make all possible speed back from *Dijon* to him.

DE LAURIER to DU PONT.

Some seven weeks since, coming from Franckford Mart, I fell sick at *Salynes* where I still lye very weak in body and much discontented in mind in the house of mine Host *Adrian* (the bearer hereof) whom I purposely send over to thee, to pray and command thee to come ride hither to me with all possible speed: I have here with me in Gold and Jewels to the value of one thousand seven hundred Crowns, and (for some privat reasons) I fear that neither it nor my life is safe here; Come away with an intent to find me dead or dying. Conceal this Letter from all the world. Love this Messenger, but trust him not; God prosper my health, and ever bless thy prosperity.

DE LAURIER.

As soon as *De Laurier* had delivered his Hoast *Adrian* this Letter, and he taken leave of him, Father *Iustinian* begs leave of *De Laurier* to see *Adrian* take horse. But alas these two lewd Villains do deceive his honest hopes, to perform their own treacherous intents and purposes; for they flye to a low parler, and then lock and bolt the door to them; where (as if the Devill had thrown them on covetousness, or covetousness on the Devill) they hastily break up the seals of *De Lauriers* Letter to his Son (which we have already seen and understood) wherein they glut and surfeit their hopes with joy of this new desired treasure and discovered Indies, and so they presently sacrifice it to the fire, and wretchedly resolve to make that very same ensuing night to be the very last of *De Lauriers* time and the first of his eternity. To which end *Adrian* husheth himself up privatly in his house from the sight of all the world, and especially from *De Lauriers* knowledge, and so here he ends his pretended, but not his intended journey to *Diion*, before he began it: And he having procured exceeding strong poyson therewith that night to send *De Laurier* to Heaven whereof giving a little to his great old massive Dog in a peece of bread for a tryall, he therewith presently fell dead to the ground; he likewise sends away *Thomas* his Ostler a dayes journey into the Countrey upon some feigned business, to the end he should be no witness of this foul and cruell fact of theirs, and then all things being first by the Devill, and then by these his two execrable agents prepared in a readiness; Father *Iustinian* goes up to *De Lauriers* Chamber, and treacherously entertains him with the hope of his recovery of his health, the hast of *Adrians* journey, and consequently with the speedy return of his Son *Du Pont* to him from *Diion*. But I write it with truth and grief that *De Lauriers* heart and mind is preoccupied with too many obnoxious apprehensions, and fears, and taken up with too much doubt and despair to the contrary; For as most sicknesses and diseases are most commonly devanced and preceded by their symptoms, so all that day and all the evening he found a swimming in his head, and his sight obscured and darkned, as if some black scarf, or fatall cloud had been drawn and extended before his eyes. His heart likewise pants, beats, and trembles within him, as if it and his senses were in a factious mutiny each with other at this their direfull departure and fatall sequestration. For still his fears and doubts inform him, and his apprehensions and despair prompt him, that either Father *Iustinian* the Priest, or his Hoast *Adrian*, or both of them, had conspired to murder him, the which he once thought to have revealed to Father *Iustinian*, but yet again he dares not, as holding it more folly than discretion, and that it might therefore produce him more danger than safety; he neither can nor will eat any thing that day, and his heart and mind is so incessantly perplexed with fear, that he fears he shall not out-live the next ensuing night: And now indeed comes that sorrowfull and dismall night, wherein these two bloody Villaines have fully resolved to poyson him, *Adrian* having in a lower room the poyson ready, and Father *Iustinian* above, almost ready to call for it: Whiles thus the Candle in *De Lauriers* Chamber burnt dim and obscure, or disdainig to see, or be accessary to so cruell a murder; near about twelve of the clock of that night he awakes out of his sorrowfull distracted slumbers, and prayes Father *Iustinian* to give him a little spoonfull or two of warm wine, in a small earthen pot wherein he was used to drink; when this monster of men rejoycing for this fit opportunity, he steps forth to his bloody companion *Adrian*, takes the poysoned wafer from him and pours the poyson from it into this small black pot of wine, and so warms it a little by the fire in *De Lauriers* Chamber, and then gives it to him to drink, the which he is greedily as innocently doth, whereof, after many strong convulsions and struglings, he within one hour after dieth, having neither the means to utter one word, or the power to scritch or cry, and yet for fear and doubt hereof, like two furies, or Devils incarnat of Hell, they with the bed-staves ram in a great Holland Towell into his mouth, that he may tell no tales, when God knows that deadly strong poyson had wrought its operation before, made a full conquest of his life, and given up his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, of whom he had formerly received it.

As soon as these two wretched miscreants have dispatched this lamentable business, then they tear off his secret Leather Girdle full of Gold from his waist, and then break open his Casket which was under his pillow, wherein (before his breathlesse body was half cold) they find this afore said great sum of Gold and Jewels, the which they presently divide, and equally share between them, when having curiously searched his Purse, Pockets, Dublet, Hose, they make a great fire, and immediatly burn it all, as also his Riding Coat, Casket, and Leather Girdle yea, and his Hat, Band and Cuffs, that no marks might remain either of it or him, and likewise turn his Horse into the open field and high-ways, to seek for the fortune of a new Master-

her; so-wife (as they thought) were they in their villany, and so industrious and cautious in this their devilish cruelty and inhumanity. By this time, as the murdered corps of *De Laurier* grows cold, these two Factors of hell likewise begin to provide for his buriall; so a little after two of the clock, they dig a pit in *Adrians Orchard*, next adjoyning to his house, and so giving him no other winding sheet or Coffin but his shirt, they secretly and silently carry down his body between them, and there bury him, and to make all things sure, they cover over the pit, or his grave with green turfs, that no mortall eye might take suspicion or notice thereof. This bloody business being thus acted and perpetrated by these two execrable wretches, Father *Justinian* and *Adrian*, who now surfeit in Gold, and wallow in Jewels, they presently dight themselves into new apparell, and costly futes, and then day and night haunt and frequent the Taverns and Stews, as if they wilfully meant to drown themselves in all sorts of ungodly riots, prodigalities and voluptuousness, whereof their Neighbours, yea, all *Salynes* take exact observation and knowledge, as wondring at the manner, but far more at the cause hereof, or from whence it should proceed.

Some three weeks being past over, *Adrian* now holds it fit to send home for his Wife *Isabella* to *Salynes*, the which he doth, who much wondring at her Husbands unaccustomed bravery, she presently enquires of him for *Monsieur De Laurier*, as if she had far more cause to and fear of his danger, than any way to assure her self of his safety and welfare: When, hee putting on a brazen face, and steeling and tempering his tongue with equall falsehood and impiety, tels her that he departed thence safe and well some ten dayes since; that he gave him fifty Crowns for the charges of his entertainment and lodging, and for a token of his love, had likewise left her and Father *Justinian*, to each of them twenty other Crowns in Gold: But his wife *Isabella* (out of her goodness and piety) deeming these speeches of her Husbands to be as false as fatall, and verily suspecting and fearing, that he (with the assistance of Father *Justinian*) had sent that harmeles good old man to an untimely death and Grave; shee bursts forth into immoderate sighs and tears, as suspecting all was not well, yea fearing nothing more, and beleeving nothing lesse, than that which he affirmed to her herein. He proffers her the twenty Crowns in Gold, but (good vertuous woman) shee fearing it to be the hire and price of innocent blood, her tender conscience is too prevalent, and her harmelesse heart and soule too powerfull with God to accept thereof, and therefore she refuseth it with as much disdain and discontent, as he endeavourth to give it her with affection and desire. And that the Reader may the more fully be informed of her integrity and charity herein, I mean to the present memory and well wishes of absent *De Laurier*, whom she silently fears is for ever absent, both from this life and this world; shee never goes into the Chamber where he lay sick, but she sacrificeth some sighs to sorrow in his behalf, and her imaginary apprehension of his death, makes her mournfully conceive, that either she still sees his living picture, or his dead ghost and representation, such was her charitable care of him, such her Christian fear for him.

We have seen this deplorable and cruell murder committed on the harmeles person of old *De Laurier*, by these two members of Satan, *Adrian*, and Father *Justinian* the Priest, and if the truth deceive not my hopes, we shall not proceed much farther in this their History, but we shall see Gods just Judgements miraculously to resplend and shine forth in his punishments on them for the same: For I may properly term murder and punishment to be individuals and companions, in regard the one follows the other, as the shadow doth the body, as the first derives it originall from Satan, so doth the second from God, to whom (in a language of blood) it still cries for restauration and satisfaction. But nevertheless God is a secret and sacred in disposing of the manner and time thereof, and in ordaining by whom, when and how he will afflict and execute it: It is no false axiom in Philosophy, but a true tenent and maxime in Divinity; That God who made all things, sees and governs all things, and that nothing can be concealed from the eyes of his sacred Power and divine Providence. All the four Elements are the Ministers of his justice, yea, Men and Angels, the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Fowls of the ayre, and the beasts of the field prove many times the Agents of his revenge; of which last sort and nature, the Reader (to Gods glory, and his owne information and admiration) may here observe a lively example, and receive a most powerfull president; but whether more strange for the truth, or rare for the strangeness thereof I know not, and therefore will not decline. For the same day moneth next after, that *Adrian* and *Justinian* had buried the dead body of *De Laurier*, behold a huge and ravening Wolf (being lately arroused from the adjacent vast woods) seeking up and down for his prey, came into *Adrians Orchard* next adjoyning to his house (purposely sent thither by God as a Minister of his sacred justice and revenge) who finding some dead carrion (which indeed was the dead Corps of *De Laurier*, that

was but shallowly buried there in the ground) he fiercely with his pawes and nose tears up the Earth, and at last pulls and drags it up, and there till an hour after the break of day remains devouring and eating up of the flesh of his Armes, Leggs, Thighs, and buttocks. But (as God would have it) he never touched any part of his face, but leaves it fully undisfigured; When instantly some Gentlemen hunters of *Salynes*, and the Neighbour Parishes, being ascertained by some Peasants in the fields, that the Wolf was past that way, they closely follow him with their Dogs and Horns, and so at last find him in *Adrians Orchard*, eating as they think, of some living beast or dead carrion; But the Wolf being terrified with the noise of the hunters loud shouts and cries, as also of their Dogs fierce yawling and bawling, presently forsakes his prey, and saves his life by his flight, although the Dogs and many Peasants do eagerly pursue him; Whiles all the Gentlemen (as if led by the immediat finger of God) with their Javelins and Bore-spears in their hands, rush into the Orchard to see and find out whereon the Wolf had preyed, when loe (contrary to their expectations) their amazed eyes are enforced to behold the pitifull spectacle, and lamentable object of a mangled dead mans body, miserably devoured and eaten be that savage Wolfe, and the which they saw he had digged and torn up, as they fully beleived from his untimely Grave: They therefore at first stand astonished with grief, and amazed for sorrow at this prodigious and deplorable sight, and yet such was their living compunction to this dead Corps, and consequently their zeal to Gods glory and justice, as confidently believing that he was proditoriously murdered by some inhumane person or persons; that the odious stinch of this long buried body, could not hinder them from approaching to survey and behold it; They find the greatest part of the flesh of his body devoured by the Wolf, but (as before) his face whole and untouched, when they see (and extremely grieve and sorrow to see) that it was a grave old man with a long white beard, but so besmeared with earth and dust as they could not refrain from sighs and tears to behold it. Here they cease to pursue the Wolf, and because neither of them knew this poor and miserable dead carcase, they therefore step to the other end of the Orchard, and their consult what is fit to be done in this lamentable business and accident. But their opinions as so many lines concur and terminate in this centre, that absolutely this dead body was cruelly murdered, and there by the murderers privatly and silently buried. They farther vehemently suspect and believe, that because it was buried in *Adrians Orchard*, that therefore it was apparantly probable, it was hee with his Wife and Servants who had murdered and buried him there wherefore to keep these suspected bloody Birds in their Cages, they (as wise and judicious Gentlemen) place a strong Guard of their Servants and Peasants to watch the doors and windows of *Adrians house*, that none issue forth thence, and they themselves go presently to the Criminall Judges of the Town, and acquaint them with this lamentable object and accident.

In the mean our harmless and vertuous *Isabella*, hearing these loud shouts and outcries at her doors so soon in the morning, she in the absence of her Husband; (who lay forth of his house that night deboshing and revelling with his cups and Queans) fearing that all was not well, and therefore her amazed and sorrowfull heart, not willing to know that whereof she was infinitely desirous to be ignorant, she lay still bitterly sighing and weeping in her bed, because her thoughts and mind, her suspicions and fears told her, that this unseasonable alarum and noise might descend and reflect from some fatall news which had betyded *De Laurier*, & if this storm and tempest fell not on her, yet alas she extremely fears and doubts it would fall on *Adrian* her Husband, whom she vehemently thought and feared had imbrued and imbathed his hands in the innocent blood of this honest man As for *Thomas* her Ostler, and *Graceta* her Maid, although this unaccustomed noise made them suddenly forsake their Bees and apparell themselves to receive their Mistris commands how they should bear themselves in this hurly burly, yet because they were white with innocency, yea, so innocent as they knew no hurt or thought of danger, they only deemed, that it was either some unlawfull assembly of Peasants, or else some cast and disbanded Souldiers from Flanders, who came to rob their Masters house or Poultry in his absence, wherefore mere fear hereof, kept them from either opening the doors, or looking out at Windows. By this time the Gentlemen hunters bring the criminall Judges on the place to view this dead body, and with them come a great number of the Neighbours and Inhabitants of *Salynes* to do the like, and amongst the rest, the Physitian *La Motte* (of whom this History hath already made mention, and he of all the rest knows the dead body, and therefore with much passion and sorrow cries out: that it was a Goldsmith of *Diion* named *Monsieur De Laurier*, who lay long sick in *Adrians house*, and that he had formerly given him Physick there, and so he said and affirmed that he perfectly knew him to be the same, and verily

rily imagined that he was brought to some untimely end, and so buried there, but by whom he knew not.

The Judges therefore believing the report of this honest Physician *La Motte*; they cause the remainders of the flesh of this dead body to be searched and visited, the which they find without any wounds. And yet nevertheless deeming both *Adrian*, his Wife *Isabella*, and their Servants, to be the muttherers of this honest man; they break open the doors, and missing *Adrian* they seize on his Wife *Isabella*, as also on her Ostler *Thomas*, and his Maid *Graceta*, and then bring them to the sight of this dead body with whose murder they flatly charge them, and enquire what is become of *Adrian* himself. At this unexpected sorrowfull news and object, *Isabella* is all in tears, yea she is so extreemly perplexed and afflicted, as wanting all other assistance and comfort she implores that of God. She tells them that her Husband *Adrian* lay not at home with her the last night, and freely and plainly affirms to them; that that dead body was *Monsieur de Laurier* a Goldsmith of *Dijon*, who lay long sick in her house as he came from *Franckford Mart*, but how he came to his end or by whom, she takes Heaven and Earth to witness she knows not, and with this her deposition do her Ostler and Maid concur and agree in all proofs and circumstances. The Judges likewise causing a curious search to be made in *Salynes* for *Adrian*, it was found out that that night he lay in Father *Justinians* house the Priest, and two whores in their company drinking and revelling all night, and upon the very first report they heard of *De Lauriers* unburiall by a Wolf, they both (galled with guilty consciences) betake themselves to their heels, and left bosh their two Strumpets to their repentance. Their flight proclaims their guiltiness of this murder to all the world, especially to the Judges. Who upon knowledge thereof to find out the truth of this deplorable disaster, they adjudge *Isabella*, *Thomas*, and *Graceta* to the Rack: as for *Thomas* and *Graceta*, their innocency makes them brook their torments with admirable patience and constancy, for they can never be drawn to reveale that of which they are ignorant, nor to accuse themselves of that whereof they are not guilty. But for *Isabella*, the incessant prayers and importunate requests and solicitations of many of her honest Neighbours, doth ingrave such deep impressions of her virtues and piety, and of her sweet inclination and disposition in the hearts of the Judges, as they change their resolutions against her and so dispence with her for that torture: when sending every way abroad to pursue *Adrian* and Father *Justinian*, they content themselves to keep the Mistress, the Man, and the Maid close Prisoners. They are so advised in their judgements, and so judicious in their advise, as they speedily send away Post to *Dijon* to acquaint *Du Pont* the Son, with this disastrous accident which had betided his Father *De Laurier* here in *Salynes*, who at the first alarm of this sad unexpected news, seems now to drown himself in his tears thereat, and so thereupon rather to flye then poast away from *Dijon* to *Salynes* where he confers with the criminall Judges of that Town, who report to him the flight of Father *Justinian* and *Adrian*, as also of their imprisoning of his Wife *Isabella*, of her Maid *Graceta*, and her Ostler *Thomas*, in whose house his Father lay sick. So *Du Pont* visits the dead stinking mangled body, and finds it to be that of his Father, whereat nature and duty prescribe him so powerfull a law, as at the sight thereof, he bursts forth into many bitter tears and lamentable cries and passions. When giving him a decent and solemn buriall in the next Church, he informs the Judges, that to his knowledge, his Father had good store of Gold and Jewels about him, so he entreats them, that *Adrian* & Father *Justinians* house may be curiously searched for the same, which is performed, but finding no part thereof, and both of them fled, he is confident in his heart, that their flight proclaime, them guilty of his Fathers murder, and consequently that *Isabella*, her Ostler, and Maid, infallibly were accessaries thereunto. Whereupon he repairs again to the Judges, and with many importunities prays them that all three of them may be put to the Rack for the same, thereby to bolt and find out the truth of this lamentable accident, the Judges approve of *Du Ponts* living affection and zeal to his dead Father, but (as impartiall Oracles and Officers of Justice) they tell him that they have already caused *Thomas* and *Craceta* to be racked, and that they both have strongly justified their innocency of his Fathers murder, by suffering their torments with incredible fortitude and patience. And as for their Mistress *Isabella*, they tell him they are fully resolved and assured, that she was absolutely innocent, as well for that she was many dayes absent with her Father in the Countrey, when by all likelyhood and circumstance, his Father was murdered, as also because the generall votes and voices of all her Neighbours reported her to be a very vertuous and religious woman, and that therefore in their hearts and consciences, they must needs exempt and free her from those torments.

But

But they told him farther, that in honour to justice, and to see what God and time might produce, they would detain them all three in Prison for the space of three or four moneths, in which mean time concurring with him in opinion that Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* undoubtedly were the murderers of his Father *De Laurier*, they therefore perswade him with all possible speed and diligence to pursue them up and down the Countrey, untill he had detected, apprehended, and brought them to justice; the which *Du Pont* doth, but with such extraordinary zeal and hast, that he forgot a singular circumstance, of no mean importance, the omission whereof might very well have made his research of them vain. For he forgot at *Salynes* to take with him their Pictures and Effigies whereby to find them out in the Country, with far the more ease and facility, whereof he afterwards much repented himself.

As for our two execrable wretches, Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian*, their guilty thoughts and consciences (like so many Ghosts and blood-hounds) so incessantly pursued them and stupified their judgements, that resolving to flye and save themselves, from the free County, into Switzerland, they hush themselves up the day for shelter in some thick Grove or Wood, and travelling all night from *Salynes*, they notwithstanding, the next morning (to their unspeakable feare and vexation) saw themselves again within a little league thereof, and in this manner they for some eight nights following, travelled a foot through unknown wayes & Woods, and yet here let the Reader behold and observe the wonderful justice of God towards them; for at the end thereof, they are noe as yet fully gone seven leagues off from *Salynes*, and they could not ascend the least hill or hillock, but they looking back behind them, the Towers, and Turrets of *Salynes* were still apparent and conspicuous to them, as if they pursued and followed them, the which indeed struck extream fear to their guilty hearts, and infinite terrour and amazement to their foul and trembling consciences. But this circumstance of Gods wrath and revenge towards them, is forthwith seconded and followed by another, wherein his divine providence and iustice miraculously appears and shines forth (with infinite lustre and glory) to all those who shall read, or hear this History. For the tenth evenig after their flight from *Salynes*, they being extreamly wearied and tired with their foot travels (for horses they dared not buy any) and within a mile off entring into a great Wood, they in a fair plain, seeing no body present, they at last espied an erring horse, without Rider, Saddle, or Bridle: which resolving to seize on thereby to recreate their wearied limbs and bodies, they approach and surprize him. And then *Adrian* knowing him well to be *De Lauriers* horse, which (we have heard they had formerly turned off in *Salynes* the same night wherein they murdered his Master, they extreamly joyfull of this unlooked for good fortune, make a halter of their Girdles and Garters, and so casting their Cloaks under them, they both ride way on him, and night drawing, on they hope to recover the Town of *Pontarlin* before break of day; But God is here strongly bent against them, so that this horse which they took for the cause of their joy, will very shortly prove the matter of their misery, and that which they thought would be the matter of their safety will fall out to produce their inevitable danger and confusion. For God (in his revenging justice) carrying their horse, and he them a straying and masking that night through contrary wayes and lanes, they the next morning at break of day to their unspeakable grief, do see themselves three great Leagues off from *Pontarlin*, when their foul facts and consciences make them still so trembling fearfull, that every bush they beheld, every bird they hear, and every leaf they found wagging, they think are so many Serjeants come to arrest them, as also every tree they saw, they confidently beleeve are so many Judges come to sentence and condemn them to death for this their cruell murdering of *De Laurier*, such was their prodigious despaire, such was their ominous and fatall fear for the same.

But here their horse (orecharged with this foul and monstrous burthen) begins to fail them; so the more he lesseneth his pace, the more it increaseth their apprehensiu and fear: And here they consult what to do, whether to retire with this Horse into the next Wood till night, or else to advance towards *Pontarlin*. But their Bread and Meat failing them, and they seeing the coast cleer, they therefore resolve to ride thither, and far the sooner do they assume and imbrace this resolution; because as yet they knew it was timely in the morning, and consequently few or no people stirring. Now to dispatch their Journey the sooner, *Adrian* is content to walk on foot, and Father *Iustinian* to ride, and both of them are equally resolved to put cheerfull faces on their perplexed and trembling hearts. And here as I will not say it was their bad, but their just fortune, which conducted them within lesse than one League of *PONTARLIN*, without being espyed or seen of any: So it was likewise the providence and Justice of God, at that very hour and place first to bring

bring *Du Pont* in sight of them, who in two dayes was parted from *Salynes*, and in all that time had left no Hamlet, Village, or Town, unsought to find out and apprehend these murderers of his Father; Now as hee draws neer them, his eyes tell him, that the horse whereon one of these two men ride, was of the very same hair and shape as was that of his Fathers, which struck some suspicion and apprehension in his heart, that sure these were Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian*, and far the more because by his habit he knew that he who rid was a Priest. The better therefore to be fully assured hereof, he resolves to outride them, thereby the more narrowly to observe both the horse and them, the which he doth. He passeth by them and views them with his countenance purposely composed more of neglect than of observation towards them. When perfectly knowing the horse (by his two white feet, and white Star in his forehead) to be his Fathers, and therefore they by all consequence and appearance to be his murderers, then I say nature and grace infused a secret reluctance into his heart and soul, whether he should more grieve or rejoyce to see them; Now as he is loth to leave them behind him, so he bethinks himself of a pretty policy. For riding some hundred paces before them, he descends from his horse, ties him up to the branch of a tree, cast down his Sword and riding Coat in the high way, untrusseth his points, and steps within the hedge, as if he purposely meant to ease himself; but indeed it was to have them passe before him, that so he might incompasse them as two murdering Wolves in a Toyle; At his descent from his horse (as guilty consciences are still affraid of all things) Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* first begin to fear this Stranger, as being sent to apprehend them, and so resolve to trust to their heels and the woods for their safety, but when they see his Sword and Coat in the way, and himself within the hedge with his hose down, then they again take courage and heart at grace, and so proceed on the way towards the Town, but still they look back on him as if the foulness of their fact continually made their fears and dangers the more eminent. This is carefully and curiously observed of *Du Pont*, who (now comes after them a soft trot) contenting himself to see them a flight shot before him; as well knowing that his horse was far nimbler and swifter than theirs, and that therefore he might fetch them up at his pleasure. By this time they two arrive at *Fontarlin*, which they enter; where (being hungry and fearfull, and their horse weary and hungry) they take up one of the next Inns, which is at the sign of the *Tygre* where thinking themselves free of him who followed them, they recommend their Horse to the Ostler, and calling for some Mutton, Bread, and Wine, they there privatly hush themselves up in their Chamber. But the vigilant eye and care of *Du Pont* sees where they are entered, so he puts up his horse to another Inn close by, and presently with much silence and celerity, trips away to the *Tygre* Inn where they are, and knowing them to be above the stairs in their Chamber to break fast, he calls for the Host thereof, takes him into a close low room next the door; tels him that the Priest and the other man which entred his house right now, had cruelly murdered his Father in *Salynes*, and therefore most curteously and earnestly prayes him, to step presently and fetch the Criminall Officers of that Town to apprehend them for the same, and till his and their return, that he will give him two of his Servants to guard the doors that they escape not away; The Host of this house in detestation of this foul fact of theirs, and to the honour and reputation of himself and his house, speeds away to the Officers who presently arrive with him, to whom *Du Pont* sorrowfully and passionatly relates, that this Priest named *Iustinian*, and this *Adrian* who was an Inn-keeper of *Salynes* and now above, had very lately in his own house, murdered his Father *De Laurier*, who was a Goldsmith of *Diion*, stript and robbed him of much Gold and Jewels, and then buried him in his Orchard, and therefore (with tears in his eyes) conjures them to do him justice by speedily apprehending them for the same, the which they as soon grant him. So they all ascend to their Chamber where they find them deeply tipling in their Cups, as much devoid and insensible of danger as of grace. Here *Du Pont* (with equall passion and sorrow) strongly chargeth them both with the murder of his Father *De Laurier*, as also for robbing of his Gold and Jewels, and for burying of him in the Orchard. But these two bloody factors of Hell, with a world of stout looks, impious oaths and fearfull asseverations, vow and swear the contrary. So the Officers take them aside and examin them severally hercon. But they can receive nothing from them but peremptory denials and prophane execrations.

The which *Du Pont* hearing and understanding he (with much affection to his Father, and discretion to himself) to vindicate and know the truth hereof with the more facility and the less time, entreats the Officers to search them both narrowly for his Fathers Gold

Gold and Jewels, which by Gods direction they do, the one after the other, when they finde quilted up to their doublets and hose, store of Gold, and some rich Jewels and Rings, and yet these two bloody Villains deny this murder of their with much audacity and impudency, swearing that they found this treasure in a Casket in the high way a little League beyond *Salynes*. But this lye of theirs is as false, as their murder and robbery of honest old *De Laurier* was too true, which God (in his mercy and justice) will briefly bring to light and punishment far sooner than these bloody miscreants either think or fear of.

Du Pont (all this notwithstanding) constantly assures these Officers, that all this Gold and Jewels, and much and many more were his Fathers, and therefore are now his both by right and propriety, as being his only Son and child, and so demands possession thereof. But these Officers mildly deny this request of his, tell him they must take them by an Inventory, and so together with the two Prisoners to send them to the Judges of *Salynes* under whose jurisdiction they affirmed they were. So for that night they commit Father *Iustinian* and *Adrian* to two severall Prisons, where they shall find leisure though not enough to repent this foul and lamentable fact of theirs. Which was no sooner done, but *Du Pont* (having thanked these Officers of *Pontarlin*) sends away a Poast to *Salynes* to acquaint the Judges thereof, of his apprehending of these the two Murtherers of his Father, whom he earnestly besought to hasten their executions; so according to his request at the end of two dayes these two Prisoners are sent for, and brought from *Pontarlin* to *Salynes*, and there imprisoned.

The very next morning the criminall Judges send for them to one of their houses, and first severally private, and then publickly by confrontation, examine them on this cruell murder and robbery, but the Devill is still so strong with them, that with much courage and vehemency they continue and stand firm in their negative resolution and deniall; but *De Laurier* being now found and known to have layen some seven weeks sick in *Adrians* house, as well by the confession of *Isabella* his Wife, of *Graceta* her Maid, and of *Thomas* their Oiler, as also of the Apothecary *La Motte*, then his body found buried in the Orchard, and *Adrian* and Father *Iustinian* their sudden flight upon the same, and now lastly, his horse, Gold, and Jewels found upon them in *Pontarlin* by the Officers of that Town, and his Son *Du Pont*, were evidences as bright and apparant as the Sun that (in honour to Justice and in glory to God from whom all true justice is derived) these wise and grave Judges of *Salynes*, do reject these denials of *Adrian* and Father *Iustinian*, as false, prophane, and impious, and therefore that very instant adidge them both to the Rack, at the hearing of which sentence they seem so be appalled and daunted, but they being advertised that *Isabella* his Wife was likewise imprisoned for this fact, she for her part, by some friends of hers makes sute to the Judges, that she may be permitted to speak with her Husband, and so doth Father *Iustinian* that he likewise may speak with her. But the Judges hold both of these their requests to be vain and impertinent, and therefore flatly contradict and deny them.

So *Adrian* is first brought to the Rack, who though he be weak of constitution yet he is still so strong in his villany, as he will not be perswaded or drawn to confess it, but with much courage of body, and animosity of mind, suffers himself to be fastned thereto, whereof the Judges being advertised, they in their discretion hold it expedient to delay his torments for a tyme, and so first to make triall of Father *Iustinian*, to see if these his torments will make him less stout, and more flexible in the confession thereof. Wherein (I write it with joy) their judgements nothing deceive them, for at the very first wrench of the Rack, God is so mercifull to his soul, and so propitious to his new conversion and repentance, that he then and there confesseth this lamentable murder, in all its branches and circumstances (as we have formerly understood) affirms only himself and *Adrian* to be the Authors and Actors thereof; swears that *Isabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* were every way innocent thereof, and had no hand or knowledge therein whatsoever. Whereupon the Judges send again for *Adrian*, and cause him anew to be brought to the Rack, but first they hold it fit to confront him with his bloody companion Father *Iustinian*, who boldly affirming, and constantly confirming all his former deposition to him in his face to be sincere and true. *Adrian* is amazed and daunted thereat, as also at the sight of the Rack which was again prepared and brought for him, when the Devill flying from him, and he casting his heart and soul at the sacred feet of Gods mercy, he there very sorrowfully confirmed all Father *Iustinians* confession to be true, and then falling on his knees, he (with many bitter sighs and tears) said again and again aloud; that his Wife, his Man, and his Maid were as truly innocent, as Father *Iustinian* and himself were alone truly guilty of this foul and cruell murder and robbery of *De Laurier*.

When

When their Judges, asmuch rejoycing at the detection and confession of these their crimes, as they lamented and detested their perpetrations thereof; They condemn them both to be hang'd the next morning and because Father *Justinian* had violated his sacred Order, and *Adrian* the humane and Christian Lawes of Hospitality, their bodies after to be burnt to ashes.

So as soon as Father *Justinian* was degraded of his Sacerdotall Order, and habit, and committed to the secular powers, he together with *Adrian* were for that night returned to their Prison and repentance, where two Priests, and one Fryer of the order of the *Jacobines* prepare their soules for Heaven against the next morning. It was a grief to *Isabella's* heart, to hear that he was guilty of this foul and lamentable murder, but a far greater torment and hell to her mind to understand that he must suffer death for the same, and that she should neither see nor speak with him any more either in this life, or this world. Again, looking from him to her self, as she could not hope for his life, so she thought she had some small cause, or at least scruple to doubt and fear her own, in regard it lay at the curtesie or cruelty of her Husband and Father *Justinian*, for that (as we have formerly understood) they acquainted her with their intents and desires to murder *De Laurier*, and she revealed it not. But yet (nevertheless) in the purity of her heart, and the candid innocency of her soul, she commits the success both of her life, and death to God, and not being able to sleep away any part of that night for sorrow, she as a religious woman, and a most vertuous wife) passeth out the whole obscurity thereof, in the brightness of heavenly ejaculations and prayers, which from the profundity of her heart, she preferreth up to Heaven both for her Husband and her self.

Very early the next morning, before *Justinian* and *Adrian* went to their execution; *Du Pont*, and (at his request) the Judges repair to the Prison to them; where he and they enquire of him, to what valew of Gold and Jewels they had taken from his dead Father, who tell him, that in a Letter which his Father had written to him to *Dion*, and the which they had suppressed and burnt, he therein mentioned the valew of one thousand seven hundred Crowns. And being again demanded by him, what and where was become of all that great sum in Gold and Jewels, they freely and ingeniously tell him, that one third part thereof was taken from them, by him and the Officers of Justice in *Pontarlin*, and another third he should find hidden in such and such secret places of their houses, and for the other third part, they blushed not to confess and averre, that they had since paid some old debts and bought some new apparell, and spent the rest thereof upon their whores, and other of their voluptuousness and prodigalities. So the Judges and *Du Pont* speed away to *Adrian* and Father *Justinian's* houses, where they find the Gold and Jewels according to their confessions, the which together with the other former part taken from them at *Pontarlin* (both which amounted to some 11 or 1200 Crowns) these wise and honest Judges deliver up unto *Du Pont*, who receives it from them with joy and thankfulness, but as a good Son rejoyceth farr more at the now approaching deserved deaths, of these two bloody and execrable wretches, Father *Justinian* and *Adrian*, the murderers of his good old Father *De Laurier*, of whom some twenty and five years before, he had the happiness to receive his life.

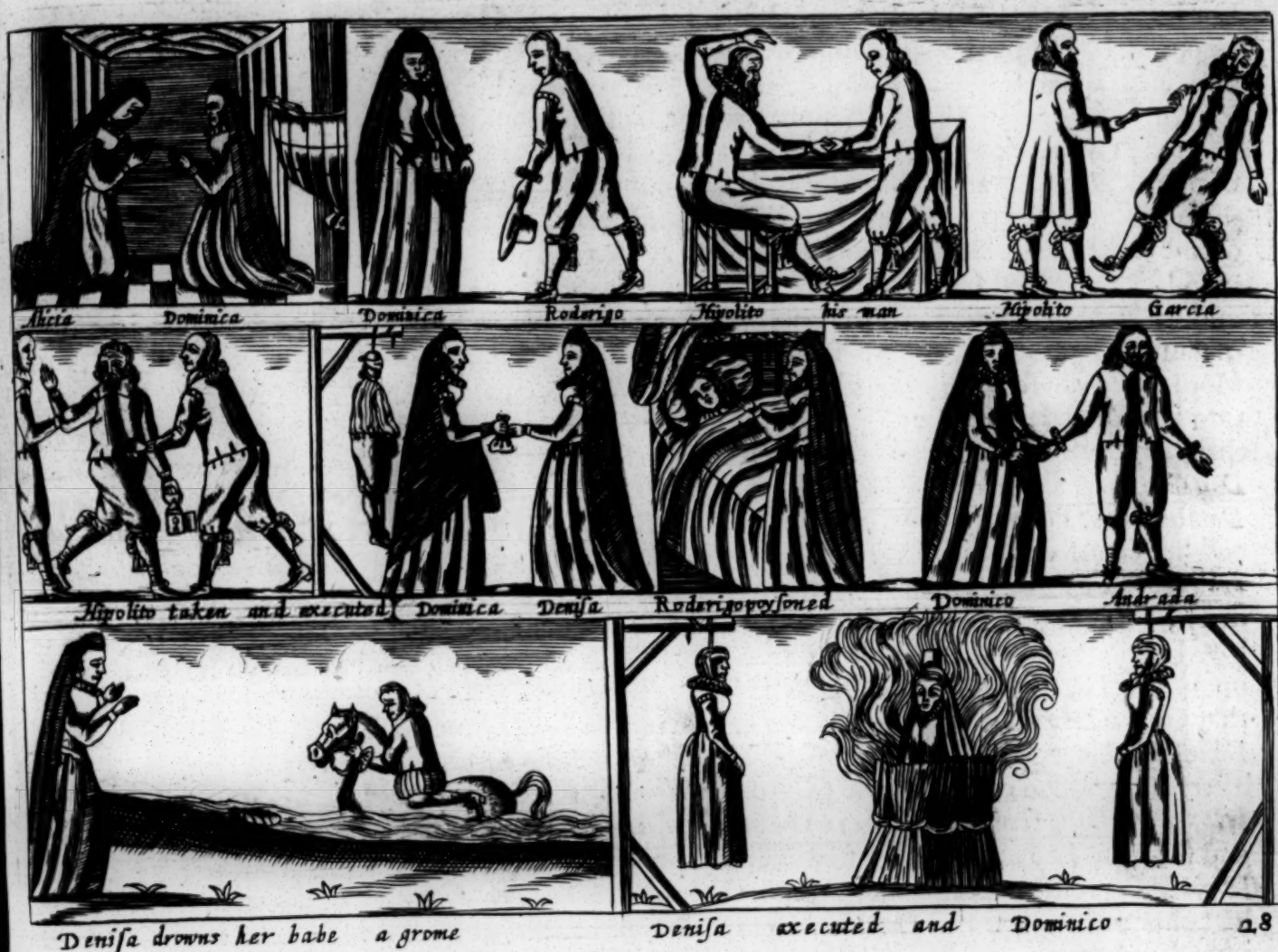
Some two hours after, which was about ten of the clock in the morning these our two condemned malefactors are brought to the place of Execution, where a great concourse of people of *Salynes*, and the Countrey thereabouts attend to see them finish the last Scene and Catastrophe of their lives. The first who ascends the Ladder is *Adrian*, who speaks little; Only he takes it to his death, that his dear wife *Isabella*, his Servant Maid *Graceta*, and his Ofler *Thomas*, are as absolutely innocent of this murder of *De Laurier*, as he himself here again confesseth he is guilty thereof. He prayes God to forgive him this foul fact, and beseecheth all that are present to pray to God for him, and for his wretched and miserable soul, the which he knoweth hath great need and want of their prayers, when casting his Handkerchief over his face, and privately ending some few prayers to himself he is turned over. Instantly after him Father *Justinian* mounts the Ladder, who (in his looks and countenance) seems to be very repentant and penitent for this his foul and hainous fact, the which he prayes God to absolve and forgive him, he here again cleers *Isabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* of this murder. He much lamenteth that he hath so highly scandalized the sacred order of Priesthood in his crime and person; and therefore beseecheth all Priests and Churchmen either present or absent to forgive it him; when repeating some *Ave Marias*, and often making the sign of the Cross, he was likewise turned over.

And

And thus was the miserable life and death of this impious Priest, and wicked and bloody Hoast, and in this sharp manner did God justly revenge himself and punish them with shame and confusion for this cruell and lamentable murther. Immediately after which execution of theirs, the Judges set our vertuous and innocent *Isabella*, and her maid, & Otter free from their undeserved indurance and troubles, whereat all the spectators, do as much praise God for the liberty of the three last, as they detest the foul crime, and rejoyce at the just punishments of the two first: If we make good use of the knowledg of this sorrowfull History, the profit and consolation thereof will be ours, and the glory
Gods, which God of his best favour and
mercy grant us. Amen.

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Ex- ecrable Sinner of Murther.

HISTORY XXVIII.

Hippolito murdereth Garcia in the street by night, for the which he is hanged. Dominica and her Chamber-maid Denisa poysoneth her Husband Roderigo; Denisa afterwards stranglet her own new-born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which she is hanged: On the Ladder she confessed that she was accessary, with her Lady Dominica, in the poysoning of her Husband Roderigo; for the which Dominica is apprehended, and likewise hanged.

HOW easily doth malice and revenge enter into our hearts; and how difficultly do we expell and banish it thence; and what doth this promise, or rather threaten unto us, but that it is a wretched sign and testimony, that the Devill hath more power with us than God, that we more dearly affect Nature than Grace, and Earth then Heaven? In many sins there is some pretence or shadow of pleasure, but in murder there is none, except we desire that it should bring grief and repentance to our hearts, horror and terror to our consciences, and misery and confusion to our soules: which indeed, despite of our earthly policie and prophane prevention, it will infallibly both shew and bring us. But (to shew our wickedness in our weakness) through the slye subtiltie and trechery of Satan, we think we act and perpetrate it so secretly, that it cannot be found out of men nor detected or punished of God. Wherein, what foolish foole and foolish wadmen are we, thus to deceive and betray our selves with false hopes and erroneous suggestions? for although men may be deluded, and not see it, yet can God be mocked, or will he be blinded and deceived? On no, his decrees and resolutions are secret and

sacred, and though invilible to our eyes, yet our delignes and actions are transparent to his: For he (in his all-seeing providence) reserves to himself the manner and time, how and where to punish it. As read we this approaching Historie, and it will confirme as much, in the lives and deaths of some bloudie and inhumane personages, who were born to honour, and consequently to have lived more happie, and died lesse ignominiously.

In the rich and populous Citie of *Granado* (which *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, King and Queen of *Spain*, Anno 1492. so famously and fortunatly conquered from the *Mores*) there (within these few years) dwelt an ancient Lady, named *Dona Alicia Cervantella*, who was descended of noble parentage, and by her late Husbaud, *Don Pedro de Cardinas* (dying a chief Commander in the *West Indies*) she had two children, a Son and a Daughter; he named *Don Garcia* and she *Dona Dominica*; he of some twentie years of age, and she of some eighteen; he tall of stature, but somewhat hard-favoured, and she short, but exceeding fair and beautifull. Their Mother *Cervantella* being not left rich by her deceased Husband, did yet bring up these her two Children very honourably and veruoussly, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparell, though she clad her self the worse for it, for their sakes. She observes her Son *Don Garcia* to be of a mild disposition, and very wittie and judicious; but for her Daughter *Dominica*, she sees with fear, and fears with grief, that her wit will come short of her beauty, and her chastity of her wit: in which regard and consideration, she loves him better than her, and yet bears so vigilant an eye over her actions, that as yet she keeps her within the lists of modesty, and the bounds of obedience, as holding it far truer discretion to make her more beloved than feared of her, or rather that fear and love by turnes might act their severall parts upon the Theatre of her youthfull heart and resolutions. There is an old rich Gentleman of that City nobly descended, termed *Don Hippolito Sevino*, commonly known and named only *Don Hippolito*, aged of some threescore and ten years, and much subject to the Gout, a disease better known than cured, and which loves rich men as much as poor men hate it: And this old *Hippolito*, in the frost and winter of his age, falls in love with our fair young Lady *Dominica*, and so by the Lady the Mother seeks her Daughter in Marriage. As for the Mother, she loves *Hippolito's* Gold better than her Daughter doth his age, and affects his Lands as much as shee hates his personage. But *Don Garcia*, at the often requests of his Sister, being at last vanquished by her importunity, soon changeth his Mothers opinion and good esteem of *Hippolito*, and so they all three give him the repulse and deniall. But his affection to this delicate fresh young beauty makes him more perverse and obstinate than his age, so he will take no answer for an answer, nor a refusall for a refuse from them, but will or will frequent their companie daily, and their house almost hourly; they are all three tyred with his forthwith incivility, and doting importunacie, especially *Dominica*, who measuring his age by her youth, and knowing him to be far sifter for his Grave than a Wife, she therefore scorns him as much as he loves her: but yet say she what she will, or do her Mother and Brother what they can, yet they cannot free their house or shift their hands of him; although they many times make him look upon bare walls, content himself to converse with the meanest of their servants, and so to return, without seeing either of Mother, Son, or Daughter.

But *Dominica* holding her beauty and years now to be worthie of a Husband, she is so incivill and incontinent, as she prays her Mother to procure and provide her one: For (to use her own words) she saith, *she is weary to lye alone, and live single, and fully resolved no longer either to trifle away her time, or to cast away her youth and beauty.* Her Lady Mother (in most vertuous tearms) checks her impudencie blames her impudicity and concludes, that if she forsake those immodest humours and inclinations, and so serve and fear God religiously, then there is no doubt but in good time he (of his propitious favour and goodness towards her) will provide her one; when turning from her Daughter, the very tears of sorrow fall abundantly from her old eyes, to see her thus immodest, thus irregular and wanton, as doubting and fearing that in the end it will prove ominous and fatall to her.

But her lascivious Daughter *Dominica* is not contented with this generall answer of her Mother; for she is yet so vainly imprudent, and so vitiously impudent, as she importunately prays her Brother *Don Garcia* effectually and speedily to sollicite her Mother to provide her a Husband; whereat he rather laughs, than gives care. But when again he ruminates and considers with himself this her foolish levitie and wantonnesse, fearing the worst, and to the end shee might not hereafter prove a disgrace to her self, a scandall to their house, and a dishonour to their blood, he (taking time at advantage) breaks and treats with his Mother hereon: who concurring in opinion with him, returns him rather her consent than her denyall; the which he reports to his immodest Sister *Dominica*, who is thereat as joyfull as before she was discontented.

Not

Not long after it fell out, that *Dominica* with her Mother going on a great Holy-day in the morning to the Church of the *Benedictine* Monks, and being behind her on her knees at her Beads and Oraisons, her devotion was so cold and her zeal so frozen towards God, as seeing a very proper young Gentleman (richly apparelled) likewise there on his knees at his prayers not far from her; she as a poor (I may say as a prophane) Christian, beckons her Mothers man to come to her, and whispers him in the eare, that he discreetly go and enquire what that young Cavalier is, whom she describes to him by his Apparell, and especially by a rich Diamond Ring which he wears on his finger: Her Mothers man demanding of the Gentlemans servants, returns speedily to his young Lady, and tells her in her eare, that it is *Don Roderigo*, Son and Heir to *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, whereat her lustfull affection makes her heart leap and dance with in her for joy; for so uncivilly unchast is she in her desires and wishes, that at his very first sight she desires him for her Husband, before any other man of the world, yea, before any other earthly felicity. Whereupon she vows, that her Mother shall have no truce, nor her Brother any peace of her, before they powerfully make this motion of marriage for her to *Don Roderigo*; who being often solicited and provoked by her importunate requests, they consult hereon, and both of them approve and desire it, as holding it a match equally honourable to them both. The Son will have his Mother first to break the Ice of this motion to *Don Roderigo*, but the Mother will have her Son first to performe that office to him, and so to take a fair occasion to invite him home to her house to speak with her; the which *Don Garcia* performs, and deals herein so effectually with *Don Roderigo* that home he comes with him. The Lady *Cervantella* (after many complements and speeches) presents this motion to him. He sees the young Lady *Dominica*, her Daughter, and finding her to be exceeding fair and wittie he likes and loves her, and so takes time to advise hereon with his Father, for the Lady his Mother was formerly gone to Heaven. *Roderigo* breaks this motion to *Don Emanuel*, his Father; who not pleased therewith, seeks to divert his Son from it, in regard he knows that her Mother *Dona Cervantella* is very poor and of a weak estate, as being much incumbered with the great debts of her deceased Husband *Roderigo* alledged to his Father, his true affection to the true beauty and vertues of *Dominica*, and that her descent and blood is no way inferiour to his. But his Father being of an exceeding covetous disposition, will have wealth to over sway beauty, and not beauty wealth, and so is resolute to hear no more of this motion; whereat his Son *Roderigo* bites his lip, and is much discontented. Yet neverthelesse, he hath cast his affection so deeply and firmly on the fresh end delicate beauty of *Dominica*, that holding it to be the Gold of Nature, and she the Queen and Phoenix of Beauty, he cannot, he will now refrain but very often frequents *Dona Cervantellas* house, and her Daughters company: To whom (notwithstanding his Fathers distast of her) he yet gives far more hope than despaire, that he will be her Husband, which ravisheth her with delight, her Mother *Dona Cervantella* and her Brother *Don Garcia* with content.

But the order of our History invites us for a while to leave *Don Roderigo*, to feast his eyes and surfeit his thoughts and contemplations on the Roses and Lillies of his Mistris beauty, and again to return to speak of our old Dotard *Hippolito*; who now (led by his lust and voluptuous desires, as they are by the instigation of the Devill) comes to perform and act a bloody and deplorable part on the stage of this History. He sees with grief, and grieves to see that he is refused of the Lady *Dominica*, whom he loves far dearer and tenderer than his life; and understanding that *Don Roderigo de Cortez* doth still frequent her company, hath gained her affection, and shall shortly marry her, he thereupon turnes his reason into rage, converts his judgement into revenge, and so resolves to murder him by night, as soon as he finds him to issue forth of the Lady *Cervantellas* house; the Devill making him strong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that he being once dead, undoubtedly the fair *Dominica* will fall for his share and Wife. So he is resolute in this his bloody and damnable design, and consults with himself, whether he should do it by himself, or by some second instrument; but finding it dangerous to effect it by another, because he must then commit his life to his courtesie, and seeing that his Gout had now forsaken him, he therefore resolves to do it by himself. But first hee thinks it not improper, rather pertinent for him, to write *Roderigo* a Letter: the which he doth in these terms, and sends it him by one of his own confident servants.

HIPOLITO to RODERIGO.

VVert thou informed but of the hundreth part of my dear affliction to the fair young Lady *Dominica*, and reciprocally of hers to me, thou wouldst (if not out of honour, yet out of judgment) surcease thy sute to her, and not make thy obstinacy ridiculous, by thinking to obtaine her to thy Wife: and although she feed thee with the Sugar of many sweet protestations and promises to the contrary, yet if I have any eyes in my head, or thou Judgment in thine, to discern the truth hereof, thou hast far more reason to relye upon the integrity of my age, than the vanity and inconstancie of her youth: And wert thou not a Gentleman whom I love for thine own, and honour for thy Fathers sake, I had not so long permitted thee to frequent her company, nor so often to converse with her to the prejudice of my content and thy discretion: And if this friendly Ambassadour of my heart, my Letter, will not yet induce thee to leave her to me, whom Heaven and Earth, God and her Mother have given me; I will then, either by thy Father, or by the usuall course of Justice, take that order with thee therein, as shall redound as much to my honour and fame, as to thy infamie and disreputation.

HIPPOLITO.

Roderigo having received and read this Letter of *Hippolito*, he cannot refrain from smiling and laughing, to see his sottish errour and ridiculous ignorance herein; for hee perfectly knowes, that both *Dominica* and the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother are long since resolved to hear no more either of him or of his sute, and therefore he holds it more worthy of his laughter than of his observation, likewise to see, that this old Dotard, when Nature is ready to wed him to his Grave, that his lust should yet be so forward, to desire to marry so young and beautifull a Lady as *Dominica*: The which considering, once he thought to return him no other answer but silence; but at last, respecting his age and quality more than his indiscretion or power, after he had shewn his Letter to *Cervantella*, to *Dominica*, and her Brother *Don Garcia*, who all concur in opinion with him, to make it the publike object, as both it and himself were the private cause of their generall laughter: he calls for Pen and Paper, and (rather with contempt than choler) by *Hippolito's* own servant returns him this answer.

RODERIGO to HIPPLITO.

IHave as small reason to doubt of thy affection to the young Lady *Dominica*, as to beleve that hers is reciprocally so to thee, and therefore I see no just cause in honour or solid ground in Judgment to surcease my sute towards her, much less to deem my obstinacy ridiculous in hoping to obtaine her to my Wife; And although it be in thy pleasure, yet it is not in thy power to make me doubtfull of her fair words, or to call in question, or suspition her sweet promises and protestations to mee, sith that were to prophane the purity of my zeal to her, and of her true and sincere affection to mee, the which yet to do thee a curtesie, I will rather excuse than condemn in thee, because I am confident it exceeds thy knowledge, though not thy feare, and in this behalf and assurance, thine eyes cannot so much prevaile with my Judgment, but that I will more rely upon the integrity of her youth, than the vanity of thy age. As for thy love to me, or honour to my Father, when I find it so, I will acknowledge it to be as true, as now I conceive it feigned: but for thy threats to mee in thinking thereby to make me forsake the conversation and company, of that fair and vertuous young Lady I do rather pitty than esteem them, and every way more contemn than care for them, Assuring thee that I cannot possibly refrain from laughter, to see thee so devoid of common sence; as to think to be able, either to scar me with the power of the Law, or to daunt me with the prerogative and authority of my Father in making mee to forsake her whom in life and death, I neither can nor will forsake, resolve therefore henceforth to prevent thy infamy and disreputation, for I will be left to my self to establish mine own content and honour, as I please.

RODERIGO.

Hippolito upon the receipt and consideration of this peremptory Letter of *Don Roderigo*, is so inflamed and incensed against him to see that (perforce) he will make him wear a Willow Garland, as (without any more delays or expostulations) understanding him to be that very same night which he received his Letter, with his Lady *Dominica* at her mothers house, the Devill causeth him to gather all his malice, wits and strength together about him that night to murder him as he issueth forth to go home, which bloody stratagem of his to effect and finish, he chargeth

chargeth a pistoll with three Bullets and he waits his comming thence: but *Don Garcia* accidentally issuing forth all alone privately to go visit a friend of his not far off, this wretched old villain *Hippolito* taking him to be *Roderigo* lets flye at him, and all three Bullets pierce his body, so hee falls down dead to the ground. The blow is heard, and the breathless body of *Don Garcia* is found reeking in his blood, whose mother, Sister, and *Don Roderigo* are amazed and astonished at this deplorable disaster, and ready to drown themselves in their tears for sorrow thereof. So *Roderigo* leaving some Neighbours to comfort them, he takes order to find out the murtherers, and goes himself speedily throughout the street to that effect; When the good pleasure and providence of God directs his course to find out this old execrable wretch *Hippolito* going limping and limping in the street, having thrown away his Pistoll, and only holding his dark Lanthorn in his hand, which then (the better to colour out this damnable fact of his he opened to light him. *Roderigo* measuring things past by the present, and finding *Hippolito* there in the streets all alone, at this undue and unseasonable hour of the night; God prompts his heart with this suspicion, that hee in likely-hood was the murtherer of *Don Garcia*, and so layes hold of him, and causeth him to be committed to the Prison, notwithstanding all the entreaties, means and friends, which he could then possible make to the contrary. The next day all *Granado* rings and resounds of this murther, and of the suspicion and imprisonment of *Don Hippolito* for the same, when the Lady *Cervantella* goes to the Criminall Judges of the City and accuseth him for the same, and with grief, sorrow, and passion, follows it close against him; and although *Hippolito* at his first examination denies it, yet being by his cleer-sighted Judge adjudged to the Rack for the same, hee at the very first sight thereof confesseth it, for the which bloody and lamentable crime of his, hee is sentenced the next day to be hanged although he proffered all his estate and means to save his life; But the zeal and integrity of his Judges was such to the sacred name of Justice, as they disdained to be corrupted herewith.

So the next Morning this old bloody wretch *Hippolito* is brought to the common place of execution, where a very great concourse of people repair from all parts of the City to see him take his last farewell of the world, most of them pitying his age, but all condemning the enormity of this his foul and bloody crime. He was dealt with by some Priests and Fryers in Prison, whose Charity and Piety, endeavoured to fortifie his heart against the fear of death, and to prepare his soul for the life and joyes of that to come. But the Devill was yet so strong with him, that he could not be drawn to contrition nor would not be either perswaded or enforced to repentance, or to ask God, or the world forgiveness of this his bloody fact, but as he lived prophanely, so he would dye wretchedly and desperatly, for on the Ladder he made a foolish speech, the which because it favoured more of beastly concupiscence and lust, than of Piety or Religion, I will therefore burie it in oblivion, and silence, and so he was turned over.

Come we now to speak of *Don Emanuell de Cortoz* the Father, who understanding of his Son *Roderigo* his continuall frequenting of *Dona Cervantella's* house, and her Daughter *Dominica's* company, and now hearing of this murther at her Son to her door, his own Son being then therein present; he is much discontented therewith; and because he will sequester him from her sight and provide him another Wife, he sends him to *Asnalos*, a manor house of his, some ten leagues off in the Countrey, with a strong injunction and charge, there to reside till his farther order to return: *Roderigo* is wonderfull sorrowfull ~~thas~~ to leave the sight of his fair and deer Mistis *Dominica*, and (to the view of the world) no lesse is she, so he transporteth only his body to *Asnallos*, but his heart he leaves with her in *Granado*. But a moneth is scarce expired after his departure, but the Lady *Cervantella* (by the death of her Son *Don Garcia*, wanting a man to conduct and govern her affairs, especially her law sutes, wherewith (as we have formerly heard) she is much incumbred, she thereupon (as also at the instant request of her Daughter) writes *Roderigo* this letter for his returne.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

AS thou tenderest the prosperity of my affairs, and the content and joy of my Daughter, I request thee speedily to leave *Asnallos*, and to return to reside here in *Granado*, for I wanting my Son *Garcia*, who was the joy of my life, and she her *Roderigo* who art the life of her ioy, thou must not find it strange, if my age, and her youth, and if my Law sutes and her love affections and desires assume this resolution: Thy Father is a Noble man of reason, and his Son shall find this to be a request both honourable and reasonable, except thou wilt so far publish thy weaknesse to the world, that thou dost more fear thy Father than love my Daughter, for if thou shouldest once permit thy obedience

to him so far to give a Law to thy affection to her, thou wilt then make thy self as unworthy to be her Husband, as I desire it with zeal, and she with passion. Shee is resolved to second this my Letter with one of her own to thee, to which I refer thee; God blesse thy stay, and hasten thy return.

CERVANTELLA.

Dominica resolving to make good her promise to her mother, and that of her mother to Roderigo, she withdraws her self to her Chamber to write, and knowing her mothers Messenger ready to depart, chargeth him with the delivery of her Letter to her Lover Roderigo, and to cast the better lustre and varnish over her affection, she takes a Diamond Ring from her finger, and likewise sends it him for a token of her love.

DOMINICA to RODERIGO.

AS the death of my Brother Don Garcia made me extream sorrowfull, so this of thy absence made mee infinitely miserable, for as that nipt my ioyes and hopes in their blossoms, so this kilis them in their riper age and maturity. When I first received thy love, and gave and returned thee mine in exchange, I had well thought thou hadst affected me too dearly so soon to leave my sight, and to banish thy self from my company, but now I see with grief, and feel with sorrow that thou lovest thy Father far better then me, and delightest to prefer his content before mine, for else thou hadst not made me thus wretched by thy absence, who am as (it were) but entering into the happinesse of thy presence. If thou canst find in thy heart to obey his commands, before thou grant my requests then come not to Granada, but stay still in Asnallos, but if the contrary, then leave Asnallos, and come to me in Granada, where I will chide thee for thy long stay, and yet give thee a world of thanks and kisses for thy so soon return, and as my heart and soul doth desire it, so the prosperity of my Mothers affairs doth likewise want, and therefore crave it. Judge of the fervency of my affection to thee, by thine to my self; and then thou wilt speedily resolve to see thy Dominica, who desires nothing so much under Heaven as to have the happinesse of thy sight, and the felicity and Honour of thy Company.

DOMINICA.

Roderigo receives these their two Letters; repukes that of the mother to much respect, and this of her Daughter to infinite affection, so as the very knowledge and consideration thereof makes him rejoyce in the first, and triumph in the second, and therefore knowing himself to be a man, and past a child, and that as he is bound by nature and reason to obey his Father, so he is not tyed to be commanded by him beyond it, wherefore he resolves to give content to the Mother for the Daughters sake, and to the Daughter for his own sake, and so by their own Messenger returns them these answers; That to the Lady Cervantella spake thus.

RODERIGO to CERVANTELLA.

I So much tender the prosperity of thy affairs and thy Daughters content and ioy, that my resolutions shall so dispose of my self towards my Father; as very shortly I will see thee with respect and observance, and visit her with affection and zeal; for this desire of hers and request of thine, is so honourable, so reasonable, as my Father should be guilty of unkindnesse, to deny the one, and my self of ingratitude not to grant the other; Or if he will yet continue to crosse our affections, I will then make it apparant to the world, that I will not fear him the thousand part so much as I will love her, and that I cannot receive a greater felicity and honour, than to see her my Wife, and my self her Husband. I have given an answer to her Letter, and very shortly I will give her my self every way answerable to her merits, to thy expectation and my promise.

RODERIGO.

His Letter to Dominica was charged and fraughted with these lines.

RODERIGO to DOMINICA.

TO deface thy sorrows for thy Brothers death and thy miseries for my absence, and likewise to preserve thy ioyes in their blossoms, and thy hopes in their riper age and maturity, I am fully resolved very shortly to grant thy request in leaving Asnallos, to live and die with thee in Granada, and

and thou doest offer a palpable wrong to the truth, and an immerited disparagement to the purity and candour of my affection, to think that I any way prefer my obedience to my Father, before my affection to thee, or consequently his content to thine. Therefore prepare thy self to kisse, not to chide mee, for else I will resolve to chide and not to kisse thee at my return. My best endeavours shall wait on the prosperity of thy Mothers affairs, and my best love and service shall eternally attend on her Daughters pleasure and commands, and judge thou if my zeal to thee, do not exceed thine to my self, sith Earth is not so deer to mee, as the Honour of thy sight, nor Heaven as the felicity of thy company.

RODERIGO.

He hath no sooner dispatch'd these two Letters to his Mistress and her Mother, but the very next day after he enters into a resolution with himself; that he shall not do well so soon to disoblige and disobey his Father, by so speedily precipitating his return from *Asnallos* to *Granado*, as urging this reason to his consideration, and proposing this consideration to his judgment, that *Dominica's* affection and beauty can difficultly make him rich, but that his Fathers discontent and displeasure towards him may easily make him poor: Whereupon resolving to cherish his constancy to her, and yet to retain his obedience to him, he holds it no sin if a little longer he dispence with his content, and promise to temporize for his discretion and profit, as grounding his hope upon this confidence, and his confidence upon this presuming infallibility, that his Lady and Mistress *Dominica* is as chaste as fair, and will prove as constant to him as she is beautifull in her self. But she is a woman, and therefore she may deceive his hopes, and he is a man, and therefore it is possible that her beauty may betray his judgment, the which prediction and prophesie (to his grief and sorrow, and to her shame and misery) we shall shortly see made true and verified, the manner thus.

Dominica (as we have formerly understood) being of a wanton disposition and carriage, and very unchastly and lasciviously enclined, she finding *Roderigo's* stay in *Asnallos* to exceed his promise and her expectation, she cannot live chaste, she will not remaine constant in his absence, but hath a friend or two, I mean two proper young Gentlemen of *Granado*, to whom she many times privately imparteth her amorous favours and affection, the which she acteth not so closely, but the Lady her Mother (being a Lincye-eyed, and curious observer of her actions) hath notice thereof, and thinking to reclaime her from this foule sin of fornication and whordome, which threats no less than the ruines of her fortunes, and the Shipwrack of her reputation; she first attempteth to perswade her by fair means with tears and prayers; but seeing she could not thereby prevaile with her, then she gives her many sharp speeches and bitter threats, and menaces, as wholly to deprive her of her Fathers portion, and either to make her spend her daies in a Nunnery, or end them in a Prison. That she is not worthie to tread upon the face of earth, or look up to Heaven because this her foul crime of fornication, makes her odious to God, and an infinite shame and scandall to all her Parents and friends in generall, and to every one in particular, with many other reasons looking and conducing that way, the which for brevities sake, I resolve to omit and bury in silence.

But this lecture of the Mother prevails not with the Daughter, but rather inflames than quencheth the fire of her inordinate and lascivious lust; the which she perceiving, and to prevent her own scandall in that of her Daughters, shee (as a carefull Mother and a wise Matron) meweth her up in her Chamber, where *Dominica* (for meer grief and collar (to see her selfe thus debard of her pleasures in the restraint of her liberty) shee growes very sick, looks exceeding wan, pale and thin, and so keeps her Bed, the which the Lady *Cervantella* takes for a fit occasion and opportunity againe effectually to write to *Roderigo* to hasten his return to *Granado*, as doubting least her Daughters Belly should chance to swell and grow big in his absence. This her Letter to *Roderigo*, reported her mind, and represented her desires to him in these termes.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

THou doest thy self no right, but me and my Daughter infinite wrong, in staying so long from *Granado*, in regard it is contrary to thy promise, to my expectation, and to her deserts and merits: For her affection is so entire and fervent to thee, because she conceives and hopes that thine (in requitall) is so to her, that she hath this many moneths languished in expectation of thy return; whereof beginning to despair, that despair hath struck her into so dangerous a Consumption, that I fear it will shortly prove fatal to her: for already the Lillies have banished the Roses of her cheeks, yea, her cheeks
are

are grown thin; and those sparkling stars, her eyes, have lost a great part of their wonted lustre and glory: so if thy affection will not, yet pity should move thee to hasten thy return, to see and comfort her, especially sith thou wilt scarce know her when thou seest hir; in regard I may (almost) justly asseme, that she is no longer *Dominica*, but rather the living *Anatomic* of dead *Dominica*. How thou canst answer for this her sicknesse to thine honour (which is occasioned by thy unkindnesse) I know not; but sure I am if she go to her Grave before thou come to her, thou canst never sufficiently answer it to thy conscience, nor thy conscience to God. In her sick bed, thou art the only Saint to whom she offereth up her devotions; and therefore it will be a miserable ingratitude in thee, to permit her to dye thy Martyr.

CERVANTELLA.

At the receipt and perusall of this Letter, *Roderigo* is infinitely sorrowfull, especially when he considereth, that it is only *Dominica's* deer affection to him, and his long stay from her, which hath occasioned her sickness: whereupon his love consulting with his honour, his honour with his conscience, and his conscience with God, he conjureth the Messenger to return speedily to *Granado*, to the Lady *Cervantella*, and her Daughter *Dominica*, from him, and to assure them, that all business of the world set apart, he will be there with them the next day, and bring them the answers of their Letters himself; whereat, at the Messengers return, they both of them exceedingly rejoyce. *Roderigo* now (according to his promise) comes to *Granado*, visiteth *Cervantella*, and sick Mistris *Dominica*; salutes the one with complements, the other with kisses. *Dominica* intending to give him her body, but not her heart, dissembleth her affection to him, and frowns on him exceedingly, as if her love to him, and his to her, were dearer to her then all the world, and far more precious than her life. But contrariwise, *Roderigo* intends as he speaks & speaks, as he intends; yea, he is so sincere and real in his affection to her, as she is counterfeit and trecherous to him. So glorying in her beauty, and triumphing in her youth, he with much difficulty obtains his Fathers consent, and marries her, their Nuptials being solemnized in *Granado* with state and bravery, answerable to their discontents and qualities; but he will find a wanton *Lais* for a constant *Lucrece*, and a lascivious *Phyrne* for a chaste *Peneope*. Never Husband bore himself more respectfully, loving and courteously to his Wife, than doth *Roderigo* to his *Dominica*; for he thinks that her fare cannot be curious, nor her Apparel costly enough for her; yea, such was his tender respect of her, and affection to her, that he willingly permitted her to go where she would, and to come when she pleased; contrary to the custome of *Spain*, and generally of most *Spaniards*, who hold it far more folly than affection to give this licentious freedom and libertie to their Wives, which we do in *England* and *France*; the which we shall see verified in our young Bride *Dominica*: for the more her Husband *Roderigo* loves her, the more she slighteth him; and the more he respects her, the more she neglects and contemns him: whereat he grieves, his Mother in Law *Cervantella* storms, and his own Father *Don Emanuel de Cortez* repines and murmurs. But as it is labour in vaine to think to make an *Æthiopian* white, so all of them cannot reclaime *Dominica* to love her Husband, nor scarce to lye with him. He conceives infinite grief hereat, which breeds him a lingering Consumption in earnest, as his Wife *Dominica* was formerly possessed of one in jeast; whereat she the more hates him, in regard the extremity of his sickness and weakness will not permit him to perform the rites and duties of a Husband towards her: but she need not care, much less grieve thereat, for she takes her obscene and lascivious pleasures abroad, whiles her dear sick Husband (for grief of body and mind) is ready to dye at home. He bewayles his hard fortune in marrying her; but yet loves her so tenderly and dearly, as he will not speak ill of her himself, nor suffer any other to do it either in his presence or her absence. Yea, her love is so frozen to him, though his be still constantly and fervently inflamed to her, as she difficultly sees him once in three dayes, nor yet speaks two words with him when she sees him, and yet when he is so happy to obtain her sight and company, he exceedingly rejoyceth thereat, that it seems to him, his pain for that time gives him peace, his sorrows truce his sickness ease, his heart comfort, and his thoughts consolation. But *Dominica* hath not deserved the least part of all this true affection and courtesie from him heretofore, much lesse will she requite it to him hereafter: except in a most ingratefull and bloody manner, which is thus.

The Devill resolves to trouble the harmonie and serenitie of their marriage, or rather our *Dominica* hath hellishly derived and drawn this resolution from the Devill, to poyson her Husband; and the sooner she fixeth her mind upon this infernall ingredient, and setteth her barbarous cruelty upon this devilish Drug, because the violence of his Consumption having already made almost an *Anatomic* of his body, she therefore flattereth her self with this opinion, that no suspicion at all can seize upon the beleef of any, that he is poysoned, much lesse of his Father

Father, or her Mother. She cannot procure poyson her self & therefore albeit she be unwilling to acquaint or imploy any other herein, yet she is enforced thereunto. Of all her acquaintance, she thinks she may more safely entrust and repose this great secret with her Chamber-maid *Denisa*; for having formerly made her accessory to her sins of Fornication and Adultery, shee thinks she may with lesse difficulty and more ease now draw her to conceale and participate in this Murther with her: the which the better and sooner to effect, she gives her fiftie Duckates, and adding thereunto many sweet perswasions, and sugred promises, of her continuall care and affection for her preferment, this wretched miserable Wench yeelds her consent thereto, so they give their hands, and swear secrecie each to other, the Devill laughing at this their bloudie compact and capitulation.

So (without either the grace or fear of God) they are resolute in this their rage, and outrageous in this their barbarous cruelty, thinking every minute a moneth, and every day a yeare, before they have finished & perpetrated this lamentable businesse: So this Furie, this She-devill *Dominica*, being as impatient in her lascivious lust to her self, as in her deadly malice to her kind and honest Husband *Roderigo*, she makes *Denisa* secretly to procure some strong poyson, from some remote unknown Apothecary, & not only causeth but sees her to put it into some White-broth for him, which the Chamber-maid brings, and the Wife and Mistresse gives to her Husband, in the morning, before he was out of his Bed, under pretence and colour of some comfortable Broth, and hot meat: whereof (O grief to think it! O pittie to report it!) before night he dyed thereof. And *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, his Father, being at that time ridden to the City of *Sevil* in the Province of *Andoulesia*, about some important business of his, she (taking the opportunity and advantage of his absence, thereby the better to over-veil this her foul and bloudy fact) doth speedily cause this his breathlesse body to be encoffined, and so buried somewhat privatly, but not in that solemn manner as was requisite, either for his quality, or her reputation, yea, contrary to the opinion of the Lady *Cervantella*, her Mother who much grieved and feared at this sudden death of her Son in law *Roderigo*, as doubting lest her Daughter his Wife, had too hastily and untimely sent him to Heaven in a bloudie winding sheet. This mournfull Tragedie thus acted our wretched *Dominica*, of a discontented Wife, is now become a joyfull and frolike Widow: and now her exorbitant lust and lascivious desires break pale, and range, both beyond the bounds of chastity, and the limits of discretion: for she will hearken to no advice nor follow any counsell from the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, but forsakes her house and her sight the greatest part of the day, and which is worse, many whole nights, to keep company with those vicious Gallants and deboshed young Gentlemen, of her former acquaintance and familiarity, with whom she delighteth to lose her honour, to cast away her chastity, and to shipwrack her reputation, if not her soule; when neither thinking of God or her Conscience, of Heaven or Hell, of her murdering self, or murdered Husband, she so incessantly (without any intermission or repentance) abandons her self to her prophane and beastly whoredoms, that in a very short time she makes her self the laughter of the worst, and the pitie of the better and most vertuous sort of people of *Granado*; yea, her actions are so devoid of Graces, and repleat of impietie, that her own Mother is ashamed to speak with her, and *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, her Father in law, to see her.

And here, Christian Reader, let me request thy curiosity to observe, and thy piety to remark; how (by degrees) the indignation and justice of God falls upon this deboshed young Lady, for the foulness of these her crimes, the very crie and sent whereof hath pierced the windows of Heaven, and are now ascended to the ears and nostrils of the Lord of Hosts, to draw down condigna vengeance on her for the same, yea, and at those times when she least dreams or thinks thereof, and when she is in the very prime of her prophaneness, and the chiefest ruffe of her lascivious jollity and voluptuous sensualitie; The manner whereof is thus.

Two moneths are scarce expired, since she sent this her Husband *Roderigo* thus untimely and cruelly to his Grave, but having as it were drowned her Wits and Sences, her Reason and Judgement, yea, her Heart and Soul in the Ocean of her beastly lusts and lustfull desires and pleasures, (but to her own shame, to the grief of her Mother, and the contempt and anger of her Father in law *de Cortez*) she marrieth *Don Lewes de Andrada* one of her former Favourites, and Paramours, for her Lover I cannot, and therefore I will not tearm him, a very proper Gentleman of his personage, but every way as deboshed and vicious as her self; and therefore a fit Husband for such a Wife. That she was honest, he knew the contrary; but hoping that her wealth should supply his wants, and repair the ruines of his decayed fortunes, was that which solely induced him to become her Husband. But at last, when he saw her wealth to come short of his expectation, and her lustfull desires to exceed it, then he thinks it high time to be wise, in not imitating the example of his Predecessour *Roderigo* in his carriage and conduction to-
wards

wards this his lascivious Wife *Dominica*; so he holds a strict hand over her, and in a manner makes her no better than a Prisoner to her Chamber, and a Scholar to her Book and Needle, in such sort, that her ranging unchaste thoughts are now bounded in her new Husbands jealousy, and pent & immured up in her own grief & discontent: For thus he reasoneth with himself, that although formerly he here made his Curtizan, yet now he will not permit that she make him a Cuckold; then he was her friend, now her Husband; and then she was answerable for her own life and actions to God, but now he is both for his own and for hers. But this her present affliction and miserie is but the shadow and least part of her future: for *Andrada* her Husband being as resolute in reforming her, as she was neither to digest or endure it, he the better to curb her incontinencie, and to debar her from any more returning to her former lewd pranks, and deboshed life and conversation, he keeps her very short of Money, takes from her most of her best Apparell, and all her Rings, Chains, and Jewels, which the Ladies of *Spain* (more than any others of the world) hold to be a great part of their earthly felicitie.

Dominica is amazed, yea all in tears, to see this strange alteration of her fortune, and difference of her two Husbands; and now (though too late) she sees *Roderigo's* love in *Andrada's* hardness towards her: she speaks to her Mother, to reconcile her to her Husband: but having shut up this her second match without her knowledge or consent, she rejects and abandoneth her from her favour, to seek her own fortune, as holding her unworthy of the blood which Nature, and the education which God and her self had given her. Se was cruell to her first Husband, and therefore no marvell if the second prove unkind to her; yet he doubting of her secret malice towards him, he apprehends her revenge, as much as he condemns her lubricity. He will not add faith to her dissembling promises, nor hazard belief to her treacherous tears and kisses, but keeps her still rather as a prisoner than a Wife, and more like a Criminall than a companion: and yet as close and retired as he kept her in his house, his vigilancie and jealousy was enforced to meet with this unknown misfortune, that he was no sooner abroad, but she had another friend or ruffian at home, with whom she very often and very dishonestly familiarized, insomuch, that she had infallibly murdered her second Husband, as she had formerly done her first, if God (out of the inestimable treasure of his mercy and goodnesse) had not prevented her rage, and disappointed and dissipated her bloody design and revenge by another accident as mournfull as miraculous, and wherein the justice and providence of God doth equally resplend and shine forth untous, for our instruction, with a most divine power and Heavenly influence.

For we must here know and understand, that the fifty Duckats which *Denisa* had given her of her Lady *Dominica*, for consenting to poyson her Master *Roderigo*, gave her new apparell, and they likewise procured her a new Suitor or Sweet-heart, named *Hugo*, (who made shew to marry her, but intended it not) with whom she wantonized so often, as in a short time she became guilty of a great Belly, the which she concealed from all the world, except from *Hugo*, the Father of her unborn child; who upon notice thereof, either for fear of present punishment, or of future danger, or that he should be constrained to marry her, and so to maintain her and her child, when he had not means to maintain himself, he fled from *Granado* to *Muricia*, without taking his leave of *Denisa*, or any way acquainting her therewith; and now, when it is too late, this wretched wench exceedingly grieves thereat, when knowing his return uncertaine, his affection to her doubtfull, her self poor, and her Lady and Mistris *Dominica* as then not able to maintain her or her child, she assumes another bloody resolution, which is, that as she was formerly accessary to the poysoning of her Master, so she now will be a principall Actor in murdering and making away of her own child as soon as it shall be born, and neither conscience nor her fear are able to divert her from this her bloody and damnable purpose. For being provoked thereunto first by her shame, then by her necessity, but chiefly and especially by her fatall Counsellor and instigator the Devill, she being delivered (almost a moneth before her time) of a fair young Son, as soon as he had cryed once, to bewaile his own misery and his inhumane mothers cruelty) she as an execrable fury of Hell strangles it, giving him his mournfull and untimely death in that very same hour and instant which God and her self gave it life, and the very same evening wraps it in a clean white linnen cloth, and with a Packthread ties a great stone thereunto, and (the Devill giving her strength) the very same night carries it half a mile off to a Pond without the East gate of the Citie, where seeing no body present to see her, she (not as a mother, no not as a woman, but rather as a fury of Hell) there throws it in, which before her departure thence presently sunk to the botom.

And here let us behold and contemplate on the wonderfull mercie and judgement of God, in so speedily revealing this deplorable and cruell murder of this harmless and innocent little new-born babe, whom being so newly brought from the adulterate womb of his pittilesse mother

mother, she maliciously cast into that Pond, giving it death for life, the Pond for its Cradle, a Bank of Mud and Oze for its Bed and Pillow. For upon the instant of *Denisa's* delivery, and her murdering and throwing of this her infant Babe into the Pond, God (to revenge this foul and bloudie t. & of hers) deprived her of discretion and judgement to return for that night to her Masters house, for she thinking to make sure and sound-work for her own reputation and safety, she that very night takes up her lodging in the next poor Inn, which was at the sign of Saint *Johns* head, where to the Host and Hostess she pretends lameness by the receipt of a fall. But God will give her but small time to rest and repose her self in the guiltiness of this her cruell sin of murdering her own innocent new born babe, for within one hour after, a Groom riding to water his horse in the same Pond, his horse snuffeth and starts exceedingly, pawing in the water with his Father fore foot, and many times thrusts down his head therein.

The Groom gives him the spur and switch to bring him off, but in vain, for the horse the more paweth with his foot, and snuffeth with his nose, yea so long till at last (it seems) the packthread being broken the white cloth appears and floats upon the water, which the Groom upon the strange behaviour of his horse (but indeed by the immediate providence and pleasure of God, who then and there was well pleased to make this reasonlesse beast an instrument of his glory in the detection of this cruell murder) causeth to be fetched a shore, where opening the cloth in presence of some others, who flock thither to the Pond side to see what this may be, They find a sweet young infant boy, whose body was as white as the snow, with a flaxen coloured hair, a cheerfull look, a cherry lip, and some blacknesse about his throat and neck, whereby they guessed it to be newly born and strangled of some Strumpet his Mother, whom to detect and find out, they search all the adjacent houses, and at last find out *Denisa* in her Inn, when the Officers of Justice, setting a Midwife and some three and four elderly women to search her, they (despight of her resistance or prayers to the contrary) give in evidence against her that she was that day delivered of a child, so she is imprisoned, and the next day brought to her arraignment, where (threatned with the Rack) she confesseth the strangling of her child, and the throwing of it into this Pond, for the which foul and inhumane fact of hers, shee is the next day condemned to be hanged: When desirous to save her soul though (through the instigation of Satan) she hath miserably cast away her body; she entreateth that Father *Eustace* a Priest of her acquaintance may be sent to her in Prison, to prepare her soule for her spirituall journey to Heaven, who is accordingly sent her. Who after a long and a religious exhortation to her, falling on this point, that she should do well to disburthen her conscience of any other capital crime which in all the whol course of her life she might have committed, as affirming that the revealing thereof, exceedingly tended to Gods glory, and the felicity of her own soule, she (with tears and sighs) deeply thinks thereof that night in prison.

Now the next morning she is brought to the place of execution, wher a great number of people flock together to see her end, and there on the Ladder after she had again confessed the strangling of her Infant and her throwing of it into the Pond, she likewise then and there confessed, That she was accessary and consented with her Lady *Dominica*, to poyson her Master *Roderigo*, which she affirmed they both effected in the same manner as we have formerly understood. The confession of this her other soule murder, as also of her Lady *Dominica*, doth much amaze her Auditors and astonish her Judges, who to clear and vindicate the truth hereof, they cause her to descend the Ladder, and to be confronted with her said Lady *Dominica*, who by this time in the midst of her security is likewise apprehended and brought before the criminall Judges, where contrary to her expectation being enforced to understand the effect and tenour of her Chambermaid *Denisas* confession and accusation against her for the poysoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, she with much passion and choller tearms her Witch and Devill, and curseth the hour that ever she fostered up so pestilent a Viper in her house to eat out her own heart and life, when with more confidence and boldnesse than contrition and repentance (being first by her Judges threatned with the torments of the Rack) she confesseth her self likewise to be guilty of murdering her first Husband *Roderigo*. So *Denisa's* sentence is altered, for she is condemned to be hanged for her first murder, and her dead body after to be burnt to ashes for her second, and the Lady *Dominica* to be hanged for poysoning her Husband, which news so resounds and rattles through all the streets and corners of *Granado*, that almost all the people of that Citie flock the next morning to the place of execution, to see this cruell Mistresse and her bloody Chamber-maid, take their last farewell of this World; for the
Lady

Lady *Dominica* must likewise dye, notwithstanding her Mother *Cervantella's* tears, and her Husband *Andradus* importunat requests and passionate prayers to her Judges to the contrary.

And first *Denisa* is caused to ascend the Ladder, (who was a tall and comely young woman) to whom God was so mercifull to her soul, that there with many bitter sighs and tears, she was wonderfull sorrowfull for these her two foul murders, especially for that of her poor Infant Babe, whom she had almost as soon dispatched out, as she brought into the World: She earnestly besought all her auditors and spectators to pray unto God to forgive her, and to be mercifull unto her soul; she affirmed that her Lady *Dominicas* enticements and Gold first drew her to be accessary to the poysoning of her Master *Roderigo*, the which again and again from her heart and soul she prayed God to pardon her; when entreating all young people, especially all young women, to be more wise and religious, and lesse prophane and bloody minded, by her example; and now recommending her soul into the hands of our Saviour and Redeemer, she is turned over. When immediatly after this our wretched Lady *Dominica* is likewise brought to her execution, whom the vanity of her heart, and the impurity and prophaness of her soul had purposely dighted in her best dress, and richest Apparel; which was a purple wrought Velvet Gown and a curious great laced Ruff, with all things else futable to it, but which is lamentable to see, and fearfull to consider, shee was as careless of her soul, as curious of her body; for the Priests and Fryers in her Prison could not abate or beat down her impiety, but as there, so here on the Ladder, she enters into many deep execrations and curses, as well ageinst her second Husband *Andrada*, as ageinst her Chamber-maid *Denisa*, who she said was now rather gone to the Devill than to God; but no spark of grace, nor shew of sorrow, nor sign of Repentance could appear in her looks, or be heard in her speeches, for poysoning of her first Husband *Roderigo*, but with much choller and vehemency, she there uttered many other lewd and lascivious speeches, the which grieved her Christian Auditors to hear, and therefore I will not defile my Pen, or offend the Readers religious and chaste hearts with the knowledge thereof; so this miserable and wretched Lady was turned over the Ladder, who made her death answerable to the foulness and enormity of her life, being not so happy in her death as her bloody Chamber-waid *Denisa*, and I fear me as exempt of grace and goodness as the Devill could wish her. But God is the Lord of Justice and Father of mercy, to whom I leave her.

The youth and beauty of this cruell and inhumane Lady *Dominica*, was pitied of many, but her foul fact abhorred and detested of all who were present at her death; may we who read her History, cherish her vertues by the sight and knowledge of her vices, and fortifie our souls with Religion and Piety, as she ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof. *Amen.*

Gods



Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIX.

Sanctiflore (upon promise of marriage) gets Ursina with child, and then afterwards very ingrat-fully and treacherously rejecteth her, and marrieth Bertranna. Ursina being sensible of this her disgrace, disguiseth her self in a Friers habit, and with a case of Pistols kils Sanctiflore as he is walking in the fields, for the which she is hanged.

IT is a poor profit, a wretched pleasure, for the satisfaction of choller and revenge, to imbrue our hands in the innocent blood of our neer kindred, sith in seeking to wound him, we more properly kill our selves in soule and body; striking him (who is the figurative Image of God) we presumptuously stab at the Majesty of God himself, by whom our souls must, without whom they can never be saved. Therefore if we will not know as we are men, yet we ought firmly both to know and believe as we are Christians, that Revenge and Murther are the two prodigious twins of *Sathan*, the last being engendred and propagated of the first, and both from Hell: For Revenge is not half so sweet in the beginning as bitter in the end, nor murther by many degrees so pleasing as it proves pernicious to her Authors, as this ensuing History will verifie, and make apparant unto us.

Let your thoughts be carried over those high hills of Europ, the Alps, and Appenine, to the noble and famous City of Naples, the head and capitall of that flourishing kingdom (and from whence it receives and derives its denomination) a City exceeding rich, populous, and faire, and graced and adorned with more Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes, than any other of Italy whatsoever. Wherein of very late years (when the Duke of Ossuna was Viceroy thereof) there dwelt two rich and beautiful young Gentlewomen, the one named *Dona Ursina Placedo*, the only Daughter and Child of *Seignior Augustino Placedo*, and the other *Dona Bertranna de Troes* likewise the only child and daughter of *Seignior Thomaso de Troes*, the first native of *Ferenzolo*, in *Pulia*, and the second of *Materana* in *Calabria*, both of them being exceeding rich and well descended Gentlemen, who with their Wives and Daughter for the most part built up their residence in Naples, but especially all the winter time. Now because these two young Gentlewomen (whom henceforth we will term by their Christian and not by their Surnames) are two of the chiefest Personages which give life to this History, therefore I hold it not impertinent for me, superficially to give the Reader their different characters and delineations; *Ursina* was past the twentieth year of her age, and *Bertranna* entering into her eighteenth. *Ursina* was tall and slender, *Bertranna* short and somewhat crook-backed: *Ursina* was the fairer of the two, but *Bertranna* by far the subtiler and wiser. *Ursina* was of a deep Amber hair, but *Bertranna* of a coale black: and to conclude this point, *Ursina* was affable and courteous, but *Bertranna* coy, proud, and malicious.

The truth and order of this History must here inform us, that although these two rich young Gentlewomen had divers brave Gallants, who were suitors to them for marriage, yet none of them so dearly and passionately loved *Ursina*, as the Baron of *Sanctifiore* of *Capua*, a very rich young Nobleman; but far more proper than wise, and withal far more lascivious than rich, nor did or could *Bertranna* in her heart and mind affect any other but the said Baron: neither was it possible for her Father *De Troes* to perswade or draw her to desire any other Nobleman or Gentleman for her Husband than him. Thus we see *Sanctifiore* deeply to love *Ursina*, and *Bertranna* him, but not he her; and we shall not go far till we likewise see what effects these their different affections will produce.

Whiles *Ursina* is assured of *Sanctifiores* love to her, *Bertranna* contrariwise by her self and her friends makes it her chiefest care and ambition to perswade and draw him to forsake *Ursina*, and to love and marry her self, but she will finde more opposition and difficulty therein then she expects. True it is, that although the Baron of *Sanctifiore* do continually frequent *Placedoes* house, and his Daughter *Bertrannas* company, yet understanding and considering with himself, that *Bertranna* honoured him with her constant love and affection, he therefore held himself in a manner bound sometimes to see and visit her, although indeed it was every way more to content and please her, than himself, where albeit that her policy to her self, and her affection to him, gives him many quips and jerks of his Mistress *Ursina*, yet his reputation and discretion makes him comport his actions and speeches so equally towards *Bertranna*, that although he give her little cause to hope, yet he gives her none to despaire of his love and affection to her, in requitall of hers to him, and upon these and no other terms stand *Sanctifiore* and *Bertranna*. But as for *Ursina*, her hopes and heart of *Sanctifiores* affection to her, failes on with a more pleasing and joyfull gale of wind, for she loving him as deeply as he doth her dearly, she accounts her self his, and he hers: as we may the more particularly and perfectly perceive by four Love-letters of theirs, which secretly and interchangeably pass between them; the which for the Readers better satisfaction I thought good here to insert and publish, whereof his first to her spake thus.

SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

THe Sweetness of thy beauty, and the excellency of thy vertues have so fully taken up my thoughts, and so firmly surprised and vanquished my heart, that I am so much thine both by conquest and duty, as I know not whether I do more affect or honour, or more admire or adore thee; Wherefore if thou art as courteous as fair, and as loving to me as I am faithfull to thy self, then return me thy heart as I now give and send thee mine, and assure thy self that my affection is so infinite and entire to thee, that I love and desire thee a thousand times more than mine own life, and will esteem my death both sweet and happy, if thou wilt henceforth live mine by purchase, as I am now thine by promise. Thy will shall be my law, and as there is a God in Heaven, so *Ursina* hath not so fervent a Lover, or constant a servant on Earth as her.

SANCTIFIORE.

Ursinas

Ursinas Answer hereunto was couched in these terms.

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

IF thy heart be as full of affection, as thy Letter is of flattery to me, I should then have as iust cause, I thankfully to beleeve that, as now I have to suspect and fear this; For the iniquity of our times and the misery of many former examples do prompt and tell me, that most men love more with their tongues, than with their hearts, and that they all know far better how to profess than preserve their affections and fidelity to their Mistresses. As for me, Judge with thy self how courteous and loving I am to thee, for if I perfectly knew that thy Letter were the true Ambassadour, and unfeigned Eccho of thy heart; I would both say and promise thee, that I would love thee, and none but thee: Make my self thy wife, when and as soon as thou wilt please to be my Husband, for in life and death I heres now promise thee to be more thine then mine own: Resolve me of this doubt, and free me of this fear, and then manage this affection and favour of mine with discretion, and requite it with fidelity to thy

URSINA.

The Baron of Sanctifiores second Letter to her contained this Language.

SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

AS I am not guilty, so I am not answerable for other mens crimes of infidelity, but do as justly detest and scorn, as you uniuistly fear them in me. That my affection is pure and sacred, and shall be inviolable to thee, be God my Judge, and my heart and conscience my witnesses: Therefore to resolve thy doubt, and to free thy fear thereof, I vow by the purenesse of thy beauty, and by the dignity of thy vertues, that both my former Letter and also this, are the true Ambassadors and Ecchoes of my heart, and which is more, of my soule. I will shortly kiss thee for thy love to me, then love thee for thy kisses, and afeer embrace and thank the for both, and when I fail of my affection and fidelity to thee, may God then fail of his grace and mercy to my self I will make my self thy dear Husband, and be my sweet Wife, what thou pleasest to crown and honour me with that sweet ioy, and to ravish my heart with this desired felicity.

SANCTIFIORE.

Ursinas answer hereunto was traced in these termes.

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE

RElying on the purity of thy affection, and the preservation and performance of thy constancy to me, for the which thou hast invoked God for Judge, and thy heart and conscience as witnesses thereof, I now freely acknowledge my self to be thy wife by purchase. and thou to be my Husband by Promise, and do therefore wholly take me from my self, eternally to give my self to thee. I desire the enioyance of thy company und prosence, with as much impatency as thou longest for mine, and thou shalt find, that I will make it my chieftest care and ambition to love thee, and my greatest glory to honour and obey thee, and let both of us beware of infidelity each to other, for God will assuredly punish it with justice, requite it with revenge, and revenge it with misery on the Delinquents and Offenders.

URSINA.

By the perusall and consideration of these four precedent Letters, we may plainly perceive, what a firme promise, and secret contract there was past between the Baron of Sanctifiore and the Lady Ursina, and how fervently and sweetly they had given themselves each to other in the

promise and assurance of marriage, so not contented to have gotten the Daughters good will, he in very honourable fashion and terms likewise seeks her Father *Seignior Placedoes* consent thereto, whom though for some few moneths he found to be averse and opposit to his desires therein, yet upon *Sanctifiores* importunat intreaties and his Daughter *Vrsinas* frequent tears, hee at last consenteth to this their marriage, only he delayed the consummation thereof for some secret reason, and considerations best known to himself, the which I cannot publish, because I could never gather or understand them. Whiles thus the Baron of *Sanctifiore* remaines in *Naples*, his long stay, great train, prodigall expenses there, and his absence from *Capua* where his lands and means lay, made him be in some distresse and want of mony, and not knowing how to procure it there, thereby to support his fame and reputation with his pretended Father in Law, and also with his intended Wife his Daughter, it greatly perplexed and troubled him; but at last he saw himself reduced to this extremity, that he was enforced to borrow of one Nobleman and Gentleman of his friends to pay another; a course which he well saw could not long endure and subsist, without clamorously calling his reputation in question: The which to prevent, knowing *Seignior Placedo* to be a hidebound, and close fistd old Gentleman, who loved his Gold far better than his God, and that if he offered to borrow any of him, he wold absoltely refuse and deny to lend it him, and that it was not impossible, but rather very probable, that hereby the prodigality of the one, and the covetousnesse of the other might prove a great blot and hindrance to this his marriage, he therefore as a deboshed and vicious young Nobleman; despairing of the Fathers love, resolves to make sure work with the Daughters affection, who with a thousand amorous speeches, and lascivious lures, daliances and temptations, he seeks to draw her to his lustfull desires, and so by usurping on her chastity (which is the honour of Ladies and the glory of Gentlewomen) to have carnally knowledge of her before he were married to her. *Vrsina* (who loved her sweet heart *Sanctifiore* far dearer than the whole world, and yet her honour and chastity a thousand times more deer and precious than her own life) infinitely grieves and wonders at this his intemperancy and obscenity; when (as a chaste & vertuous Gentlewoman) she with sighs and tears layes before his eyes and consideration, and represents to his heart and soul, the lewdnesse of his desire, the impiety of his request, the foulnesse and odiousnesse of this fact both to God and man, the losse of her reputation and honour, both with her Father and with all the world, and that in the end it would assuredly prove the break-neck of their marriage, and consequently the ruine of both their contents and fortunes, as also that she is ready to be his Wife, but disdaineth to prove his Strumpet, with many other wise and godly reasons tending that way, and therefore utterly refuseth to blemish or shipwreck her chastity, by participating with him in the share of this lascivious and impious sin of fornication, and indeed it had been a happinesse and glory, very worthy both of her self, and of her honourable old Father, if she had lived in the purity, and continued in the piety of this chaste and vertuous resolution.

But this lascivious Baron *Sanctifiore* seeing his lust so strongly opposed by her chastity, he is so far from grace and from God, as he redoubleth his violence and impetuosity thereof, as also of his lures and prayers, of his art and policy, to enrich himself with her losse of that inestimable and irrecoverable Jewell her Virginity; so that day and night she cannot bein quiet for him, nor he without her; but still he follows her as her ghost and shadow, and with many false oaths and feigned sighs and tears doth bewitch or rather miustralize into her ears and heart, that his desire of this sweet pleasure which he requesteth from her, proceeds wholly from his tender affection to her, and so with a thousand lascivious words he makes so large and so impious an Apology to her for this his obscene request, that because modesty cannot, discretion will not permit me to relate it; as well knowing that the expression and publishing thereof, will every way prove unprofitable to the Reader, and no way pleasing but displeasing to God, when this weak and inconsiderate Gentlewoman, loving him far dearer than her own life, and confidently relying on his sworn affection and fidelity to her, which he so passionatly, and so often had reiterated to her, she so rashly and foolishly permitted her self to be weighed down, overcome and vanquished with the importunacy of his requests and oaths, that it was neither in her power or will to deny him any thing, no not her self, but as she formerly had given him the full command of her heart, now she likewise gives him the free use and possession of her body.

Thus *Sanctifiore* bereaves and unparadiseth his Mistris *Vrsina* of the most precious Jewell which ever Lady Nature gave her, I mean her chastity and honour, but both of them shall shortly pay dear for these their bitter sweet pleasures (or rather sins) of sensuality and fornication, and shall redeem and ransom them with no lesse than shame and repentance: The manner whereof is thus.

After

After he had thus deflowered and taken his obscene pleasure of his young and beautifull Mistress, and staid an hour or two complementing with her, he then takes his leave of her, when triumphing more in the conquest of her shame, and his folly, than in his own repentance for occasioning the one and committing the other, he with in a week or two after againe makes her so flexible and tractable to his desires, as he three or four times more familiarly wantonizeth with her in this lascivious manner, and she with him, as not contented to stain and blemish, but wholly to defile and pollute themselves in this their beastly sin of concupiscence and fornication. But here now begins his infamy, and her grief and misery: For (as a base Nobleman) he forgetting his Oaths and promises to her, and her extraordinary love and affection to him, and which is more, his honour and himself, and his soul, and his God, he (by degrees) now begins to freez in his affection to her, visiteth her seldome, and then but faintly and coldly, and when (with equall blushes and tears) she motioneth him to marry her, he is either deaf to her requests, or else answereth her so impertinently and ambiguously, as (with much perturbation of mind and affliction of heart) she begins to suspect and doubt with her self, that she hath more reason to fear, than cause to hope of his future affection and fidelity towards her. Neither is her fear vain, or her judgement and apprehension deceived of him herein: for as men love Nofegayes in the morn, and throw them away ere night, so this ignoble Nobleman *Sanctiflore* after he had surfatted and satiated his desire of this his intended and contracted Wife *Ursina*, he in lesse than three moneths after, is so ingratefull and treacherous towards her as in a manner he abandoneth her Fathers house, and forsakes her sight and company, leaving her nothing to comfort her, but her sighes, tears, and repentance, and which is worse, a growing great belly, as the true seal of her present grief and sorrow, and the undoubted pledge and presager of her future shame and misery, which torments and terrifies her heart and soul, but how to remedy it she knows not. And now (with as much speed as vanity and infidelity) away goes *Sanctiflore* to his other second sweet heart *Bertranna*, who not for her beauty, but for her Fathers great wealth, and his own pressing wants, he now seems to affect and court a thousand more familiarly and tenderly than before, whereof she is infinitely glad and joyfull. For having a long time loved him in her heart and mind, and therefore desiring nothing so much under Heaven, as to see him her Husband here on earth, and having to that end her secret eyes and spies every where abroad upon his life and actions, she is at last advertised, that there is some great distaste and difference fallen out between him and the Lady *Ursina*, as also that being far from his home, he wanteth monies to defray his Port and expences in *Naples*, she being of a sharp wit and deep judgement, thinks that the last of his defects was the cause of the first, and that peradventure *Sanctiflore* having attempted to borrow some mony of her Father *Seignior Placedo*, and received the repulse, he therefore was fallen out, and become displeased and discontented with his Daughter: And although her conceit and judgement missed of the truth herein, yet the better to estrange *Sanctiflore* from *Ursina*, and consequently the more powerfully and strongly to unite and tye him to her self, she well knowing that her own Father *De Torres* exceedingly loved him, and desired him for his Son in Law, as much as she did for her Husband: she therefore as much in love to him, as in disdain and malice to *Ursina*, doth under hand deal so politickly, and yet so secretly with her Father to lend *Sanctiflore* some monies, that he meeting him the very next day in his house, he takes him aside in his study and told him, that in regard of his absence from *Capua*, and his long stay and great expences here in *Naples*, it was rather likely than impossible that he might want some monies, and therefore he freely lent, and then and there layd him down 500 double Pistols: adding withall, that if he needed more, he should have what he pleased, and repay it him again when he pleased, and that if he would honour him so much as to marry his Daughter, he would give him all the Lands and wealth he had.

This great courtesie of *de Torres* to the Baron of *Sanctiflore* he held was redoubled to him in the value, in that he lent it him so freely and undemanded, as also for that it came so opportunely and fitly to pay his debts, and satisfie his wants, as after a long and respective complement between them, *Sanctiflores* necessity so easily prevails with his modesty, that he most thankfully takes this Gold of *De Torres*, and likewise gives him more hope than despair to his motion of Marrying his Daughter the Lady *Bertranna*; wherewith the one rests well satisfied, and the other exceeding well contented. This point of courtesie being thus performed between them, *Sanctiflores* joy thereof was so great, I may say so boundlesse, as he presently finds out his new Mistress *Bertranna*, and with a frolick countenance and cheerfull voice, relates her, how much her Father had obliged him and from point to point what had past between them, and immediatly after no lesse doth her Father, the musick of which news was so pleasing to her mind, and so sweet to her heart and thoughts, that she hereupon flatters her self

with a confident hope that he will shortly marry her, and in this hope doth he still feed and entertain her, being seldom or never from her, but ever and anon both together billing and kissing, drowning his judgement so wholly in her company, and his heart ranging and dreaming so fully on her youth and beauty, and on her Fathers great wealth and estate, that he hath not the grace, no nor which is lesse, the will or good nature, once to think of his poor desolate and forsaken *Vrsina*, of whom in her turn I come now to speak.

We have formerly understood with sorrow, and our sorrowfull and unfortunate *Vrsina* hath to her grief too too soon seen, how unkindely *Sanctiflore* hath used, and how basely and treacherously abused her in the points of her honour, and his infidelity; and yet all this notwithstanding, her love and affection is still so dear and constant to him, and her hopes so confident of him, that all this discourtesie of his to her, is only but to try her patience, and that considering what familiarity hath past between them, it is impossible for him to be so cruell hearted towards her, as in the end not to marry her. She hath likewise acquainted him, that she is with child by him, and when all other reasons and perswasions fail, she hopes this will prevail to reclaim his affection to her, and to induce him to take pittie of her, and compassion of his unborn babe within her. But to refell and dissipate all these her flattering and deceitfull hopes, and which is worse, to make her lose all hopes of this her desired happiness and good fortune from him, his new contracted and incessant familiarity between him and the Lady *Bertranna*, is not so privately carried and hushed up in silence between them, but she hath secret and sorrowfull notice thereof; which so inflames her mind with hot jealousy, and likewise afflicts her heart with cold fear and apprehension, that she hath seduced and drawn his affection from her to himself, as also that he will utterly forsake her to marry *Bertranna*, that she fully beleeves that the wind of his discourteous absence from her proceeds from this point of the compass. Wherefore fearing that which she already knows, but far more that which she knows not of this their familiarity between them, all her hopes of *Sanctiflore* are almost vanished and banished, and her heart is as it were wholly depressed and weighed down with bitter grief and sorrow thereof. She dares acquaint no body with her disgrace, much less her Father, and her looking on her great belly doth but infinitely augment her sorrows and increase her afflictions, in regard that that which should have been the cause of her joy and glory, she now knows will shortly prove the argument of her shame and miserie. A thousand times a day, yea I may truly say as many times as hours, she wisheth she had been more chaste and lesse fair, and not so easily to have hearkned to *Sanctiflores* sugred Oaths and temptations, as to have lost her honour and fortunes in seeking to preserve them in her affection to him, she would fain draw comfort from all these her calamities, or from any one of them, and yet she knows not from whom except from her *Sanctiflore*, when presently she checks her folly, and reproves her ambition for tearing him hers, when she beleeves she hath far more cause to fear than reason to doubt, that he already is, or shortly will be *Bertrannas* Husband. And yet again, because the excessse of her sorrows hath more eclipsed her joyes than her judgement, and more dulled and obscured her heart than her understanding, therefore judging it a Master piece of her policy if she can sequeer and reclaim her *Sanctiflore* from *Bertranna*, and so retain him to her self in marriage, she to that end, that very morning sends for *Sebastiano* her Fathers Coachman (whom she knew to be faithfull to her) and taking off a rich Diamond Ring from her finger which *Sanctiflore* well knew, she bade him find out the Baron of *Sanctiflore* at his lodging, or else where, to deliver that Ring as a token of her love to him, and to tell him that she infinitely desires him to honour her with his presence at her Fathers house sometimes in the forenoon. *Sebastiano* accordingly finds out the Baron, and delivers him his young Mistres Ring and message, by whom he returns this answer; Commend me to the Lady *Vrsina*, and tell her I will be with her immediately after dinner. Whiles thus our sorrowfull *Vrsina* (betwixt hope and fear, grief and consolation) prepares to receive him, he arrives to her in his own Coach, and her Fathers servants attending for him, conduct him up to her Chamber, where composing her countenance to affection, and yet to sorrow, she meets him at the door, and conducts him to the Window which answereth and looks into the Garden, where he giving her only one slight kisse, and the absenting her Fathers servants, she bursts forth into tears and sighs.

She complains of the coldness of his affection, of his long absence from her, of the violation of his Oathes and voves to her, and of her great belly by him, which she tels him he may better see than she conceal, but especially of his deep promise to marry her, praying him to set down the time and place when he will perform and consummate it, and that he would infallibly prove his shame and infamy, if he forgot himself, his honour, and conscience, to forsake her and marry the Lady *Bertranna*, whom she affirms to him with tears, that she understands is the Mistres of his thoughts and heart, and the Queen Regent of his desires and affections. When this,

this base Baron is so cruell hearted to her, as (preferring his fury to his affection, and his passion to his compassion) he replies not a word to all the former parts and branches of her speeches and complaints, but only to the two last he gives her this thundring and heart-killing answer: Know *Vrsina* that I have used all lawfull and possible meanes with my Parents to draw their consents that I might marry thee, but it is out of my power ever to obtain it of them, and without it I will never marry: as for *Bertranna*, she is not so much thy inferiour in beauty, as she is thy superiour in vertues, therefore provide thou for thy fortunes, and so will I for mine, when with a look (which favoured no way of love, but wholly of contempt and indignation) he hastily throws her her Diamond Ring, and without once kissing her, or bidding her farewell, suddenly rusheth forth her Chamber, wherein he leaves her to her self and her muses, and so takes Coach and away, vowing to himself as he went forth the doores, that he will not be Father to a Bastard, nor Husband to a Whore.

Here let all vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen, and all true hearted and generous Noblemen and Gentlemen judge, if this *Sanctiflore* did not shew himself a most base Nobleman and a cruell hearted tyrant towards this sweet and unfortunate Gentlewoman, sith the consideration of her youth and beauty in her self, of her tender love and affection to him, of his Oathes and promises to be her Husband, of the losse of her honour and fortunes, yea sith the sight of her lean and thin cheeks wherein the Roses and Lilies of her former beauty were withered with her sorrows and his infidelities, and the sight and consideration of her great belly which he had given her, together with her birth, and quality, and the infiniteness of her sighs, prayers, sobs, and tears, could draw no more reason or compassion from him towards her.

And now it is, that at the sight and consideration of this his barbarous cruelty towards her, her very heart and soul is wounded and pierced thorow with sorrow; and now it is that she looks back on her former folly and error, and on her present affliction and grief, and on her future shame and misery, and now it is that deeming him lost to her for ever, and on her selfe consequently ruined without him; that her sorrows and miseries are so great, so infinite, that she is ready to drown her self in her tears, and most willingly desirous to forsake this life and this world to flye up to Heaven and to God upon the wings of her sighs and prayers. But alas poor soul, thou art too unfortunate to be yet so happy, because these thy afflictions and sorrows do as it were but now begin; therefore thou must prepare and arm thy self to suffer them with patience, and to end them in lesse passion, and more repentance and piety.

Although this ignoble Baron triumph in this his cruelty towards his former love *Vrsina*, and so speedily poast away and acquaint his new one *Bertranna* therewith, who as much rejoyceth, as the other bitterly weeps and laments thereat; yet (according to order) I must again speak of our sorrowfull *Vrsina*, who hath other more mournfull parts, and lamentable passions to act upon the stage of this her History. Who having thus received the repulse and refusall from her treacherous lover *Sanctiflore*, she (within a moneth after) with a sorrowfull heart and courage, resolves (as well as she may) to dispencc for a time with her tears, and to provide for her reputation, she hath as yet acquainted none but *Sanctiflore* with her disgrace of her great belly, for neither her Kinsfolks, Friends, Neighbours, Father, or his servants, do as yet know it; she is of a weak body and feeble constitution, and therefore to conceal this scandall from her Father, as also from all the world, and to provide for the lying down of her great belly, she holds it requisite to discover this great and important secret but only to one, and so to crave the aid and assistance of this confident bosom friend. To which end, she thinks none so fit for her purpose, and therefore makes choice of no other, but of old Aunt of hers, who was her Mothers Sister named *Donna Mellefanta*, who being a wise & rich Widdow woman, dwelt at *Putzeole* some ten smal miles distant from *Naples*, a place so famous for its subterranean Grotts, Vaults and Water-works, when inventing an excuse to her Father, which was as worthy of her art and policy as she was every way unworthy of these her crosses and afflictions; she tells him that it is not unknown to him how she hath a long time been weak and sickly, that the aire of *Naples* is neither wholesome for her, nor pleasing to her, and because she hath often dreamt she shall in a little time recover her former health in *Putzeole*, she humbly beseecheth him that he will speedily send her thither to live some small time there with her Aunt *Mellefanta*, her Father *Signior de Tores*, whose age, contentment, and joy, lived chiefly in the youth, prosperity and health of this his only child and Daughter, makes her will and desire herein to be his, when not knowing any thing of the distaste that had past between his Daughter, and the Baron of *Sanctiflore* or of his affection to the Lady *Bertranna*, he demanded of her when you are at *Putzeole* what shall become of the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, to whom (rather from her apronstrings than her heart) she returns this witty & speedy answer, if *Sanctiflore* love me, he will then leave *Naples* & visit me,
or

or if he do not, I will not love him; which reply of hers pleased her Father so well that he causeth her to fit up her Apparell and baggage, and within three dayes after, (attended on by a Chamber-maid, and a Man of his, sends her away to *Putzeole* in his Coach to his Sister *Mellifanta*, where being arrived she speedily and privately with this great secret of her great belly, which so much imports her reputation, or disgrace, and also with all the circumstances thereof, and so prays her best love and assistance to her herein, the which she faithfully promiseth her, adding withall, that because she is of her own blood, she will regard and love her as her own Child, telling her that she highly commended her policy, for thus blinding the eyes of her Father, and for leaving *Naples*, to come lay down her great belly with her in *Putzeole*; yet she could not chuse but blame her for the cause thereof in suffering her self to be thus abused and betrayed, by so base a Nobleman as the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, but then againe she excuseth that errour or this her Neece upon the freshnesse of her youth, and beauty, and bids her fear nothing, but to resolve to be here cheerfull, couragious, and merry with her.

Here we see our beautifull *Vrsina* safe at *Putzeole*, under the wings and protection of her Aunt *Mellifanta*, and far off from the eyes of the known or suspected rejoycing enemies of her disgrace; lodged in a dainty house, a delicate ayre, having variety of curious sweet garments, and dainty rancks and groves of Orenge and Lemon-trees to walk in, well attended on, and faring most deliciously; and who therefore would beleeve, that she would not now quite abandon her former sorrows and tears, and wholly reject and cast off that base Baron of *Sanctifiore* who so ingratfully had ruined, and so treacherously had first forsaken and rejected her; but here in *Putzeole* we shall see her perform nothing lesse; for although she yet hold him to be intangled in the lures of *Bertranna's* beauty, and the temptations of her Father *de Torres* wealth, yet judging his heart and affections by her own, and measuring him by her self, she still loves him so dearly that she neverthelesse beleeves he cannot hate her so deadly, as to reject and repudiate her to marry the said *Bertranna*, when the more to fortifie her beleeve and resolution thereof, she very often again reads over his two former Letters which we have heard and seen, and therein finding, that by his conscience and soul, and by Heaven and by God, he had bound himself to marry her, and to live and die her faithfull Husband; she then beleeves that no man, muchlesse a Nobleman, and least of all a Christian will be so prophane and impious (without any cause or reason) to violate all these his great Oathes and promises so deeply made, and so religiously attest unto God, wherefore although this Baron of *Sanctifiore* were absent from her, yet seeing him still present in her eyes and heart, she therefore (in consideration of the premises) doth yet continually so plead for him against her self, and for his affection and fidelity to her against her suspicion and diffidence of him, that she yet flatters her self with a conceit that in the end his conscience will so call home his thoughts, and God his conscience, that he will marry her self, and none but her self. Again, considering him to be the Father of her unborn Babe, she thinks her self a very unkind and unnaturall mother, if she should not love him for her Childs sake as wel as for his own, and that God would neither blesse her nor her burthen, if she should any way neglect or omit him; upon the foundations of which reasons, (truly and courteously laid by her, but so falsely and treacherously by him) she thinks it a good way, and an excellent, expedient, for her, to seek to reclaim him to her by a Letter, the proof whereof since his defection from her, she had not as yet practised or experienced, but as she began to fall on this resolution, her hope and despair of *Sanctifiore* and yet her love and affection to him, make her meet and fall on a doubtfull scruple, whether she should write kindly or cholerickly to him, but at last her affection to him, declining and excusing his infidelity to her, and her love and courtesie giving a favourable construction to his cruelty towards her, she holds it more behovefull for her desire, and his return, to write to him passionatly and effectually, but not harshly or severely, and so to take the sweet and fair way which she desired, but not the sharp and bitter which he deserved: when flying to her Closet she (full of grief and tears) writes him this ensuing Letter, the which without the knowledge of her Aunt *Mellifanta* she sends him to *Naples*, by her trusty messenger *Sebastiano* her Bathers Coachman.

VRINA to SANCTIFIOR.

TO preserve thine own honour, and prevent mine own disgrace and shame, I have left *Naples* to sojourn here for a time in *Putzeole* with the Lady *Mellifanta* mine Aunt, where thy presence will make me as truly joyfull had happy, as I feel and know my self infinitely miserable without it; For although of late (but for what cause, or reason, God knows, I know not) it hath pleased thee to exercise my affection

affection and patience in thy discontent; yet in regard I am thy Wife by purchase, sith thou art my Husband by promise, whereof the coppies of thy former Letters will informe and remember thee, that thou madest God the Judge, and thy soul and conscience the witnesses, I cannot beleieve that thou art so irreligious, or that thou bearest me so little love, or so much malice, to make thy self guilty of such foul infidelity to me, and impiety towards God, and I appeal to them all if my tender and untainted affection to thee have not every way deserved the contrary at thy hands. Again, as in hoping to marry thee I gave thee my heart, so in assurance and confidence thereof, thou didst likewise bereave me of my honour, and therefore if the counterpane of that contract do any way fade or dye in thy memory, yet rest confident that the Originall lives still in Heaven, as the pledge and seal thereof doth now in my unhappy womb here on earth; mistake me not my dear Sanctiflore, for I write not this out of any malice, but out of true affection to thee, to the end that thou mayest thereby seriously consider, and religiously remember with thy self, what I am to thee, thou to my self, and what that unfortunate innocent unborn babe in my belly is to us both. And although I am thy wife before God, yet I will now in all humility make my self thy handmaid, and with a world of sighs and tears throw my self at thy feet (and lower if I could) to conjure and beg thee; By my poore beauty which once thou didst so much admire and adore, by the memory of my lost virginity, which thou wrestedst from me with so many amorous sighs and tears, by all thy deep oaths, vows and promises which thou so religiously gavest me to remaine still loving to me, by thine honour which should be dearer to thee than thy life by thy conscience and soul which ought to be far more precious to thee than all the lives and honours of the world, yea for thy poor infants sake, and lastly for Gods sake, abandon thy unjust displeasure and immerited discontent conceived against me, and my dear Sanctiflore come away to me to Putzeole, and there make me thy Wife in the sight of his Church and People, as I am already in that of Heaven and his Angels, I say again, come away to me my sweet Sanctiflore, for thy sight will delight my heart, and thy presence and company ravish my soul with joy. It is impossible for Bertranna, either to love or honour thee the thousand part so dearly as thy Ursina doth, and till death resolve to do; I will freely forget all thy former escapes and discourtesies towards me; and do attribute them more to her foolish vanity, than any way to thy unkind disposition or inclination, yea I will not knit my browes when thou comest to me, but will cheerefully and ioyfully prepare my selfe to feast thee with smiles, and to surfeit thee with kisses: But if contrariwise thou wilt not hearken unto me, or this my Letter, or regard these my iust requests and sorrows, nor obey and follow God and thy conscience herein, in speedily repairing to me to make me thy ioyfull Wife, then what shall I do or say, but according as I am bound in affection and duty to thee, I will notwithstanding still resolve to love thee dearly, though thou hate me deadly, and to pray for thee though thou curse me; yea I will then leave thee to God, and religiously beseech his divine Maiesty, to be a iust Judge between both of us, of my firme affection and constancy to thee, and of thy cruell ingratitude and treachery to me. Live thou as happy, as thy constant Ursina knows that without thee, she shall assuredly live sorrowfully and die miserably.

URSINA.

Her Messenger Sebastiano arives privatly at Naples and finds out the Baron of Sanctiflore in his Chamber by the fire, to whom he gives and delivers this Letter, who at first (knowing from whom it came) stood a pretty while musing and consulting with himself, whether he should read or burn it, but at last he breaks up the seals thereof, and with much adoe affords himself the time and patience to peruse it, which having done, although he no way merited to receive so sweet and loving a letter from Ursina, ye not blushing for shame, but looking pale with envy and malice thereat, he darting forth a disdainfull frown, and tearing the letter in peeces, throws it into the fire, when turning himself hastily towards Sebastiano who stood neer him and saw all all that he had done, he in great choler spake to him thus. Tell that proud and foolish gigglet Ursina that I disdain her as much as she writes she loves me, and that as now, so ever hereafter I will return no other answer to her and her letters, but contempt and silence, when to expresse his greater fury, Sebastiano was no sooner forth his Chamber, but he very hastily throws fast the doar after him, and in this furious and cholerick manner doth this base Sanctiflore receive the love and entertain the letter of our sweet and sorrowfull Ursina.

Sebastiano as much grieving as admiring at the incivill choler and rage of Sanctiflore, presently leaves Naples, and carries home this poor news and cold comfort to his young Mistresse the Lady Ursina at Putzeole, the which he faithfully and punctually delivers to her, who expected nothing lesse but directly the contrary thereof. She is amazed to understand this his disdainfull, barbarous, and cruell answer, and infinitely perplexed in mind, that he should first tear then burn her Letter, and for converting his pen into Sebastianos tongue for his answer

answer thereof; But above all that word of his gigglet kild her very heart with sorrow, to think that for all her former courtesies shewed him, he should now at last repay her with this foule ingratitude and scandalous aspersions, at the sorrowfull thought and consideration whereof, resolving to make her piety exceed his cruelty she could not refrain from bedewing her ro-seat cheeks with many pearled tears, nor from evapourating this heavenly ejaculation from the profundity of her heart, and the centre of her soul; God forgive the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, and be mercifull to me *Vrsina* a great and wretched sinner, had she continued in this godly mind and resolution she had done well, but alas (notwithstanding the wholesome comfort and counsell of her Aunt *Mellefanta*) we shall shortly see her run a contrary course and carriere.

It is a common phrase and Proverb that misfortune seldom comes alone, which we shall now see our sorrowfull *Vrsina* will verifie by her deep sighs, and confirme by her bitter tears for this discourtesie of *Sanctiflore* towards her, for she hath so deeply nailed it in her mind, and rivited it in her heart, that it begins to impaire her health and strength, and consequently to pervert and alter the constitution of her body, so that whereas her poor unborn babe had lived but one full moneth within her, she now finds so many suddain throws, and unacustomed convulsions, that she is speedily constrained to betake her self to bed, when calling upon her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and withall possible hast sending away for the Midwife, she after many sharp torments, and bitter cries and groans (to the grtat perill and imminent danger of her life) is delivered of a very pretty little son, which God sends into the world dead born: now although she want no curious care, comfort and attendance from her Aunt, in this her sickness and extremity, yet she weeps bitterly, and pittifully for the abortive birth and untimely death of her poor innocent babe, and infant, and because her Aunt sees, that this last affliction and sorrow of her Neece doth infinitely encrease and revive her former, and that she also conceives a wonderfull fear in her heart, and scruple in her conscience that it is only her immoderate griefe and sorrow which hath killed her Child, therefore as a discreet Matron and wise Lady, (to remove this Article out of her Neeces belief and memory) tells her plainly and freely, that she is extremely deceived in that point and doubt of fear, and that it is not her sorrow, but the base ingratitude and treachery of her false Lover *Sanctiflore* to her selfe which kild her child within her; A tart and yet a true speech, which *Vrsina* neither will so soon, nor can so easily forget, as her Aunt *Mellefanta* hath spoken it, but shall I here tearme this to be affection in *Vrsina* towards *Sanctiflore*, or a needlesse vanity or superfluous ceremony in her self: For she desires to kisse her breathlesse innocent babe for his sake, which she doth, when giving it a thousand kisses, then washing his face with her tears, and lamenting and grieving that she could not breath life into it with her sighs, she recommends it again to her Aunt, and she the same night to its secret and decent buriall.

Whiles thus *Vrsina* remaines very weak and sick in her bed, yet still her heart and affection looks constantly on *Sanctiflore* as the needle of the compasse doth to the North, notwithstanding all his base ingratitude, and cruelty from time to time shewed towards her, and because it is a thousand griefs and pittes that ever he sets his eyes on her, or she on him, and as many shames for him, first to seduce and then to betray her, therefore who would any way commend her, for continuing of her love to him, or rather especially who would not infinitely blame her of folly, and condemn her for want of wit, and judgement, ever any more either to hope or hearken after him: And yet this silly yong Lady is so bewitched to him as in the very midst of her sickness and sorrows, and contrary to all sence and reason here breaks forth a sparkle and flash of her policy in her self, and of her affection towards him; She neither can, nor dare trust any other but *Sebastiano* her Coachman, with this great secret which so much imports her honor or disgrace, or with this her message with *Sanctiflore* from whom (though in vaine) she expects some hope and content, when exempting all from her Chamber she calls him to her Beds side, and swearing him to secrecie, for want of strength to write chargeth him presently to ride Poast to *Naples* again to find out the Baron of *Sanctiflore* and to tell him from her, that she her self is extreame sick, and not like to live, that she is delivered of his and her Son who is dead born and therefore that she begs him, that for Gods sake he will speedily come over to her, because for his good, and her content, she infinitely desireth to discharge her mind and conscience to him before she go to Heaven; So *Sebastiano* (in discharge of his duty, and his Ladies command seems rather to fly than poast to *Naples*, where ariving to *Sanctiflores* house, and finding him within; he sends him his name by one of his men, as also that he most earnestly desires to speak a word with his Lordship: but *Sanctiflore* knowing who it was, and therefore imagining from whom he came, bids his man carry *Sebastiano* back this answer that he will neither speak with him, nor see him. *Sebastiano* is perplexed with this his short and sharp reply, but because his Message is of great importance, as also for that he exceedingly respecteth and honourth his young Lady and Mistris, he resolves not to returne to her as a fool; to which end,

at the foot of the stairs he enquires of another of his servants when he thinks his Lord will go forth, who tells him he will take Coach within half an hour, whereof *Sebastiano* being exceedingly glad, he thinks it best to stay for him in the streets, where (with much vigilancy and impatience) he attends his coming, so at last he sees him issue forth his gate; when presently *Sebastiano* placeth himself betwixt him and his Coach, and with his hat in his hand, very resolutely and orderly delivereth him his mistress her Message at full, the which *Sancliflore* understanding, he at first smiles thereat, but then presently again entring into choler, he rounds *Sebastiano* this answer in his eere, tell that strumpet thy mistress *Ursina* from me, that I wish she were buried with her bastard, and that they were both with the Devill, and so without speaking any one word more, in a mighty fume of anger and disdain he throws himself away from *Sebastiano* into his Coach, and speedily hurries away to his sweet heart *Bertrauna*, from whom he is seldome or never absent, to whom he revealed all that had past in this passage, endeavouring as much as in him lies to make it to be as well her laughter, as his own contempt and scorn.

Now here ere I proceed farther, I know there is no Christian whatsoever, but that his very heart and soule, will yearn within him, at the reading of these cruell, barbarous and hellish speeches of this base hearted Nobleman, against our sorrowfull and unfortunat. *Ursina*, and her poor harmless deceased babe, and no lesse doth *Sebastiano* in hearing and my self in penning and relating them: do I tearm him Nobleman? O let me (with respect and repentance) revoke that noble title from *Sancliflore*, and to give him his due, let me tearm him as he is a monster of men, or if he will, a noble deboshed villain, or whether he will or no, a meer Tyrant, or else a D. vill in the shape of a man, to use such ingratefull cruelties, and he'llish actions and speeches against these two innocent persons, who contrariwise in the highest degree, deserved from him all manner of affliction, respect, charity, piety and compassion; but let him look to himself as well as he can, yet (God being as just as mercifull) it is not impossible for him in the end to pay dear for these his foul infidelities and cruelties.

Return we now to *Sebastiano* who (by this time) is returned to *Putzeole* whereof he presently sends up notice to his young Lady and Mistress *Ursina* who still keeps her bed through discontent and sickness, but at the news of his arrivall, or rather hoping that he had brought her some good news from her *Sancliflore*; she without any regard to her weaknesse and sickness) riseth from her bed by the fire, and calls her Chamber-maid for her night Gown, which having drawn on; she bids her for a while to absent her self, and to send up her Coach-man *Sebastiano* to her, and although in his sorrowfull looks and countenance she may already tacitly read a large lecture of the bad news he brings her from *Sancliflore*, yet she calls him to her, and bids him speak on; but alas he speaketh too soon for her, for (with a faltring and trembling voice) he tells her the harsh entertainmant, which *Sancliflore* gave to him and his message in *Naples*, and the inhumane and cruell answer which he bad him return to her in *Putzeole*, without any way adding or diminishing a word thereof; the which as soon as she understood, she for the extremity of her grief and sorrow hangs down her head, and crossing her armes uttereth this passionate speech: good God is it possible that *Sancliflore* will thus abuse me, or is this the favour which I must expect of him in requitall of those extraordinary courtesies he hath received from me; when walking up and down her Chamber, she thanks *Sebastiano*, and giving him some Gold for his pains, bids him to leave her, and to send up her Aunt *Mallefanta*, and her Chamber-maid to bring her to bed; who thereupon running up hastily to her, her Aunt chides her for the little care she had of her own health, but more for her foolish tears, and in discreet sorrows: Now after they had laid her in her bed, and that *Ursina* had purposely sent away her maid, she prays her Aunt to shut her Chamber door, and then to sit down by her beds side for that she had some secrets of importance to reveal unto her; when with a thousand sighs and tears, bedewing the Roses and Lillies of her fresh and lovely cheeks, she acquaints her from point to point, what had now again past between *Sancliflore* and her self, in this second journey of *Sebastiano* to him at *Naples*. Her Aunt *Mallefanta* laughs as much at this folly of her Neece *Ursina*, as she her self weeps at her own sorrows and affliction; and having as much wit as the other had weaknesse, she makes bold to call her sot, and fool, to care for him who contemned and scorned her, and for setting that to her heart which he did at the heel, yea she advanced further in this her passionat choler to her and said, fie, fie Neece, sell your sorrows to buy more courage and wit, and so because that base Baron *Sancliflore* detests and defies you, pay him in his own coyn, and do the like to him, a sharp and bitter speech which *Ursina* (amidst her sorrows) now conveys to her heart, and it may be we shall hereafter see her to remember it, when her Aunt *Mallefanta* hath forgotten it: for poor Soul, she being as it were depressed and weighed downe, with the multitude of *Sancliflores* affronts and disgraces,

and

and of his treacheries and cruelties to her, she hath wept so much as she yet weeps because she can weep no more thereat; as if the difference of their constellations and horoscopes were such, that as *Sanctiflore* was born to hate her, so was she notwithstanding, (as yet) to affect and love him.

Alas *Vrsina*; It is true indeed, that the least of these treacheries, and cruelties of *Sanctiflore* to thee, are causes enough of all thy tears and sorrows; but yet the consideration and comparing of those with these, conducts and leads me to this dilemma; that

I know not whether he be more to be blamed for committing the first, or thou for permitting the second, in regard they are every way more worthy of thy scorn than of thy care, and of thy contempt than of thy affliction. His ingratitude, and crimes to thee I know are many in quantity, and very base and odious in quality, yea their number is so great and their nature so foul, that their recapitulation cannot be drawn within a smaller, nor their repetition contracted in a lesser or narrower volume than this; he hath betrayed his love, violated his faith, and falsified his Oaths and promises to thee, he hath bereaved thee of thy Virginitie, torn and burnt thy Letters, disdained to see thee, called the giglet and whore; thy innocent Babe bastard, and which is worst of all, he hath wilfully and cholerickly wished both of you to the Devil; so judge with thy self *Vrsina*, if all these be not fair motives for thee still to love *Sanctiflore*, or rather if they be not just reasons and provocations for thee now at last to hate him, or if thou think they be not enough to work and establish this metamorphosis in thee, have but a little patience, and it is not impossible for thee to find more to affect and finish it; for now whiles her Aunt *Malfanta* is rating and ratling her for not casting off her heart and hopes from *Sanctiflore*, and *Vrsina* (in counter-exchange) chiding her Aunt because she cannot endure that she should eternally love him, here falls out an unexpected accident (within a moneth after she had pretily recovered her health and strength) which we shall presently see will work and produce strange effects both in her heart and mind as also in her affections and resolutions towards her *Sanctiflore*, for as yet (privately to her self) she many times so teares and files him.

On a fair afternoon, when the Sun (that glorious lamp of Heaven) had in his fiery glistering Chariot taken leave of the South, and was poasting towards the West, to view the Atlantick Seas, as the Lady *Malfanta* carried her Niece *Vrsina* forth in her Coach to take the ayre, and to recreate her sorrowfull spirits, in a great walk of Orange trees, orderly and pleasantly growing upon the banks of a fine Christall brook about a mile from Putzeole, they a far off (in the Boot of the Coach) espied to Horsemen galloping directly towards them, when *Vrsina* flattering her selfe with hope, and therefore blushing for joy, that it was her *Sanctiflore*, who was purposely come from Naples towards Putzeole to see her, she therefore cries out to her Coachman *Sabastiano* to stay the Coach and to attend and expect them; when presently she sees her hopes deceived, and her joyes ended as soon as began, for the one was a servant of *Malfantas* who from Putzeole conducted thither to *Vrsina* a servant of her Father *Placedo's* who came from Naples with a letter from him to her, whereupon the Aunt much wondring, and the Niece far more what this suddain businesse might be, they both descend the Coach, and *Vrsina* taking her Fathers Letter from his man, she steps a little aside from her Aunt *Malfanta*, and breaking up the seal thereof; (directly contrary to her expectation and desires) finds these lines therein.

PLACEDO to URSINA

Hoping that by this time the sweet ayre of Putzeole hath recovered thy health, my will and order therefore to thee now is, that thou speedily returne home to me to Naples (in thy Coach) by the bearer hereof, whom I have purposely sent to conduct thee thither. I beleve that thy Country absence hath lost thee a good fortune here in the City, for yesterday morning the barron of *Sanctiflore* was (in the Augustines Church) married to Dona *Bertranna*, Daughter to Seignior de *Tores*, with great state and solemnity, whom I had well hoped should have been thy Husband, I remember my best respects to my Sister, thy Aunt *Malfanta*, and my best prayers to God for thy vertues and prosperity, as being thy loving Father

PLACEDO.

Vrsina

Ursina hath no sooner read this Letter, but every member of her body trembles for grief and vexation thereat, yea her sorrows are so great, as she cannot speak a word, when being ready to fall to the ground, her Aunt *Mellefanta* steps to her assistance and so do the two men, but they have all of them much ado to support her up, when at last wringing her hands, and looking up stedfastly to Heaven, she throwing her Letter to her Aunt to read, utters forth this bitter exclamation against *Sanctiflore*; and hath this base Nobleman at last requited all my love, with this monstrous ingratitude and treachery! O why do I live to suffer it? and O wherefore should he live for offering it to me? her Aunt reads her Letter and in detestation of *Sanctiflores* baseness, she adds fuel to the flame of her Nieces choler against him, but she needs not, for this very last act of his marriage with *Bertranna*, sets her all in fire and revenge against him, yea her heart is absolutely diverted, and taken away from him, as heretofore she never loved him so much as now she hates him; she swears to her self, that she will make him pay dear for this his ingratitude and treachery towards her, and limits her revenge with no lesse than his death for so basely abusing and deceiving her, she but now threw away his Letter for sorrow, but now she again takes it up for joy, because it calls her home to *Naples*, where as soon as she arrives, she again and again resolves and vows with her self that she will murder him her self, or cause him to be murdered by some others: her Aunt *Mellefanta* by all sweet means and persuasions seeks to pacifie her discontent and fury, and so to appease and cool the raging tempests of her heart, but she speaks to a deaf woman, who is not capable, either of counsell, consolation or reason, for her malice and revenge against *Sanctiflore* have so fully taken up her heart and soul, and so absolutely surprised her thoughts and possessed her resolutions, that she neither resolves nor thinks of anything else, but how and in what manner she may murder him; to which end she takes Coach for *Putzeole*, there packs up her baggage, conceals her bloody intents and resolutions towards *Sanctiflore* from her Aunt *Mellefanta*, thanks her most lovingly and courteously for all her care of her, and affection to her, the remembrance whereof she affirms she will bear to her Grave, and from thence to Heaven, and so within three dayes takes leave of her, and returns to *Naples* to her Father, who receives her with much content and joy, and is very glad of the recovery of her health, and yet perceives some secret discontent lie lurking in the furrows of her brows; but she dissembleth it both to him and the world, and so bears her self fairly, modestly, and temperately towards him in her speeches and actions, who all this while is every way ignorant of her disgracefull great belly, as also of the birth and buriall of her infant child. She is no sooner come to *Naples*, but her deadly malice and revenge to *Sanctiflore* will give no truce to her thoughts, nor peace to her resolutions, for her heart having conspired with the Devill, and both of them against God to dispatch him to Heaven; so now from the matter she falls to the manner, and from her consultation to the practise thereof. She first thinks it best to get him poisoned, to which end within ten dayes after her arrivall to *Naples* she sends for her own Apothecary named *Antonio Romancy*, and having sworn him to secrecy, proffers him two hundred Duckatons to poyson her mortall enemy the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, but *Romancy* is too honest a man and too religious a Christian to undertake it, and so utterly refuseth her, and rejecteth her proffer; and then and there with many Godly reasons and pious speeches, endeavoureth to dissuade her from this fowl and bloody fact, but he speaks either to the wind or to a deaf woman, for she is resolute not to retire but to advance in this her cruell and inhumane design, only she here again strongly conjures this honest Apothecary to secrecy, the which he solemnly promiseth.

Ursina is still implacable in her malice and revenge against *Sanctiflore*, the which revives with more violence, and flames forth with the greater impetuosity, when she (by her secret spies) is given to understand that he triumpheth in her affliction and scandall, and reputes it his chiefest content and felicity to have erected the trophies of his joy upon the ruins of her honour and the demolitions of her reputation and fame, as also that she and this her disgrace is now become the publike laughter and private scorn, and glory of his proud and ambitious wife *Bertranna*: so she cannot endure the thought, muchlesse digest the remembrance and consideration hereof, and therefore she speedily resolves to reduce her malicious contemplation into bloody action towards him, and to trie another experiment and conclusion thereof. She in a pleasant morning somewhat sooner than accustomed, walks alone with her waiting maid in her Fathers curious and dainty Garden but not to please her eyes with the delicious sight and fragrant smell of the great variety, of rare and fair flowers, wherewith it was richly adorned and diapred; or to recreate and delight her ears with the melodious ditties and madrigals of those sweet quirsisters of the Air, the Nightingals, Thrushes, and Lennots, who sat chanting of some sweet division in some trees of this Garden, and on some branches

branches of these trees ; or to preserve her self from the intemperate heat of the scorching Sun beams ; and therefore either to passe her time , either in some shaddowed walks and Arbours , or to sit her self down by some curious Christall fountain , with all which delights and rarities this her Fathers Garden was deliciously enriched and embellished ; Ono, nothing lesse , for she was resolute to make her self more miserable , and not so happy , because her thoughts were wholly bent on blood , and her resolutions , on the murder of *Sanctiflore* at what price or rate soever . Having therefore formerly mist of her Apothecary *Romancy* to poyson him , she else knows not any so fit or proper to dispatch him as her trusty Coachman *Sebastiano* , who (as we have formerly understood) was both an eye and an ear witness of this his base and ignoble cruelty towards her , wherefore she by her waiting maid , sends for him into the Garden to her , and with many ruthfull looks , and sorrowfull sighs , having first commended and applauded his fidelity to her , and then sworn him to secresie to what she should now relate and deliver unto him , she tels him , that she cannot live except that base Lord *Sanctiflore* dye , and therefore she profereth him an hundred Spanish double Pistols of Gold , if he will either murder him by night in the streets with his Rapier , or Pistoll him to death abroad in the fields , at his first seeing and meeting of him , to the which she very earnestly praies and requests him . *Sebastiano* as amazed at this bloody proposition and entreaty of his young Lady *Vrsina* , whom he ever held to be more charitable , and not so cruell hearted to any one of the world , and although he be poor , yet he is so honest , vertuous and religious , as he highly refuseth to distain his heart , or dip his hands in innocent blood for any silver or gold whatsoever . So in humble (and yet in absolute) tears , he gives her the deniall , and (with tears in his eyes) praies her to desist from this her cruell purpose , because he affirms to her , that the end of murder proves most commonly but the beginning of shame , repentance , misery , and confusion to their authors ; so she bites her lip , and hangs her head for sorrow at this his repulse and refusall ; and yet is so cautious and wary in her actions , as she makes him again swear secresy to her in all things , which now doth , or her after may concern this business , the which he faithfully promiseth her provided , that her command and his service be every way exempt of the effusion of innocent blood , and the perpetration of murder , to the which he constantly vowes to her , it is impossible for him ever to be seduced or drawn , and so he takes leave of her and leaves her solitary alone in the Garden to her muses ; but yet as he was issuing forth she again calls him to her , and strictly chargeth him first carefully and curiously to inform himself , and then he her , of *Sanctiflores* most frequent haunts , and walks without the City , the which he likewise promiseth her to perform .

Our malicious and revengfull *Vrsina* is not contented to receive the deniall from her Apothecary *Romancy* , and the repulse from her Coachman *Sebastiano* , about the finishing of this deplorable businesse , but without making any good use of their honest and religious dissuasions of her from it , or without once looking up to God , or thinking of Heaven or Hell , she as a fatall member , and prodigious agent of *Sathan* , is still resolute to proceed therein ; for he is still so strong with her heart , because her faith and soul are so weak with God , that she sees not her self so often in her looking Glasse with delight , as she both sees , and finds *Sanctiflore* in her heart and mind with detestation ; for her malice to him hath quite expelled all reason , and banished all charity and piety in her self , and consequently now made her memorative and capeable of nothing but of revenge and blood towards him ; which takes up every part , and usurps every point both of her time , and of her self , and works so strange (I may rather truly say so miserable) a metamorphosis in her , as if she were now wholly composed of one , or both of these two impious and diabolicall vices , so that every moment seems a year , and every day an age to her , before she hath dispatched him for Heaven : she now sees that she cannot (with safety) employ any other herein but her self , and therefore day by day calling upon *Sebastiano* to know of him , where *Sanctiflores* usuall haunts and walks were out the City , he at last tels her that he is fully assured , that most mornings and evenings he takes his Coach and sometimes his page , but many times alone , and so goes a mile out of the City beyond the Gate which looks towards *Saint Germaines* , and there in a dainty Grove of Olives and Orange trees (neer a small River side) he with his book in his hand , and his Spaniel Dog at his heels passeth an hour or two alone in his privat contemplation , his Coach being sometimes out of his sight from him , and sometimes returns to the City , and so comes and fetcheth him back again ; which report is no sooner heard and understood of *Vrsina* from her Coachman , but she receiveth it with much joy , and entertaines it with infinit content and delectation ; she is therefore so cruell in her thoughts , and so determinate and bloody in resolutions , as she will protract no time but she speedily bethinks her self of a hellish stratagem and policy (no lesse strange than cruell) which the Devill himself suggested , and found out for her , to wreak her inveterat malice and infernall revenge in murdering of *Sanctiflore* , the manner whereof is thus . She

She very secretly provides her self of a Friers compleat weed, as a sad ruffet Gown and coule, with a Girdle of a knotty rope, and wooden sandalls, proper to the order of the *Bonnes homes* (which is the reformed one of that of Saint *Francis*) with a false negligent old beard, and hair for his head sutable to the same, and in one of the pockets of this Frock, she put a small begging box, such as those Friers use to carry in City and Country when they crave the charitable almes and devotion of well disposed people; as also a new breviary (or small Mass book) of the last edition and form of *Rome*, bound up in blew Turkie Leather richly guilr, but in the other pocket thereof she puts a couple of small short Pistols which she had secretly purloined out of her Father *Placedo's* Armory, and had charged each of them with a brace of Bullets, fast rammed down, with priming powder in the pans, and all these fatall trinkets, she (with equall silence and treachery) packs and tyes up close in the Gown, expecting the time and hour to work this her cruell and lamentable feat on innocent *Sanctiflore*, who little thinks or dreams what a bloody Banquet his old love, and now his new enemy *Vrsina* is preparing for him.

And here I write with grief that it was the Tuesday after Palm Sunday, (a time and week which the blessed passion of our Saviour *Jesus Christ*, makes sacred and famous, and which all true Christians in his commemoration ought to keep holy, and not to polute or defile it with barbarous and bloody sacrifices) when our masculine monster, rather our femall fury *Vrsina* being assured by *Sebastiano* that the Baron of *Sanctiflore* was that day about three of the clock after dinner gone out alone in his Coach to his aforesaid usuall place of walking a mile off the City in the fields; she infinite glad of this desired occasion and longed for opportunity, bids *Sebastiano* make ready his Coach, and silently to leave him without the *Poltera* Gate of her Fathers Garden, and so presently to come up to her Chamber to her, the which he as soon performs; to whom she now (prophanely and treacherously sayes) *Sebastiano*, (by the favor and mercy of God) I have now exchanged my cruelty into courtesie towards the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, and do therefore presently resolve to give him a merry meeting in the Fields, whereat before our departure and return, I know thou wilt rejoyce and laugh heartily at the sight hereof; the which indeed was very welcome and pleasing news to *Sebastiano*, to whom she then gives this little fardell, and so purposely leaving her waiting-maid behind her, she cheerfully and speedily follows him to the Coach, wherein being seated and the little fardell likewise within by her, she bids him drive away withall speed to find out *Sanctiflore*, the which (armed with his innocency) he joyfully doth. Now as they are come within two flight shots of him, *Vrsina* bids *Sebastiano* not to proceed farther, but to drive in the Coach into some close shadowed place out of the high way, where they might see *Sanctiflore*, but not (as yet) to be either seen or espied of him; which accordingly he doth, where she descends her Coach, draws off her own apparell, and so puts on her false Friers apparell, as also the hair and beard, having made and prepared all things fit and ready before, and here likewise she foldeth up the tresses and tramels of her own hair under it, and hath purposely shaved away the hair of a little part of the crown of her head, and all this whiles her Coach man *Sebastiano* turns her Chamber maid here in the fields to make her ready, where he cannot refrain from exceedingly smiling and laughing to see what a strange metamorphosis this now is, that his young Lady *Vrsina* is here become an old Frier, but still she hides and conceals her two Pistols carefully in her pocket from him, as also her bloody designs and intents towards *Sanctiflore*, and whereof he was every way as innocent, as she her self and only her self is guilty thereof. Now being all in a readinesse, she out of her other pocket takes her alms box and holds it in one of her hands, and her howrs (or breviary) in her other, and so taking leave of her Coach-man, and (with a dissembly cheerfull countenance) charging him to pray for her good fortune, and speedily to bring up her Coach to her, as soon as she sees her wave her white Handkercher towards him; so, as a jolly old Frier, away this she Devill softly trips toward *Sanctiflore*, having piety in her looks, but prophaness and barbarous cruelty in her heart and intentions, and all the way as she goes, *Sebastiano* cannot refrain from laughing to see this great change, and alteration in his young Lady and mistress, but directly believing that she in meriment went a Maying or Masking, such was his ignorance that he least thought, or dreamt that she went to commit murder, or what Devill was here veiled and shrouded under this Friers weed.

So (with more assurance than fear, and with far more impiety than grace) she goes on towards *Sanctiflore* who was there alone walking and reading, to whom approaching, and giving him a duck or two, she holding up her begging box, and counterfeiting an old Friers voice prayes him for the blessed Virgin *Maries* sake, and also for holy Saint *Francis* sake to bestow something on him for their society and order; which *Sanctiflore* (being alone, as having sent back his Coach to the City (resolving to do, he seeing that fair new breviary

in the Friers hands, he fairly takes it from him, and carefully vieweth and peruseth it, which being that which *Vrsina* aimed and looked for, she for manners sake (but indeed purposely and maliciously) steps behind him, and very softly drawing out one of her Pistols out of her Pocket which was already bent; she levels it at the very reins of his back, and so lets flye at him, whereof he presently was falling to the ground, when (the Devill making her nimble and dexterous in her malice) in the turning of a hand, she whips out the other Pistoll out of her Pocket, and to make sure work with him likewise dischargeth it in his brest, and to make her inveterate malice and revenge to him the more conspicuous and apparant to all the World, as neer as she could guesse to his very heart, of which mortall wounds made by her four bullets *Sanctiflore* fell immediately dead to the ground, having neither the power, grace, or happiness to speake a word; and she pulling off her false Beard, discovered her self to him as he was dying, and spurning him most disdainfully and maliciously with her foot gave him this cruell farwell, such deaths such villains deserve, who triumph and glory to betray harmless and innocent Ladies; which having acted and said, she waving her hand-kercher to her Coachman, he comes up to her with her Coach as swift as the wind, who is all amazed and in tears to behold this wofull accident and lamentable spectacle; for descending speedily from his Coach, he finds the Baron of *Sanctiflore* dead, and his soul already fled and ascended from Earth to Heaven, to whom his Lady *Vrsina* in a graceless insulting bravery) sayes, rejoyce with me *Sebastiano*, that I have now so bravely and fortunatly revenged my self on this base and treacherous Baron *Sanctiflore*; but honest *Sebastiano*, (being as full of true grief, as she was of false joy) replies and tels her, Oh Madam! what have you done? for this is no cause, and therefore no time to rejoyce but rather to lament and mourn for this lamentable fact and crime of yours, and not to dissimble you the truth, as much as you (in this fatall Friers frock) did me your bloody intentions, I have far more reason to fear than cause to doubt, that your murdering of the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, will prove the ruine and confusion of your self, except God be graciously pleased to be more mercifull to you, than you have been to him; therefore look from his danger and misfortune speedily to provide for your own safety; which as soon as he had said, he (in the Friers weeds) speedily takes her up in the Coach, and then drives away a full gallop to the shadowed thicket from whence she came, where she casts of her Friers Apparell, Beard, Hair, Box and Book, as also the two Pistols, the which they two wrap up all in the Gown, and throw it into a deep Ditch or precipice, and so he helps her to put on all her own Apparell and attire and then with more hast than good speed drives home again toward Naples, and it was a disputable question, whether our bloody and execrable wretch *Vrsina* more rejoyced, or her honest Coachman *Sebastiano* lamented and grieved at this unfortunate and deplorable fact.

We have seen with what a malicious courage, and a desperate and prophane resolution, this cruell hearted Gentlewoman *Vrsina* hath in the habit of a Frier) murdered this unfortunate Baron *Sanctiflore*, and the Reader shall not go much further in this History before (if not in the same moment, yet in the same hour) he see the sacred Justice of God will surprise and bring her to condign punishment for the same, as if the last (as indeed it is) where co-insident and hereditary to the first, or as if it were wholly impossible for her to reioyce so much here on earth for that, as God and his Angels do both triumph and glory in Heaven for this.

Gods Judgements are as just as sacred; and as miraculous as just: so that all people should rather admire it with awfull reverence, than any way neglect it with a prophane presumption. But our wretched *Vrsina* will not make her self so happy to be of the first, but rather so miserable to be of this second ranck; for she wholly despiseth Gods Justice, and so absolutely forgets God himself, as she neither thinks of what she hath now done, what she now is, or which is worst of all what hereafter she may be; but rather (as an inconsiderate and wretched Jipjie) laughs in her sleeve for joy, to have thus happily bereaved *Sanctiflore* of his life, who so lately and so treacherously had bereaved her of her honor and chastity. Whiles thus sorrowfull *Sebastiano* is hurrying away his joyfull murderious yong Mistrisse the Lady *Vrsina* in her Coach towards her Father *Seignior Placedo's* house in Naples, as thinking to make his way the shorter and securer) he drave his Coach on a narrow path by the side of a hill, it so pleased God (in his sacred providence) as of his two Coach horses, that of the out side fell sheer over the path, and drew his fellow horse, the Coach, the Lady *Vrsina*, and her Coachman *Sebastiano* down the hill after him; with which suddain terrible fall the Coach was shattered and torn in peeces, she brake her right arm (wherewith she had discharged these two Pistols) and he his left leg, so that she had the power but not the will, and he the will but not the power to step to her assistance, only she leaps from the Coach-box to the ground on his right leg, and with his Knife cuts of the staies and trappings of his horses, that they in their amazed fury might

might not draw the Coach and themselves after them; and yet such is her impenitency and his affliction, as she here was not half so much terrified, as he perplexed and astonished at this their misfortunat disaster; the which though she sleighted, as only looking down to her self, yet he deemed and conceived it to be no lesse than a blow from Heaven, as looking up to God, and therefore that it was a fatall Omen, portending some dismall calamities and afflictions which were immediatly to surprize and betide them.

As thus distressed *Ursina*, and her lame and sorrowfull Coachman *Sebastiano*, fate down on the bare ground, rather able to behold, than to know how to help one the other; and they both grieving to see their Coach lye torn on the sea side and shore of the hill, and their two Coach-horses (without hurt or fear) licentiously playing their frisks and figaries below in the vallies, neither he nor she knew what course to take for their present consolation and safety, and so to prevent the imminency of their danger, but at last she taking some ten double Pistols of Spanish Gold out of her pocket, and giving it him, she again makes him swear secrecy, never to reveal what he had seen her perform to *Sanctiflore*, the which (with more reluctancy than willingnesse) he doth. Then as it was agreed between them, he by some loud cryes and holla's should call in some contadines (or Country labourers) to their assistance, whom they saw a good distance off very busily working in the vines, the which as he was about to do, to God (in his sacred providence) so ordained, that the Baron of *Sanctiflores* Coach came ratling above them, where they two fate comfortless & sorrowfull upon the ground; and in the Coach was his Page *Hieronimo*, who therewith was going to fetch home the Baron his Master, who perfectly seeing and knowing the Lady *Ursina*, and her Coachman *Sebastiano*, and seeing her Coach lye by her all reversed, and shattered and torn to peeces, grieving at this her disaster, he for the respect he bore her for the Baron his Masters sake, (whom he knew formerly loved her) takes his Coachman with him, and so descends down to her assistance, where being more fully acquainted, of the breaking of her arme, and her Coachman *Sebastiano's* leg, he very humanely and courteously proffers her his Lords Coach, and his best service to conduct and carry them both home to her Father *Seignior Placedo's* house in the City, little thinking or dreaming, that she came from so cruelly murdering his kind Lord and Master *Sanctiflore*, or that his breathless body lay now exposed as a prey to the fowls of the ayre in the field.

Sebastiano is much perplexed and grieved, but his Lady *Ursina* infinitely more at this unexpected encounter, and ominous meeting of *Sanctiflore's* Page, Coach and Coachman which threatned her no lesse than fear, and this fear no lesse than imminent danger and confusion, especially to her self, if not to him, when looking wittly and sorrowfully each on other, they know not how to bear themselves in the unfortunacy of this accident, neither dare she accept, or well knows how to refuse this proffered courtesie of the Page *Hieronimo*. But at last (despight of her self) she is enforced to imbrace this opportunity, when making a vertue of necessity, she (though much against her will) is constrained, very thankfully to accept, and make use of this kindnesse of *Hieronimo*, who leading the Lady *Ursina* by her left arme, and his Coachman, hers by his right, they softly bring them up the Hill to the Baron their Masters Coach, and so convey her home to her Father *Seignior Placedo's* house in the City, who was then gone forth to sup with the Prince of *Salerno*, (who by the Mothers side, was his Cousen Germane) where *Ursina* (setting a good face upon her bad heart) gives the Page many hearty thanks, and the Coachman three Duckatons for this their courtesie, so they take leave of her, and speedily return with their Coach into the fields to fetch home the Baron their Master, to whom they resolve at full to relate this accident; when *Ursinas* fears far exceeding her hopes, and knowing upon what ticklish tearms and dangerous points both her self and her life now stood, she (in the absence of her Father) speedily resolves to provide her a swift Coach and so to fly from *Naples* to her Aunt *Mellefantas* house in *Putzeole*, where she promiseth her self far more safety and lesse danger than here at home with her Father; but contrariwise, we shall see that God is now resolved to deceive both her hopes, and her self herein, to her utter shame and confusion.

The Page *Hieronimo* being sorrowfull for his Lady *Ursina's* misfortune, & yet exceeding glad that he had the happinesse and good fortune to perform her this faire office, and friendly courtesie to her, he now bids his Coachman drive away o're the fields to that pleasant grove to find their Lord and Master *Sanctiflore* where being arrived he descends his Coach, and with his vigilant eye looks about every where for him, when alas he hath scarce gon forty paces off, but (directly contrary to his expectation) he finds him there dead on the ground, and most lamentably all gored, and engraned in his own blood, at the sight whereof he bursts forth

into many bitter tears and out-cries, yea he throws away his hat, and tears his hair for grief and sorrow hereof, and no less doth his Coachman. They are here both of them so amazed with grief and astonishment with sorrow at this lamentable spectacle and accident, as they (for a quarter of an hours time) know not what to think or say hereof, as whether this their Lord and Master had here killed himself, or were murdered and robbed by Thieves, but at last this sorrowful Page *Hieronymo*, will stay alone weeping by the breathless body of his Lord and Master, and so send away the Coachman in his Coach speedily to *Naples*, to acquaint their Lady *Dona Bertranna*, and her Father *Seignior de Tores* with this sad and sorrowful news, whereat she almost drowns herself in tears, and he very bitterly laments and sorroweth for it; so (being incapable of any hope, comfort or consolation) they do both of them take coach and drive away into the field, where she almost murdereth her eyes with her tears, to see her dear Lord and Husband lie thus murdered in his blood. They here see none in sight of him, neither do they know any body but themselves that hath seen him; so by whom, or how he is killed they cannot as yet either conceive or imagine, when the father leaving his daughter to wash and bedew her dead husbands cheeks with her tears, he himself gallops away in his coach to *Naples*, and brings thence along with him the criminal Officers of Justice, first to know, and then to be eye-witnesses of this sad and deplorable accident; at the hearing and sight whereof (in nature and justice) they cannot refrain from equally wondering and grieving at it, when (to act the part and duty of themselves) they cause the Coachman to spread his cloak on the ground, then to remove the dead corps from his blood, and to lay him thereon, and so they make a Chyrurgion (whom they had purposely brought with them) to unapparel and search his body for wounds, who findes and shews them, that he was shot with two pistoll bullets in his back, and other two in his breast (when missing likewise of his purse, they all of them do confidently believe, that undoubtedly he was murdered and robbed by Thieves. The which the better to discover, the Judges send their Sergeants and Servants, and *De Tores* likewise sends the Page and his Coachman searching and scouring all over the adjacent fields, to apprehend and bring before them all those whom they finde there; who are so far from meeting of many persons, as they all of them bring in but one poor ragged Boy (of some twelve or fourteen yeers old) who some two hundred paces off, kept a few Cows (which yielded milk to the City) and him they finde sitting within a hedge in a ditch, whom they bring along with them to the Judges, where he sees this dead body lying on the ground before them, whereat poor silly Boy he shakes and trembles for fear.

The Judges demand his name of him, who tells them he is called *Bartholomeo Spondy*, they further enquire of him what his father is, and where he dwells: who replies, that his father is a poor Butcher, named *Pedro Spondy*, and dwells at *Naples* in Saint *Iohn's* Suburb, (which the Judges afterwards finde true) then these grave Judges perceiving the poor Boy to be bashful and timorous, they therefore bid him be of good cheer, and to fear nothing, for the which he thanks them both with cap and knee. Then they enquire of him if he saw any one to come neerer and kill the Gentleman, to whom in plain and rustick terms he answered them, that from the hedge within which he kept his Fathes Cows, he saw this Gentleman walk alone by himself at least an hour with a book in his hand reading, and that then he saw an old Frier come to him, who as he thought begged some alms of him, whom he saw did shoot off two pistols to him, and therewith killed him, for he then, and thereupon presently saw the Gentleman fall to the ground: they again demand of him what afterwards became of this Frier; who tells the Judges, that a Coach came up instantly to him and carried him away, but where he knows not. They ask of him why he had not cryed out against the Frier, when he saw he had killed this Gentleman, to whom he makes answer, that he dared not do it, for fear least he would then likewise have killed him with his pistols. The Judges farther demand of him, whether this were a white, a black or a gray Frier, to whom he answers that he was neither of them, but that he wore a minime, or sad russet gown and hood. Thereupon they thought it fit again to demand of him how many horses this Coach had, and of what colour they were: to whom he affirms that they were two black coach horses: when the Judges to conclude this quere and his examination, they demand of him what coloured cloak this Coachman wore, who tells them he wore a red cloak, and as he thought some white laces upon it, the which this pregnant poor little Boy *Bartholomeo* had no sooner pronounced and spoken, but *Sanctiflores* Page *Hieronymo* cryes out and relates to the Judges, to his Lady *Bertranna*, and her father *Seignior de Tores*, where, and in what maner and accident he some two hours since found the Lady *Ursina*, and her Coachman *Sebastiano*, whom he seriously affirmed wore a red cloack with white laces, and that her two coach horses, which they saw starying

straying below in the valley were coal black, right as *Bartholomeo* had described them; adding further, that her coach was broken with a fall, as also her right arm, and his left leg, and that out of respect and pity to her, he had carried both her, and him, home to her father *Seignor Placedo's* house, but he affirmed he saw no Frier either in their fight or company: all which relation (if his, was likewise there confirmed to the Judges by the Baron of *Sancliflore's* own Coachman, who was also there present, the which evidence of theirs as soon as the Lady *Bertranna* over heard, she with a world of sighs and tears, (as if she were suddenly inspired and prompted from heaven) passionately cries out first to her father, and then to the Judges, that God and her conscience told her, that doubtless *Vrsina* was this devilish Frier, and her Coachman *Sebastiano* the very same damnable fellow who had here thus cruelly murdered her Lord and husband, when throwing her self on her knees to their feet, she very earnestly begs justice of them, against them for the same, who partly concurring in the opinion and belief with them, they do here most seriously and solemnly promise it her.

To which effect, these reverend Judges, leaving her father, her self, and her Page and Coachman decently to convey her husbands dead body home to their house in *Naples*, they themselves make great haste thither before, and presently send their Officer and Sergeants to *Seignior Placedo's* house, there to apprehend the Lady *Vrsina* his daughter, and their Coachman *Sebastiano*, whom they both opportunely finde issuing forth his gate in a fresh hackney coach speedily flying to *Purzeole* to her Aunt *Mellefanta* for protection and sanctuary, so these fierce and merciless Sergeants do presently divert and alter their course, yea they furiously and suddenly rush upon them, apprehend and constitute them close Prisoners in the common Goal of that City, placing them in two several chambers, to the end they should not prattle or tell tales each to other; where they shall finde more leisure then time, both to remember what they have done, and likewise to know what hereafter they must do.

Whiles thus all *Naples* generally resound and talk of this mournful fact, and deplorable accident, and *Seignior Placedo* particularly grieves at these his daughters unexpected crosses and calamities, as also of those of his Coachman *Sebastiano*, the which he fears, he can far sooner lament then remedy; our sorrowful widow *Bertranna* (with the assistance of her father *De Tores*) gives her husband the Baron of *Sancliflore* a solemn and stately burial in the *Fucillantes* Church of *Naples*, correspondent to his noble degree and quality. And then within two days after, at her earnest and passionate solicitation to the Judges, *Vrsina* and her Coachman *Sebastiano*, are severally convented before them, in their chief Forum (or Tribunal) of Justice, and there strongly accused by her, and charged to be the authors and actors of this cruel murder, committed on the person of *Sancliflore* her husband, the which both of them do stoutly deny with much vehemency and confidence, and when the little Boy *Bartholomeo*, is face to face called into the Court, to give in evidence against them, he there maintains to the Judges, what he had formerly deposed to them in the fields, but says he thinks not that this Lady was that Fryer, nor can he truly say that this was the Coachman who carried him, although when his cloak was shewed him, he could not deny but it was very like it, but *Bertranna* having now secretly intimated and made known to the Judges, all the passages that had formerly past between *Vrsina* and her husband *Sancliflore*, as his getting of her with child, and then (contrary to his promise) refusing to marry her, they do therefore more then half believe, that it was her discontent which drew her to this choler, her choler to this revenge, and her revenge to this murdering of him, as also (that in favour of some gold) she had likewise seduced and drawn her Coachman *Sebastiano* to be consenting and accessory herein with her: Whereupon the next day they will begin with him, and so they adjudge him to the Wrack, the torments whereof he endures with a wonderful fortitude and patience, so that (remembering his oath of secrecy to his Lady *Vrsina*) he cannot thereby be drawn to confess any thing, but denies all, whereof she having secret notice, doth not a little rejoyce and insult thereat, now the very next ensuing morning, *Vrsina* her self, is likewise adjudged and exposed to the wrack, the wrenches and torments whereof, as soon as she sensibly feels, God proves then so propitious and merciful to her soul, that her dainty body, and tender limbs cannot possibly endure or suffer it, but then and there she to her Judges and Tormentors, confesseth her self to be the sole author and actor of pistolling to death, the Baron of *Sancliflore*, in the same manner and forme, as we have already understood in all its circumstances, but in her heart and soul she strongly affirms to them, that her Coachman *Sebastiano* was not accessory with her herein, upon which apparent and palpable confession of hers, her Judges (in honour to sacred Justice, and for expiation of this her foul crime) doe pronounce sentence

of death against her, that shee shall the next morning be hanged at the place of common Execution, notwithstanding all the power and tears of her Father, and Kinsfolks to the contrary.

So she is returned to her Prison, where her Father (not being permitted to see her that night) sends her, two Nuns, and two Friars, to prepare and direct her soul for Heaven, whom in a little time, through Gods great mercy, and their own pious perswasions, they found to be wonderfull humble, repentant and sorrowfull. She privately sends word to her Coachman *Sebastiano*, that she is thankfull to him for his respect and fidelity to her on the Rack, and wills him to be assured and confident, that she being to dye to morrow, her speech at her death, shall no way prejudice, but strongly confirm the safety and preservation of his life. Thus grieving far more at the foulness of her crime, than at the infamy and severity of her punishment, she spends most part of the night, and the first part of the morning in Godly prayers and religious Meditations, and ejaculations, when, although her sorrowfull old Father *Signior Placedo*, by his noble Kinsman the Prince of *Salerno*, made offer to the Viceroy, the Duke of *Ossuna*, the free gift of all his Lands to save this his Daughters life, yet the strong solicitation of the first, and the great proffer of the last proved vain, and fruitlesse, for they found it wholly impossible to obtain it.

So about ten of the clock in the morning, our sorrowfull *Vrsina*, is (between two Nuns) brought to her Execution place; clad in a black wrought Velvet Gown, a green Sattin Petticoat, a great laced Ruff, her head dressed up with Tuffs and Roses of green Ribbon, with some artificiall Flowers, all covered over with a white Ciffres Vail, and a pair of plain white Gloves on her hands: when ascending the Ladder, she, to the great confluence of people who came thither to see her take her last farwell of this life, and this world, (with a mournfull countenance, and low voice) delivered them this sorrowfull and religious speech.

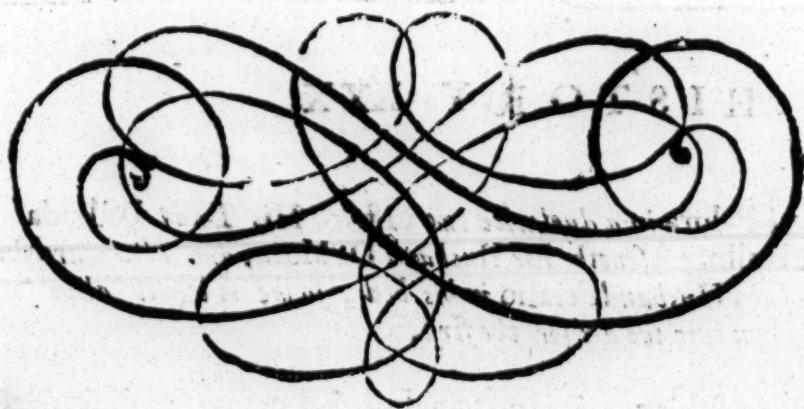
Good people, I want words to express the grief of my heart, and the anxiety and sorrow of my soul, for imbruing my hands in the innocent blood and death of the Baron of *Sanctiflore*, although not to dissemble, but to confess the pure truth, he betrayed his promise to me of Marriage, and me of my honour and chastity without it, whereof I beseech Almighty God, that all men (of what degree or quality soever) may hereafter be warned by his example, and all Ladies and Gentlewomen deterred and terrified by mine. I do likewise here confess to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to you all who are here present, that I alone was both the Author and Actor of this foul Murther, and that my Coachman *Sebastiano*, is no way consenting or accessary with me herein; and that albeit I once promised and proffered him a hundred double Pistols of Spanish Gold to perform it, yet he honestly and religiously refused both me and it, and strongly and pathetically dissuaded me from it, whose good and wholsom Counsel, I now wish to God (from the depth and center of my soul,) I had then followed, for then I had lived as happy, as now I dye miserable. And because it is now no time, but bootlesse for me either to palliate the truth, or to flatter with God, or man, the worst of his crime, I being his Mistress, which (after with my own hands I had committed that deplorable fact) was to bring me home from the fields to my Fathers house, and for assisting mee to cast the Friars Frock, the false Beard and Hair, the Alms box, Breviary, and two Pistols, into the next deep Pit, or precepice thereunto adjoyning, where (as yet) they still lye; for this my haynous offence, (the very remembrance whereof is now grievous and odious unto mee) I ask pardon first of God, then of my own dear Father, and next of the Lady *Bertranna*, and if the words and prayers of a poor dying Gentlewoman have any power with the living, then I beseech you all in generall, and every one of you in particular, to pray unto God, that he will now forgive my sins in his favour, and hereafter save my soul in his mercy, the which as soon as she had said, and uttered some few short prayers to her self, she (often making the sign of the Cross) takes leave of all the World, when pulling down her Vail, in comly sort, over her eyes and face, and erecting her hands towards Heaven, she was turned over. Now, as some of her spectators rejoyced at the death of so cruell and bloody a female Monster, so the greatest part of them, in favour of her birth, youth and beauty, did with a world of tears, exceedingly lament and pittie her, but all of them do highly detest and execrate the base ingratitude, infidelity and treachery of this ignoble Baron of *Sanctiflore* towards her, which no doubt was the prime cause, and chiefeft motive which drew her to these deplorable and bloody resolutions.

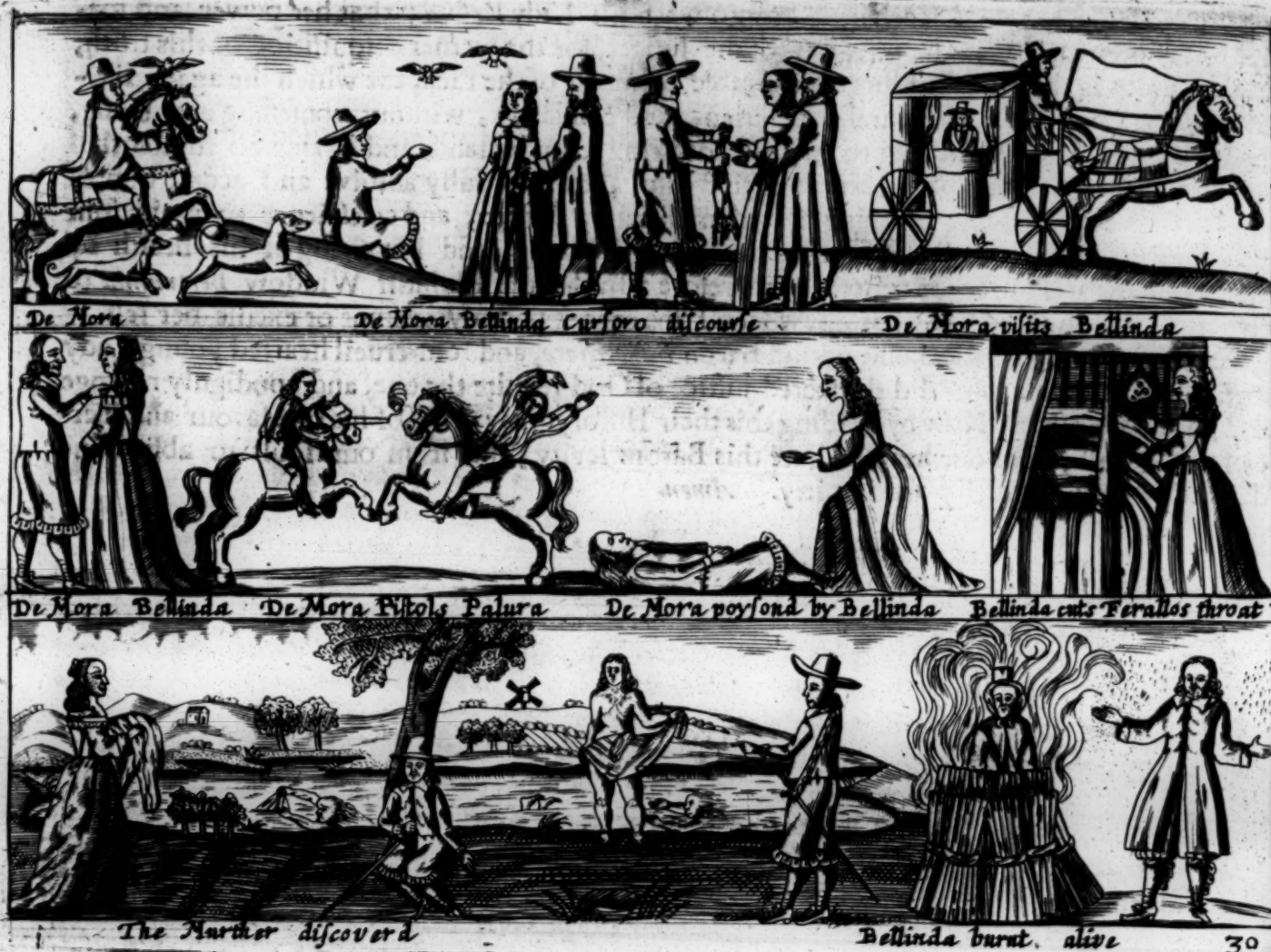
As for her honest Coachman *Sebastiano*, although his own torments on the Rack, and now this solemn Confession of his Lady *Vrsina* at her death had sufficiently proclaimed and

and vindicated his innocency in this murder of *Sanctiflore*; yet such was his Widdow *Bertrana*'s living affection to her dead Husband, and her deadly malice to living *Sebastiano*, for thinking him to be guilty, and accessory hereunto with his Lady *Ursina*, that her power and malice so far prevailed with the integrity of the Judges, for the further disquisition of this truth, as they now again sentence him to the double torments of the rack, the which he again likewise endureth with a most unparallel'd patience and constancy, without confessing any thing, the which his Judges wondring to see, and admiring to understand, and having no substantial proofs, or real and valable evidences against him, they now fully absolve and acquit him of this his suspected crime, when being moved in Charity, Justice, and conscience to yeeld him some reward, and satisfaction, for thus infeebling his body, and impairing of his health by these his sharp and bitter torments they therefore adjudge the Plaintiff Widdow *Bertrana* to give him three hundred Duckatons, whereof she cannot possibly exempt or excuse her self.

And thus lived and dyed our unkind Baron *Sanctiflore*, and our cruell hearted young Lady *Ursina*, and in this manner did the sacred justice of God requite the one, and condignly revenge and punish the other. Now by reading this their History, may God (of his best favour and mercy) teach us all, from our hearts to hate this Barons levity, and from our souls to abhor and detest this Ladys cruelty and impiety. *Amen.*

Gods





Gods revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXX.

De Mora treacherously killeth Palura in a duel with two Pistols. His Lady Bellinda with the aid of her Gentleman usher Ferallo, poysoneth her Husband De Mora, and afterward shee marrieth, and then murthereth her said Husband Ferallo in his bed, so she is burnt alive for this her last murther, and her ashes thrown into the air for the first.

IN the generall depravation of this age, it is no wonder, that many sinfull souls are so transported by *Sathan* and their own out-ragious passions, to imbrue their guilty hands in the innocent blood of their Christian brethren; and it were a great happinesse and felicity to most Countries and Kingdoms of Europ, if they were not sometimes infected with the contagion of this bloody and crying sin, which with a presumptuous hand seems to strike at the Majesty of God himself, in killing man his creature, but because wishes availe little, and for that examples are more powerfull and prevalent, and prove the best precepts to the living; therefore I here produce a lamentable one of so inhumane a condition, that by the knowledge and consideration thereof, we may know how to detest the like, and to avoid the temptations in our selves.

In the famous Kingdom of *Portugall*, and within a very little league of *Stremos*, one of the sweetest and fairest Cities thereof, there (within these few years) dwelt a Noble Gentleman of some fifty six years old, named *Don Alonso De Mora*, Issued and descended from one of the best and famous houses of that Kingdom, as being Nephew to that great and wise *Don Christopher de Mora*, of whom the Histories of *Spain* and *Portugall* make so often, and so honourable mention: and although he were by his Ancestors and Parents, left very rich in Lands and possessions, yet his ambition and generosity carried him to serve his King, *Philip* third of *Spain*, in his wars of *Affrica* and *Flanders*, wherein he spent the greatest part of his time, and of himself, won many renowned Laurels, and Marshall Trophies of honour, and as an excellent Cavalier left behind him many approved marks and testimonies of his true valour and magnanimity. But (as all men are naturally constant in unconconstancy, and subject and co-incident to mutations, and that the world still delights to please us with changes, and to feed our fancies and affections with different enterprizes and resolutions) so our *De mora* at last, calshome his thoughts and himselfe from warr to peace, and now resolves to spend the remainder of his age, in as much ease and pleasure as formerly he had done the heat and strength of his youth in tumults and combustions, he now sees that there is no life nor pleasure comparable to that of the Country, for here the sweetnesse of the imbalmed air, the delicacy of the perfumed and enameled fields, the unpareld pastime of hawking and hunting, and the free and uninterrupted accessse which we have to arts in our study, and to God in religious prayers and meditations, makes it to be no lesse, then either an earthly Paradise, or a Heaven upon Earth. For the camp (despite of Commanders) abounds with all kinds of insolencies, and impieties, the City (despite of Magistrates) with all sorts of Vice, Deceit, Covetousness and pride, and the Court (despite of good Kings and Princes) too often with variety of hypocrisie, perfidiousnesse and vanity. To his own great manner house neer *Stremos*, therefore is our *De Mora* retired, with a resolution for ever, there to erect and build up his residence, making it his greatest delight to have his hounds and Gray-hounds at his heels, and see his Hawk on his fist. Now the Alarums of War no longer take up his thoughts and time, neither do the Drums and Trumpets, and the ratling peals of thunder of Muskets and Canons, distract his dayes pleasures, or cut his nights sweet sleeps and slumbers in peeces. He is not addicted to women, but hates them as much as they love men, he spurns at love, and (in a disdainfull contempt thereof) tearms *Venus* Whore, and her son *Cupid* a boy, and which is worse a Bastard: in a word, he professeth himself to be as great, and as mortall an enemy to beauty, as beauty is many times to chastity, and never thinks himself happy, but when either he is out of womens Company, or they not in his. He is so far from affecting any marriage, as he pittieeth it in others, and for ever abjures and detests it in himself, he compares single life to *Roses* and *Lillyes*, and wedlock to bryars and thistles, and therefore in the highest and sublimest degree, scorns to have any wife or Mistris in his house, to over master him.

But it is not for men to presume to point out their own destinies: sith we are but the slaves of time, as the servant of God, and therefore (in this regard) our actions are subject to Heaven, not to earth, and to Gods appointment, rather than to our purposes; or to presuppose and think the contrary, is a presumption, every way unworthy of a man, but far more of a Christian sith nature is subject to grace, and our earthly passions and resolutions must still stoop to a sacred power, and ever submit and prostrate themselves to a divine providence, and supernaturall predominancy: it is therefore folly, not wisdom and simplicity nor discretion in *De Mora* generally to proclaim hate to women, for that he is the Son of a woman, or to malign and disdain marriage, in regard he is the fruit and offspring of marriage, for thus to violate and pull down the temples and altars of Love, is obstinately to oppose nature, and prophanly to subvert the institution of God himself in Paradise, but he shall not continue long in the clouds of this error.

In a clear and sweet morning (as soon as *Aurora* lept from the watry bed of *Thetis* and purposely retired herself to give way to approaching *Phæbus*, (who in his fiery Chariot, with his glistering beams began to salute and guild the tops of the highest Woods and Mountains) *De Mora* attended by half a dozen of his domestique servants, goes into the fields to Hawk and hunt, where having killed one hare, and set up another, all his servants left him alone, and with the hounds pursue the hare, who tripping through the launes and thickets, the hills and valleys, at last leads them such a dance, that in lesse than an hour, his Servants and his Dogs were a litle league out of his sight, wherewith being exceedingly offended and angry, and far the more, for that he was left all alone, he not knowing how to passe or delude away the tediousnesse of the time, fate himself down upon the side of a fair hill, at the foot of a pleasant grove of

of Beech, and Chesnut Trees, whose curled tops sheltered him from the scorching rayes of the Sun, and there takes delight to behold how many frequent windings, and turning meanders, the Neighbouring Chrystall River made in that pleasant valley, as also to see how sweetly the Troops of Snow-white feathered Swans, proudly ruffled their plumes, and disported themselves therein, in their Majesticall and stately bravery, and how many malicious Fowlers, both in boats and on the banks of that sweet River, were curiously watching with their fiery pieces to murther these innocent watry guests who frequented there, and also how the patient Anglers (with their treacherous hooks and baits) betrayed many harmlesse fishes, to their undeserved deaths. When *De Mora*, (impatient of his solitarinesse) listening with his ear, if he might either hear the loud cry and voyces of his hounds, or else the shrill rebounding echoes of his servants hunting horns: he looking up toward the skie, beheld a Heron, softly loaring, and proudly hovering over his head, as if she came purposely to bid defiance to *De Mora*, and his Goshawk which he held on his fist, and consequently to dare and challenge it to an airy combat; whereat *De Mora* being exceeding glad, and disdainning that his Hawk and himself should be thus outbraved by so ill shaped and unmannerly a Sea fowl; he speedily riseth up, and (betwixt choler and pleasure) lets flye his Hawk at her: but the Heron stretcheth her pinnions, and packs on her feathered sails so nimbly and proudly, that sometimes soaring aloft in the aire, sometimes descending, and still looking back with scorn on the Goshawk, as if she purposely took delight and sport, to see what infinite toyl and pain, this malicious and ravenous Hawk took to surprise and devour her, so the swifter the Heron flew from the Hawk, the swifter the Hawk redoubled her flight, and tugged away after her, when it being impossible for *De Mora* to reclaim his Hawk, either with his Hols or lure, at last both Hawk and Heron flew quite out of his sight, and which is worse, he was so unfortunate, as never after he could see either of them again.

De Mora being first highly displeased and offended for the absence of his servants & hounds, he is now doubly enraged with grief and choler for the losse of his Goshawk, and therefore curseth the Heron for thus seducing and betraying her away from him; when wearying himself to run from hill to vale to have news of her, and in the end, seeing both his labour and Hawk lost, he betakes himself to the aforesaid Grove, and (with much discontent and choler) first casting his Hat and Lure to the ground, he then likewise casts himself thereon to repose him, still attending and expecting his hunters.

He had not remained there above half an hour, but close by him passed an aged Countrey Gentleman, and indifferently well apparelled, with a very beautifull young Gentlewoman following him, clad in a crimson Taffeta Peticoat, and Wasse-coat trimmed with silver lace, with a large cut-work plain band, her flaxen hair adorned with many knots of white and crimson Ribbon, covered with a black Ciffers vail, having a roling amorous eye, (the true index of desire and lust) her Snow white painting breasts open, but only a little hidden and overvaild with curious Tiffney, whose white purity, her pure white paps (enterveined with azure) infinitely out-braved and excelled. She had her waiting maid attending on her, and he a serving man bearing his Cloak and Rapier after him, who that morning were some three leagues from his own house to take the fresh aire in that pleasant and delicious Grove, without the hedge whereof he had left his Coach, this Countrey Gentleman I say, passing by *De Mora*, and well and perfectly knowing him, he according to his duty, and the others merits, respectfully saluted him by his name, and the young Gentlewoman who followed him, likewise gave him a low and gracefull courtesie. *De Mora* surpris'd with the suddenesse of their arrivall, and the sweetnesse of these their salutations, riseth up, and having first saluted him, and kissed her, he prayes his name, who tels him that he is a Gentleman that dwelt some three leagues off, tearmed *Emanuel de Cursoro*: *De Mora* demands of him if this young Gentlewoman be his Kinswoman or his Daughter, who tels him she is his Daughter; when *De Mora* again enquires of him, if she be married or no, and what name and age she is off, *Cursoro* replies that she is unmarried, of some twenty years of age, and her name *Bellinda*. *De Mora* again tels him, that he is very happy in having so sweet and fair a young Gentlewoman to his Daughter, whereat the Father smilth for joy, and the Daughter blusheth for bashfulnesse and modesty. *De Mora* again questioneth *Cursoro*, if any businesse brought him thither that morning, who tels him he had no businesse, but only came thither with his Daughter to take the air, and that he had left his Coach without the hedge, so they walk together some turnes in this pleasant Grove, and from thence *De Mora* could not possibly refrain from gadding and gazing his inamoured eyes, on the Roses and Lillies of *Bellindas* sweet and delicate beauty; when *De Mora* acquaints *Cursoro* with his misfortunes, how that morning he came forth a hunting, that he had lost his men, his hounds, and his Hawk, and that this three hours he was there left alone, and had no news

of them, they together make many walks, turns and returns. When *De Mora*, led by the lustre of *Bellinda's* lovely attractive, and rolling eye, he ever and anon proffereth to lead and conduct her by the arm, the which *Cursoro* modestly, and respectfully excuseth, as holding it too great an honour for *De Mora* to give, and his daughter to receive: here *Cursoro* profereth *De Mora* to lend him his coach to carry him home to his house, but *De Mora* freely and thankfully refuseth it, and in counterexchange of this courtesie, proffereth *Cursoro* and his daughter to accompany and conduct them to their coach, the which undeserved kindness, *Cursoro* modestly refuseth of him. Thus (in point of honour and courtesie) they along time stand striving and complementing, till at last *De Mora* hearing the cry of his hounds, his importunity vanquisheth *Cursoro's* modesty, and so, will or nill, he conducts him to his coach, and likewise leads his daughter *Bellinda* by the arm and hand, and by the way doth at least usurp, and steal many amorous kisses from the cherries of her sweet lips, and damask Roses of her pure and delicate cheeks, whereat she is more admired then pleased. As they are thus going towards *Cursoro's* coach, *De Mora's* hounds and servants arrive all sweating and blowing, who (in redemption and requital of their long stay) do present their Lord and Master with a brace of hares, and a wilde white fawn which they had kild, whereof he being exceeding glad, he very joyfully bestows the hares on *Cursoro*, and the white fawn on his fair daughter *Bellinda*; who from thenceforth, he swears shall be his mistress, and his love; *Cursoro* is too modest, and his daughter too bashfull to accept hereof; so they a long time refuse these his presents, with many dilatory and complementall excuses.

But at last *De Mora* findes out a means and medium to reconcile this difference, according to his own will and desire; for he peremptorily swears to *Cursoro*, and his daughter *Bellinda*, that they shall receive these poor presents from him, and that in requital hereof, he will to morrow come over to his house, and eat his part of them to dinner with them; upon which condition and termes, *Cursoro* thankfully receives the hares, and likewise causeth his daughter *Bellinda* to do the same by the fawn, the which (with a very low and observant courtesie) she doth: so he conducts them on to their coach, and by the way wrings her by the lilly white hand, plaies with the loose tresses of her sweet hair, her blushing cheeks, dimpled chin, downy paps, and Alabaster neck, when taking leave of *Cursoro*, and a solemn conge of his daughter *Bellinda*, which he again seals and confirms with many new kisses, they take coach and away, and *De Mora* with his servants and hounds returns home to his house.

Thus in a little time we see an extraordinary alteration, yea a wonderful change and metamorphosis in *De Mora*, but whether more strange or sudden I know not, for in the morning he went forth a free-man, and now before night, comes home a slave, and a captive. Heretofore he spurned at love, and disdained beauty, and now the very first sight of our fair *Bellinda* sets fire to his blood, and flames to his heart: so that his old blood is passionately and amorously inflamed with this new beauty, formerly he (in derision) termed *Cupid* a little boy, now he holds him to be a great God; then he called *Venus* a Whore, but now he recants that Atheism, and repents himself of that blasphemy, vomited forth against her diety; and termes her a celestial and sacred Goddess; yea now in his heart and thoughts, he erects altars to the first, and consecrates all his vows to the second. The smal and strait waste of his honoured *Bellinda*, together with her sparkling eyes, and sweet cheeks and blushes, do amaze his mind, and wonders in his heart, and casts his thoughts into a confusion of many amorous raptures and extasies, yea the consideration of her sweet youth, and the remembrance of her fresh and delicate beauty, do (in his conceit) seem to make his age young, and to give the lye to those infinite number of white hairs, which time had snowed on his head, and showed on his beard. He a thousand times repents himself of his former error and crime in living so long single, and is now assured and confident, that there is no earthly pleasure, or heavenly delight, comparable to the heart-ravishing kisses and embraces of his sweet *Bellinda*: he is ready to lay down all his lands, and life at the feet of her commands and service, and esteems both of them too poor, for the purchasing of so inestimable a jewel; whom (in his determinations and resolutions) he hath already adopted the Queen of his heart, and confirmed and crowned the Sovereign Empress of his soul, and the sacred Goddess of his desires and affections. He thinks not of the great disparity and Antithesis betwixt his declining age, and her fragrant and flourishing youth; nor what an unequal difference,

ference, and disproportion there is betwixt his fifty and six, and her twenty years. He will not consider what a poor Sympathy and palpable Antipathy there is between such a *January* and such a *May*, but disdains to enter into consideration with himself, that he is every way fitter for his grave, than for her bed, and for death, than marriage; yea he flatters himself so far in his affection to her, as he hopes he shall be the joyfull Father of many pretty Children by her, so that he is so deeply enamoured with the sweet youth of our *Bellinda*, and his heart so fast chained and entangled in the tresses of her hair, and the lures of her alluring beauty, that he upon his first sight of her, incessantly thinks of her by day, dreams of her by night, and neither thinks nor dreams of any think but of her, and of his love to her: so now he advanceth and raiseth the standards of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as high as ever he formerly dejected them, and delights in nothing more, yea I may truly say, in nothing else, but in feasting his eyes, and surfeiting his heart upon the heavenly *Idea* of her Angelical face and feature, he thinks so much of love, as if he were now wholly composed of love, and therefore purposely made to love *Bellinda*, and none but her. His hawks and hounds are now as far out of his mind, as he is out of himself, and no other delight or recreation whatsoever can take up any place in his heart or thoughts, because love hath already tane up all. He revokes to mind how *Macareus* was transformed into a Bird, for speaking against *Venus*, and that it is not his case alone to be so deeply plunged and tormented in love. but that the greatest Captains, Philosophers, and Kings of the world, (and as Poets affirm, the Gods themselves have been subjected, and vanquished with this passion, and so constrained them to make it their chiefest delight and glory to adorn the temples and altars of *Cupid*, with the oblations of their sighs, and the sacrifices of their tears.

Thus our *De Mora* being (at the first wholly enflamed with love towards his fair and beautifull intended Mistress *Bellinda*, he to seem farre younger than he is, he is so vain in his affection, as (contrary to his custom) he shaves his beard, delights himself in an ash colour satin suit and cloak, with a white Beaver hat, and a harband of Diamonds, a rich plain cut-work band, and a pair of green silk stockings, with garters and roses laced with silver, suitable thereunto, and so to perform his promise to *Cursoro*, takes coach the next morning, and rides over to him, but not so much as taste of his good cheer, as to feast his enamoured eyes on the delicious rarities and dainties of his daughter *Bellinda's* beauty, where he finds his entertainment and good cheer, at least to equalize, if not to exceed his birth, rank, and expectation; but this is not the end, and object of his visit, nor the sum and period of his desires; dinner being ended, he acquaints *Cursoro* with his affection to his daughter *Bellinda*, and his suit to seek and obtain her for his wife. *Cursoro* wonders that so great a Lord should descend so low from himself to seek so mean a young Gentlewoman as his daughter in marriage. But finding *De Mora* to be in earnest, and not in jest, and understanding that his age was deeply and passionately enamoured of her youth and beauty, he therefore thanks him for that undeserved honour of his, promiseth him his best assistance towards his daughter, and gives him no despair, but all hope and assurance, that he shall shortly obtain and enjoy her for his wife. *De Mora* having thus won the affection and consent of the Father, he now seeks that of the daughter, he takes her apart in his parlour, where, of an old man, he playes the young orator and lover, and in sweet tearms, and sugered phrases and speeches seeks to gain her for his wife, but *Bellinda* more considering *De Mora* his age, than the greatnesse of his Nobility or estate, she bites the lip, and hangs the head at this his motion, yea, and seems to be as averse, as he was forward in this his research, and pursuit. Her father layes his commands on her to embrace this match and no other, he conjures her now to confirm, and not to cast away her good fortunes in marrying this great Nobleman, and vows that he will for ever renounce her for his daughter, if she disobey him herein, so he conducts her into the arbour of his garden, and there freely and courteously again gives *De Mora* the opportunity and benefit to speak with her, and the desired happiness to kiss her, but *Bellinda* is as much perplexed in mind, as they are obstinate in their motion towards her, when (composing her countenance, rather to sorrow than joy, and to mourning than mirth) she makes a modest excuse to her father, gives no absolute or peremptory deniall to *De Mora*, but fairely and discreetly craves of both of them a moneths time of respite to resolve on this great business, which she saith, so much imports her happiness or her misery, her content or her affliction, which answer and request of her, both her father and *De Mora* finding so full of discretion and reason, they severally grant, and joyntly consent to give her, but in all this interim, such was *De Mora's* dear and tender affection

fection to *Bellinda*, that he visits her many times in person, and very often with his rich gifts and presents, as holding it no irregular way, but a pertinent and prevalent course, first to make a breach in a young Ladies mind and affection, and then to enter and take possession, both of her body and of her self.

But before I proceed further in the narration and progress of this history, I must here unlock and reveal a secret myserie to the Reader of no small consequence and importance; for he must understand, that our *Bellinda* is not so chaste as fair, nor so honest as her education, youth and beauty presuppose and promise her to be, for her mother being dead, and her father giving her too much liberty, and too little vertuous counsell and exhortation, she for two whole years hath been in love with a poor, yet with a very proper and resolute young Gentleman, of some twenty five years of age, being a neighbour of her fathers, named *Don Fernando Palura*, who being deeply enamoured of her, had lain so close, so constant and so strong a siege to her chastity, as (not to conceal the truth) first unknown to her father, then to *De Mora*, and next to all the world, he had unparadised her of her maiden head, and under colour and hope of marriage, had very often tane his lustful use and pleasure of her body; but his means being very small, and her belly not growing great, she was not yet fully resolved, but therefore still delayed to marry him; true it is, that her father *Curforo* was formerly acquainted with *Palura's* affliction and desire to marry his daughter, but as heretofore his poverty made him reject him for his son in law, so now the consideration of *De Mora's* great wealth and nobility, makes him fully to disdain him, and commands his daughter likewise to do the same. But she not considering the premises, and loving *Palura's* youth, as much as she hated *De Mora's* age, she was nevertheless so inconstant by nature, and so proud and ambitious by sex, as she could find in her heart and resolution, rather to be a rich Lady, than a poor Gentlewoman, and so to leave *Palura* to espouse, and marry *De Mora*: but first her crime and her conscience makes her send for *Palura*, and seriously to consider and debate hereon with him, which they do, so *Palura* perceiving by *Bellinda's* looks, and observing by her speeches that *De Mora's* wealth was far more powerful with her, than his poverty; and that she notwithstanding still aimed to keep him for her husband, and himself for her friend, he at last tels her, that he will consent and content himself that she shall marry *Don Alonso de Mora*, conditionally that she will first faithfully promise him, to grant and perform him three requests, and articles. So she bids him propose them to her, the which he doth to this effect. First, that he shall still have the use and pleasure of her body, as heretofore, and as often as he pleaseth: Secondly, that from time to time she shall bestow some competency of *De Mora's* wealth on him, to support his weak estate and poverty; and thirdly, that if *De Mora* dye before him, that within three months after his death, she shall then marry him.

Which three unjust demands, and ungodly conditions of *Palura's*, his sweet-heart *Bellinda* (betwixt sighs and smiles) immediately grants him, yea, she seals them with many oaths, and confirms with a world of kisses, and to adde the more piety (I may truly say, the more prophanness) to this their contract and attornment, they fall to the ground on their knees, and invoking God and his Angels for witnesses hereof, they with their hands and kisses, again ratifie and confirm it: but poor sinfull souls, how doth Satan abuse you, and your intemperate and lascivious lusts betray you? for God will not be mocked, and his holy Angels cannot be deluded by these your blasphemies and impieties, for you shall in the end see with grief, and feele with repentance, that this viscious league, and obsecration contract of yours, will produce you nothing but shame, misery, and confusion of all sides.

By this time is *Bellinda's* month expired, which she gave her Father and *De Mora* for her resolution of marriage; and now do they both of them repair to her, to understand and receive it, when her pride and ambition, having far more prepared and disposed her tongue, than her affliction, she (as if she were a pure Virgin, yea, a *Diana* for chastity) making a low reverence to her Father, and a great respectful courtesie to *De Mora*, delivers her resolution to them in these termes: that in humble obedience to her Father, and true affection and zeal to *Don Alonso de Mora*, God hath now so disposed her heart and mind, that she is resolved to wait on his commands, and to be his hand maid and wife, whensoever he shall please to make himself her Lord and husband. This answer of *Bellinda* is so pleasing to her Father, and so sweet and delicious to *De Mora*, that in acceptation of her love, and requitall of her consent, he gives her many kisses, and then claps a great chain of pearl, enterlaced with sparks of Diamonds, about her neck, and an exceeding rich Diamond ring on her finger, and so most solemnly contracts himself to her, and within eight dayes after, in great pompe, state and bravery marries her, whereat his kinsfolks and friends, and all the Nobility

and Gentry of these parts do very much admire and wonder, some condemning his folly, in marrying so poor and young a Gentlewoman, others praising and applauding her good fortune, in matching with so great and rich a Noble-man.

Here we see the marriage of *De Mora* and *Bellinda*, but we shall not go far before we see what sharp and bitter sweet fruits it produceth; for here truth gives a law to my will, and so commands me to relate and discover, that he is too old for her youth, and she too young for his age, yea here I must crave excuse of modesty to affirm, that she is so immodest, as she finds him not to be so bold, and brave a Cavalier as she expected, in regard his best performance to her, consists only in desire. Thus being in bed together, whiles he turns to his rest, so doth she to her repentance, but she knows how to repair and remedy this her misfortune, for whiles her husband *De Mora* only kisseth her, she in her heart and mind, kisseth and embraceth her young and sweet *Palura*, who many times comes over in shew to visit her husband, but in effect to see her, and as formerly, so now he lasciviously disports and wantonizeth with her, and (in a word) very often performs and acts that part of love to her, which her old husband cannot. Now within less than two moneths of their marriage, *De Mora* seeing that he is not capable to deserve, much less to requite the dainties of his wives youth and beauty, and observing also, that by degrees she begins to disrespect and sleight him, and yet she is very pleasing, and pleasant to all Gentlemen who abroad and frequent his house, as first he doted on her, now he grows jealous of her, and so far forgets his discretion and himself, that he curseth all those who (in right of the laws of hospitality, civility and honour) comes to kiss her, but more especially *Palura*, who he sees is so often at his house, and so frequently conversing with his young Lady, as at last his suspicion makes him jealous, and his jealousy confident, that, with too much liberty and dishonesty, he usurps upon his free-hold, and dishonoureth him in dishonouring his bed, and defiling his wife, the which to discover, he begins to restrain her of her liberty, so that she sees, and grieves to see her self to be in a manner as much her husbands prisoner, as his wife, yea he sets many eyes over her, as so many sentinels to watch her and her actions, and for himself, his jealousy gives him more eyes, than ever *Argus* had, to espy out what familiarity pass between her and her sweet-heart *Palura*. *Bellinda* takes this discourtesie and hard measure of her husband in very ill part at his hands, yea she bites the lip thereat, and though outwardly she seem to grieve and sorrow, yet inwardly she vows to requite and revenge it; he is so jealous of her, and so fearful that she playes false play with him, that as soon as ever *Palura* comes to his house, he carries his eye and ear every where, to see if he can espy and hearken out, his, and his wives love-tricks together, yea he is so curious in this quest, and so vigilant and turbulent in this his research and disputation, as if he delighted to know that, whereof it were his happiness to be ignorant, or as if he had an itching desire to make his glory prove his shame, and his content his affliction and misery. But as milde and sweet perswasion is evermore capable and powerful to prevail with women than constraint, so our fair *Bellinda* is so distasted with the Lunacy, and with the phrenzy and madness of this her husbands jealousy, that she no sooner sees her *Palura* arrive in her sight and presence, but (despight of his suspicion and fear) she is so obscene in her lust, and so lascivious in her affection towards him, that she takes pleasure to seek pleasure, and extremely delighteth to seek and find delight with him, which (according to her former lewd promise, and ungodly contract) she often doth. Now this foolish young couple (being the obliged scholars of *Cupid*, and the devoted votaries of *Venus*) think to be as wise as they are lascivious in these their amorous pleasures, for knowing that discretion makes lovers happy, and that secrecy is the true touchstone, yea the very life and soul of love, they therefore esteem and keep the secrets thereof as if they were sacred, and that no mortal eyes but their own can see or know it; But yet notwithstanding all this, *De Moras* jealous fears in the detection, are still as great as their care in the prevention thereof, for the very next night after *Paluras* departed from his house, he purposely absenteth and excludeth his wife from his bed, and the next morning calling her into the Garden after him, and causing the door to be shut, he then and there, (with lightning in his looks and thunder in his speeches) chargeth her of adultery with *Palura*. But this young strumpet his wife *Bellinda*, at the very first hearing of this sad and unexpected news, dissembles so artificially with her husband, and so prophane with God, as seeming to dissolve and melt into tears, she purgeth her self hereof, with many strong vows, and cleareth *Palura* with many deep asseverations. But this sanaticke Tyrant, and frantick Monster jealousy, (which for the most part, we can seldom or never kill, before it kill us) had wrought such strange impressions in the brains, and engraven such extravagant chimæras in the heart and belief of old *De Mora*, that (notwithstanding his wives oaths and tears to the contrary) yet he still vows to himself, and her, that she is guilty of adultery with *Palura*, and therefore chargeth her that henceforth she dare not

see him, or receive him into her house or company. *Bellinda* hereat (to give her husband some content in her own discontent) makes a great shew of sorrow, and an extreme apparition and exterior appearance of grief: she sends for her father *Cursoro*, acquaints him with the unjust wrong and indignity which her Lord and Husband hath offered her, and prays him to interpose his Authority and judgement with him for their reconciliation; who seeing himself solicited and sought to by his own blood, and by his daughters hypocrisy, believes her to be as innocent as her husband *De Mora* thinks her guilty of this foul crime of adultery with *Palura*, and so undertakes to solicit and deal with his son in law *De Mora* to that effect, which he doth, but with no desired success, so that finding it to be a knotty and difficult business, and upon the whole no less than a *Herculean* labour, because of *De Moras* wilfull obstinacy, and perverse credulity: he therefore prays for both of them, and thus leaves them and their difference to time and to God: and upon these unfortunate terms doth old *De Mora*, his young wife *Bellinda*, and their marriage now stand.

In the mean time *Bellinda*, (who suffers doubly both in her pleasure and her reputation) is not yet so devoid of sense, or exempt of judgement, but she will speedily provide for the one, and secure the other. To which effect (seeming sorrowfully obedient to her Husband) she thinks it not fit that her *Palura* should for a season approach her house or her self; wherefore by a confident messenger she sends him this Letter.

BELLINDA to PALURA.

MY Husband hath discovered our affections, and is confident that I love thee far better than himself, wherein as he is nothing deceived, so I conjure thee by the preservation of thy fidelity and honour, to forbear my house and fight for some two moneths, in which interim I will use my chiefest art, and the utmost of my possible power to calm the storms and tempests that jealousy hath raised in him. So, be thou but as patient as I will be constant, and I hope a little time shall end our languishing, and again work our contents and desires; for though thou art absent from me, yet I am still present with thee, and albeit my Husband *De Mora* have my body, yet *Palura*, and none but *Palura* hath my heart, as knoweth God, to whose best favour and mercy, I affectionately and zealously recommend thee.

BELLINDA.

Palura receives this Letter, and although he fetch many deep sighs at the reading thereof, yet he gives it many sweet kisses for her sweet sake who writ and sent it him, he knows not whether he hath more reason to condemn *De Mora's* jealousy, or to commend his Lady *Bellinda's* affection and constancy himself, and because he resolves to prefer her content and honour equally with his own life, therefore he will dispense with his lustful, and lascivious pleasures for a time, purposely to give her beauty and merits their due for ever, so in requital of her affectionate Letter, he (by her own messenger) returns her this kind and courteous answer.

PALURA to BELLINDA.

I Am as sorrowfull that thy husband *De Mora* hath discovered our affection, as truly joyful that thou lovest me far better than himself, wherefore to prevent his jealousy and equally to preserve my fidelity with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know sweet and dear *Bellinda* that thy requests are my commands, and thy will shall eternally be my law, in which regard I will refrain thy house all thy long prefixed time, and so forbear to see thee, but never to love thee, because thy sweet and divine beauty, is so deeply ingraven in my thoughts and imprinted in my soul, that the farther I transport my body from thee, the nearer my affection brings my heart to thee. I will adde my chiefest wishes to thy best art, and my best prayers to thy chiefest power, that a little time may work our content and desires: but because there is no torment nor death to languishing, nor no languishing to that of love, therefore I shall think every moment a moneth, and every hour a year before we again kiss, and embrace: conceal this Letter of mine from all the world with as much care and secrecy, as I send it thee with fervent zeal, and tender affection.

PALURA.

The perusal of this Letter and the affection of *Palura* demonstrated in this his resolution, makes *Bellinda* as glad, as the jealousy of her Lord and Husband *De Mora* sorrowful & now seeing his rage so reasonless, and his malice and obstinacy so implacable towards her, she abandoneth her sighs & tears, resolves to make trial of a contrary experiment, & so under a female face assuming a masculine courage & resolution, she slights him & his jealousy, as much as he doth her

and her levity, and bears her self more highly and imperiously towards him than ever she did heretofore, but this animosity of *Bellinda* produceth not that good effect which he expects from her Husband *De Mora*, for he attributing this pride of hers to proceed from some bad counsell given her by *minion Palura*, it doth the more inflame his jealousy, and exasperate and set fire to his indignation, both towards her and him.

Whiles *Bellinda* stands upon these terms with her Husband *De Mora*, his brains (as so many whizels and spears) are incessantly rolling and wheeling about the Orb of jealousy, to find out the marrow and mystrie of this lascivious league between his Wife and *Palura*, in the agitation and conduction whereof, he is as secret, as she simple and inconsiderate, his Policy is to find out any letter or letters of *Palura* to her, and her Closet and Casket are the only places as he supposeth for her to hide and conceal them in. So on a Monday morning, as his Lady *Bellinda* is gone to the Parish Church to hear Mass, he purposely staves at home to effect this his secret intent and purpose, and then very privately enters her Chamber, and his jealousy makes him so industrious of lock-smiths hooks, and instruments to open any lock. So he first resolves to try and open that of her Closet, which when he was on the very point to do, casting aside his eye, he sees the Tawny Damask Gown which his Wife wore the day before, wherefore he flies to it to search and rifle the pockets thereof for her keyes. Now *Bellinda*'s hast and devotion to the Church was so great, as both she and her waiting Gentlewoman, had forgotten the keyes of her Closet and Cabinet, and left them in one of the pockets of her said Gown, where her Husband *De Mora* finds them, whereat being exceeding joyful, he claps up his hooks and instruments, and (with equall jealousy and hast) opens first her closet, then her cabinet, wherein leaving nothing untsearched, he at last finds the very same Letter of *Palura* to his Wife *Bellinda*, which we have formerly seen and understood, the which (as the richest relique of her heart and the most precious jewel of her content and affection, she had secretly enshrined and treasured up in a small crimson satin purse embroydered with gold. He reads it over again and again, but for that which said, I shall think every moment a moneth, and every hour a year before we again kiss and embrace; this line, I say, his extreme jealousy makes him to reade over at least as often as it hath syllables, for this Letter and this branch of this Letter confirms his jealousy, and now makes him fully assured and confident, that his Wife and *Palura* have defiled his honour, and his bed, by committing adultery together; when vowing a sharp and speedy revenge hereof, he (with a panting heart, and trembling hand) layes the velvet purse again in the Cabinet, then locks it, as also her closet and chamber door, having first left the keyes again in the pocket of his Ladies gown, and so comes down into the Hall, among his servants, as if he were happy to know that, which it is his misery, because he cannot be ignorant thereof.

By this time his Wife the Lady *Bellinda* is returned from Church; he dines with her, and yet he cannot dissemble his discontent and malice against her so artificially, but that she observes some distemper in his looks, and extravagancy in his speeches, but such is her pride, as she is no way either curious or carefull thereof, nor as much as once surmisseth of what he had now performed and acted. Dinner being ended, as soon as she betakes her self to walk in the allies, and arbours of her delicate garden, her Husband *De Mora*, and his jealous and bloody resolutions are walking a contrary way; he is sonetled with jealousy, and stung to the heart with malice and revenge; as he ascends to his armoury, takes down an excellent sword and belt, a case of pocket Pistols, each whereof he chargeth with two bullets, calls for *Emanuel de Ferallo* his Ladies Gentleman-usher, who was a very proper young man, both of his person and hands, bids him to cause two of his best great saddle horses speedily to be made ready, and wils him to accompany him to the Town of *Arraiellos*. *Ferallo* performs this order of his Lord, and then tels him that he will go into the Garden, and acquaint his Lady and Mistress with his absence, and to receive her commands before his departure, but his Lord commands him to the contrary, and neither to see or speak with her; so they take horse and away. Now within half an hour after, the Lady *Bellinda* returns from the Garden, and understanding of their departure, who (in regard of the suddenness and unexpectation thereof) knows not what to say or think thereof, or whither, or about what business they are gon; but she neither once dreams nor conceives so much as a thought, that her husband *De Mora* had found her sweetheart *Palura*'s Letter, much less that he had any malicious or desperate attempt, so suddenly to put in execution against him for her regard and cause, as to ride to *Arraiellos* to him, to fight with him.

The youth and beauty of his young Wife and Lady *Bellinda*, arming him with jealousy, and this jealousy with irreconcilable malice and revenge against *Palura*, he cruelly resolving to make his body and life pay dear for it, rides away towards his house neer *Arraiellos*,

and

and staying some half a quarter of a League from it in a fair green meadow, sends his man *Ferallo* to him, and prayes him speedily to take his horse, and come speak with him there, about a business which much imports his good *Ferallo* (knowing least of this quarrel, whereof his Lord and Master *De Mora* thought most) finds out *Don Palura* at his house, and in respectful terms delivereth him his message, which *Palura* understanding, his guilty conscience makes him exceedingly to doubt, and wonder of *De Mora's* intention and resolution herein; but his lustful heart and affections, looking more on the young Lady *Bellinda* his wife, than the old Lord *De Mora* her husband, he speedily (without any servant of his) takes horse and rides away with *Ferallo* to him in the meadow, where *De Mora* (on horse-back) impatiently attended his coming. Salutations being here ended between them, which *Palura* observes in *De Mora* to be more short than ceremonious, and more abrupt than respectful) *De Mora* calls his Man *Ferallo* to him, and privately commands him to ride a meadow or two off, and not to dare offer either to stir or draw, whatsoever he see pass betwixt him and *Palura*, the which his Man *Ferallo* obeyes, but with much wonder and admiration what this business might mean or produce between them. Here *De Mora* very passionately and cholerickly, chargeth *Palura* for abusing and dishonouring of him, by committing adultery with his wife *Bellinda*, the which *Palura* retorts to him as a foul scandal, and false aspersion, and (as an honourable Gentleman) in his speeches and answer, to *De Mora*, makes his own innocency, and his wife the Lady *Bellinda's* chastity very apparent and probable: but these feigned excuses and false oaths and speeches of *Palura* do no way satisfy, but rather the more incense the jealousy and inflame the malice and revenge of *De Mora* against him; whereupon he shews him his own Letter, and with much bitterness and vehemency demands him if that his own hand-writing do not palpably convince him of adultery with his Lady. *Palura* is amazed at the sight of this his Letter, so that blushing for shame, he cannot here yet refrain from looking pale with grief and anger thereat, nevertheless he will not be so ingrateful to the beauty and affection of *Bellinda* to think that she hath betrayed him, by delivering up this his Letter to her Husband, but rather (giving a good interpretation and construction to the purity of her intents and affections towards him) he believes with confidence, that he had sinisterly and surreptitiously betrayed her thereof, whereupon to fortifie her reputation, and to vindicate and clear his own innocency, he (with high words and loud cracks) protesteth his Letter to be false, suborned, none of his, and that it was written by some Witch or Devil, and sent by some treacherous enemy of his, purposely to affront him, and to disgrace his vertuous, chaste, and innocent Lady *Bellinda*; but these feigned palliating excuses of his, cannot pass current with the jealousy and revenge of *De Mora*, who now (to reduce contemplation into action) tels *Palura* that nothing but his death can expiate and satisfy this his crime, and therefore (on horse-back as he was) draws his sword, and bids *Palura* do the like. The which *Palura* hearing and seeing, he equally for the preservation of *Bellinda's* honour, and his own life (as a brave and generous Gentleman) likewise draws as highly disdainingly to have his youth and courage outbraved by this old Cavalier; but here before they begin to fight, *Palura* with many strong reasons, and pathetical persuasions, again and again prayes *De Mora* to desist from the combat, and to rest satisfied with the truth of his Lady *Bellinda's* honour, and his own innocency in this their supposed and pretended crime of adultery: but he speaks to the wind, for *De Mora* returns him blows for words.

The event and fortune of this their combat on horse back is, that in two several meetings and encounters, *Palura* hath received no wound, but given *De Mora* two, the one in his neck, and the other in his left arm, whereof he bleeds so exceedingly as he begins to despair of the victory, and with his Pistols to provide for his own safety and life; they by a mutual consent divide themselves a little distance off to breath. When *Palura* reining his horse a little to strait, and his horse being hot and furious, and by meer strength and force turning round, *De Mora* with his watchful and vigilant eye taking the advantage of this favourable accident, (when *Palura* never once dreams or thinks of Pistols) speedily pulls his two Pistols forth his pocket, and most basely and treacherously, with the first shoots him thorow the head, and with the second into the reins of his back, of which mortal wounds he presently fell off from his horse dead to the ground, having neither the power to repent his sins, nor the grace or happiness to pray unto God for the salvation of his own soul, and thus was the untimely end, and lamentable death of this valiant young Cavalier *Palura*.

De Mora seeing *Palura* dead, and having more reason outwardly to rejoyce in this his victory, than inwardly in the cause and manner thereof, he waves his hankerchief to his Man *Ferallo* to come to him (who was an eye witness and spectator and Co-mate) which he presently doth to whom he speaks thus, first acquaint *Palura's* servants in his house, that I have slain
their

their Matter in a duel, then ride home and tell my Wite the Lady *Bellinda*, that I have sent her Ruffian and adulterer *Palura* to Heaven, and within six dayes after come away to me to *Lisbone*, whither I am now poasting, when throwing him some gold to for his journey he takes leave of him and away, and at the verry next Town dresseth his wounds which prove hopeful and not dangerous.

Now doth *Ferallo* (according to his Lords commission and order) inform *Palura's* servants of his death, and of his said Lord and Masters victory, but (for his honour and reputations sake) conceals that he basely and treacherously kild him with his Pistols: they are extremely sorrowful for this his misfortunate end: so whiles they fetch home his breathless body, and prepare for his decent burial; *Ferallo* returns home and truly and punctually relates to his Lady *Bellinda* the issue of this combat; as also of his Lord *De Mora's* speeches which he commanded him to tell her, whom poor Lady is all in teares for the death of her lover *Palura*, and well she might in regard she loved him a thousand times dearer than her own life, so upon the receipt of this sorrowful news, she shuts her self up in her chamber, and for many dayes together, her grief and lamentations for his death are so infinite, as she will admit of no company, counsel, or consolation whatsoever, she considereth how deeply the misfortune of this disaster will scandalously reflect on her honour, and fall on her reputation, and therefore vows to requite *Paluras* death severely, and to revenge it sharply on the life of her Husband *De Mora* who was his murderer, at least when she shall be so happy, or rather so miserable to see him return to her from *Lisbone*. She exceedingly wondreth at his secret malice, and sudden indignation and resolution towards *Palura*, but more at the cause thereof, and from what point of the compass, or part of hell this furious wind should proceed, when at last having nothing else capable to comfort her, or to give truce to her tears, but the sight of *Paluras* aforesaid Letter sent to her, the which in tender affection to him, she for his sake had so often perused and kissed; she therefore passionately and pensively flies to her closet and with affection and sorrow to her cabinet to feast her eyes with the sight, and to delight and comfort her heart with the perusal thereof, when (contrary to her expectation) she finds the letter taken away, her other papers displaced, and her jewels reversed in her cabinet, and then she knows for certain, that it is her husband *De Mora*, who had thus rifled her cabinet, and who had bereaved and robbed her of this sweet Letter, which (next to *Paluras* sight and presence) was the chiefest joy of her heart, and the sweetest felicity and content of her mind, the which considering, she therefore absolutely believes, that the detection and perusal of this Letter, was the sole cause of her Lord and Husbands jealousy, as that was of her sweet *Paluras* death, wherein indeed she is nothing deceived, for some six weeks after, he returns home to her from *Lisbone*, where (in favour of his Noble birth and descent, of his many great friends, and of a huge sum of money) he (in absence of the *Viceroy*) had obtained his pardon, from the Chamber of that City, and the very first salutations that he gave his Lady *Bellinda*, (the which, I know not whether he delivered to her with more contempt, or choler) was thus.

Minion (quo h he) how many prayers and praysons hast thou said for the soul of thy Ruffian and adulterer *Palura*? when she being exceedingly galled to the heart with these his scandalous speeches, she yet to justify her own honour and innocency, dissembles her grief for *Paluras* death, as much as her jealous Husband triumphs and insults thereat, and so frames him this short reply, that *Palura* was not her adulterer, but a Gentleman of honour, and therefore she besought God to forgive him his own heynous sin and execrable crime for so foully and basely murdering of him. *De Mora* nettled with this his Ladies apology and justification, which he knew to be as false as her, and *Paluras* crime of adultery was true, he produceth this letter to her, then reads it her, and in a great rage and fury immediately tears and burns it before her face; now although the sight and knowledge of this letter, as also her husbands burning thereof doth exceedingly vex and perplex our Lady *Bellinda*, yet she was herewith no way daunted, but again very boldly tels him; that she cannot prevent any Gentleman to write and send her a Letter. and although in the conclusion of this his Letter to her had simply and sinisterly mentioned kisses and embraces, yet she peremptorily vowed and swore to him, the first had not exceeded the bounds of civility, nor the last violated the laws and rules of honour, so wise and politick was she in her answers, and so false and hypocritical in her justification towards her husband.

The which he well observing, and understanding, as also with what a pleasing grace she spake it, his own lustfull age, yet still doting on the freshness of the youth and beauty of this his young wife, seeing that *Palura* (who was the cause and object of his jealousy) was now removed and dead, he therefore for the preservation of his own honour and reputation in that

of his Ladies, doth content himself so far as to bury the greatest part of his discontent and jealousy against her, in the dust of oblivion, or in that of *Palura's* grave, and to that end he affords her his table still, and his bed sometimes, as if that obligation of courtesie, would reclaim her lascivious thoughts, and again call home her wanton desires to chastity and honour, nevertheless the better to effect and compass it, he much restrains her of her former liberty, and debars her the company and sight of all Gentlemen whatsoever that come to his house. A peevish custome, which the husbands of Spain, Portugal, and Italy, tyrannically use towards their Ladies, whereas contrariwise the Ladyes and Gentlewomen of *England* and *France*, are far more happy, because more chaste and honourable towards their Husbands in using, and not abusing this their liberty and freedom.

Bellinda with a watchful eye, and a wanton heart observes these passages and comportments of her husband *De Mora* towards hers and in observing laughs at them; but because her lascivious minde incessantly tells her, that there is no hell to that of a discontented bed, therefore hating his age as much as he loves her youth, her *Palura* being dead, she forthwith resolves to make joice of another lover, and at what rate soever not to trifle away her time, and her youth idely, but to pass it away in the amorous delights of carnal voluptuousness and sensuality. To which effect missing of other Gentlemen (and therefore enforced to make a virtue of necessity) she forgetting her self and her honour makes choice of *Ferallo* her own Gentleman-usher, a man every way as proper as she is fair, and as well timbred as she is beautiful, and neer of her own years, which as yet had not exceeded one and twenty: to *Ferallo* therefore she freely imparts her affections and favours, who as freely receives and as joyfully and amorously entertains both her and them, so that, to write the best of truth and modesty, I must here affirm, that as he was formerly his Ladies Usher, now he makes himself his Lords follower; and (unknown to him) very often ties her shoe-strings, and takes up her mask and gloves for her, and many times when the old Nobleman is asleep, then this ignoble couple of unchaste lovers are waking to their obscene pleasures, and secretly sacrificing up their lascivious desires to wanton *Cupid* the Son, and to lustful *Venus* the Mother, but they shall finde worm-wood intermixed in this honey, and gall in this sugar.

For three moneths together our *Bellinda* the Mistriss, and *Ferallo* the Man, drown themselves in the impiety of these their carnal delights and pleasures, as if they made it their felicity and glory to continue the practise and profession thereof, but at the end and expiration of this time, as close as they bear this their adulterous familiarity from *De Mora*, it comes to his knowledge by an unexpected accident and means, for the Reader must understand, that *Ferallo* was heretofore dishonestly familiar, with his *Bellinda's* waiting Gentlewoman named *Herodia*, who (under pretext and colour of marriage) he had many times used, at his lascivious pleasure, so that *Herodia* seeing that *Ferallo's* affections were now wholly transported from her self to her Lady *Bellinda*, and that he slighted and disdained her, to embrace and adore the other, she is so enraged with jealousy at the knowledge and consideration thereof, as she calls a counsel in her heart and thoughts, what to do herein, how to prevent it, and again how to reclaim, and regain *Ferallo* and his affection, from her Lady to her self, and she is so inflamed with jealousy towards them, as she can reap no peace by day of her mind, nor rest by night of her heart before she have effected it; to which end, having ran over a whole world of remedies and expedients, she at last resolves on this, to acquaint her Lord and Master *De Mora* with this unchaste and obscene familiarity, between his Lady *Bellinda* and her lover *Ferallo*, and her rage is so outrageous as with infinite malice and celerity she performs it. At which unexpected and unwelcomed news, our old Lord *De Mora* hath now his heart a new set on fire with jealousy and malice both towards his Lady, and her usher *Ferallo*, so that he as soon believes as understands this their adultery without ever making a stand either to consider the truth, or to examine the circumstances thereof, whereupon to make short work, and to provide a speedy remedy for this unfortunate disaster, and disease; he without speaking word of it, either to his Lady *Bellinda*, or to *Ferallo*, suddenly cashiereth him from his house and service, and in such disgraceful manner, as he will not so much as permit him to know the reason hereof, or to see, or take leave of his Lady and Mistriss, and from thencefore *De Mora* looks on her with infinite contempt and jealousy. For it galls him to the heart, first to remember her dishonour, and dishonesty with *Palura*, and now far more to know that she is doubly guilty thereof with her own domestick Servant and Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*; wherefore he again restrains her of her liberty, and his jealousy so far exceeds the bounds of judgement, and the limits of reason, as he will difficultly permit her to see any man, or any man to see her, but as Rivers stopped do still degorge with more violence, and overflow with more impetuosity, so *Bellinda* takes this new jealousy of her old husband, and this sudden exile and banishment

nishment of *Ferallo* her lover and Gentleman-usher in extreme ill part, and (after shee hath wept and sighed her fill thereat, she then believes the prime and original cause thereof, to proceede from the malice and jealousie of her waiting Gentlewoman *Herodia*: wherefore being infinitely despighted and incensed against her; she (in her dear love and affection to *Ferallo*) to requite her husbands courtesie, very discourteously turns her away, and for ever banished her, her house and service, and to write the truth, *Ferallo* likewise in hatred and malice to *Herodia*, will from thenceforth neither see nor speak with her more. But to verifie the English Proverb, that love will creep where it cannot go, although *De Mora* banisheth *Ferallo* from his house, and restraineth his Lady *Bellinda* of her liberty in his house, yet sometimes by day and many times by night, they (by the assistance of some secret Agents or Ambassadors of love) do in the arbours of the Gardens, and in some other cut rooms of the house very amorously meet, and most lasciviously kiss and embrace together. They hold many private conferences on their unlawful affections, and many secret consultations upon their unjust discontents: so at last both of them joyning in one wicked heart and minde, and (as matters are still best distinguished by their contraries) finding each others company sweet, and their sequestration and separation bitter, they so much forget their selves and their souls, and so much flie from Heaven and God, to follow Satan and Hell, as both of them believe and resolve, they can have no true or perfect content on Earth before *De Mora* be first sent to Heaven; now upon this bloody design they agree, and upon this hellish plot they fully resolve, only the gordian knot which must combine and linke fast this foul business is, that *De Mora* being dead, *Bellinda* must shortly after marry her Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*, wherunto with as much joy as vanity she cheerfully consenteth, when they are so prophane as they seal this their ungodly contract with many oaths, and ratifie and confirm it with a world of kisses, and then of all violent deaths, they resolve on that drug of the Devil, poyson, so without either the fear or grace of God, they of Christians metamorphose and make themselves Devils, and *Ferallo* buying the poyson, *Bellinda* very secretly and subtilly in diet drink and broath administred it unto her Lord and Husband *De Mora*, which being of a languishing vertue and operation, he within less than four moneths dies thereof; when with much cost and a wonderful exteriour shew of grief and sorrow, she gives him a stately funeral, very answerable to the lustre of his name, and the quality of his dignity and honour, but God in his due time will pull off the mask of this her monstrous hypocrisie, and infernal prophane-ness. Our jealous old Lord *De Mora* being thus layed and raked up in the dust of his untimely grave, his joyfull sorrowful widow the Lady *Bellinda*, according to her promise, to the grief of her Father *Gursero*, to the wonder of *Siremos*, and the admiration of all *Portugal*, marries with this her Gentleman-usher *Ferallo*; but such lustful and bloody marriages, most commonly meet with miserable ends.

For six moneths together, *Ferallo* day and night keeps good correspondency in the performance of his affections to his old Lady and Mittrise, and now his new wife *Bellinda*, and although they are unequal in birth and rank, yet marriage having now made them equal, they mutually kiss and embrace with as much content as desire; but at the end of this small parcel of time; satiety of his uxorious delights and pleasures makes him neglectful, and which is worse contemptible thereof, (a base ingratitude, but too often subject to men of his inferiour rank and quality, and which the indiscretion of Ladies of honour, very often payes dear for, as buying it many times with infamy, but still with repentance) so that for ten nights, and sometimes for fifteen together he never kissed or embraced her; which unkinde ingratitude of his, and respectless unvaluation of her youth and beauty, as also of her rank and means makes the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to be as hot in choler towards him, as he is cold in affection and love towards her. But to ascend to the head-spring of this his discourtesie towards her, and so to fetch and derive it from its own proper original, we must know that *Ferallo* was so vicious, inconstant, and base, as now he is deeply in love with a new waiting Gentlewoman of his Ladies named *Christalina*, a sweet young Maiden, of some eighteen years of age, tall of stature and slender of body, and whose beauty was every way as clear and pure as her name, and yet whose maiden-head (with a few rich presents and many poor flattering oaths and false promises) he had secretly purchased and gotten from her; yea his affection was so fervent to her, that part of the day could not content his lustful desires, but he forgets himself so far, as before his Ladies nose, and almost in her sight, he must lye with her whole nights, and which is worse, almost every night without so much as once thinking of his own wife the Lady *Bellinda*, or either loving what she cared for, or caring for what she loved.

But *Bellinda* esteems her self too good a Gentlewoman, and too great a Lady to be thus out-braved and disgraced by a Taylors Son (for so was *Ferallo*) and therefore consequently her

her heart is too well lodged, and too high fixed and seated in the degree of her high descent thus to receive and suffer an affront, by a man of so low a beginning and so ignoble a quality and extraction as he was, and whom she had raised from nothing, and conferred and honoured him with her affection, and bed, and of her servant made him her husband, when for the space of six months together having continually used the best of her art, and the chiefest of her power, her sweetest persuasions, and her most surged prayers and solicitations to make him abandon her Maid *Christalina*, and so again to reclaim him and his affection from her to her self, but seeing all her care vain, and her prayers and intreaties towards him to prove frivolous, she at last (consulting with Satan, and not with God) begins to assume bad thoughts and revengeful malice against him, for this his foul disloyalty, and base ingratitude and infidelity towards her: but first before she attempts it, her turbulent and restless jealousy, makes her resolve to try another conclusion, which is to put off this her waiting Gentlewoman *Christalina* from her service and attendance, in hope that *Ferallo* her husband would then thereby likewise put off himself and his affections from her, but this project and resolution of hers reaps no successful issue according to her desires, but receives end, as soon as beginning. For he is still so deeply enamoured, and so constantly affected to *Christalina*, as he will neither permit nor suffer it, but in despite of his Lady *Bellinda*, and of all her sighs, tears, and prayers to the contrary, he kisseth her in her sight, and (custom now making him licentious bold and impudent) he in this his sottish familiarity with her, sets her at table with himself and his wife, and in her presence, and before her face, termes her his dear, his love, and his sweetheart: a disgrace of so unkind a nature, and discourteous a quality, as she highly disdains long to suffer or digest it at his hands. So that seeing no hope of amendment, and therefore despairing of any reformation thereof in him, she resumes her former bad and bloody thoughts against him, and so peremptorily and definitively resolves to murder him. Her jealousy makes her thus malicious, her malice thus revengefull, and her revenge thus bloody hearted and handed towards him. She cannot be content to pace, but she will ride poast to her confusion, by heaping crime upon crime, and murder to murder, she hath formerly poisoned her first husband *De Mora*, and now she resolves to ponyard to death *Ferallo* her second, as if one of these two bloody sins and crimes were not enough capable, to make her as truly miserable, as she falsely thinks her self happy, in the performance and execution thereof. But these are the bitter fruits of jealousy, and the sharpe effects and choler, malice, and revenge which most commonly stream and proceed from it.

Whiles thus her quondam Gentleman-usher, and now her unkind and disloyal husband *Ferallo* (without fear or care) is wallowing in his beastly pleasures and sensuality with his strumpet *Christalina*, this his ungodly wife, and revengeful Lady *Bellinda* (with as much secrecy as treachery) is in requital thereof preparing of him a bloody bandquet; yea so hasty is she in her rage, and so outrageous in this her revenge towards him, as she will no longer be abused or defrauded by him, but thinks every hour an age, before she have dispatched him for heaven. She will no more be controuled and over-mastered by him who was formerly her servant, and who first reputed it his greatest happiness to kiss her hand, before she vouchsafed him the honour to kiss her lips, or which is more, the felicity to imbrace her in her bed. She now sees with grief, that he hath betrayed her in betraying, and conveying his affection from her to her Maid *Christalina*, and therefore although she hath cast away her favours on him, yet of the two, she vows rather to cast away him than her self. No grace, no religion, nor her conscience, nor her soul, nor the consideration of heaven or hell can dissuade or keep her from this her bloody purpose, or divert her from the perpetration of this inhumane and cruel murder; but the very first night that he leaves her maid *Christalina*, and lies with her self, she (being purposely provided of a very sharp and keen razor, which she put in one of her gloves, and clapt it under her pillow) at break of day as he lay in bed soundly sleeping and snoring by her, she as a devil incarnate cuts his throat, and leaves him struggling in the bed, and weltering in his blood, without once having the power to think, to speak of God.

Thus we have seen the bloody malice, and infernal fury and revenge of this execrable young Lady *Bellinda*, in so lamentable and cruel murdering her first and old husband *De Mora*, and now her young *Ferallo*, and because the perpetration of these her inhumane crimes and facts are so odious to God, that their knowledge hath already pierced the clouds, and their sight ascended to the sacred presence and tribunal of God, therefore his all-seeing, and all-potent glorious Majesty, being as impartial in his judgements, as divine in his decrees, hath already sharpened high sword of justice, and made ready his arrows of revenge, speedily to inflict and give her condigne punishment for the same, yea and far sooner than either she thinks or dreames thereof.

She having thus dispatched this bloody business, and seeing her husband *Ferallo* lies breathless in the bed by her, she riseth up, and the better to colour out, and overvaile this her inhumane and monstrous villany, she takes this her dead husbands knife out of his pocket, and goring it all in his blood, she leaves it on his pillow by him thereby (with as much hypocritic as treachery) to insinuate a belief and confidence in the opinion of all men, that he had there murdered himself, and that infallibly he was the author and actor of this his own deplorable death, which having performed, she takes on a fine clean holland smock, and puts off her cambrick one that she wore, which as a fatal mark of her cruelty, and a prodigious banner of her inhumanity, was all stained and engrained over with her husbands blood, and wrapping it up very close together, she therein likewise envelops and enwraps her bloody razor, and also a two pound brass weight, thereby the better to make it sink, for she resolves that very morning to throw it into a pond: so secret is she in contriving, and so politic in the concealing of this her cruel fact. The morn advancing to six of the clock, which was dark, cloudy and obscure, as if (by the secret appointment, and sacred providence of God) that the Sun (with his glistening beams) abhorred to behold so pittiful and lamentable a spectacle. *Bellinda* hath no sooner apparelled her self, but triumphing in this her false victory and bloody conquest, and giving the murdered body of her husband a farewell, composed of many curses and execrations, she softly issueth forth, clapping her bloody smock and razer in her pocket, the which (to make sure work) she had tied fast with one of her blew silk garters, then locks the chamber door, and very secretly and surely conveys and throws in the key within side, and then descends to the garden, where calling *Hellena* (another of her waiting Gentlewoman to her) she bids her fetch her prayer book, and thus away she goes towards their parish Church of *St. Julians* on foot, which by computation was some half a small league off their house, and forbids any man servant to wait or attend on her thither. She is not a furlong off, but the more closely to finish her design, she there purposely sends away her maid *Heliena* to the parish Church before her, with this invented and colourable errand, to seek out her own Priest, father *Sebastian*; and to prepare him then to say Mass to her, the which *Heliena* doth. Now the midway between her house and the Church is a great deep pond, by the which she is to pass; but a little before she draws neer it, a poor old maimed Souldier, being cashiered from the Garison of the Castle of *Castayes* (named *Roderigo*) travelling towards his home, and seeing this Lady all alone, and observing the sweetness of her beauty, and the richness of her apparel and attire, his poverty inforceth and encourageth him to request and beg an almes of her, the which with much humility he doth. But the Lady *Bellinda*'s heart and thoughts, were so much surprized and taken up with cruelty, as she knew not what belonged to charity, and therefore having other business and wind-miles in her head, she is offended with *Roderigo*'s begging importunity, as flatly refusing to give him any almes, she forgets her self so far, as instead thereof, she gives him many harsh words, and at last sends him away with some unkind and foul speeches; the which poor *Roderigo*, took so ill at her hands, that (in the fumes of a Souldier) he once thought to have requited it either on her person, or her apparel; but then again (by her port and bravery) deeming her to be some great neighbouring Lady, who that morning had purposely left her followers to take the sweetness of the air, and therefore fearing his danger more than he loved his profit, he abandoneth that cholerick and insolent resolution of his, when taking his leave of her, he some two butts length from her, betakes him to sit down at the foot of a great Pineapple Tree, where he might see her, but not she him; and there looking after her with an eye of discontent and indignation, he bewailes his wants and hard fortune, and also condemneth the obdurateness of this unknown Ladies uncharitable heart towards him, and inquiring afterwards of a milk maid which passed by what she was, he is informed that she is the Lady *Bellinda*, widow to the dead Lord *Alonso de Mora*, and now wife to *Don Emanuel de Ferallo*, who hereat doth not a little both grieve and wonder, that so rich and great a Lady was guilty of so much uncharitableness. By this time she being arived to the pond, looking about her, and believing that mortal eye had seen her, she therein throws her bloody smock and razer (which as formerly I have said she tyed fast together with one of her blew silk garters) and the ponderosity of the brass weight made it instantly to sink to the bottom, whereof she being infinitely joyfull, away she trips to the Parish Church, and there hears Mass, and mumbles out many *Ave Marias*, and *Pater noster* to her self; but the whole world in general, and the Reader in particular may imagine with what a foul conscience, and ulcerated soul, she then and there performs this her devotion.

Now although this our wretched Lady *Bellinda* have murdered this her second husband *Ferallo*, with wonderful secrecie, and buried these bloody evidences thereof in the pond, with such

such admirable care and privacy, that she thinks it wholly impossible for all the earth to reveal it; loe if earth cannot, yet now heaven will. So here before I proceed further, let me in the name and fear of God, request the Christian Reader here to admire and wonder with me, at the mercy and goodness, and at the providence and pleasure of God in his miraculous detection, and condigne revenge and punishment thereof; for he must know and understand, that it seems God had purposely brought, placed and seated this poor old weary maimed Souldier *Roderigo* at the foot of this Pine Tree, to be a happy instrument of his praise, and a true Sentinel, and discoverer both for his sacred justice and divine honour: for here although *Bellinda* carried away her heart and charity from him, yet (as if guided by some heavenly power and celestial influence) *Roderigo* could not possibly carry away his eye from her, but as closely as she threw this bloody cloth into the pond, he espies it, and which is more, very plainly and palpably discernes the whiteness and redness thereof; when considering and thinking with himself that this gallant proud Lady *Bellinda* might be as unchaste and lascivious as she was fair, and as vicious as she was young; God (with his immediate finger) imprim'd in his thoughts, and ingraven in his heart and mind, that either her self, or some one of her waiting Gentlewoman had had some bastard, and that she had murdered it, and now thrown it into the pond, and was so strongly possessed of this conceit and belief, that neither day or night, nor nothing under Heaven could possibly beat him from it, but for a while he resolves to conceal this conceit to himself, as referring the truth thereof to time, and the issue to God.

And here the order of our History calls us again from *Roderigo* to *Bellinda*, who as soon as Mass is done, (with her waiting Gentlewoman *Hellena*) returns home to her house, and by that time they arrive there it is nine of the clock, where (putting a pleasant face upon her false heart; and a sweet countenance upon her soyled and sinful soul) she presently inquires for her husband *Dou Ferallo*, her servants make answer that they have not seen him to day, and that they think he is still in bed; whereat she musings and wondering, in regard he was not accustomed to sleep at so high an hour, she therefore sends some of her servants to his chamber to see if he be stirring, but finding his chamber door locked, & calling aloud to him they can get no answer from him, the which they return & report to their Lady *Bellinda*, who seeming exceedingly to doubt and grieve thereat, she (far more perplexed in countenance than heart) ascends with them again to her husbands chamber, where they all call and knock aloud at the door to him, and she far louder than them all, but in vain, for still they hear no news either of him or from him, whereat she begins (outwardly) to tremble with apprehension and fear, and so commands them to force open the door of his chamber, which they instantly do, where they see their Lord, and she her husband *Ferallo* to lie breathless in his bed, all begored and reeking in his hot and warm blood, with his throat cut, whereat his servants for true grief, and his Lady *Bellinda* for false sorrow, make a lamentable crie, and a pittifull out-cry in his chamber, which is over heard in all the house, but especially the Lady *Bellinda* her self, who so artificially dissembled her joy, and so passionately makes demonstration of extreme grief and affliction, for this deplorable death of her Lord and husband, both to her servants and to God, that she is all in tears, and cannot, because she will not be comforted thereat: they find the chamber door locked, the key within-side, and his own bloody knife on his pillow, and therefore they easily resolve and conclude that this their Lord and master *Ferallo* hath wilfully made himself away, and is undoubtedly the author of his own death; which opinion and resolution of the servants, their Lady and mistress *Bellinda* (secretly to her self) relishesth with much applause, and approbation, and to make her afflictions and sorrows the more apparant to them, and in them consequently to the world, she doth not refrain from excessive weeping and sighing. They leave the dead corps untouched in the bed, to acquaint the criminall *Corigidores* of *Stremos* with this pittifull accident, who come, and being amazed at this bloody disaster and accident of *Ferallo*, they viewing the infinity of his Ladies tears, and the sorrowful complaints and exclamations of his servants, as also considering their severall depositions and examinations, and seeing they found his chamber door fast locked, the key within-side, and his own bloody knife by him on his pillow, they all concur with them in opinion about the manner and quality of his death, and do absolutely

believe and affirm, that he hath desperately made himself away, which opinion of theirs is presently received, voiced, and rumored in *Stremos*, and in all the adjacent parishes and country: and yet many curious wits (in regard of *Bellinda's* youthfull affections, and wanton disposition) speak very differently hereof. And now doth this our sorrowful young widdow, (the better to support her fame and reputation to the world) bury this her second husband *Ferallo* with all requisite ceremony, and decency.

But as the justice and judgements of God (conducted by his divine pleasure, and inscrutable providence) doth many times go on slowly, but still soundly and surely, so we must here again produce and bring forth our lame old Souldier *Roderigo* to act another part on the stage and Theatre of this history. He is still the same man, and still retains his former same opinion, that undoubtedly it was some dead child, or bastard which he saw the Lady *Bellinda* to throw into the pond, and his heart incessantly prompted by his suspicion, doth still confidently suggest and assure him, that that bloody cloth of hers contained some secret, and inveloped some shameful mysterie towards her, which he thinks all the water of the pond could not deface or wash away: so that he now understanding of her husband *Ferallo's* disastrous bloody end, doth no way diminish, but rather every way augment this his suspicion and jealousy hereof. We must further understand, that *Roderigo* (the better to refresh his body, to replenish his purse, and to repair his apparel, staies some three weeks in *Stremos*, and although he be a Souldier, and have his sword by his side, yet being out of action and pay, he is not ashamed to beg the almes and courtesies of the Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlewomen both in and neer about that City. Amongst the rest understanding of the Lady *Bellinda's* great wealth and dignity, he therefore hopes, that her new sorrows and mourning for the untimely death of her husband will now make her as compassionate to his poverty in her house, as lately she was discourteous and uncharitable to him in the fields: whereupon he repaires thither to her, but for three daies together, he is not so happy to speak with her, or to see her, but being still prest by his poverty, and again emboldned by the consideration of what he saw her cast into the pond, he the fourth day finds her walking in the next meadow adjoyning to her house, attended by two of her men-servants, and two waiting Gentlewomen all clad in mourning apparel: when (with a boldness worthy of a poor distressed Souldier) he advanceth to the Lady *Bellinda*, where (interrupting her private walks, and distracting her secret thoughts and meditations) he with much observance again begs some charity of her, whereat she being offended, because her heart and mind neither thought, nor cared for an old Souldier, but were wholly fixed on some desired new Gallant young husband, she very cholerickly disdaines him and his request, and with much passion and indignation (to use her own words) commandeth her servants to see this bold beggerly Souldier depart and pack away, both from her and her house. *Roderigo* hearing these her harsh and discourteous speeches, and seeing her servants unkind usage and enforcements towards him, he with much discontent and choler leaves her house, but in requital thereof) vows that his revenge shall not so soon leave her: for this her second affront to him puts him all in choler and fire towards her, so that he vows to God, and swears to himself to use the best of his power, and to work the chiefest of his wits to perpetrate her disgrace. When secretly and effectually informing himself from others, that *Don Gaspar de Mora*, who was nephew, and generall heir to her first Lord and husband *Don Alonso de Mora*, was at great variance, and bitter contention in suit of law with his Aunt *Bellinda* about some lands, and much rich moveables and Utensils which she unjustly detained from him, and therefore that he would be exceeding glad to entertain any invention or proposition whatsoever, which might heave her out of the quiet enjoying and possession thereof, and thereby procure her utter disgrace and ruin. He repaires to him, and secretly (yet constantly) acquaints him; that some three weeks since, and the very morning, that *Don Ferallo* was found murdered in his bed, he saw the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to throw a white and bloody linnen cloth into the pond, which was some half quater of a league from her house: wherein God and his conscience told him, she had wrapt and drowned some bastard-infant, either of hers, or one of her waiting Gentlewomen, adding withall, that he could not possibly have any peace

of his thoughts before he had imparted it to him, to the end, that he might reveal it to the criminal Judges (or Corigidores) of *Stremos* to hunt out and examine the truth thereof.

Don Gaspar de Mora doth as much rejoyce as wonder at this unexpected news, and because his inveterate malice to his Aunt (in Law) *Bellinda* perswades him rather to then doubt it, therefore (as malice is still naturally swift and prone to revenge) being confident of the truth hereof, he leaves all other business, rides over to *Stremos*, and acquaints the Corigidores herewith, and taking *Roderigo* likewise along with him, he also fails not very resolutely to affirm, and most constantly to confirm it to them; which these wise and grave Judges understanding, they in honor to Gods service and glory, and in true obedience to his sacred justice (without any delay or procrastination) take *Don Gaspar de Mora*, the old Souldier *Roderigo*, and some three or four expert Swimmers along with them, and with haste and secrecie speed away to the pond; wherein after those Swimmers had been a quarter of an hour, and curiously busked and dived in most places thereof to find out this cloath, at last (by the mercy and providence of God) one of them diving far better then the rest, sees and findes it, and swimming with his left hand, brings it ashore in his right hand to the Corigidores, who much admiring and rejoycing thereat, cause it presently to be opened, where (contrary to all their expectations) they finde no dead childe, but (as we have formerly understood) a cambrick smock, as yet all spotted and stained with blood, and tyed fast with a blew silk garter, and in it a very sharp and bloody razor, with a brass weight tied in all this, purposely to sink it in the pond. The Corigidores, *Gaspar de Mora*, and all the rest, are amazed and astonished at the sight of these bloody evidences, when *Roderigo* again constantly swearing to them, that he saw the Lady *Bellinda* (with her own hands) throw this little linnen fardel into that pond, the very same morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murdered in his bed; and the malicious curiosity of *Gaspar de Mora* here finding the very two first and last letters of her name in the cambrick smock, the Corigidores then concur in one opinion (as so many lines which terminate in one Centre) that yet infallibly it was she and no other, who had so cruelly murdered her husband *Ferallo* in his bed. Whereupon taking this bloody smock, razor, and garter with them, they with much zeal and speed post away to the Lady *Bellinda's* house, to apprehend her for this foul and lamentable murther, where cruel hearted and lascivious Lady, she is so far from the consideration of grace, or the thought and apprehension of any fear, as she fears none, and which is worst of all, not the power and justice of God himself; for she is so immodest in her heart, so lustful in her conversation, as (notwithstanding her black mourning attire and apparel) that her first husband was but lately dead, and now her second not as yet cold in his grave, yet (with great variety of musick) she is here now in her house singing, dancing, and revelling with divers young Cavaliers, and Gallants, both of the City and Countrey, as if she had no other care, thought or business, but how to make choice of a third husband, who might amorously please her lustful eye and heart, and of no less then a pair of Paramors and favorites who should lasciviously content her wanton desires and affections.

But these wanton vanities, and vain and lascivious hopes of the Lady *Bellinda* will now deceive her: for now the Lords appointed due time is come, wherein for these her two horrible murders committed on the persons of her two husbands, his divine and sacred Majestie is resolved to pour down his punishments, and to thunder forth his judgements upon her, to her utter shame and confusion. The Corigidores resolutely enter her house, and then and there cause the Sergeants to apprehend her prisoner, whereat being suddenly amazed, and infinitely terrified, she weeps, sighs, and cries extreemly. But those Cavaliers (I mean those her supposed lovers, and pretended favorites) who were there singing and dancing with her, neither can or dare either assist, or rescue her. Now the plumes of her pride and jollity are suddenly dejected and fallen to the ground, yea her musick is turned to mourning, her singing to sighs, and her dancing triumphs to tears. The enormity of her crime cause these Officers of justice, to see her conveyed to prison, without any respect of her beauty, or regard of her sex and quality, where she hath more leisure given her to repent, then means how to remedy these her misfortunes.

The next morning she is sent for before her Judges, who roundly charge her for cruelly murdering her husband *Don Ferallo* in his bed, the which with many tears and oaths she stoutly denies: then they shew her those bloody evidences, her cambrick smock, the razor, her blew garter, and the brass weight, and also produce and confront *Roderigo* with her; who as before he had affirmed, now he swears, he saw her throw this bloody linnen fardel into the pond, the very morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murdered in his bed: and although at the sight and knowledge hereof, she is at first wonderfully appalled and daunted therewith, yet her courage is so stout, as she again denies it with many prophane and fearful asseverations, and delighteth to hear her self make a tedious justification, and a frivolous apology to her Judges for her innocency. But those grave and prudent Magistrates of justice, who (in zeal to Gods glory) have eyes not in vain in their heads, will give no belief either to the sweetness of the Lady *Bellinda's* youth, or to the sugar of her speeches and protestations, but for the vindication of this crime, and of this truth, they adjudge her the very next morning to the wrack, where (such is her female fortitude) as she permits and suffers her self to be fastned thereunto, with infinite constancy and patience, as disdainng that the torments thereof, should extort any truth from her tongue, to the prejudice of her reputation, and to the shipwrack of her safety and life, but herein she reckons too short of God, and beyond her self; for she considereth not that these torments are truly sent her from God, and this her courage falsely lent and given her from *Satan*; for at the very first wrench of the wrack, and touch of the cord, finding it impossible that her tender body, and dainty limbs, can endure the cruelty of those tortures, God puts this grace into her heart, that with many sighs and tears, she prays her Judges and tormentors to desist, and so publickly confesseth that it was she, and onely she, who had murdered her husband *Ferallo*, and cut his throat in his bed with that very same razor.

Upon which confession of hers; her Judges (glorifying God for the detection of this cruel murder) they (for expiation thereof) do forthwith adjudge and sentence this wretched and bloody Lady *Bellinda*, to be the next morning burnt alive without the walls of *Stremos*, at the foot of the Castle, which is the destined place of death for the like crimes and offenders, so she being by them then again returned to prison, that night (in Christian charity) they send her some Priests and Nuns, to direct and prepare her soul to heaven, for this her bloody and unnatural crime was so odious to men, and so execrable to God, that she could hope for no pardon of her life from her Judges, although her sorrowful old father *Cursora* with a world of tears threw himself to their feet, and offered them all his lands and means to his very shirt, to obtain it for her.

All *Stremos* and the Countrey thereabouts resound and talk of this cruel murdering of *Ferallo*, as also of his Lady *Bellinda's* condign condemnation to death for the same, and the next morning at eight of the clock, they all repair under the Castle wall to see this execrable and unfortunate Lady there in flames or fire, to act the last scene and catastrophe of her life; she is conducted thither by a *S. Clares* Nun on her right hand, and a *S. Francis* Frier on her left, who joyntly charge her upon peril of damnation, to disburthen her conscience and soul before she dye, of any other capital crime whereof she knows her self guilty, the which she solemnly and religiously promiseth them: about nine of the clock she is brought to the stake, where she sees her self empalled and surrounded first with many fagots, and then with a very great concourse and confluence of people, here she is so irreligious in her vanity, that she had cast off her blacks and mourning, and purposely dighted her self in a rich yellow Satin Gown, wrought with flowers of silver, a large set Ruff about her neck, and her head covered with a pure white Tiffeney vail laced and wrought with rich cut-work, as if she cared more for her body then her soul, as if her pride and bravery would carry her sooner to heaven, then her prayers and repentance: or as if the prodigal cost and lusture thereof, were able to diminish either her crime, or her punishment in the eyes and opinions of her spectators. But contrariwise, the very first sight of her sweet youth, and pure fresh beauty, and then the consideration of her foul crime, for murdering her own husband, do operate and work differently upon all their affections and passions, some pitying her for the first, but all more justly condemning her for the second. When as soon as their clamorous sobs and speeches were past, and blown over, and that both the Frier, and

and Nun had tane their last leave of her, then (after she had shed many tears on earth, and sent and evaporated many sighs to heaven) she wringing her hands (whereon she had a pair of snow white gloves) and casting up her eyes towards God, at last with a faltering, and fainting voice spake thus.

It is my crime and your charity good people which hath conducted you hither to see me a miserable Gentlewoman here to dye miserably. And because it is now no longer time for me, to dissemble either with God or the world, therefore to save my soul in heaven, though my body perish here in earth, I (with much grief, and infinite sorrow) do truly and freely confess both to God and you, that I am not only guilty of one murther, but of two: for as I now lately cut my second husband *Ferallo's* throat, so I was so vild and wretched heretofore, as to poyson my first Lord and husband *De Mora*. At which report and confession of this execrable Lady *Bellinda* (in regard of the greatness of her Lord *De Mora's* descent and Nobility) all this huge concourse of people (who are sensibly touched with grief and sorrow) make a wonderful noise and out-cry thereat, and now in regard of this foul and double crime of hers, they look on her with far more contempt, and far less pity than before. But she being as patient as they are clamorous hereat, and seeing their cries, now again cried down, and well nigh drowned and hushed up in silence, recollecting her thoughts, and again composing her countenance, she again very sorrowfully continueth her speech to them thus. I well know, and indeed I heartily grieve to remember, that these two foul and cruel murders of mine, make me unworthy either to tread on the face of the earth, or to look up to that of heaven, and in the midst of these my miseries I have this consolation left me, that in favour of my true confession and religious repentance thereof to God, that God can be as indulgent and merciful to me, as I have been impious and sinful to him; the which that I may obtain, I beseech you all who are here present, to joyn your prayers with me, and to God for me, and this is the last charity which I will begge and implore of you. Now because example is powerfull, and no example so strong and prevalent, as the words of the dying to the living, therefore (to Gods glory, and mine own shame) give me leave to tell you that two things especially brought and induced me to commit these foul murders, as they have now justly brought me hither to suffer death for committing them; first my neglect of prayer, and omission to serve and fear God duly as I ought to have done. Secondly, the affecting and following of my lascivious and lustfull pleasures, which I ought not to have done. The neglect of the first proved the bane of my soul, and the performance and practice of the last, the contagion and poyson of my life, and both these two sins conjoynd and linked together, enforce me now here to dye, with as much misery and infamy, as without them I might have lived (and perchance lived long) in earthly happiness and prosperity. O therefore good people, beware by my woeful example, let my crime be your integrity, my fall your rising, and my shipwrack your safety. As I bear not hypocrisie in my tongue, so I will not bear malice in my heart. Therefore from my heart I forgive *Roderigo* for telling *Gasper de Mora* he saw me cast some bloody linnen in the pond. I also forgive *Gasper de Mora* informing the *Corigidores* thereof, and they for so justly condemning my death. I also pray my father and parents to forgive me these my foul crimes both to pardon and forget the dishonour and scandal which the infamy of death may reflect and draw on them. And now I recommend you all to Gods favour and mercy, and my soul to receive salvation in his blessed Kingdom.

The Lady *Bellinda* having finished this her speech, the hearing and seeing thereof engendred much pity and compassion in the hearts, and caused tears in the eyes of the beholders, and now she prepares her self for death, she takes off her rings from her fingers, and her pearl bracelets from her arms (as a token of her love) gives them to her waiting Gentlewoman *Hippolyta* present and not far from her, most bitterly sobbing and weeping beweepe no more for the death of this her dear Lady and Mistress, who had many private prayers and *Ava Maries* to her self, when taking a solemn farewell of all the world she pulls down her vail over her snow-white face, then often crossing her self with the sign of the Cross, and saying her last words, the executioner (with a flaming torch) sets fire to the straw and

of she presently dies, and in less than an hour after, her body is there consumed and burnt to ashes, at which all that great concourse of people and spectators, (in favour to her youth & beauty) as much affecting the piety of her death, as they hate & detest the cause thereof, I mean the infamy and cruelty of her life, do with far more sorrow than joy give a great shout and out-cry. When the judges of that City now upon knowledge of this Ladies first horrible crime of poisoning her first Lord and husband *Don Alonso De Mora*, they in detestation thereof, being not able to add either worse infamy, or more exquisite, and exemplary torments to her living body, they therefore partly to be revenged on her dead ashes, do cause them curiously to be gathered up, and so in the same place (by the common hang-man) before all the people, to be scattered and thrown in the air, whereat they rejoice and praise God, to see the world so fairly rid of so foul and bloody a female monster.

And thus was the untimely, (and yet undeserved) end of this lascivious and cruel hearted Lady *Bellinda* and in this sharp manner did the Lord of Heaven and earth triumph in his just revenge and punishments against her, for these her two foul and inhumane crimes of murdering her two husbands. May God (of his best and divinest mercy) make this her history and example, to serve as a chrystal mirror for all men, and especially for all women, (of what condition and quality so ever.)

And now Christian Reader, having by Gods most gracious assistance and providence) here finished this entire, and last (volume of my six books of tragical Histories, if thou find that thou reap any profit, or thy soul any spiritual benefit by the reading and perusal thereof, then (in the name and fear of God) I beseech thee to joyn thy prayers and piety with mine, that as in Christians religion and duty we are bound, so for the same, we may joyntly ascribe unto God, all possible power, might, Majesty, thanksgiving, dominion, and Glory both now and for ever. *Amen, Amen.*

D. B.

FINIS: